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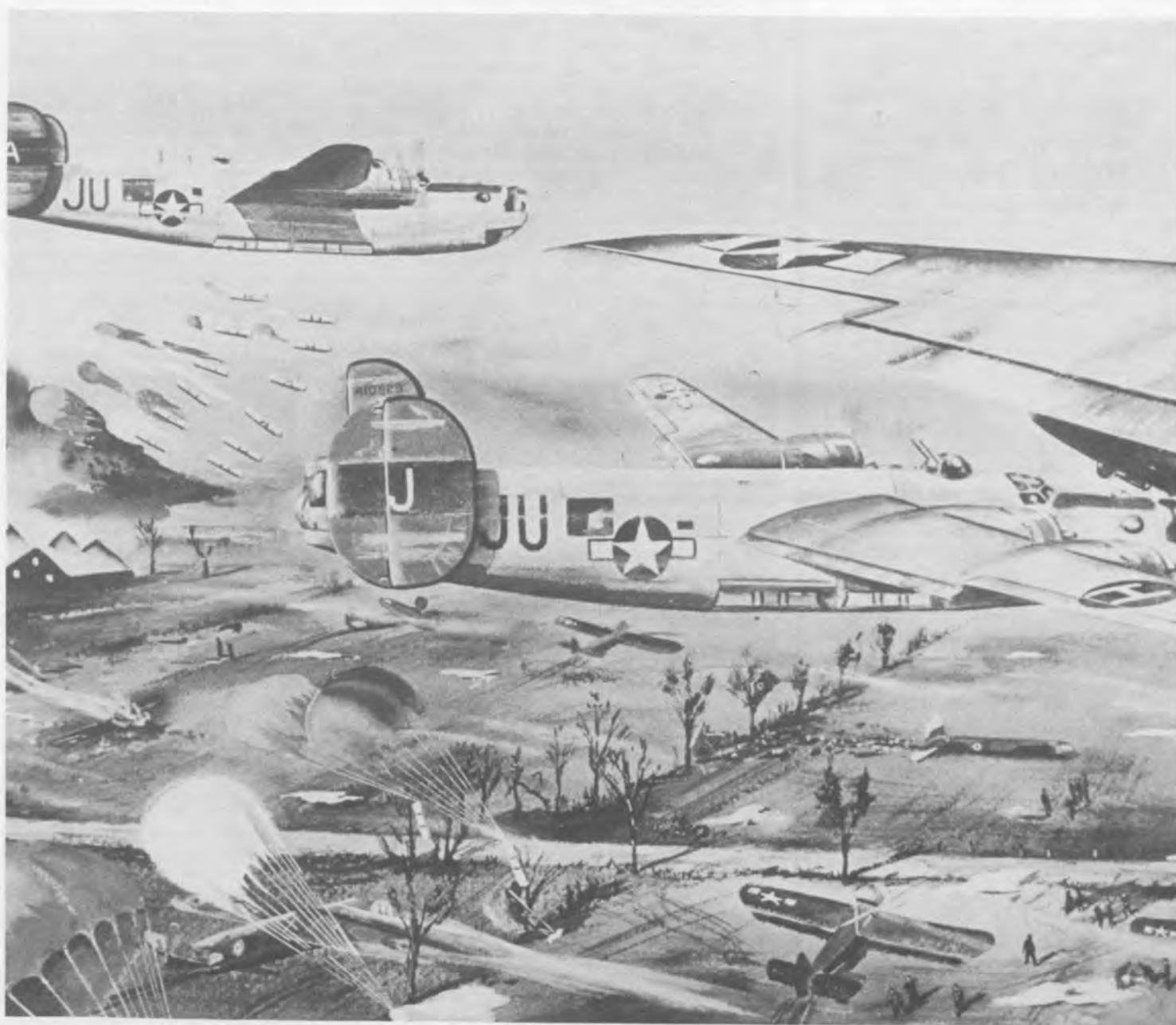


Photo of painting "Rhine Crossing" by Major John T. McCoy. It portrays the low altitude supply drop mission of March 24, 1945 to Wesel, Germany. Many planes dropped their supplies from 200-300' heights. (See page 11 for story and additional photos.)

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President's Message B-24 50th Anniversary

by Bud Chamberlain

It was a once in a lifetime affair! Over 6300 B-24 veterans, family members, guests, history buffs and onlookers gathered in Fort Worth to pay homage to a gallant, under-rated old warbird. Following a 13 inch rainfall the day before, the celebration opened on May 17 to continuing threatening skies. The clouds soon yielded, though, to a balmy four days of Texas springtime and a great celebration.

Bob Vickers and his amiable team deserve plaudits for a job well done. From the opening breakfast briefing to the final banquet, there seemed to be something there for all while allowing ample time for Groups planning their own reunions, banquets or simple get-togethers. And Groups there were! Liberator people from all services and our allies were represented. This included a total of 3,748 registrants from nearly 40 units. Of that total were 1,473 from the 2AD for a 39% share. Nose count by 2AD Group was as follows: HQ-4, 44th-332, 93rd-25, 389th-42, 392nd-234, 445th-34, 446th-196, 448th-162, 453rd-14, 458th-8, 466th-183, 467th-180, 489th-7, 491st-22, 492nd-30.

At its June 21, 1988 meeting in Colorado Springs, your Executive Committee elected to have a 2ADA "presence" at this B-24 Golden Jubilee. That presence took the form of a colorful and dynamic information booth under the leadership of Pete Henry. Countless eager 2ADAers designed it, built it, transported it, erected it, staffed it, disassembled it, packed it, unpacked it and shipped it. In Fort Worth it became a 2ADA message and recruiting center featuring poster sized color scenes of our 2AD Memorial in Norwich, Group tail colors and video presentations by the ubiquitous Dzenowagis Family. Bob Vickers and Exhibit Coordinator Keith Roberts stationed us directly on the path to the giant "Find Your Buddy Board" and across from the snack bar. This assured us a throng of passersby from all B-24 units - 2ADA and otherwise. By our efforts, we recruited on site more than 60 new members. Since then, many more have joined after visiting the booth. Jordan Uttal solicited some donors to the American Librarian Fund, too.

Those new members, with the rest of us, enjoyed a wild and woolly shoot 'em up, hang 'em up in downtown Fort Worth's restored Sundance Square; exhibits of models, memorabilia and a B-24 cockpit mockup and operable turrets; a spectacular opening ceremony with a parade of unit flags and greetings from the mayor; and 8th Air Force band concert; and, a Carswell AFB Armed Forces Day Open House with Dave Tallichet's "Delectable Doris" (in 389th colors) and the Confederate Air Force's LB-30 "Diamond Lil" on static display.



2ADA Table at B-24 50th Anniversary Banquet, May 21, 1989. (l-r): Dick Bottomley, Pete Henry, Mike Chamberlain, Bud Chamberlain, Evelyn Cohen, Jordan Uttal, David Hastings.

It was all capped off on the final day with an impressive morning memorial ceremony in the civic center park accompanied by a two-Liberator flyover and a gala banquet that night for 3500 attendees. They listened to remarks from the USAF Assistant Vice Chief of Staff, L/Gen. Carl Smith, and enjoyed golden oldies by the "Tex" Beneke Band.

All booth materials are now in California awaiting celebration of the Liberator's First Flight 50th Anniversary in San Diego, 20-24 September. Jack Stevens, 467th Assistant Group VP, volunteered to be our project officer. The event should be imminent as you read this. Look for Jack's report in the Winter Journal. If you're in the neighborhood, stop in.

Table of Contents

President's Message, <i>C.N. Chamberlain</i> . . .	2
Vice President's Message, <i>Frank DiMola</i> . . .	4
About the Memorial, <i>Jordan Uttal</i> . . .	12
American Librarian Fund . . .	9
Folded Wings . . .	36

GROUP REPORTS

Division Headquarters, <i>Ray Strong</i> . . .	27
44th News, <i>Pete Henry</i> . . .	23
Open Letter to the 93rd, <i>Floyd Mabee</i> . . .	14
392nd Bomb Group, <i>John Conrad</i> . . .	10
The 445th Reporting, <i>Chuck Walker</i> . . .	20
446th Bungay Bull, <i>Bill Davenport</i> . . .	7
The 448th Speaks, <i>Leroy Engdahl</i> . . .	3
453rd Bunchered Buddies, <i>Milt Stokes</i> . . .	12
The 458th Bomb Group, <i>Rick Rokicki</i> . . .	17
The 466th Bomb Group, <i>E.W. Nothstein</i> . . .	5

467th Poop from Group, <i>Jeff Gregory</i> . . .	25
The 489th Bomb Group, <i>James Davis</i> . . .	28
The 491st Bomb Group, <i>Harold Fritzler</i> . . .	21
Missives from the 492nd, <i>Bill Clarey</i> . . .	5
Heritage League, <i>Vicki Warning</i> . . .	7

ARTICLES

392nd BG Training Mission <i>Ernest G. Wiener</i> . . .	6
A Novice In Norwich, <i>Howard Baum</i> . . .	8
About Toilet Paper, <i>Bob Jacobs</i> . . .	8
Paintings by Major John T. McCoy <i>Fred Breuninger</i> . . .	11
The "Queen" Brings Back Memories <i>Paul Ballam-Davies</i> . . .	13
Medal Arrives 45 Years Late <i>Lyle B. Latimer</i> . . .	15
The First Time I Saw Paris <i>John W. Crowe</i> . . .	16

All American Rolls Out . . .	18
Berlin Raid . . .	21
A Sweden Tale, <i>Joe Sirotak</i> . . .	22
A Green, White & Yellow Tale <i>Harry T. Wagnon</i> . . .	24
I Remember, <i>Rosten R. DeFrates</i> . . .	25
The 489th - from B-24s to B-29s <i>Les Dahn</i> . . .	26
B-24 Bashing, <i>John J O Driscoll</i> . . .	28
B-24 Bashing - The End! <i>Edward J. Reilly</i> . . .	29

POEMS

I Remember, <i>Wayne Wanker</i> . . .	15
The Anniversary, <i>Jean Thirkettle</i> . . .	26
The B-24 . . .	29
In Loving Memory - Doris Bunting <i>Paul Dickerson</i> . . .	33

The 448th Speaks

by Leroy Engdahl

The 448th was one of the 2nd AD Groups to fully participate in the 50th Anniversary celebration of the B-24 Liberator. We don't know exactly how many we had at our 448th reunion as some attended Wednesday's banquet and some attended Saturday's banquet, but not both, but we think about 180 is near accurate.

We enjoyed all the events and the fellowship with one another and appreciate all the work put into this gigantic affair. Col. Bob Vickers (USAF-Ret.) is to be commended for an outstanding job along with his outstanding staff. The transportation was super for a change.

The 448th had over forty veterans attending their very first reunion and several saw each other for the first time in 45 years.

Unfortunately we had sadness as some had to cancel because of death or serious illness in the family. We send our condolences and best wishes for a complete and speedy recovery and hope you will soon be back to your former self.

We elected Gail Irish, a former assistant crew chief and a recent Col. in the Confederate Air Force, as our Group VP beginning Jan. 1, 1990. Gail has been a steady attendee along with his wife June, has shown a sincere dedication and will promote good will and growth of our 448th Bomb Group Association. They have often helped at our registration tables. Gail and June are formerly from Angola, NY but recently moved to Albuquerque, NM to be near their children. We all congratulate Gail and wish him all the success in his role as Group VP of the 448th. I know you will all give him the cooperation you have given me these past almost seven years.

Our 448th next and sixth consecutive Group reunion will be at Tucson, Arizona, April 5-9, 1990. Our hotel will be the Holiday Inn Airport and American Airlines has given us special rates.

By the time each of you are reading this you likely will have received a letter containing all the details about our reunion, in-

cluding the American Airlines code # to get special rates, hotel costs, our planned activities, transportation costs, etc. We will be mailing this letter to our almost 700 paid members plus over 200 we have addresses on but who have not joined the 2nd AD. We expect 250-275 to attend our Tucson reunion where we will visit Pima Air Museum as well as Davis/Monthan AFB and other activities. I have hotel reservation cards for the Holiday Inn Airport and anyone who thinks they may wish to attend may get a card by sending me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Many of our 448th members likely do not know (and I was one until about a year ago,) that four of our former officers who served with the 448th made the military a career and became general officers. First, our original group executive officer, Hubert S. Judy, became a Brigadier General; Lester F. Miller, who served as group operations officer April 1945 to May 1945 became Major General; William W. Snively, who served as a lead pilot stayed in service, attained the rank of Lt. General; and Charles B. Westover, who came to the 448th from another group, went on to become a full General.

Also, the 448th had a gentleman by the name of Joe McConnell who served as a navigator while with the 448th and came back to the States, became a pilot and was the leading American Ace in the Korean Conflict. He was killed while serving as a test pilot at Edwards AFB, California; and McConnell AFB, Kansas is named in his honor. There were also six of our veterans who went on to serve more than one combat tour in Europe.

I want to express my thanks and gratitude to all the members of the 448th who have shown their confidence in me by electing and re-electing me as your VP for almost seven years. It has been a great honor and a pleasure to work with you to increase our organization from 303 to nearly 700 and to express my appreciation to my

assistant officers for their dedication and great help in attaining many of our goals. We have had some great reunions and have accomplished many important things, such as our granite memorials at our Seething Air Base and the village of Seething churchyard and our completion of the restoration of our Seething Control Tower which has become a "show place" in East Anglia with all the collections now on display, our memorial plaque and tree at Dayton, Ohio, but most of all the great friendships we have made. I want to thank all of you wonderful people who have helped attain these goals. I only wish more of our members could have taken part in these reunions and projects, but we know illness and other reasons have prevented them from participation.

I still have a quantity of B-24 tie tacs and other mementos previously listed in earlier issues along with prices. Just send your orders to me, Leroy Engdahl, at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, Texas 77662.

Ben Johnson of 3990 15th St., Port Arthur, Texas 77642 still has a supply of those attractive 448th caps that sell for \$6.00 which includes packaging and postage.

Those of you who were at our Fort Worth reunion saw those attractive 448th caps that had squadron numbers as well as 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force. They also sell for \$6.00 and you can get one by writing to Charles Bonner of 750 E. Oak Hill Road, Porter, IN 46304.

Howard Morton of 2222 Westerland Dr. #94, Houston, TX 77063 has several 8 1/2 x 11 glossy photos taken on low level trolley missions after German surrender. Pictures include ruins of Cologne and Charles Cupp's plane shot in two sections with Charles the only survivor. These pictures sell for only \$3.00 including packaging and postage. Write Howard for the complete list. Thanks for reading - good health and God bless you!

Vice President's Message



by Frank DiMola

In the Summer issue of the Journal much was said about our 2nd Air Division Association Library Fund by almost every vice president. I just hope that the message has reached all our members. According to the last report from Jordan Uttal, the returns are still in "slow motion." I would strongly suggest that all the vice presidents make a more personal approach, either by assigning captains to make some phone calls or a group mailing to all their members. With the up and coming reunion this fall, we will all make another appeal to all. Remember, our Memorial in Norwich has only one name, **THE 2nd AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL LIBRARY.**

A group of members from the Executive Planning Committee, led by Evelyn Cohen, have returned from Norwich this past June and have contacted and made a visit to all our bases, in preparation for our 43rd reunion in Norwich in 1990. All Group vice presidents have been notified about who was contacted and what plans will be made. The residents of all our bases are very excited about it all and just cannot wait for the day. It will be a bash, I am sure.

Regarding the various mini-reunions that have been held, I am sure that all the vice presidents will make some sort of a report on them. We just finished the "Gathering of the Liberators '89" and now the "First Flight of the B-24 Liberator," which was held in September 1989.

I want to comment on the various Group newsletters that I have received from the 389th, 467th and the 491st Bomb Groups. My congratulations to you all for such fine and informative work that you pass on to your members. Till the next time we meet in Hilton Head Island, I wish you all good health.

England '89

by C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain

A delegation from your Executive Committee enjoyed a most constructive visit to Norwich and environs during June 22 - July 1, 1989. The group included Evelyn Cohen, Pete Henry, Dave & Joan Patterson, Jordan Uttal and Bud & Mike Chamberlain. They attended the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division Governors Annual General Meeting, planned the 2ADA "Honor the Villages" 1990 convention in Norwich and met the village contacts for each Bomb Group to convey our Association wide interest in honoring them and to stress the fact that details must be worked out between them and each Group.

Following these business sessions, your delegation was invited by the new Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial to attend their first annual Summer Fair at lovely

Sotterly Gardens. The Fair included a variety of interesting booths from food, to art, to aircraft memorabilia. It featured an outstanding marching and playing performance by a combined Girl and Boy Scout and Girl Guide Band from Lowestoft and an exceptional troupe of young lady dancers who entertained most of the day - rain or shine.

President Bud Chamberlain was invited to open the Fair. At the moment he declared the Fair open, a Tiger Moth flew over the crowd and dropped a parachute with cannister containing a message from "Friends" Chairman, Graham Savill. Bud read that message to the assembled and accepted it on behalf of the 2nd Air Division Association. This function was the perfect conclusion to a busily productive week.

Remarks to the Friends of the 2AD Memorial, USAAF

Presented by Bud Chamberlain at "Friends" Fair, Sotterly Hall, Saturday, July 1, 1989

I am thankful for many things today.

First of all, I am thankful to be here at this time and in this place. I am thankful for the Memorial Trust and the stewardship of its Governors for all of these years. I am thankful for Anne Barne and her perceptive brainchild - the Friends of the 2AD Memorial, USAAF. And;

I am especially thankful to each of you, here, and others to follow, who will breathe life into this new organization, and make perpetuity a real characteristic of this noble project we share.

It is noble because it bears convincing testimony that freedom has a price. It is noble because it bears convincing testimony that freedom is worth that price. It is noble because it illustrates the importance of standing together among nations believing in freedom.

It highlights the point that these principles are no less true today than they were 48, 72 or longer years ago. We hope that you can capture the same excitement for our project that we have. It is only through you, and others coming behind, that the message of the Memorial remains vocal.

As an aid here, too, you have a sister organization with our Heritage League of the 2AD (USAAF) with which I welcome a

strong alliance - turn each other on. I see no limit to what you can do together. Beyond the Library, itself, I see an archival center. I see an outreach program. I see an educational exchange program among our children and the children of both countries. I see, perhaps, a small museum. I see the possible preservation of what remains in East Anglia of all installations and buildings. Maybe even an information center where one might view a simulated maximum effort from the 2AD Commander viewpoint. Ambitious? Yes. But without the dream, nothing happens.

Let me close with a reading from President Reagan's farewell address:

"There is a great tradition of warning in Presidential farewells, and I've got one that's been on my mind for some time... We've got to teach history based not on what's in fashion, but what's important... If we forget what we did, we won't know who we are. I am warning of an eradication of the American memory that could result, ultimately, in an erosion of the American spirit."

For our purposes, we can say American and British memory and spirit. God bless you all. I now declare this fair open.

Librarian Fund Drive Planned

Believing that a permanent Librarian position is necessary at the American Memorial Library in Norwich, the HQ WAC Detachment has been busily planning for a Librarian Fund Drive to be held this fall. It is open to all 2AD members, friends, those who will attend the Hilton Head Convention November 2-5 and for those who cannot be there.

A very unique 2nd Air Division Quilt, designed by WAC Dorothy Krogmann, plus other gifts provided by the WACs, will be given away to lucky winners. Drawing of

names of winners will take place at the convention at Hilton Head.

For those attending the convention, you will find the WACs located in the area where Registration takes place. They will be receiving your donations there.

For those who find they cannot attend, send in your contribution, no matter how small, to:

Eleanor Storms
32766 N.E. Kelly Rd.
Yacolt, WA 98675

You too can be a winner of a gift!

"The Playboy Crew 1944-1945, Memoirs of World War II"

by Robert F. Pipes

Robert Felton Pipes of Durant, Oklahoma has just completed a book about his World War II experiences. He has combined his early days with the 112th U.S. Horse Cavalry in 1938 and his departure from the Cavalry after it was federalized as regular Army to the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1941. The book is called "The Playboy Crew 1944-1945, Memoirs of World War II."

On a 1987 assignment as support personnel for a helicopter company contracted to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he was approached to begin thinking about writing his memoirs. He was a Flight Engineer and Top Turret Gunner on a B-24H Liberator Bomber in 1944. When his plane became disabled in the air by 88mm anti-aircraft guns and German FW-190s, his crew bailed out over occupied Holland. A year was spent hiding from the Nazis with the aid of the Netherlands Resistance Force Members.

Pipes narrowly escaped many times during this year and somehow didn't think of it much for the past 40 years. A visit to the United States by one of the Resistance

Force members persuaded Pipes to visit Holland in 1988. During that time he retraced his movements in the countryside and was definitely prepared to share his experiences. Based on his publisher's request he successfully contacted all but one of the surviving crew members. Each provided an account of his experiences, primarily consisting of incidents in the POW camps and time spent on the Death Marches.

Pipes is currently involved in promoting his book. He is sharing his experiences by lecturing to groups such as organizations for retired military personnel and high school students who are undertaking the study of World War II.

Excerpts of Pipes' story have been previously published in two books, Martin Bowman's *Home for Christmas?* and John Woolnough's *Attlebridge Diaries*, along with his hometown newspaper, the Durant Daily Democrat and the Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, along with the St. Charles Chronicle in St. Charles,



Illinois, where he lectured recently.

You may order his book by mailing your name, address and check or money order for \$15.95 per copy to:

Pipes - The Playboy Crew
601 Sunny Meadow • Suite 5
Durant, OK 74701

466th Bomb Group

by E. W. Nothstein

1989 has been a good year for the signing up of new members. I have exhausted my source of names, but with the help of the 2nd Air Division Association booth in Fort Worth, our membership has increased by sixty regular and one associate member. If you have any names and addresses of potential members, please send them to me so that I may contact them.

WESTON-LONGVILLE MEMORIAL WINDOW UPDATE:

The following is an excerpt from a letter I received from Henry "Hank" Bamman of Mendocino, California. "I'd vote emphatically for a memorial in the Weston-Longville Church which was, as you know, at the edge of the base and one of the truly historic churches of that area. If you get a chance, get the book *A Country Parson, James Woodfordes' Diary*, published by Oxford Press. It is centered at Weston-Longville, and I think you'll appreciate the profusion of illustrations, not only of the particular area, but the entire area surrounding our Attlebridge base. That church will be there for centuries to come. I fear that any monument placed on the base itself will shortly disappear not only in fact but in memory - perhaps among the turkeys! A window treatment, even a small one in the Weston-Longville Church, would be fine." Comments on the window have been rare and I appreciate all that are received. Thanks, Hank, for your input.

By now all members who have not previously pledged or donated to the American Librarian Fund will have been contacted. To those of you who have responded, a heartfelt thank you, and to those who have not, a plea that you will reconsider and contribute whatever you are able to and help the 2nd ADA to bring this drive to a successful conclusion.

I am looking forward to seeing many of you at Hilton Head Island in November.

Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey

A momentous gathering of "B-24 People" was held in Fort Worth, Texas from May 17-21, 1989. Needless to say, it was quite an event what with all the displays, pictures, etc. of the development of the airplane. One was overwhelmed by the number of model aircraft displayed on four huge tables. Seemed to me that it would have taken 20 years to build all of them.

The 2nd ADA had a beautiful flowered wreath at the memorial ceremony on Sunday morning. It was quite impressive and well attended. It was reported that 4500 people had planned to attend the gathering and that around 3800 people were at the banquet.

Some of the 2nd ADA people there were General Leon Johnson, Evelyn Cohen, Fred Thomas, Harry Orthman, Bud and Margarette Beasley, Gerald Clinch, Allan Blue, James A. Carter, Maxine and me, Vernon and Bobbie Key, Harry Rawls and his wife, Jake and Helen Mink, Jim McCrory and possibly others that I have missed naming.

We were visiting with the Bud Beasleys, and, since we were planning on a very early departure Monday morning, we had decided to leave before the Grand Door Pirze winner had been announced. Lo and behold, Margarette's name was called as the winner of a ten day vacation in Hawaii for two, all expenses paid, etc. A person had to be present to win. I am sure you can imagine how we all felt!

At present, some Eighth Air Force people are busily engaged in developing a General James H. Doolittle "room" at the Western Aerospace Museum, located at the Oakland International Airport. We hope to have it all completed by November 11, 1989. Then there will be a formal dedication for its opening. You are all invited to come and see it. It will be located in Hangar #6, North Field.

Ken Kailey, Cadet Class 43K, and I had a mini-reunion after not seeing each other for 45 years. It was great.

Hope to see all of you at Hilton Head in November.



(l-r): Bill Clarey, (unknown), Evelyn Cohen, General Johnson (44th)

392nd BG Training Mission

by Ernest G. Wiener (392nd)

It took only a few months after the 8th AF was stationed in the United Kingdom that an increasing flood of requests by the lonely GIs to marry English girls created quite a problem for its HQ. In order to stem this avalanche and also to give the applicant a chance to reconsider, the unit commanders, whose permission was needed for such marriages, were encouraged to impose a "cooling off" period from one to three months before the application was acted upon.

This is exactly what happened to me when in the summer of 1944 I requested Group First Sgt. King to see our CO Colonel Lorin Johnson.

Sgt. King, a regular army, tobacco chewing old timer, who invariably called me Wieners, asked, "And what is it that you want to see the Old Man about?"

"I would like his permission to get married."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," responded the crusty old soldier, "can't you hold your horses until this war is over?"

"No sir, I want to get married as soon as possible."

"Well, in that case, you better see the Group adjutant first."

"Sgt. Wiener," said the youthful Major Fritche, who was reputed to be one of the heirs of the Lucky Strikes tobacco fortune, "you are the first man in our Group asking to marry an English girl. This may well open the flood gates for other such applications. I tell you what, I'll give you three months in which to think this over. If you don't change your mind in that time, you can come back and talk to our CO about it."

I was obviously pretty determined to go through with it, because three months later to the day I was back in Sgt. King's office. "OK, Wieners, it looks like you still want to go ahead with this foolishness, so I'll check when the Old Man can see you."

The "Old Man" who was not much older than me - and I just passed my 29th birthday - saw me a couple of days later. "I hear that you want to marry an English girl, is that correct?" "Yes Sir, I do." Then the colonel asked me how much money I had in the bank at present and what I was planning to do after the war. He must have been reasonably satisfied with my answers, since his next question was "Anybody talked to you like a father?" "Yes sir, in fact several people did." "Well, in that case, I don't think I can change your mind either. Go ahead then and let's just hope that not too many men in our Group will follow your example - and good luck to you Sgt.," he added.

I saluted smartly and with a heartfelt "Thank you very much, Sir," left the office. Sgt. King did not ask any questions as I walked out by his desk with a broad grin on my face.



(l-r): Bill Wall, George Bremer, Ernest Wiener at Wendling, March 1944.

When I gave the news to my friends in our unit - the G-2 section of Group HQ - M/Sgt. George Bremer, T/Sgt. Paul Wright, S/Sgt. Bill Wall, Sgt. George Kralowec and our chief Major Percy B. Kelly, they congratulated me warmly and arranged a little celebration of the event at the end of the day. By this time we had worked closely together for almost two years and formed a closely knit group.

Our main task as the Group's Intelligence Office was to maintain various data concerning possible targets in the German occupied areas of Europe and detailed maps of the territory. As the information for an upcoming mission started to trickle in, usually early in the evening, we would start gathering the various available material concerning the route, flak areas, primary and secondary targets and other pertinent intelligence data for the briefing officer's folder. Information not available in our files we would request by telex from higher HQ.

After the briefing, just before the flight crews filed out to board their B-24s, we gave each a small canvas bag known as an "escape kit." It contained silk maps of the flight area, miniature compass, small amounts of local currency and some concentrated food, to be used in case of having to bail out over enemy territory. Sometimes such briefings were called for training or practice missions which usually took place over England or Scotland.

About a week before my scheduled wedding on December 23, Major Kelly asked

me to prepare the briefing room for a training mission. I set up the projector, screen and other items usually needed for such occasions. When people started filing in, I noticed that they were mostly HQ rather than flight personnel. To my surprise Major Kelly himself rather than an operations officer took over the briefing. After a short presentation on the importance of practice missions and an admonishment for keeping all the equipment in good shape and especially stressing the importance of the hydraulic system in connection with reaching the target and not wasting any bombs, he projected the route which led over London to the city of Birmingham, where I was supposed to be married. With the announcement: "And now you can observe the target of this mission," he flashed the picture of my bride on the screen.

The room erupted with applause, the lights went on and a table full of refreshments was unveiled. There followed a very nice celebration at the end of which I was presented with an "escape kit" containing some 50 English pounds, a present from the Group personnel to help out with my honeymoon.

To conclude the story I just want to say that this year my wife and I shall be celebrating the 45th anniversary of that happy event, in which my good friends Bill Wall and George Kralowec took part. I can also report that the friendship generated in that small group during our service days remains intact today.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



Today as I write this missive is Flag Day. Here in Southern California, some enterprising real estate firms have taken it upon themselves to place small U.S. flags in front of each house. It is a very beautiful sight to look down these streets and see that emblem of freedom standing out against the green lawns and white curbing of the street.

It again reminds me that we all should be thankful to have had the opportunity to do our part in preserving that symbol of freedom.

It is too bad that we all could not have been in Ft. Worth, the entire 2ADA, 8th AFHS and all the other Air Forces to have enjoyed the time of fellowship and remembrance.

The 446th Bomb Group Assn. Inc. had declared this their 1989 Reunion and was represented by over 220 folks. Many of these are 2ADA members and a number who were not took advantage of the 2ADA booth to sign up.

The great thing about events of this nature is the bringing in of "new" members. I know that in the case of the 446th, at least 75 new names were added to our mailing list over the three year period prior to the Ft. Worth event solely by the publicity generated by the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 Project Office.

To answer your question: "Where is my book?" In Ft. Worth I received the first 2 copies, one of which was presented to Chaplain Gannon, together with signatures of all attendees. The other was circulated for inspection by attendees, who turned the pages looking for their names. Anyway, by the time you receive this, you should have received your book. If not, send along \$53.00 to the 446th Bomb Group Assn. Inc., 13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705.

The book, in this prejudiced reviewer's mind, is "par excellent" throughout. An excerpt from our former C.O.'s experiences follows:

MOSQUITO PR XVI NS-635

This plane being the command aircraft for the bomber force with onboard Colonel Troy W. Crawford, Commanding Officer of the 446th Bomb Group, was fired upon while the formation was under enemy attack. Hits were believed to be scored on the Mosquito by friendly bombers. The Mosquito belonged to the 25th Bomb Group, 653rd Squadron (L) (Weather Recon.)

The two crew members onboard the Mosquito were Pilot 1/Lt Theodore B. Smith, POW and Command Pilot Colonel Troy W. Crawford, POW.

The following information was obtained from the interrogation on the mission of 4 April 1945 as stated by Captain Edward W. Burke on 6 April 1945. At 09:30 hours at 20,000 feet Mosquito aircraft called formation leader, said he was joining formation. Aircraft entered formation in regular pursuit curve between two ME-262's during enemy attack on this formation. It is believed that Mosquito was fired upon and hit by gunners of this formation (446th). Aircraft peeled off and hit cloud deck with right engine feathered and smoking, though apparently under control when last seen near Parchim (priority No. 1 target).

The nose turret gunner S/Sgt Floyd M. Bieniek who witnessed the shooting down of Colonel Crawford's Mosquito wrote the following in his diary:

Today we were hit by five ME-262's. It was a mess. Bill Williamson our tail gunner got one. The boys in the lead Squadron shot down our CO Colonel Troy Crawford, who was flying a Mosquito bomber. In the nose turret where I could see what was happening and unable to do anything about it, I saw the CO, after the initial attack, tried to get into the formation for protection. He was low and to the left (about 11 o'clock from my position) below the lead Squadron. He started to climb into the lead formation when the gunners started shooting. I saw the plane start down engine smoking and observed two parachutes open. In the second attack of the ME-262's I heard Bill call out on the intercom: 'Bandit at 7 o'clock' and I could hear him cut loose. I swung my turret to the left knowing the ME-262 would come that way and he did. As I was about to fire, it blew up. I know Bill got him but so many of the other crews claimed the kill, no one was given credit. The ME-262 is a good fighter. The 20th Combat Wing lost three planes. Our Group lost our CO.

Command Pilot Colonel Troy W. Crawford:

I guess I should have known better than to have gone on that mission Wednesday morning, 4 April. It was my thirteenth mission...

You will have to refer to page 261 to get the entire Crawford story.

Keep tuned to Beachbell.

Heritage League

by Vicki Brooks Warning

In June of this year, thanks to the efforts of Norma Beasley, the Heritage League published its second newsletter. I believe it gives all members a better feeling of who the officers of the League are and what we are doing. If any Heritage League members have not yet received a copy, please let Norma Beasley know. Her address is 1525 S. Garfield Street, Denver, CO 80210. She will see that you receive your copy.

There has also been some confusion on the payment of dues. Dues are payable on a calendar year basis which is December to December. Please remit your 1989 dues now. At Hilton Head we would like all members paid up for 1989 and we can address 1990 dues at that time.

As for the 1990 reunion in Norwich: We are currently having discussions with the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial in Norwich with the hope of arranging an activity to introduce the two groups to one another during the Second Air Division Reunion in England. I certainly hope to have more information for you in Hilton Head but I cannot promise that details will be firm by then. Of course, if any of you have any suggestions for activities, please let me hear from you.

In Hilton Head we will be electing officers. We need some volunteers to serve. By volunteering we can assure the continued success of the Heritage League. If you are interested, please let me hear from you.

We appreciate the support we have had in the past and look forward to your continued support in the future.

See you in Hilton Head.

Change of Address

When you move please send your change of address to:

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

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

name

address

city, state, zip

group

A Novice in Norwich

I have been back to Norwich three times. First for the formal dedication of the Memorial Library in 1963, which was very impressive. I was happy to have been a part of it. The second visit was a vacation trip in the '70s and the final one was in 1987 for the 40th reunion.

The city of Norwich has changed somewhat in that some old buildings have given way to new ones, and new shops have opened. The rural area has become built up and, as in America, many cars have greatly increased the traffic on the streets and highways. The city streets can't be widened because of the many walls, which causes a bit of a problem for the large buses, as we witnessed in 1987.

The Memorial Library is situated in a good location and seems to get a lot of use. Since our first visit, many changes have taken place with modernization of equipment and increased numbers of books.

My best experience was the first visit to Norwich shortly after we arrived at Old Catton in 1942. Tommy Barrett and I got a day pass and walked into Norwich. We were in the arcade area looking at the shops, etc. and a gentleman approached us and invited us to his flat (apartment) for tea - which we graciously accepted. It turned out he was the Police Inspector and lived in a flat above City Hall.

It was an interesting visit and experience. Since we were among the first Americans to arrive in East Anglia, they were very much interested in our customs, habits and lifestyle. They thought America was like what

they had seen in the movies and Hollywood. We had to straighten out that idea!

They enjoyed our visit and invited us back again. Through that visit we were able to meet a family who was related to the Inspector. That turned into a good relationship and their home became my "home away from home." I have visited them each time we have been in Norwich and have continued corresponding ever since the war.

One of my favorite recollections is the time I was on guard duty at the motor pool. I was making my rounds when I heard noise. I challenged and it was the Sergeant of the Guard. He was coming to relieve me. My rifle was loaded with "live" ammunition and when the Sergeant removed the clip, there was still a bullet in the chamber, which he didn't discover; so he pulled the trigger and discharged the shell into the concrete area. It made quite a noise and I was scared, as it caused a bit of commotion since there was always the danger of German paratroopers landing there. Some thought they had. After the situation was cleared up my ears were still ringing from the loud blast of the rifle.

The first night we were at Old Catton the air raid alarm sounded. We were sitting in the hut and when we heard it, we proceeded to the air raid shelter. We sat there for some time and we heard another signal, at which time we left the shelter to go back to the hut again. Shortly after that we heard another signal and proceeded to the shelter again. By this time we had met some of the RAF personnel there and they explained the dif-

ferent air raid signals to us.

It seems that on the air raid alarm we went to the shelter. On the second alarm, or crash signal (which meant enemy aircraft was approaching), we stood outside and watched the ack-ack guns fire tracers at the enemy planes. When the all-clear sounded we thought it was another air raid alarm and went back to the shelter again. Thanks to the RAF explanation, we learned a lot and we had no problems after that.

While stationed at Horsham St. Faith, our office was located in one of the hangars. During that time our Adjutant signed our passes, etc. His signature was short and easy to copy (or forge). During the War Bond or Savings Bond Drive, the Adjutant had to sign all the applications for the bonds. Things piled up pretty much and he got tired of all the writing, so he said to me, "Sgt., you can write my name as well as I can, so you sign them." I kind of questioned it, but he told me it was OK. So, I did and told him when this catches up with us, "I'll see you in Leavenworth." We were lucky, it never caught up with us.

These are just a few of my memories... I have lots more... especially of the friends I made and the good times we had... and some of the bad times too. But, putting it all together, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I'm sorry we had to have a World War to meet all the friends I made, and have the experiences I had, but since we did, I'm very glad I was a part of it and, like the rest of you, will never forget it.

by Howard Baum (HQ)

About Toilet Paper (a.k.a. the great equalizer)

The words "Wartime England" never fail to evoke a flood of memories in each of us. These vary considerably according to our individual experiences in the U.K. Billets ran the gamut from Nissen huts to wood framed pre-fabs. The unpredictable, often bitterly cold weather was indeed shared by all but from different perspectives. Combat crews flew in it, many ground personnel had to work in it, while others had limited exposure en route to and from their places of duty. Food seemed to be a common denominator - there was always a plentiful supply of brussel sprouts which I dislike to this day. And who could forget such delicacies as powdered eggs, powdered milk, and dehydrated potatoes? Because half of our missions were flown with the 330th Squadron, 93rd BG while the remainder were with the 564th PFF Squadron, 389th BG, I was afforded the opportunity to sample the menus at both Hardwick and Hethel - unfortunately, there was little difference. Perhaps one of the best kept secrets in the 2nd Air Division was the Officers dining room at Ketteringham Hall.

While our crew was at Hethel, two of us cycled over to 2nd Air Division one evening in order to avoid the tinned mutton being dished up at our mess. We discovered another world where tables had table cloths and waiters politely served the various courses. To say that it was different would be a gross understatement. I was so impressed that I recorded that particular

meal in my diary on 2 July 1944. We had ham steak with pineapple, a lettuce and tomato salad, followed by fresh strawberry shortcake for dessert. You guessed it - we returned to Ketteringham Hall often until our crew completed its tour and we were transferred back to Hardwick. Good food was apparently one of the perks enjoyed by the officers assigned to the 2nd AD Headquarters. Nevertheless, there was one item that each of us shared irrespective of rank, sex, or location.

Can you recall your very first encounter with British toilet paper? Remember the light brown, wax-like squares, each of which was marked "H.M. Government." I often wondered about that because the idea that anyone else would claim it simply never occurred to me. From the deep recesses of my mind came a sudden yearning for the relatively tender sheets of an old Sears catalog. Having no other choice, we all accepted this as a throwback to a form of medieval torture necessitated by the war. We had come to know about utility bicycles as well as utility clothing - this was utility toilet tissue and we just had to cope! I remember thinking, these British are really tough, in the true sense of the word; however, I secretly felt sorry for anyone in the U.K. who suffered from hemorrhoids. As evidenced by history, personnel of the Mighty Eighth survived this barbaric assault on their flanks.

In 1951, I was once again assigned to England, this time to RAF Station Upper

Heyford, Oxfordshire. Any of you who may have spent some time in the U.K. during the 1950s and 1960s can confirm that the same identical toilet tissue was still the only thing available even in such luxury London hotels as the Savoy, Grosvenor House, and Dorchester. It dawned on me that WWII had nothing to do with this uniquely English phenomenon. It was very simple - the British consumer was given no other choice. The question was, why? Was it a case of tradition unhampered by progress? I never discovered the answer.

Some readers may recall the famous American writer and humorist, H. Allen Smith, who was very well known during the war years and the decade immediately following. In 1951 he visited Britain and wrote a wonderfully funny book about his trip entitled *Smith's London Journal*. In it he described his first interview by members of the British press in his suite at the Savoy hotel. He was asked the standard questions such as, "What do you like best about London?" and "Was there anything that displeased you?" His response to the latter was to disappear for a few moments, then he returned holding a few sheets of toilet paper. "That," he said, "is what we print magazines on in America." Mr. Smith summed it up very succinctly!

In fairness to our English friends, it must be stated that things have changed for the better. The English public now have several choices of softer products with which to adorn the walls of their W.C.s.

by Bob Jacobs

Fund Drive Lags

by Carl I. Alexanderson
2ADA Past President

For some time now I have been wondering how, or even if, I should approach the problem of the lagging Memorial Fund Drive. I have decided I have a very strong vested interest in this regard, and therefore should speak out.

This program was initiated during my term of office as President of 2ADA. I, along with the entire Executive Committee, spent many hours and sessions establishing the groundwork and setting up procedures whereby we could successfully reach the established goal of \$500,000. We launched it with a pledge of over \$20,000, just from the Executive Committee alone. As of 23 Jan 89 only 232 donations have been forthcoming! To my somewhat less than mathematical mind, this comes to a shocking 3% (more or less).

I find this almost unbelievable, that out of a membership that exceeds 7,000, only 232 - a paltry 232 - have seen fit to loosen their purse strings and make a contribution. I also find unbelievable the fact that upwards of 1400 of you can find the funds to attend our reunions of late (which in most cases run to several thousand dollars per couple) yet can't find it in your hearts to submit a fraction of this amount toward so worthy a cause. I know for a fact that there are many of you that are capable of giving a substantial amount! And to think - it's tax deductible.

What puzzles me even more is the lack of the 5, 10 and 20 dollar donations. The price of a six pack of good beer (Heineken?), an evening at the local theater, a moderate price dinner with friends. Now don't tell me you can't forego that one time and send the proceeds to the fund. To reiterate, I am deeply disturbed! This response is not typical of our kind of people. We did not respond in this manner when we fought the air war over Germany. I see no reason to respond in this reticent fashion now.

2ADA Norwich Convention July 25-31, 1990

Castor Travel will do a general mailing in October/November for all those with CONFIRMED RESERVATIONS. At that time they will give you air fares, showing various cities of departure (using British Air) and post convention tours. If you wish to travel with the group or need tour information, please fill out the form sent to you a month ago.

When you have carefully read all the details, it is important that you complete the forms enclosed showing date of departure and return. Once the tickets are issued,

American Librarian Fund

Since the last tabulation in the Summer issue, we have received through 20 July 1989 an additional 113 checks and pledges, increasing our total by just under \$20,000.00. Again, our thanks to all who have provided this support.

We are over one third of the way to the GOAL of our three year drive for \$500,000.00 thanks to the support of only 6% of our members who have responded. Please help us meet our GOAL in under three years. It certainly can be met if many of the 94% who have not as yet contributed will do so now. Remember - IT IS OUR MEMORIAL!

PLEDGE COMMITMENT

- ☐ I pledge \$1,000
☐ I pledge \$500
☐ I pledge \$ _____
☐ To be given at once
☐ To be given over a two year period*

Please make all checks payable to:

2nd Air Division Association

Mail To:

**Jordan R. Uttal
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230**

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

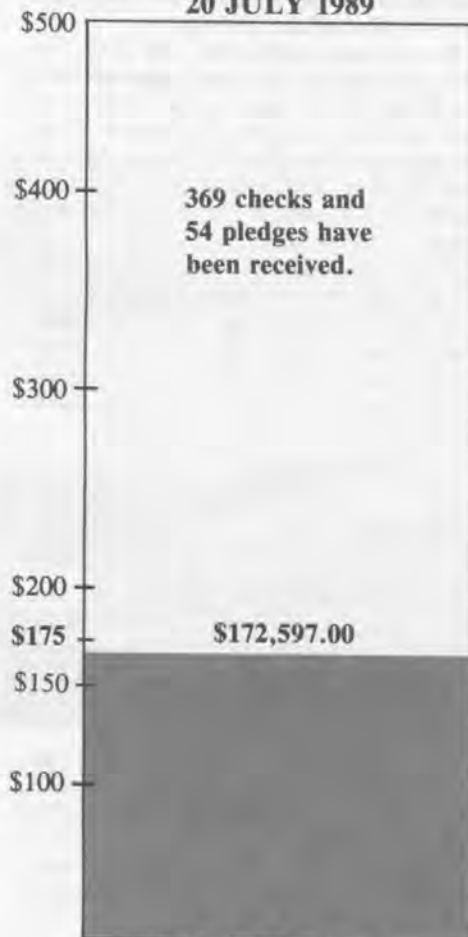
City _____ State - Zip _____

Signature _____

Date _____ Group _____

*Hopefully by 7/1/90 so that we can complete this mission at the next Norwich Convention!!!

HOW WE STAND AS OF 20 JULY 1989



HOW DOES YOUR GROUP STAND?

Unit	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges	Total Checks and Pledges
453rd	42	5	47
445th	39	8	47
467th	37	6	43
HDQ	32	3	35
458th	31	4	35
389th	29	6	35
491st	25	3	28
93rd	22	6	28
489th	24	3	27
448th	23	1	24
44th	19	2	21
466th	17	2	19
392nd	15	2	17
492nd	6	2	8
446th	6	1	7

In addition, we have had one Red Cross and one Board of Governors check.

you will not be able to change dates.

In December/January you will receive costs for land package, either for 6 or 7 days, depending on date you leave the U.S. At that time we will ask that the land package be paid for in full, so that the funds can be deposited in Norwich and we will not have to worry about the value of the dollar to the British pound.

Since we now have a waiting list, please, if you cannot go, cancel early.

— Evelyn Cohen



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

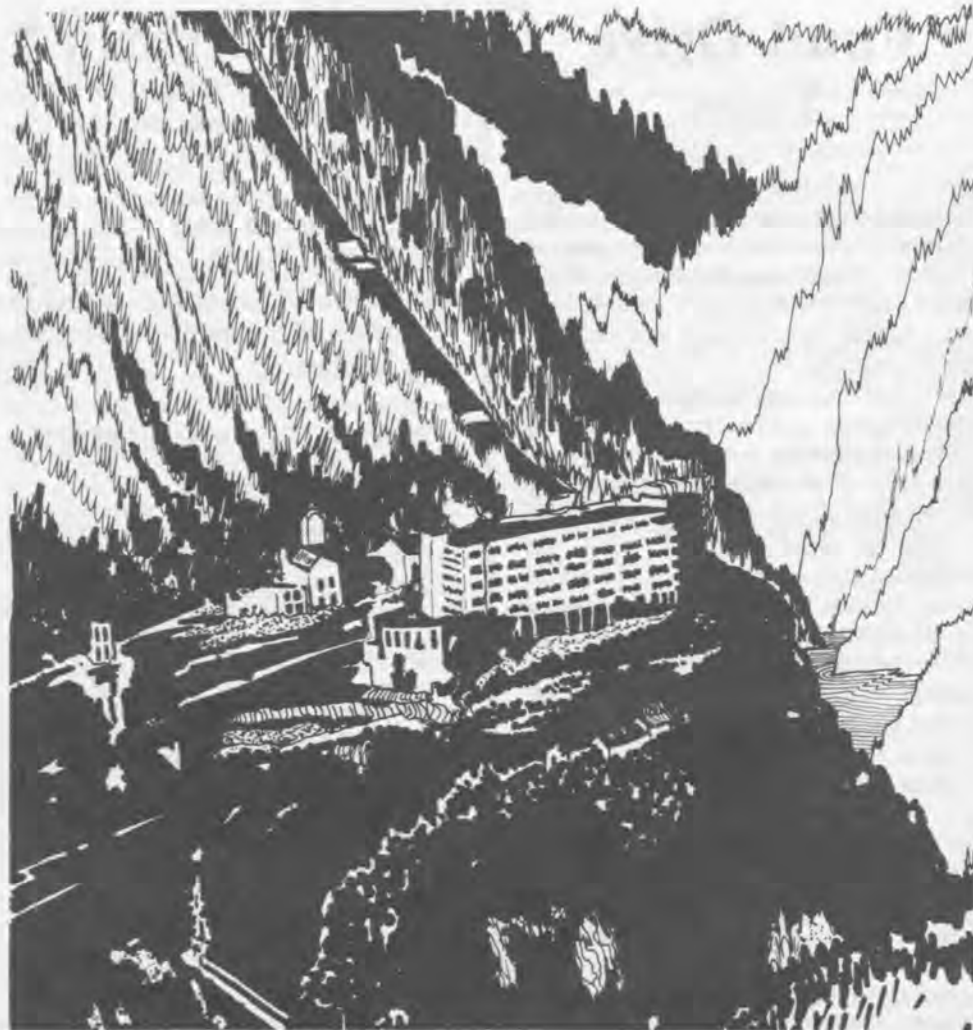
Although the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the B-24 Bomber is now history, many pleasant memories remain in the hearts of the more than 200 registrants from the 392nd BG. It was an outstanding pageant with the 392nd's own Bob Vickers serving as General Chairman. His capable staff included Gil and Martha Bambauer and Keith and Patty Roberts.

Honored guests and members of the Fiftieth Anniversary planning team attended the 392nd BGMA banquet, hosted by President and Mrs. Lawrence G. Gilbert. These included: Lt/Gen Carl R. Smith, M/Gen Jack Huston, M/Gen and Mrs. Neil Van Sickle, Ed Creeden, Mr. and Mrs. William Feder, L/Col Dan McGovern, Bob McGuire, Col and Mrs. James Myers, Mr. & Mrs. Van White, Ginny Garven, Mr. & Mrs. John Greenwood, John Wellman, Jean Jordan, Mr. & Mrs. Bob Fame, RAF Group Captain John Musgrove and L/Col Ed Buckner. Last, but far from least, were Mr. & Mrs. Tex Beneke, whose band played at the gala banquet.

To those who have not already heard, it is sad to report the passing of William H. Richards, who will be remembered as "the top notch tech supply Senior Sergeant" of the 578th BS. He is survived by his wife, Gerry, and five children. Bill will be more recently remembered as the Chairman of our Group reunion in Tulsa in 1987 and as Vice President and Editor of the 392nd BGMA's Newsletter.

The Newsletter will now be edited by Birdie Larrick and published by James Goar. There will be four issues per year as in the past.

If you hadn't planned to go, but now find that you can, it isn't too late to attend



the rededication of the improved Wendling Memorial on October 7. The full tour, if desired, will depart October 1 and return October 11, but you may join in or leave it on any date you wish. Keith and Patty Roberts, phones (701) 223-5450 or 223-4843, will help you complete any arrangements or secure any accommodations you don't wish to handle for yourself.

Lest We Forget: by Myron Keilman. On 16 November 1943 eighteen B-24's of the 392nd took off on a nine and a half hour mission to bomb the Germany heavy water plant at Rjukan, Norway. Lt. Harold (Doc) Weiland was the lead bombardier. Major Lawrence Gilbert, our group operations officer, was the command pilot.

At the time, none of us were aware of the strategic importance of heavy-water (ordinary hydrogen replaced by an isotope of twice the atomic weight called deuterium) being used in the production of the first atomic bombs. The Norsk Hydro hydrogen electrolysis plant near Rjukan was the only plant available to the Germans capable of manufacturing heavy-water in significant quantity.

The plant was a large six-story concrete and steel structure, situated like a fortress on a mountain cliff.

British Intelligence, early in 1942, made Prime Minister Churchill aware of its strategic importance. On 18 October 1942 and 18 February 1943 small teams of British and Norwegian commandos parachuted in-

to isolated mountain areas. On 27 February 1943 they linked up eighteen miles from the plant. At midnight 28 February they performed one of the most daring raids ever, and destroyed the high concentration heavy-water tanks.

By midnight April 1943 the plant was repaired - and security greatly strengthened against further sabotage. Consequently - with British and American atomic bomb research and development trailing - Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt made the decision to launch a heavy bomber attack.

On 16 November 1943 the Second and Third Air Divisions, of the Eighth Air Force, struck the plant with 160 B-24s and B-17s. The heavy water plant was put out of commission - never to operate again. The salvaged heavy water was sabotaged enroute to Germany.

Dr. Joseph Carter, Professor of Nuclear Engineering, University of Kentucky, having served in the research and development of the atomic bomb under General Leslie Groves of the Manhattan Project, stated in November, 1988, "The bomber run of 16 November 1943 and the subsequent destruction of nuclear laboratories at Peenemunde was a major contribution to winning World War II."

Think! What would the world be like today had the Nazi Regime been able to perfect and deploy the atomic bomb?!

2nd Air Division Strikes on Norway 16 and 18 November 1943



Paintings by Major John T. McCoy

by Fred Breuninger (446th)

Because my office is decorated with 50-plus pictures of B-24s and scenes of our 446th base at Bungay (these take the form of photos, large prints of paintings, and several original paintings), I am prompted to tell of a wartime occurrence that deserves recognition.

In the early spring of 1945 the War Department sent a war department artist by the name of Major John T. McCoy to the 8th Air Force for the specific purpose of flying with a heavy bomb group for a couple of weeks so as to be able to record his experiences on canvas as he actually saw them. That honor fell to the 2nd Air Division and to the 446th Bomb Group specifically.

Many of Major McCoy's paintings appeared long ago in the original history of the 446th Bomb Group. The most important of the collection, I feel, is the March 24, 1945 mission to Wesel, Germany, the day the Rhine was crossed. It is pictured on the cover of this Journal in black and white, but the original is in glorious color.

Another particularly interesting painting is the April 4, 1945 mission to Wesendorf, Germany that shows two P-51s chasing an ME-262 jet streaking through the 446th formation. As a side note, the ME-262 was a confirmed kill, with each P-51 pilot sharing 1/2 kill. That same evening Maj. McCoy went over to the 4th Fighter Group to meet and congratulate the two pilots.

Most amazingly, Colonel John T. McCoy (retired) still lives and paints. He is 81 years old and runs each day. His business is in New York City and is called Aviation Americana. Besides traveling the U.S. giving lectures on his paintings (I understand that 34 of his paintings still decorate the halls of the Pentagon), John McCoy does all the aviation art for PanAm Airlines and Federal Express.

If any 446'ers wish 8x10 color prints, they can write to Mrs. Alice B. Price at:

Office of the Secretary of the Air Force
Art and Museum Branch
Rm 5C941-Pentagon
Washington, D.C. 20330-1000



Mission to Wesendorf, Germany, April 4, 1945. The two P-51s of the 4th Fighter Group got a confirmed "kill" on the ME-262. It was just a few minutes after this action that our commander, Col. Troy Crawford, was shot down by one of our own gunners as he passed near his group while flying in a British Mosquito as the "roving air marshal" for the Second Air Division effort that day.



"Warbirds at Rest." The B-24 "Ronnie" was famous in that it left the U.S. with the Group, completed 103 missions, and eventually flew back to the U.S. with air echelon.



"Early Morning Takeoff"



Photo of painting of "Red Ass" by Mike Bailey

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Milton R. Stokes (453rd)

There is a lonesome call emanating from outside my bedroom window. It is early morn. Mist clouds the fields. Should I get up to look or forget about the cry? I've heard this call before but not recently; maybe a year ago. As I listen, my memory is jogged. It is a rain crow or an American cuckoo. This is not a rare bird but we hear it infrequently. This is a good way to start the day. And I am not a slow starter anymore. It has something to do with retiring (or call it quitting). No one should retire. One should always retain an active interest in life. You must cultivate interests other than work.

There were quite a few of the 453rd BG members who took a paddle wheel trip on the Delta Queen. It certainly was a novel way to travel. We went up to Baton Rouge fighting a flood tide flow, then did a 180 and flew back to New Orleans in one day. We had a chance to see the delta country that none of us had ever seen from water level. The food was good, weather perfect, and companionship the best. You might try it sometime when you need something new to see and do. Further, we visited New Orleans and saw some old plantations which at one time could only be seen from the river.

Pat Ramm from Old Buckenham called last week. He spoke of the Memorial Day services at Maddingly Cemetery. He was our official representative there. Pat will visit here in Pennsylvania with us. Then he and Agnes will motor with us, our son and his family to Hilton Head, South Carolina. We intend to rent a van and travel to the convention. It should be an interesting trip. We're looking forward to November 2nd.

Frank & Jackie Thomas and Eddie & Ramona Myers used such a van on their trip to New Orleans this summer. It had a lot of room and was comfortable. It should afford us a good way to travel and see the country.

The big news this issue was the roll out of "All American," the B-24 in Kissimmee, Florida, on July 15th and 16th. The 453rd committee is composed of William Eagleson, Russell Harriman, Gus Johnson and Charlie Huntoon. They are honored because of the amount of money and service they have given to make the "roll out" possible. Also, one of the vertical fins will be marked with the 453rd BG's diagonal markings.

Frank Kyle called some time back and advised me of a tape on the 453rd BG at Old Buck that he has revised. You will recall we saw Frank show his first tape in 1987 in Dayton, Ohio. Helping Frank with this tape is Francis Fluharty. We don't have the tape as of yet.

Andy Dicusati, an associate of the 2nd

Air Division Association, sent a magazine "B-24 Liberator" to me last month. It's Volume 2, 1989. It has a comprehensive history of the B-24. It's so full of stories, pictures and comments on the B-24! There are 122 pages in this issue. It is a worthwhile addition to your B-24 library. The full name of the publication is "Air Progress, A special salute to the most widely used bomber of World War II on its 50th Anniversary" by Challenge Publications, Canoga Park, California 91304. No price is listed on the magazine so one would have to write to find out.

Our latest list of members for the 453rd BG shows seven new listings. The 466th BG shows thirteen new members and sharing one with the 453rd BG. I'm wondering how they signed up so many! Please tell us so we may congratulate you more fully.

Please come to the reunion in South Carolina! You will get a chance to state your opinions on how the 453rd BG has been running and how it should be running. Maybe you don't agree with the path we have taken, so please come and feel free to speak up. Just try to be honest in your opinions, fair in your judgments, and humble when you gain victory.

I'm very happy I got to know you all. What a diverse bunch of people! How talented you are. You have accepted me when I did nothing to warrant acceptance. You responded to my call for help in building the Memorial in Old Buck. You have signified your willingness to help raise a half a million dollars for the library in Norwich. You have traveled all over the USA to meet old buddies who might have flown with you. You have been friendly to those whom you don't remember. At conventions, you have sat for long hours listening to boring speakers. You have fidgeted in your seats trying to show your lack of acceptance with the subject matter, but still you come back for more. You were hopeful that the next speaker would appeal more to your views and sensitivities. You have eaten some tasteless New England dinners and paid maybe thirty dollars for the privilege; traveled long, hot miles in crowded, overheated buses on two continents just to be with friends. You have done these things and more, much more. No need to mention custom inspections where they paw through your belongings, seize your tear gas gun, pull you out of line to an interview with the chief inspector; how humiliating! But you come back for more. You are wonderful! No griping or complaining - after all, you fought a war and survived shot, shell, black smoke and ruptured hydraulic lines. But it was all so wonderful, wasn't it?

See some of you in Hilton Head! I missed you in Colorado Springs!

About the Memorial

by Jordan Uttal

ANNUAL MEETING OF GOVERNORS: During my attendance at the meeting along with several members of our Executive Committee, on 22 June, we were pleased to see the latest improvement in our Memorial Room. At long last, I am delighted to tell you that there is now boldly inscribed on the wall at the entrance the words, "2nd Air Division Memorial, USAAF."

Both Phyllis Hunt and Tony North are busily and constructively at work (the latter, full time). Once again I come away from my visit even further convinced that our Memorial is one of the finest results of the efforts and sacrifices of our 2nd Air Division personnel. Our 2nd Air Division Memorial grows in stature, and reputation, as a place of peace and serenity, knowledge and understanding. I feel we must see to it that we do everything possible to ensure that it remains effective as a tribute to the proud history of 2nd Air Division USAAF. Having a full time American Librarian is an important requirement for the realization of that goal.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN DRIVE: A glance at the report of our combined efforts elsewhere in this issue will show continued progress; 113 additional checks and pledges since the last issue, representing an increase of \$20,000.00.

I wish that I could share with you some of the many interesting comments that have accompanied the checks and pledges, but space does not permit. Interestingly enough there is a thread that seems to run through them - an apology for being late in remitting. So, it would seem that perhaps we should urge you to stop right here for just enough time to fill out a pledge form and/or check, and mail it in today!!! We urgently need your help!

BRANCH LIBRARIES: At the Governors meeting final plans were approved to have at least four locations in operation by the time we arrive in 1990. We were particularly pleased with the identification plaque that will be in place in each location. We will supply more details later.

FINANCIAL HEALTH: The value of our Trust assets at current market prices shows continued increase. Report will be made at Hilton Head, and carried in the Journal following the convention.

COLORADO SPRINGS TAPES: It was my privilege to present to the Memorial Room another collection of videotaped interviews of 31 2nd Air Division veterans taken last year at Colorado Springs. These latest tapes, together with the Chicago Tapes, Faces of the 2nd Air Division, and Eight Candles for Remembrance represent, to date, the most comprehensive oral military history collection of its kind in the U.S. Air Force. As such, it provides a powerful resource for history. Sincere thanks are due to Joe Dzenowagis, 467th Bomb Group, and his family, wife Helen, daughter Joan, and son Joe for their continued, tireless efforts to preserve the record of the contributions of the 2nd Air Division to world history. They were busy, full time, in Fort Worth (oh yes, we were there) and probably additional tapes will be added to our stock.

See you in Hilton Head (knees permitting). Bless you all!

The "Queen" Brings Back Memories

by Paul Ballam-Davies (submitted by J. Fred Thomas)

Last September I, with some of my family, visited the "Queen Mary" liner and was most surprised to see a picture in one of the display corridors, as the photograph shows, relating to the personnel of the 8th Air Force being carried on the "Queen" during 1942-1945, and the request about any relatives being part of these outfits.

My memories went back to 1943-1944, when as a boy of 9 years old, I spent a year with my grandfather, Ernest Edward Ballam, who was the "clerk of the works" for the builders John Laing and Son Ltd who built some of the airfields. He was working for the Air Ministry and it was his responsibility for the planning, construction and maintenance of Hardwick Airfield Station 104 near Topcroft Village. He started there in 1941 and retired from the job in 1946. That's when the ministry asked him to pull the lot down. He told me some years later that after spending all that time and effort in making a first class job, he could not be there when it was demolished.

In 1939 he was a Master Builder and had his own building company. He was in the Air Force in the First World War and when the Second World War started had lied about his age and immediately joined the Air Force. The Air Ministry found him after a year and pulled him out and sent him to Norfolk to work on Hardwick.

I had been sent up from London in 1943 by my parents to get me away from the bombing. Though things were bad in London, and each day at school you would find another empty desk due to the previous night's bombing, I remember not looking forward to moving to the country. But I realized that with my dad in the Air Force and my mum in local government, it would be one less worry for them if I was away from London.

My first impression of Norfolk was from the platform of Earsham Railway Station. This was the nearest rail link to London for Hardwick. It's no longer there. It was February and as the train pulled out, I viewed a bleak, cold northeasterly wind-swept landscape with a thin layer of snow swirling around. My mother had tied a label to my lapel with my destination written on it and the wind kept blowing it onto my face. I took no notice. I remember thinking, "How can I get home, things cannot get any worse." Due to the 8th, they didn't.

My grandfather was waiting in the ticket office doorway and had been calling me, but the wind had carried his voice away. After a big cuddle he bundled me into a waiting Morris 10 Air Ministry truck and off we went. The driver was an American and his friendly welcome of "Hi" was my first contact with someone from another country. "Hungry?" he said, "Have some chocolate." Chocolate, I'd not seen any for ages.

This first contact with American hospitality was a good representation of what I found during my stay in Norfolk. I was

billeted just outside the guarded area, about two miles from the camp HQ. I was given a pass so I could walk to see my grandfather when I liked and every time I checked at the boundary guard post, the feeling of friendship from the two or three Americans on duty never ceased to impress me.

What turned out to be a bleak start changed my way of looking at life and I'm sure it was all due to the personnel of the 8th Air Force. It may sound like a sweeping statement, but I think I must have been at the impressionable age and the timing was right. I still clearly remember the country roads within the boundary leading to the HQ. There were fir trees and unkept hedges and every few hundred yards there would be stacks of bombs, stored under camouflage, which in the summer when you walked by would give off a warm canvas smell. Then you would come to an empty bay which had been previously full the day before and think of the men perhaps ten years older than myself facing danger in the air.

I remember getting up at five in the morning in the summertime, with the war seeming miles away, to collect the big plate mushrooms that seemed to be everywhere in the dew covered meadows. These I would cook on the Nissen hut stove of my grandfather's. This was for his breakfast and his American colleagues if they wanted any. I never asked if they had already eaten. They never said.

The Nissen huts I went to were built on a slope with an approach road running up on the right side of the camp. The areas around the huts were rough earth. There were always three or four of us kids on site and one day we found some empty 12 bore cartridges. We were sitting on the ground and I leaned back on my hands when the one I was holding went off. It must have hit a stone. The cartridge was empty of lead shot but still primed. The noise brought 40

people running to us. I only had a numb hand but I was picked up and taken to medical for examination. I was given a drink and two doughnuts and a pack of gum, which I shared after with the other kids. The others went looking for more cartridges. I often wondered if perhaps I and the other kids represented some small part of the family the American guys had left at home, and that was why they were so kind to us. It was not until 1951 when I served with the American forces in Korea with the Commonwealth Group, that I found again the great friendship I had seen as a boy, and realised this was the American way.

I know my remembrances are those of a nine-year-old, but the time spent around the 8th helped me get over three years of worry. When I got off that train at Earsham I was at my lowest.

I now work for an American company, Tektronix of Oregon, in England, about two hours from Hardwick. I visited the old airfield some five years ago and wished I'd not gone back. Just a few half walls and the discolouration in the earth where the runways were. I stood where the Nissen hut of my grandfather would have been and looked across to where the eating area should have been, where we kids used to get big hot egg sandwiches at the back door from the cook and sit on the grass, listening to the activity around us, with egg running down our arms and laughing at each other trying to lick it off. The grass is still there.

When I looked at that picture frame on the wall of the "Queen Mary" with one of my daughters standing beside me, all the past memories came flooding back. I raised my hand in salute to the guys of the 8th, and not thinking I said out loud what I forgot to say as a kid, "Thanks, 8th Air Force." As I turned I could see on my daughter's face that she thought the old man was going. How do you try to explain - you don't.





Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabey (93rd)

GROUP & SQUADRON INSIGNIAS

The 3rd Group Insignia is being made so it can be used on a medium cap. I have ordered 100 each of these. Many of you have asked for these in the past, yet when I ask you to send me a card requesting to order one or more, giving Squadron No., the response hasn't been that great. I have five generous members who have put up front money to purchase them. Please don't sit back and leave us holding the bag. The cost, including postage, will be \$4.75 each. I want to pay off the donors as quickly as possible. If we have monies left after they are all paid back, this money will be donated in the name of the 93rd Bomb Group to one of the three that I have listed below. Please drop me a card giving your order and choice to donate this money to, if and when.



3rd 93rd BG



4 x 5th 328th Sqdn.



4th 329th Sqdn.



4th 330th Sqdn.



4th 409th Sqdn.

1. Our 2nd AD Last Mission - The American Librarian Fund Drive. This is *high on my priority list*, as you will have noted in the individual letters that I had sent out to all 93rd members who hadn't pledged or contributed as of April 21, 1989. Only 23 of us so far have contributed and/or pledged.

2. The restoration of the B-24 at Castle Air Museum Foundation, Inc. CAFB, Ca. Home of the 93rd Bomb Wing (SAC). This plane when restored will be painted and have the same markings as "The Blasted Event" honoring General George S. Brown Jr. who flew her on Ploesti low level mission 1 Aug. 43. He was then in the 329th Squadron, 93rd BG. This project *was on my priority list*, but have received report from M/Sgt. Joseph Beach (Ret.), my chairman of a possible mini-reunion in conjunction with the roll out ceremonies of the B-24 at Castle, that the response to his letter in the Journal was very poor, the progress of restoration is very slow, and he doubts if they will make their November projection of completion.

3. The Collings Foundation, that has just about completely restored what will be the only restored, flyable B-24 of 11 or 12 in the world, guns will be in all positions. I saw

her last Feb. at the kick the tires and light your fires open house at Kissimmee, Fla. Believe me, she is beautiful, and I was very disappointed that they couldn't have her ready to fly to Fort Worth, Texas. She will be at San Diego, CA, Sept. 23-24 for their 50th Anniversary of the B-24. Sure wish I could be there.

Along with your order, please give me your choice of 1, 2 or 3. Please don't sit back and say you will do it tomorrow, *do it now*. You know how forgetful we are getting nowadays.

FOLDED WINGS

93rd members, not members of the 2nd ADA, for members who might have known them.

Lin Burgess, Tower, NM, passed away two years ago. He was co-pilot on the crew of John Burgess, 330th Sqdn. I found that he was a member of the 2nd ADA, but was on the drop list 1988, and I received no reply to my letter.

Paul Bata passed away Jan. 27, 1984. His brother Frank, H.C.R. Box 209, Duncan, AZ 85534, reported this to me.

Ed J. Bicker, Pittsburgh, PA, was an Armament man in the 330th Sqdn. He passed away May 27, 1989, the day before his 71st birthday.

time, travel and expense. He has made up a flyer explaining the whole dedication and mini-reunion banquet buffet at the Holiday Inn, plus reserved a block of rooms, and more if needed. He sent out 100 flyers with additional pre-addressed flyers asking each to place a stamp on them and mail them. This is to cut down on the expenses, so if you don't get one, it's not our fault. Most every member should receive one. The wording on the brass plaque will be almost the same as our Memorial Monument at our old base in England; the only exception will be no Squadron insignias, only the 8th and Group insignia. In my summer Open Letter I reported that 15 members had contributed since our England Memorial and one had twice. As of the writing of this report, 35 had donated, one three times, three two times. Come on fellows, we have 610 93rd members at this time, and all I ask is \$5 or \$10 from each of you. Some of you have been very generous with \$100, \$75, \$50 and \$25. To those who have contributed, I thank you very much.

THE STORY OF THE 93rd B.G. (H)

Now for another project I'm trying to do for you. I really should have my head

Charles Kimtantis, of Miami Springs, FL, passed away Nov. 30, 1982, reported by his wife on a card that I sent with a 2ADA application.

Albert (Al) C. Naum passed away May 23, 1987 in Germany. He was one of the original 93rd 409th Bombardiers on "Red Ass," pilot Jake Epting. Lt. Edward E. Weir (Ret.), navigator on the crew, notified me that he shared the nose of the B-24 with Al Naum for 1½ years and 31 missions. The crew's last mission was Ploesti, Aug. 1, 1943.

93rd ROSTER

Don't forget, you can purchase an up-to-date 93rd roster from Frederick A. Strombom, Box 646, Ogema, WI 54459. The cost is \$5 for roster plus geographical, or \$3 without the geographical list. The listing is a big help when traveling, just check the state and all 93rd men living in that state are listed.

93rd MEMORIAL, USAF MUSEUM

We will have had our Memorial Dedication by the time you receive this Journal. Will have full report with breakdown of costs in the Winter Journal. Our chairman William F. Doerner has done an outstanding job on this, with a great amount of his

examined, my butt kicked, or my pipes taken from me, for taking on another project along with the insignias. They just seemed to fall at the same time. I have received a quote for making 100 copies, and am awaiting an answer from a book dealer in England for the quote I sent for his request of 60 copies, and have received requests from 36 members (I need 40). Then I will place the order. I think we will have to get \$30.00 postage included a copy. As I don't know exactly what the postage will be, they will be mailed directly to you from the company at a cost of \$1.05 each plus postage. I will provide the pre-addressed labels. Depending on when the order is placed, delivery would take 6-8 weeks. They will be hard bound, and the only difference from the originals will be that the wording embossed on the cover will be deleted; this was to cut down on the cost. You can send your checks now, made out to me. After I receive enough for 50% of the quoted price, and the order from England, I will place the order. The balance due them would be payable within 30 days from shipment. This price will remain in effect until 12-31-89. Having them mail them out will sure save me a lot of time that I don't have.

Medal Arrives 45 Years Late

44th Bomb Gp. Radioman Says Silver Star Better Late Than Never

by Lyle B. Latimer (44th)

Allen J. Baker's middle name is not 'Job' but he has demonstrated a quality of patience not unlike that of the Biblical man. Former T/Sgt. Baker performed acts of valor 20 June 44 while on a bombing mission over Politz, Germany but he did not receive the medal his actions warranted until 19 May 89 at Winfield's '08 Restaurant in Ft. Worth, TX.

During bomb drop on the target run at Politz, a bomb shackle malfunctioned retaining a lower bomb, thus those above bounced erratically with one hooking a tail fin on the control cables leading to the pilot's compartment. To free the bomb endangering pilot control of the falling aircraft, radioman Baker removed all protective gear (flak vest, parachute, and oxygen mask), put a foot on the mid-ship catwalk with the other on the outside plane wall and, while straddling the open bomb bay, picked up the snagged 100 lb. bomb and threw it out the bomb bay.

At the post-mission interrogation, the grateful crew recommended Baker for the Silver Star. The 44th Bomb Group administration agreed and paperwork was filed. However, the blizzard of communications (only 14 days after D-Day) "snowed under" the request for Baker's award. Soon, the crew's tour of raids ended and the men scattered for reassignment by September 1944 and crew 2387 (crew's training # at Casper, WY in December 1943) did not reassemble again until October 1987 when we discovered that Baker had never received the Silver Star.

Unknown to Baker, the crew members decided to revive the request. With aid from U.S. Congressional Representatives James Ross Lightfoot of Iowa and Bud Shuster of



BG (Ret.) John H. Gibson presents Silver Star to Allen J. Baker, 44th BG. (l-r): Dixon C. McEver, Jr. (co-pilot); Joseph F. Herrmann, Jr. (pilot); General Gibson; Allen J. Baker (radioman); Lyle B. Latimer (tail gunner); H.P. 'Whitey' Ahlstedt (navigator); Howard H. Robb (substitute pilot plus Baker's pilot ferrying gas after combat); and Albert T. Wheaton, engineer.

Pennsylvania, a review of the 1944 request was launched on the ocean of red tape but eventually the medal came to the Lightfoot staff to be informally sent to Baker. On 21 January 1989, via a surprise gathering of his family (masked as a church supper by Mrs. Baker and clan) the medal was presented in Loysburg, PA much to the surprised delight of a hero.

During the Golden Anniversary festivities recognizing the B-24 bomber held in Ft. Worth, TX 17-21 May 1989, crew 2387 once again had a reunion shared with seven crewmen and several guests. Retired Brigadier General John H. Gibson formally presented the Silver Star to the patient Allen J. Baker on 19 May 1989. Guests present were Ruth Gibson, Evelyn Cohen, and spouses of Baker, McEver, Robb and Wheaton.

It was this tail gunner's pleasure to attend both Baker presentations. Each time it was impressive to note the effect the event had upon the younger set in attendance. At the Pennsylvania event, most of the younger group were seeing Grandad in a whole new role and they were impressed by the fact that some may have not realized Allen J. Baker had been once in the warrior mode; he enlisted a month and a day after Pearl Harbor 7 December 41.

At the formal presentation in Ft. Worth, it was our head waiter and his aides at Winfield's '08 Restaurant who kept their eye on the procedure and were duly impressed enough to come up (long after the luncheon tab had been paid) with a keen enough desire to ask for an up close inspection of the award.



Roger A. Freeman

Last Call For "The Mighty Eighth" by Roger Freeman

Over the past 3-4 years I have received many requests for a copy of Freeman's "The Mighty Eighth," the WWII classic of the air war as carried on by the Eighth Air Force from bases in England. I have just been advised that a British publishing company is publishing another edition (very probably the last) of "The Mighty Eighth." A limited number of copies will be available in the United States. If you wish to purchase a copy you will have to send me your name and address and I will put your name on the list. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY AT THIS TIME. When the books arrive from England (around November 1) I will notify you and you can send me your check or money order in the amount of \$40.00 at that time. The book is 312 pages with over 200 photographs.

Make check or money order out to me, William G. Robertie, P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938. The \$40.00 includes postage and handling. As supplied are very limited it will have to be FIRST COME - FIRST SERVED, so send me your card or letter as soon as possible if interested.

"I Remember"

by Wayne Wanker (448th)

I remember the first time I saw her.
It was love at first sight.
She still holds me in her spell.
She was quite young and I was only 19.
She was rather large.
She had a figure that was out of this world.
Her name I shall never forget.
She was called B-24 and was
manufactured by Consolidated Aircraft.

This was presented at the 448th Group reunion at Fort Worth, Texas during the 50th Anniversary Celebration of the B-24.

NOTICE

TO ALL VETERAN AIRMEN who participated in the 18 Nov. 1943 mission to Oslo-Kjeller, Norway, or any of the Norway missions. For history and documentation of these missions being prepared, contact:
Forrest S. Clark
703 Duffer Lane
Kissimmee, FL 32758

The First Time I Saw Paris, June 2, 1944

by John W. Crowe (491st)

We hadn't flown the "Renegade" since May 23, 1944. The weather began to improve and we were briefed for a practice mission early in the morning of June 2 and told to stand by. Just before noon the practice mission was cancelled and we were told to report to the briefing room again. This time it was the real thing, our first mission. The briefing officer, Lt. Col. Goldenberg, told us our target was an enemy airfield just south of Paris. The map showed our flight path into France, to the target, and the route out, carefully plotted to avoid the many red dots which were known locations of enemy flak guns. The area around Paris looked like the face of a kid with the measles, nothing but red pockmarks. We were assured that the target, some eighteen miles to the south, was out of range of the Paris flak guns and the mission, as planned, ought to be a "milk run" - no problem at all!

Thirty-six planes from the 491st and forty-one from the 489th. The 489th would lead with the 491st following. The 489th had been in England a short time and had flown their first mission on May 30. They were leading the 95th Combat Wing into battle. It would be a very interesting afternoon with the blind leading the blind.

Our escorts were P-51s and P-38 fighters. The "Renegade," as the other planes of the 491st, had her belly full of five hundred pound bombs.

With a briefing for a real mission and a reloading of the planes with bombs, it must have been 1730 or 1800 hours before we taxied out, like thirty-six pregnant elephants, one behind the other, waiting to take off.

Lt. Col. Merrel, group leader, was the first to take off, followed by the other 491st planes at thirty second intervals. We climbed at five hundred feet per minute, some forty minutes later we reached the forming altitude of 20,000 feet. Twenty minutes later the group was formed. It was 1930 before we departed the English coast at Selsey-Bill. We arrived over enemy territory just after eight o'clock and continued southeast to the I.P. some six miles southwest of Paris. We had some inaccurate, sporadic flak but the "milk run" mission was going as advertised. At eight-thirty we crossed the I.P. and headed for the target at Bretigny. Then all hell broke loose and the sky around us suddenly turned black with intense accurate flak from enemy flak guns below, thick enough to walk on and close enough to hear the muffled explosion with the familiar R-U-M-M-M-P-H sound that we were soon to know so well.

We didn't know it at the time, but the 489th had failed to take a short zig-zag left turn off the I.P. to the north, then back to the right toward the target. In doing so, we were directly over the heavy concentration of flak guns just to the south of the target.

The sky was filled with the black mushroom explosions of 88mm shells.

We continued straight for the target. Lt. Getz, nineteen year old pilot of the "Renegade," with instructions from the bombardier, Chuck Voyles, prepared for bombs away. Everything except the exploding flak looked normal and then in the blink of an eye it happened. The plane slightly ahead and to our left, Lt. Bill Evans' crew, close enough that I could have hit him with a rock, one of the two engines on the right wing simply disappeared. There was only jagged metal, twisted pipes, and a gaping hole where the engine had been only a minute before. The right wing dropped gently downward and the wounded plane began to drift over and down to the right directly toward the "Renegade." It seemed like an eternity but it probably was no more than two or three seconds. I hit the control wheel with both hands, forcing the yoke all the way forward. The "Renegade" responded, her nose went down, and everything not fastened down went up. I had not taken my eyes off Evans' plane, headed toward us on a collision course, and in response to Lt. Getz's silent stare, I pointed above us with my left thumb. As Getz looked up, Evans' burning plane slid gently across the top of the "Renegade," just above the plexiglass canopy covering our heads. It couldn't have cleared us by more than a few feet and that may be a conservative opinion. Sgt. Turnipseed (TTG), who was closer than most, said, "I looked up and it was right on top of me. I let out a scream because I was sure it was my last." It was over as quick as it happened. Lt. Getz pulled back into the formation and continued our bomb run toward Bretigny.

Things continued to deteriorate as the 489th approached the target and they found it largely covered by clouds. Only one squadron of the 489th managed to drop on Bretigny, thus a decision was made to go for the secondary target at Creil. The 489th plowed straight north, via the Eiffel Tower and Paris. The 491st lead bombardier managed to see the target at Bretigny and unloaded there, but unwisely the 491st followed the 489th over Paris.

The evening and the land below had given way to the late darkness of the long summer day. The view below was spectacular as we crossed Paris, with the hundreds of bright flashes from the muzzles of flak guns surrounding the blacked-out city. It looked like the Fourth of July on the ground and in the sky around us, which was now blackened with intense flak. It lasted all the way to Creil and beyond.

If the 489th had tried they couldn't have flown the route to be avoided any better. We exited Paris and took the most direct and dangerous route home. It was well after ten o'clock when we landed at Metfield and

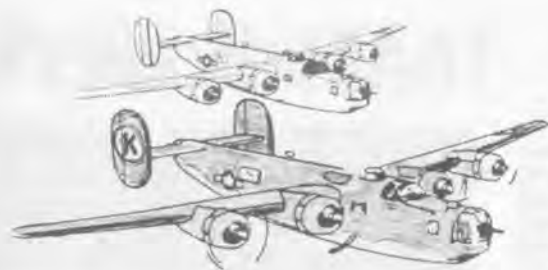
to add insult to injury, the engines of the "Renegade" began sputtering and cut out as we taxied to our hardstand. We were no longer virgins; the "Renegade" had a great number of holes in her fuselage and wings, all reparable.

The 95th Combat Wing had paid a high price for the mistakes in navigation from the route as briefed. Of the seventy-seven B-24s dispatched on the June 2 mission, five were lost, three crash landed in England, fifty-eight suffered reparable flak damage and one had major damage.

The next day I came to the conclusion that if this was a "milk run" then there was no way short of a miracle that we could survive thirty missions with the 8th Air Force. I therefore decided from that day forward that I was living on borrowed time and that it would be prudent to enjoy to the fullest extent whatever time I had remaining. I never asked others how they wrestled with the problem of survival; perhaps they, too, came to the same conclusion. The first time I saw Paris had been one hell of an experience, never to be forgotten.

Two months later, in early August 1944, Bill Evans showed up back at Metfield, a little lean and haggard but none the worse for being shot down over Paris. He told me that his plane had taken a direct hit in one of the engines in the right wing. The debris from the explosion shattered the cockpit canopy, throwing slivers of plexiglass into his and the co-pilot's faces. Neither Bill nor his co-pilot could see enough to fly or control their wounded plane. He was unaware of his plane's near mid-air collision with the "Renegade." After more flak and more hits he lost another engine. Realizing the hopelessness of the situation, he ordered the crew to bail out. All exited the plane safely but were subjected to enemy ground fire - rifles and machine guns. The tail gunner, Pvt. Le-May, was cut in half in his chute before he came to earth. The navigator, Lt. Blue, was killed when tracer bullets from machine gun fire ignited his chute and he plunged to earth. Four other members of Evans' crew were taken prisoner. Evans and three others were picked up by the French Underground. He told of working on several night sabotage missions with them.

His benefactors decided the safest place to hide him during the days he was in France would be in the numerous houses of prostitution. Thus Evans was gradually moved from one whorehouse to another, town to town, between Paris and the English Channel. He smiled when he told me he literally "worked" his way out of occupied Europe to freedom. What a way to fight a war! For Evans the war was over after just one fateful mission. Evaders were not allowed to return to combat duty.



458th Bomb Group

1989-1990 REUNIONS

I'm sure that by the time you receive this copy of the Fall Journal, all space at the Hilton Head Island Convention (Nov. 2-5, 1989) will have been spoken for. It is my understanding that a "stand-by" list does exist.

The Norwich, England Convention (July 25-31, 1990) at last report was also "sold out." If you don't have reservations but are interested in going, please write or call Evelyn Cohen.

458th BOMB GROUP HISTORY

The third printing of the 458th "History" is just that...history. George Reynolds has advised that he has returned about 35 orders for the book.

When we originally ordered the printing, I submitted a separate order for 25 books which I use for new 458th members who have joined the Association AFTER the book was sold out to the regular membership. These books were paid for by me personally for this purpose. I still have some copies left that can be sold to recently added 458th members. If you are one of these recent members and wish to buy a copy, please write me and I will ship you one at the \$19.00 price. Any money left after my original purchase price will go to the 1990 458th Reunion at Wright-Patterson, Dayton, OH, to help pay our reunion expenses.

458th REUNION IN DAYTON, OHIO, 1990

As mentioned in the last issue of the Journal, here is the latest information. If you think you may be interested in attending, please read the following carefully and respond to "Duke" Trivette, who has graciously accepted the task of once again heading up the reunion. All questions should be directed to him. The dates we have reserved for this occasion are Friday, September 21, 1990 to Sunday, September 22, 1990. As we've done before, there will be an "Early Bird" check-in on Thursday the 20th. Registration, cash bar and buffet dinner on Friday; buffet breakfast, Air Museum & Memorial, cash bar and dinner on Saturday. Sunday will include the departure breakfast and check-out.

We have reserved 150 rooms at the Holiday Inn, Dayton South, same hotel we had last time when we used 137 rooms. Room rates, food and functional costs are not available at this time, but you can rest assured that Trivette will get us the best price possible as he did the last time. As I mentioned earlier it's still early, but if you wish to advise Duke of your intent to be a part of the attending membership, please write him at: **Durward Trivette, 1791 Utica Drive, Dayton, OH 45439**. As we did the last time, there will be a separate mailing notice with all costs, a planned program, etc. Be advised that we will give you as much advance notice as possible. Our success at the previous reunion in Dayton was because we had sufficient "lead time" and Duke's attention to detail and good planning, not to mention that after all bills were paid and the special checking account was closed, he sent me a check for \$62.87 which was sent back to him recently to re-open our 458th, Reunion II account. We're hopeful that the response will be as great as it was in 1987. With the above in mind, please note these photos.



Our original research into the Supporting Units, failed to mention the 1686th Ordnance and the 18th Weather Sqdn. Further research was done by George Reynolds at Maxwell AFB under the Freedom Information Act, and they have been added to our Memorial. The facing of both granite benches was done by the same Black & Lee Monuments who did our previous work. The stone cutting was done a short time ago, authorized by me, carried out by Duke, and paid for by George Reynolds. When the cost of the "History III" was figured out by George, I suggested that we add 10% of the publishing cost to the price of the book, since we were going to use any profits for the Memorial addition. Our original estimate by Black & Lee was \$300.00 for this work. However, we had additional help when members ordered multiple copies, which reduced our shipping costs considerably. We now should have enough money for notification envelopes, mailing labels, postage and the \$100.00 deposit necessary to the hotel room reservations. In other words, we should have sufficient funds for our "start-up" costs. Again, we owe George another thank you for a job well planned and done!

SQUADRON INSIGNIA

A very short time ago I was advised by Glenn Tessmer (93rd) that he finally located my 754th Squadron patch that was sent to Taiwan many moons ago for cost estimates and production. Glenn advised that the original company (Mother House of China) had gone bankrupt and dissolved. Another company bought the stock inventory and orders for manufacture. In any case, I've advised them to go ahead with the manufacture of the 754th patch using mine as a sample. We're still negotiating costs, but I'm led to believe that a duplication, 100% embroidery unit will cost about \$8.00 and includes the set-up and shipping costs (Taiwan-USA). If the work is satisfactory and the cost is right, I will then have the other 3 Sqdn's patches made. No point in sending them any more actual insignias, I will send large photos. Since I have good prints of the 752nd and 755th, I will use them. I will definitely need an embroidered 753rd patch from someone, since the leather one I have has some flaked off paint and will not reproduce well enough for a good photo. One thing is certain, and that is that I will do all possible to have all 4 squadron patches done in time for the Dayton reunion.

TAILWINDS

Since Ceil and I do all the computer work for the Association, I very often get additional information regarding 458th membership. **Oliver Johnson** found two Second Air Division veterans who were not members...he sent Evelyn the dues for both (489th & 93rd). Does anyone still wonder why our 2ADA continues to grow? Those of you who know someone from the 458th who isn't a member of the Association...why not give him a "Gift Subscription?" The last copies of the 458th BG roster went as fast as I could have them reproduced. In spite of losing several members due to many reasons, we've still managed to show over 640, not including Associate Members. A new roster will be available in September. Cost is still the same: \$3.50 to cover costs of printing and mailing. It appears that with some help, **Graham Savill** will be successful in having the 458th Memorial reinstalled in the new Horsham St. Faith Airport Terminal building. In 1976, **Tony North, Mike Bailey** and I, along with the Airport Manager, Group Captain "Buck" Courtney, RAF, dedicated the memorial. After the new passenger terminal was completed, the new management did not see fit to reinstall it. Hopefully, the Memorial will find its way back before our 1990 visit.

Closing with a sad note. Have been advised by the widow of **Albert Volk** that he has passed on. Have expressed Group sympathy to her. Looking forward to seeing a great "turn-out" in November at Hilton Head!

"All American"

On July 15th & 16th we celebrated the roll-out of the "All American" from inside Tom Reilly's hangar. Once outside, the outer wing panels were attached and the fuselage was painted silver matching the wings and tail. The right rudder was painted the yellow and black of the 465th BG and the left rudder with the white circle and J of the 453rd BG - our two Lead Bomb Groups.



The stars and bars went on the sides and the nose art with the name "All American," an outline of the USA, and fourteen swastikas (for the enemy fighters shot down) was completed. The Distinguished Flying Command Members have been added to the side of the plane and they look great. Anyone who is considering this Distinctive Honor, please contact us - you'll never regret it.



Remember, that if you contribute to the Distinguished Flying Command (\$1,000) you get (1) your crew listed in the Honor Crew Section; (2) Your name, Bomb Group and Bomb Squadron listed in the Distinguished Flying Command; and (3) the opportunity to "Fly Your Position." Prior donations to the Century Club, Honor Crew or other levels can be credited to your D.F.C. recognition, and installments are possible.

The Honor Crews are now going on the bomb-bay doors. If you don't have your crew's name or aircraft name on the "All American," you're really missing a great opportunity to have your crew memorialized on the *only restored flying B-24 in the world*. With the crew names in black, the ground crew sections and crew numbers in blue, and the aircraft names in red, this tribute to the great crews who flew the B-24 should not be missed.

Right under the Pilot's window appears the names of our Lead Crew: Adolph Komer, Pilot, 466th BG, 786th BS; Thurzal Terry, Bombardier, 7 BG, 9 BS; Russell Harriman, Flight Engineer, 453 BG, 734 BS; Robert Pedigo, Armorer-Nose Gunner, 453 BG, 735 BS; C.R. "Skip" Pease, Engineer-Waist Gunner, 789 BG, 565 BS; & Richard Humphrey, Crew Chief, 455 BG, 740 BS. This is a proud tribute to a man as you can find anywhere in the world. There are just five Lead Crew positions left - Pilot/Co-Pilot, Radioman, Ball Turret, Navigator & Tail Turret. These ten Lead Crewmen plus our ten Dedicated Crew Position Crewmen will represent the thousands of B-24 crewmen who so faithfully and competently served their country.

RESTORATION (as of Aug. 1, 1989)

Both ailerons are now up and all the wing attach bolts have been installed. Wing tips are on and the big Fowler Flaps are installed and ready to be checked out.

The engine work has been completed and we're just now putting the 40 gallons of oil in each P&W 1830, and getting them ready for run up tests. The hydraulic system is complete and ready for check-out.

Wiring has been largely checked out and the Radios, Loran and Intercom are all working fine. Generators, Instruments, and Battery System check-out will take place with the engine testing.

The Emerson Nose Turret is installed with new Armour glass and replica 50 cal.



guns, and it looks terrific. The Top Turret is installed, secured and it needs only the metal fairing for it to be complete. The Tail Turret has its new armour glass installed. The replica 50 cal. guns are in place, all doors are functioning and the Tail Turret is back home in the plane and looking just great.

Inside the aircraft, most of the interior details have been completed. In the Nose Compartment the Bomb Intervalometer, Norden Bombsight, Bomb Release Handle, Drift Meter, Oxygen Bottles, Bombardier's Seat and Navigator's Table are installed. In the Radio Room the BC348, Morse Code Key, BC375, Table Lamp, Tuning Antenna, First Aid Kit, Oxygen Bottles, Heater, Thermos Jug, and CO2 Fire Extinguisher have been completed.



can'' Rolls Out



Mid-ship, the Ball Turret (as of Aug. 1) has not been installed. The Ball itself is restored and ready. The hanger and ring are complete. Soon they'll be mated and the mechanical hoist checked out. (The hydraulic system hasn't been plumbed yet.) The two waist guns are poised for action. Long ammo chutes filled with 50 cal. rounds and links trail from the waist ammo boxes. The oxygen system is in place, heater suit boxes and intercoms stand ready.

Swing the waist gun doors up and out of the way, move the blast deflector out a bit and feel the balance of the 50 cal. Sight the post and ring with that fighter coming out of the sun... Seems like '44 or '45.

Finally, the rest of the world - Mom, the kids, even the grandkids can see a real, complete B-24. You've told them about what it was like and NOW they can understand because *they can see it*. Reminiscing and swapping stories with the guys is even better because *they can see it and feel it*. A lump in the throat, a little extra moisture in



the eyes when you climb aboard the only complete, flying B-24 in the world. It took a long time, cost a lot more than we'd expected, but you helped make it happen. Feels real good, to see *your* crew included in the Honor Crew section. What a great sense of pride it is to look up and see your name, Bomb Group & Bomb Squadron listed in the Distinguished Flying Command. You'll never forget "flying the position" one more time.

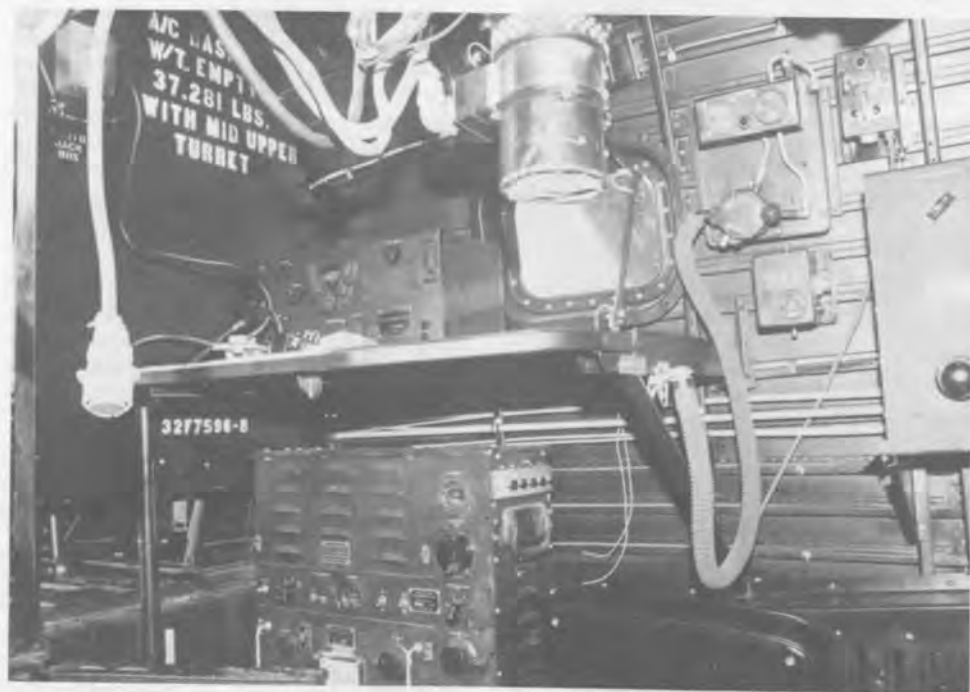
Those very special Lead Crew & Dedicated Crew Position Members have lifetime flying privileges on the "All American."

Name, Position, Bomb Group & Bomb Squadron are proudly displayed on the side of the plane (Lead Crew) or inside at the position (Dedicated Crew Position). With their unique "All American" A-2 jackets they represent all B-24 crewmen. And that they will do with the greatest of honor and pride.

DONATIONS

As the aircraft enters flying status, we hope many of the B-24 Bond Holders will step up to one of the higher levels of recognition. We have Century Club Members with many former Century Club Members moving up to Honor Crew & Distinguished Flying Command Status. We now have 107 Honor Crews (including 4 Ground Crew Sections) from 32 different Bomb Groups. The 465th BG leads the way with 15 of its crews and sections represented. A donation of \$240 qualifies your crew as Honor Crew.

(continued on page 36)



In the Pilot/Co-Pilot Compartment all instruments are installed and in process of being checked-out. Original radio equipment including "coffee grinders" and tuning boxes are in place but installed behind the C-1 Auto Pilot box is a new King Nav/Com system. When the aircraft is on the ground the original C-1 Auto Pilot Cover plate fits over the new Nav/Com Equipment leaving everything looking authentic WWII. When we fly the cover comes off and we have the best of 1980s avionics. (No Color Radar - if anyone wants to donate one, please call.)

In the bomb-bay the fuel plates are all back in place after the check-out of the fuel system. Gone are the infamous B-24 fuel leaks. Four 500# bombs with fuses and original stenciling are ready to hang on their shackles for "the big mission." (We're only putting bombs on the side of the Bomb Bay.)



The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

The most difficult part of writing these Journal articles is selecting what will be most news-worthy to the majority of you. I would like to identify each of you who has been kind enough to write, but space just doesn't permit, so if I omit your letter or our editor Bill Robertie leaves it out because of space, just blame it on our poor taste, but do write again.

The Fort Worth, Texas 50th Anniversary of the B-24 was a howling success. Many new members were enrolled in the 2nd ADA and acquaintances were made and renewed with a host of friends. The 2nd ADA and the 445th were well represented. We all especially enjoyed the fly-by of two B-24s - a rare sight indeed. We were successful in putting together an impromptu 445th dinner which turned out to be a lot of fun. Dinner attendees from Texas were: Bill Boyanowski (new member); Bruce and Alice Gaw; Ed Goodrich; Eldon and Martha Gray; Ray and Jean Lemons; and Sterling Lentz (new member) and son Lloyd. (Texan Harold Reichley was registered but did not attend the dinner.)



Victor L. Smith's crew, an original 445th crew. Submitted by Bill Minor, co-pilot.

there from New York. To top the list off, Bud Chamberlain, our 2nd ADA Prexy and his wife Mike honored us with their presence. All in all it was an enjoyable time for all who attended.

Just so you know that the honor of the 445th was properly upheld, yours truly won the closest-to-the-pin award in the 50th Anniversary Golf Tourney.

Bob Vickers and his crew who put on this

it crashed on take-off on about its 109th mission.

Ed Roloff wrote in March that "I'm waiting for all the snow to melt up here in Washington so I can get to planting 1,000 fir trees - it is damn unfair that you are down there in California playing golf in shirt sleeves." I'm pleased to report that I saw Ed in Fort Worth and learned that he did get all his trees planted.

Seymour Grossman suggests that we should find some means of honoring our original C.O. Col. Robert H. Terrill (later made General before leaving England). He wrote the General last fall telling of an incident that occurred in the summer of '43 in Sioux City, Iowa. "His wife wrote back saying he had gotten quite a laugh out of it and that he wished me well." Gen. Terrill has been suffering from muscular dystrophy for the past several years. He is a West Point graduate, a tall handsome man, a good teacher and an outstanding leader. He did a great job in training and deploying our Group and deserves accolades from not only the 445th but also from the 2nd AD. What are your suggestions for properly honoring Gen. Terrill? Please write me with your suggestions.

Bill Tumelavich has recently made contact with his original pilot, Wilbur Butts. The two talked by phone for over two hours. We fired a membership application off to Wilbur and expect an affirmative reply any day. Good work Bill, now get busy and locate the rest of your crew members.

Mary Beth Barnard, our 445th Historian, has asked me to remind you all that she needs photos taken at Tibenham. She has compiled large albums for each Squadron but always needs more - especially from the 701st and 703rd. She will copy your treasures and get them back to you unharmed.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Jack D. Pelton #0693815, please get in touch with Mary Beth. Jack was her Dad's pilot. I'll be looking forward to seeing you in Hilton Head, so until then stay well and happy.



Don Meehan's Crew, submitted by Ed Goodrich, navigator. Meehan is top left and Goodrich is bottom right in the photo.

From California came George Lymburn with son Bruce, Dave Patterson and Chuck Walker. Washington State sent John and Thelma Burke and Ed Roloff. Carl and Helen Cook (new member) came over from New Mexico and Bob & Marilyn Gallup from Illinois. Lynn and Mary Catherine Handly (he hasn't sent in his application yet but I'm sure he will soon) and Bill & Dolores Minor came down from Missouri.

Albert and Bernis Jones came in from Oklahoma. Duke Mazerov and Gerald Meyers from Pennsylvania were registered but missed the dinner, as did John and Margie Addington from Oklahoma. Sam Miller and his wife Pati were there from Tennessee; B.T. and Rosemarie North came from Nebraska; Ray Pytel from Wisconsin, and Charles & Anne Sheer were

celebration did an outstanding job. I'm told there were as many as 10,000 total attendees. Congratulations Bob, on a job very well done.

Ralph Crandell (new member) writes that he and his wife Jan have registered for both Hilton Head and Norwich, also that he recently had an opportunity to climb all over the B-24J the Collings Foundation is restoring in Kissimmee, Fla. Ralph says they are building the passageways smaller and more narrow than the originals were - sure, Ralph!! He also enclosed a photo of the Bunnie which was maintained by Bill Bender, one of the very best crew chiefs in the 2nd. Although Gerry Rodenbaugh flew it originally, it was a bucket-of-bolts by the time Chuck Walker and crew put the 100th mission on the tired old bird. Unfortunately



Chuck Walker & Bill Bender, 700th Sqdn., at completion of Bunnie's 100th mission



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

by Harold Fritzler

It is with some degree of regret that I have to inform you of the retirement of Pat Perry as 491st Group Vice President. He has served us for the past three years, and we say to him, "Well done." For the interim, Harold Fritzler, Deputy Group VP, will take command until we hold our regular business meeting at the reunion at Hilton Head, SC. At that time we will entertain nominations for Group VP and Deputy Group VP.

— Carl I. Alexanderson
2ADA Past President

The 491st at Ft. Worth, TX

The 50th Anniversary of the B-24, "The Gathering of the Liberators," in Ft. Worth, Texas is now history.

The theme of this reunion was a meeting of those individuals who designed, built, maintained and flew the B-24. Among the fliers represented were the US NAVY, ARMY, RAF, and WASPS. For us survivors, these were poignant moments of sadness, remembering those who gave their all. Attendees were elated on seeing and meeting crew members for the first time since the metal exchange. Making new friends and telling countless war stories of frightening situations and humorous experiences was on the positive side.

Arriving a day early on the 16th allowed me to assist in setting up the 2ADA booth in the "Hub" of the Tarrant County Convention Center. Early arrivals could preview the displays and artifacts prior to the official opening.

At 1300 hrs on the 17th Central Registration, along with the Show Case Hub, officially opened with B-24 era exhibits, displays, vendor booths, a B-24 theater showing WWII movies and a USO stage door canteen.

A special feature was a massive "Find Your Buddy" location board.

An Honor Gallery "Hall of Liberator Legends" giving the B-24 story and the legendary units that flew it was located in a separate area.

Commemorative cancellation of stamp covers were provided by the "Reunion Station Post Office."

Special historical organizations manned booths, i.e., 8AFHS, AFA, Liberator Club were recruiting members.

In the main arena Colonel Byerman's "Evolution of Airpower" with 450+ U.S. aircraft models (1-72 scale) was mind boggling, since he indicated he made most out of pine wood, shaping each with a small hand plane. Where and how did he find the time?

It appeared he had every US built aircraft, including variations of each, but he insisted that he still had 130 to produce for completion. He is without a doubt a walking encyclopedia on variations, types and models. What interested me most was the awesome XB-19 with its over 200' wingspan. I witnessed its maiden flight in the summer of '41. Another aircraft with which I was associated was the AT-18 Navigation trainer. Also displayed were its B-34, Lodestar and Vega variations.

Michael Perry's Aviation Collection WWII exhibit consisted of mannequins clad in genuine A-2 jackets, flying suits, parachute harnesses, flak suits, Mae Wests and various WWII era uniforms. Along with that were separate displays of pilot's, navigator's and bombardier's gear. Included in the Navigators section was a navigator's information file, an A-10 Sextant and an E-6B computer. Near the Bombardiers section was the Norden bomb sight.

Another section displayed a "flyable" Link trainer, a working nose gun turret and a mock up of a B-24 cockpit complete with instrumentation. (They seemed so much more compact than I remember.)

Perry's expounded philosophy and policy was to only acquire and accept WWII artifacts and flying items if a background history of the owner was available. He doesn't buy but will trade.

Hanging on shackles attached to bomb bay stanchions were 100# bombs displayed complete with fuses. Nearby there was an intervalometer, a driftmeter, a fuel transfer panel and many other B-24 aircraft parts.

Large blown up photos of a POW camp, Stalag Luft III (Sagan) were displayed along with interesting writings about camp life and escape incidents.

The Swiss internment camps display indicated mistreatment of our internees with all records sealed until 1995.

On the morning of the 17th a breakfast meeting hosted by Bob Vickers was held for Group VPs and Reps at the Worthington Hotel with a briefing on what to expect and events to come, with tips on how to help make the reunion a success.

On Thursday at Sundance Square a street festival with fun, food, and music welcomed reunion attendees.

An Anniversary golf tournament was held on Friday morning. In the afternoon, an opening/welcome ceremony was held in the main arena with Gretchen Polhemus, Miss USA in the Miss Universe Pageant and native of Fort Worth as M.C. introducing the various military units represented. One of the highlights of the reunion was followed by a special '40s variety and live USO show that brought out wartime memories.

That evening there was "The B-24 at War" symposium at the theater annex of the Convention Center. Composed of a moderator and panel consisting of an 8th AF general, an RAF Group Captain, a B-24 design engineer, and a historian (Allan Blue, 491st BG history).

Each panel member spoke about his experiences with the Liberator. The general talked about the command perspective and the Group Captain his flying experience, whereas the design engineer explained that the B-24 from conception to flying an aircraft took less than a year. Many technical questions were fielded from the floor afterwards.

Collings of the Collings Foundation, and the pilot of CAF's "Diamond Lil" were in attendance.

On Saturday a special Recognition Day for the B-24 Anniversary was held at Carswell AFB which included a display of the Confederate Air Force's "Diamond Lil" and Tallichet's B-24J.

Saturday night was the gala banquet with the main speaker, Jim Wright, ex B-24 bombardier, a native of Fort Worth, and then U.S. House of Representatives Speaker. Also in attendance was Lloyd Bentsen, Texas senator and a B-24 pilot (15th AF).

The memorial ceremony honoring our lost comrades consisted of the parade of unit flags, wreath and flower laying ceremonies, Taps with a flyover in formation of the LB-30 and the B-24J - no doubt one of the most nostalgic highlights of the reunion!

An estimated 9,000 attendees gathered in Fort Worth for this memorable occasion. For those unable to attend, I hope this article will cover in a small measure the once-in-a-lifetime event.

Berlin Raid

The 448th Bomb Group was scheduled to fly March 8, 1944. Our target was the one we had been half hoping to hit, and more than half hoping we would not. The RAF had been hitting it at night for weeks and the Eighth had hit it days before. On the first try, only the fighters got there. After the usual preparation and getting into formation, we crossed the channel almost directly east of our base and made landfall over Holland. The weather was perfectly clear all the way, although we might have wished for a cloud cover below us.

We continued on an easterly course which did not bring us over any large cities. We encountered some rather ineffective flak at times, including some at Dummer Lake. The next time we passed over it, the Germans had brought in more guns and better gunners. Our course brought us in south of Berlin. We turned right about 160° for a short distance, then turned left on a heading of about 30° which brought us to our I.P. We turned left to fly almost directly west to bring us over our primary target which was the Ekner ball bearing plant in the southeast part of the city. We had a good view, although a very uneasy one. If it had been overcast, we were to bomb the heart of Berlin. Forty seconds from the I.P. bombs were away. The lead bombardier had done some fast working as we had cut some corners passing south of the city. Photos indicated the bombing pattern had been good. Flak was vicious for a short time and some planes were damaged. One plane had an engine cut out of the wing with one burst. It fell with the props still spinning.

The return trip was as uneventful as the trip in. The weather continued cloudless until we landed. We learned one plane had gone to Sweden because of battle damage. No one in my crew was sorry we never had to fly a second mission to "Big B," but glad we went on one. A later mission to Brunswick proved more exciting than the Berlin raid.

A Sweden Tale

by Joe Sirotnak

Remember "Slug"? [June 1982 Journal]. He was, without a doubt, the fiercest looking tail gunner to ever fly in a four engine bomber. (Let it suffice to say it was not a B-24). Let's make that the fiercest looking tail gunner in the whole Army Air Corps. He was also very strong and muscular. He had the build of a wrestler. But inside this mean and tough looking exterior there lived one of the nicest, kindest persons we had ever met. Of course, there were a few other little things that ought to be mentioned. For instance, you would not want to do anything bad to Slug. You would want to avoid doing anything that would make him upset a little bit. Most definitely. He had a short fuse.

Now all of this is leading up to a story which more aptly ought to be titled "The Transfer" or perhaps "Shipping Out." But first, we have to back up a bit to the time of our arrival in Rattvik in January 1945. There were two crews incarcerated in the Turisthemmet Hotel. Not long after our arrival we were able to obtain some funds and we all went shopping for clothing which was badly needed. We all bought a suit or two, some casual garments, and in addition, ski pants, ski boots, and maybe a jacket. We also managed to find some shoes to wear when we were not skiing.

Like the rest of us, Slug bought a suit together with a shirt and tie. He also bought ski pants, a wool type pullover sweater (no shirt), and ski boots. Every morning Slug showed up for breakfast dressed in his ski pants, ski boots and wool type pullover (no shirt). For the daily skiing sessions the rest of wore ski pants, a warm shirt, a sweater, and a ski jacket. Slug was everpresent on the slope dressed in his ski pants and wool type pullover sweater (no shirt). His skiing technique is described in the June 1982 article.

Over two months passed. It had been noticed that Slug had never been seen in anything but ski pants, pullover sweater (no shirt), and ski boots. Yet, his company was not offensive, and his proximity did not seem to cause us any concern. The most widely accepted theory is that Slug took a bath every night - with his clothes on! What else? Never anything hanging up to dry. Well, he WAS unique.

How the idea got started no one will ever know. But once it started to roll there was no question of stopping it. We were going to get Slug all dressed up in his suit, white shirt, and tie! Now, you have to understand that although he did purchase said garments, his comments at the time had to do with something about a cold day in hell before he would be caught dead wearing such foppish fluffery, or something to that effect.

This is how it was supposed to work. It would be announced to Slug that word had been received from the Legation advising that he was to be transferred to Stockholm. He was to be told he was needed there on the staff in an administrative and clerical capacity. This was not an unusual situation, especially since Slug was an accomplished

typist. A set of fake orders was to be made out by one of our best writers, and prepared on the typewriter in the hotel office. Harry, our Rattvik C.O., agreed to break the news to Slug, thus giving the whole thing a degree of authenticity. Now, it was all set.

"They need you in Stockholm, Slug. You're going to be working in the Military Attache's office. You have to leave tomorrow on the afternoon train. Here is a copy of the orders."

Slug was silent. He hung his head and then said, "Hey, I don't wanna leave. You guys are my friends."

Silence. This was not how it was supposed to go. Nevertheless, no one in his right mind was going up to Slug now to inform him that it was all a joke. No way! So we all thumped him on the back and told him how lucky he was. It did take a while, but he was finally convinced that destiny lay in Stockholm, and like a good soldier he would obey orders.

Then, the whole thing almost blew up. Slug was informed that he would have to dress the next day in his suit with a shirt and tie. He let out a belligerent roar and then he spoke.

"Where does it say in these orders that I gotta dress like that?"

He stomped back and forth, and finally told us that he would wear the suit, but NO shirt and tie. The discussion went on through the dinner hour and well into the night. Finally, the compromise was made that he would wear the complete outfit only to report in to the Attache. He was assured that there would be little necessity for "formal" attire after that.

Soon there was the sound of footsteps on the stairway. Slowly coming into sight, there he was, all dressed up in his suit with his white shirt and print tie, and a jaunty felt hat cocked on the side of his head. And looking up and down at this dapper individual, our gaze goes from head to feet. Ski boots!

Well, it was really a lot more than was expected. I guess the idea was mostly a success. He did look magnificent, and it roused us all to give a big cheer.

One of our huskier troops took Slug's bag which, incidentally, was about the size of a large shaving kit. Of course it did not hold much more than ski pants and a pullover wool sweater (no shirt). The plan was now to accompany Slug to the railroad station in a group to await the arrival of the train to Stockholm. When the train arrived he was to be told that it was all fake; that the whole thing was made up solely to get him to dress in his suit, etc. Then, Slug would certainly blow his cork, and grab anyone near enough to his reach and probably pummel the stuffing out of him and anybody else within two or three blocks. My God! He will be FURIOUS!

This thought must have occurred to several of us at the same time. As we strolled down the street a hurried conference was called as we fell behind Slug and the rest of his coterie. Now what? Various suggestions were made. It was suggested that he should just board the train. Maybe when he arrived at the Legation they would keep him. Maybe we could send him off and then send a telegram to be delivered

to him when the train arrived in Stockholm. Maybe after the train leaves Harry could arrange to transfer us all to Malmo or someplace really far away. Not once was the suggestion made to have one of us approach Slug and tell him that it was all a joke. And positively, NO ONE volunteered for such a suicide mission.

Did Slug board the train? Did he go to Stockholm? Or did we find a way to save him? Did he go back to his ski pants, pullover sweater (no shirt) and ski boots? What really happened?

I don't know. I got transferred to Vasteras and never found out.

(Ed. Note: See "Letters" section of this Journal).

Open Letter To All Members Part II

by J. Fred Thomas

Without being controversial, I believe I should try to correct some inference Mr. Victor G. Templer seems to have drawn from my "Open Letter To All Members" which was published in the Spring issue of the Journal. I don't know which part of my article turned him off, but if he infers that we believe that our Second Air Division Memorial in the Norwich Library is the only worthwhile project of interest to our members, he misunderstands my intent. I was asked to help raise the \$500,000 librarian fund, and by my article I tried to detail where we began and where we hope to go. Also, I tried to simplify the matter and convince our members that the project needn't be over costly for anyone, and it needn't be a project of indefinite duration. I continue to believe that the librarian fund, which will allow us to have an American librarian to serve in our Memorial continuously, to be one of the most rewarding things we can do at our stage of life. I hope the majority of our members will agree.

As for Fred Breuninger and his article, Fred made some good points. In many respects, I agree with him. In fact, Fred is a friend of ours and has always cooperated with us in any way we asked in connection with our activities out here in Southern California. We will be very surprised if Fred hasn't already sent a pledge or check to Jordan Uttal for the librarian fund.

We are happy that Mr. Templer is supporting the Collings Foundation. We have sent them greater donations than those we suggested that our more affluent members send to our librarian fund. Also, we are supporting the Confederate Air Force, the March Field Museum Foundation, the USAF Museum, and a number of other causes of interest to our WWII people. There are a great many worthy endeavors going. To each his own, but I appeal further to our members for their immediate help in bringing our American Librarian Fund to fruition within the next few months.

We thank Mr. Templer for his written remarks. We hope to meet with him at one of our future reunions for some enjoyable repartee.



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Your Group VP just returned from a trip to Norwich and Shipdham to make arrangements for our return there in July 1990. We had lunch in the 8-Ball Pub on the airfield with Harold Pyne, the 44th BG representative from the Shipdham Branch of the Royal British Legion; John Page, Friend of the Second Air Division Memorial Trust; and Nigel Wright, owner and manager of Arrow Air Service at Shipdham airfield. John Page presented a large 8-Ball drawing from Ian Shuttleworth to Nigel Wright and also delivered to Nigel a copy of Will Lundy's 44th BG Roll of Honor book donated by former Squadron Commander (67th Sq.) Bill Cameron. The theme of the Second Air Division Association's return to Norwich in 1990 is "Remember the Villages" and that was the purpose of our visit - to tell the villagers that the 2ADA Bomb Groups are going to entertain them this time around.



(l-r): Nigel Wright, John Page, Harold Pyne



(l-r): Nigel Wright, John Page

One month earlier (May), I joined approximately 1000 Second Air Division Association members at the B-24 50th Anniversary Celebration in Ft. Worth, TX. About 350 of these were 44thrs. Among the 8-Ballers were Generals Johnson, Moore and Gibson who presented POW medals to a sizeable group of our colleagues. The 2ADA maintained a very active recruiting booth (see details elsewhere in the Journal) and we signed up 15 or 20 new 44th BG members for the Association.

In the Summer '89 Journal 8-Ball column was a picture taken in January 1945 showing Lts. Bell and Henry standing on a

B-24 50th Anniversary 44th BG Attendees Fort Worth, Texas • 17-21 May 1989



Generals Johnson, Moore & Gibson



(l-r): Roberta Johnson, Bob Johnson, Emma Franklin, Al Franklin

bombed out building in Norwich. Even before the picture appeared in print, I located Charles Henry Sr. in Hamilton Square, NJ (with the help of Will Lundy) about 20 miles from my home. We had lunch shortly thereafter and exchanged a few war stories. So far, no word has been received about Lt. Bell and Charles had no information about him.

One of our new members is Clarence R. Miller, 66th Sqdn., from Martinsburg, W. VA. Clarence wrote that he travelled to England and back on the Queen Mary and worked many nights in the hospital, drove the ambulance and held many other jobs assigned to medics between Sept. '42 and mid-'45.

Since the last column, word was received that Spencer Fulp finally returned after eleven weeks in the hospital suffering from Guillain Barre Syndrome. He is improving but is using a walker and has some trouble with double vision. Anyone wishing to send him a card should address it to: Spencer M. Fulp, P.O. Box 394, Denver, NC 28037.

Some of you may recall an article in the March 1986 Journal 8-Ball column about T.C. "Ozzie" Osmundson who was inquiring about Wilbur J. Simons and his son



Richard E. Bottomley and the ever-present 8-Ball t-shirt



John Page and wife from Norwich, England

wrote to advise that his father had passed away. I have received another letter from W.E. 'Joe' Simons who advises that he has been tracking and acquiring leather flight jacket patches from units, pre-WWII and WWII, that his Dad served in and he now has all but two. One is the 44th BG, and he would be willing to pay up to \$100 for a leather 8-Ball patch, if one is available, depending upon its condition. (He would consider an embroidered patch if leather is not available.) He can be contacted as follows: W.E. "Joe" Simons, Historian, 2nd Bomb Group Assn., 109 Eastwood Ave., Swannanoa, NC 28778. Tel. 704-686-3351.

Lyle B. Latimer wrote while I was away saying it may be fortunate that our visit to Norwich didn't cover the Fourth of July. (I doubt that there is much celebrating of our holiday in England now that the 'Yanks' are no longer there.) He recalls that one of the enlisted men at Shipdham on guard duty 4 July 44 fired flares from a B-24 cockpit around midnight forgetting to remove the hood and started a fire in the plane. He was a S/Sgt on 3 July and a private 5 July!

A Green, White and Yellow Tale

A Twelve Man Reunion of 489th Bomb Group's Crew 79

by Harry T. Wagnon



When the U.S. Navy assumed all anti-submarine operations in October 1943, the U.S. Air Corps' 20th Anti-Sub Sqdn., a B-17 unit, was transferred from Mitchell Field, NY to Casper, Wyoming for training in the B-24 aircraft. Three of these crew members were assigned to Crew 79 at Casper. Soon others were to be assigned. The crew was transferred to Wendover and joined the 489th Bomb Group upon arrival during the last week in December 1943. After arrival at Wendover, the last one or two crew members were assigned. The original crew was composed of the usual ten men.

With training completed at Wendover, the entire group departed for England via the southern route through South America and Africa. Crew 79 landed at Halesworth, England early afternoon on April 30, 1944. Training in 8th Air Force procedures began shortly after. In late May 1943 the crew was designated as a lead crew and an additional navigator was assigned, increasing the crew to eleven men. After two missions the original co-pilot was replaced by an older and more mature man. The original co-pilot was assigned to the Greenberg crew and was later killed in action. After fifteen missions one of the navigators was reassigned, so another navigator came aboard Crew 79. Still later an additional radar navigator was assigned when the crew became a radar pathfinder crew. From the time of the crew's first mission on June 2, 1944 until the thirtieth mission on October 25, 1944 there was a total of fourteen per-

sons assigned but never more than twelve at any one time. One was killed during the war and one has not been located since the war. The remaining twelve are currently enjoying annual reunions.

Crew 79 assembled for its second annual reunion at the Kissimmee, FL Howard Johnson Fountain Park Plaza Hotel, Feb. 25-27, 1989. This area was chosen as it is near the facility that is currently rebuilding the Collins B-24J. All twelve members were in attendance and additional Group members from other crews. The sit-down dinner banquet was attended by a total of 35 persons including guests and family members.

Tom Reilly, owner of the facility that is rebuilding the B-24J, provided us with a very interesting talk on the history of the B-24J and the problems facing them when the job first began. He believed the aircraft would be flying by Sept. 1, 1989. He also told the crew of his discovery of and subsequent purchase of a wrecked B-24D out in the semi-frozen wilderness in Labrador. He has located a fuselage in good condition. He will start rebuilding the B-24D when the B-24J is completed.

On Sunday, Feb. 26, the crew went to view the B-24J and to crawl around through it. Reilly had contacted the local newspaper, and their reporter and photographer covered the crew's story with a full page spread on March 2, 1989.

The crew members talked of many things and one theme was how lucky we were to live through our thirty missions with only

minor scratches to all assigned crew members. There was the group formation observer with us on our fifteenth mission who was hit no less than eight times while not another soul bled at all.

We may have had it good as personnel, but our aircraft didn't do as well. We got nine missions on our first aircraft (War Bride) when it was hit by flak in the right wing and the gear broke off when we landed. It was used for parts after that pile-up. On the second aircraft we got six missions before it was shot up so badly over Frankfurt that it too was scrapped after we landed at Woodbridge with over four hundred holes and only the formation observer wounded. The third aircraft (Happy Warrior) saw us through the remainder of our missions with no big problems. Not one man assigned to the crew earned the Purple Heart. We would have earned it if being scared had been a part of the requirements.

It wasn't until Sept. 1987 that I, former pilot Harry T. Wagnon, began to get interested in locating the full crew. I found the bombardier who knew where two others were, and so on. In four months, eleven had been located and the first reunion was held in Lakeland, Florida. Several months later, the twelfth man was located and all twelve were present for the latest reunion. I think that might be some kind of a record setter for the Second Air Division Association.

The crew is gung ho for the next one and is interested in having more 489th troops join us for the reunion next Feb. or March 1990, which will in all probability be in central Florida. I hope to discuss this with those of you who will be at the Hilton Head Reunion in November.

The crew invited Paddy Cox and his wife Jan of Halesworth, England to join us, but they won't be able to come over until later in the year. Paddy Cox is the chairman of the "Friends of the 489th." He made me feel really good this very day when he phoned to ask how the reunion worked out. The English people have been very good to us and it will be great to see all of them again next year at the 2ADA Reunion at Norwich and at Halesworth.

Members of the crew are: John Lupo, tail gunner; George Wiseman, waist gunner; Harry Wagnon, pilot; Wayne Hodges, navigator; Glen Lander, engineer gunner; Stanley Rowson, radar nav.; Bob Basch, navigator; Ira Hooper, radio op.; Colby Bousfield, co-pilot; Farris Clark, top turret; Max Sykes, bombardier; and David Cecil, navigator.



by Jeff Gregory

Well, my friends, my two years are almost up, and this will be my last report to you in the Journal. The most interesting and rewarding facet of this job is the more personal and individual involvement it affords. I thank you for that.

I particularly enjoyed serving you as your representative on the 2nd ADA Executive Committee, even though my tenure was a short one. For your interest, the Executive Committee will meet again on October 30, 1989. I invite and urge you to make any gripes and suggestions known to me, so I can bring them to the attention of the Committee. Remember, the squeaky wheel gets the grease, and the 467th won't have representation on that committee again for several years.

Let me take a moment to report a few of the happenings at the Ft. Worth B-24 birthday party. We (467th) had a fine convention due to the usual outstanding job of Phil Day. Plans are underway to select a site for 1990. Bob Salzarulo is heading a selection committee which will report to the board as soon as practical.

A new president, John Stevens of San Diego, was elected, plus a new vice president, Bob Salzarulo of Montgomery, Ala. Two new directors were also elected to your board, Ralph Elliott of Tucson, Arizona, and Bob Sheehan of Tulsa, OK. Both are fine 467th men who will represent you well. John Stevens and Bob Salzarulo have two years remaining on the board, while Dave Swearingen and I will serve for one more year.

A decision was made to erect a Historical Marker at Rackheath noting our service there for posterity. The marker will be erected on a piece of land donated by Roger Hastings for that purpose.

The marker itself will be 3 feet high and constructed of grey granite with gold lettering and a concrete base. A very beautiful marker indeed, and one of which we each can be proud.

It was decided to present certain individuals with a parchment scroll, honoring them with the status of Special Friends of the 467th Bomb Group. Thus, we hopefully discharge a long overdue thank you to several of our English friends, who have helped us in so many ways in the past.

It was also decided to present a Survivor remembrance on behalf of the group. Phil Day is developing this idea and will report back to the board soon.

Also, in connection with the theme of the Norwich 1990 convention, "Remember the Villages," we are exploring various ways of showing our appreciation to the villages of Rackheath/Salhouse. I expect to be able to give a more definitive picture to the membership in Hilton Head.

Speaking of Hilton Head, a few spaces are still open. What a great place for a convention!!! If you now find you can make it, please send your deposit to Evelyn *now*!

I understand the situation re Norwich 1990 is now "waiting list" only. If you find you can now attend, please send your deposit to Evelyn and get on that waiting list. There are always cancellations. Keep your fingers crossed.

Those of you who remember an old friend, Roy Rainwater, will be pleased to know his widow, Edith, and two sons Ross and Lynn, attended the doings in Ft. Worth. Roy would have been proud of his family. It was great to see them, and I hope they will return again and again.

Wasn't it marvelous to see Jay Shower in attendance? I know he was deeply moved to see for himself the respect and affection that we hold for his Dad. Now, I realize he was a Navy Carrier Pilot, but I'll bet he never made a final approach like ours at Rackheath.

David Hastings made an appearance at our banquet in Fort Worth, since he would not be able to attend the festivities in Hilton Head. It seems he and Jean will become grandparents for the first time just about the 1st of November. Congrats! Not that you had anything to do with it, David.

I must tell you the Fort Worth Fly Over by two B-24s caused a lump in the throat for most of us. It was for me the outstanding event of the party. Our 2nd ADA Booth was both the most active and most colorful. It also resulted in signing up over 60 new members, including several 467th veterans.

Well, we can now see our fellow 467th people (male and female) from a distance of ¼ of a mile (I measured it) due to the nice RED jackets made available, thanks again to Phil Day. A nice job and distinctive too.

The subject of the San Diego B-24 "gathering" came up at our banquet in Ft. Worth. I stated at that time that there would be no reunion or official group activity in San Diego in September. I was a little right, but also a little wrong. I learned later that our new president, Jack Stevens, has planned a dinner and some other activities for the 467th people in attendance. I'm sure he will spell out the details in the "Poop." I hope I didn't mislead anyone on this.

I would be remiss if I didn't thank Floyd Haug for the delightful couple of minutes at our banquet. His Navigator-Bombardier stick was the hit of the show and provided us with the best laugh ever at a convention.

Well now - you know how I feel about the Dzenowagis family and their taping project.

You know how I feel about the 2nd ADA and the Memorial Room Librarian Fund. (Dare I appeal to you just one more time?)

You know how I feel about contributions and participation where your group is concerned. Now it's time to look to new leadership. It's time for new approaches and new ideas. You have a great leadership team in place, so give them all the help you can. Terry and I thank you for your many courtesies and your encouragement. You have really enriched our lives. I have been honored to be of service to my Group. Now let's all move forward together and make the 467th Bomb Group (H) the very best it can be.

See you in Hilton Head!!!

I Remember

by Rosten R. DeFrates (392nd)

It was in a recent Second Air Division Association Journal that I read an article about a low level raid by B-24s into Germany in April 1945 and its success.

I was with the 392nd BG, 579th BS as a ball turret gunner. The removal of the ball turret put me as a togeller or nose gunner.

It was a hurry up mission and I was assigned with a throw-together crew. This was going to be a low level mission into Holland dropping supplies to Allied troops. I do not remember how many planes were with us, but I do remember the mission and the day, Sept. 18, 1944.

I remember coming across the channel at low altitude and arriving in Holland. The Dutch people were all out on the dikes waving anything white they had, probably to tell us not to drop bombs on them. German soldiers on bicycles were among them as we flew over. I remember seeing all this so well as we were so low.

I remember seeing tracers flying I thought from our formation and a noise of gun firing. The pilot asked me if I was test firing my guns and my reply was no. We found out the tracers were from German 30 cal. guns and the noise was of being hit by them.

I remember coming to the target area, climbing up to higher altitude to drop the supply chutes. There was a little flak. The parachutes were a variety of colors as they filled the air.

I remember on our way back flying low again in a sort of scattered formation. A B-24 on our left suddenly had a smoke screen come from beneath. Our pilot said to watch the plane for reports. It started to climb, then it went down fast, hit the ground and just sort of disappeared.

I remember coming back across the channel and how quiet it was. I remember the engineers having to crank down the landing gears as our hydraulics were shot out. I remember our pilot rocking the B-24 so the

landing gear would lock in place. I remember a waist gunner, his oxygen mask hose shot into shreds, and how a 30 caliber bullet passed between his ear and head, just giving him a scratch on his ear and a headache.

I remember coming back to briefing when the first sergeant comes up and says, you're being transferred. Two went to the 9th AF, 322 BG, 449 BS.

I remember after flying some missions in the B-26 the Red Cross called me, saying they had a hard time catching up with me, as at this time we were in France with my new Group. They regretted to inform me - my brother Billy was killed in combat in Sept. 1944. He was in Holland.

I always wondered - was his outfit the ones we were trying to help? Did we really get the supplies to them? How many other planes were shot up or lost on this raid? Here - I was only a few hundred feet maybe from my brother and I could not help him!

The 489th - from B-24 to B-29

by Les Dahn (submitted by Jim Davis, 489th)

Now that it has been publicized that the 489th Bomb Group was the only unit that converted from the Liberator to the B-29 Super Fort, let me tell a few things that happened to our crew as I remember it. I was our B-29 pilot (which was actually the co-pilot, and Joe Lawson was the Aircraft Commander, all new terminology. Joe Lawson is now deceased, God rest his good ol' soul.)

Very abruptly the 489th was told we were to cease flying missions out of England and there would be no more letter writing or any other communications between us and anyone back home. I had just sent a letter to my folks the day before. We hopped a Liberty ship to the States, and I hopped a train to Poughkeepsie, NY. I took a cab to my home, rang the bell and my mother answered the ring. She stood there with her mouth frozen open with my last letter in her hand that she had just received in the mail. Talk about shock.

Well anyway, we arrived in Tucson, got to Davis Montham and were then told we were to begin flying the B-29. We were absolutely delighted with the thought of us flying that Million Dollar Bomber. Pilots were sent to Maxwell Field, Alabama for transition. Joe and I were assigned to a set of three student crews for the flying portion. On one particular flight while Joe and I observed one of the other crew pilots practice takeoff and landings, the Instructor Pilot wasn't at all satisfied where that crew was touching down - too far down the runway. As you might remember, in a B-24 we could horse that baby around to align it up with the runway centerline, and when and where we wanted to touch down was almost a matter of chopping throttle and it was down. Not so with the B-29. I guess that flew like the B-17, slow and easy and float. To align ourselves on the centerline, we'd dip a wing and let it slide sideways, and to touch down we'd plan way ahead to drag it in. So as I said, the IP wasn't happy, so he took over the controls to "show us" how to spot land a B-29. He dragged it in and put that poor injured nose wheel right on the end "wall" of the 6-8 inch high concrete runway. "Slam Bam thank you ma'am," and we quit flying for the day. We learned the proper way eventually.

Joe and I were assigned to a complete new crew. When we completed our transition training we were to be assigned our new Flight Engineer. Now the war was winding down in Europe and as a result there was less need for certain types of pilots. So who were chosen to be flight engineers to sit in front of a huge panel of gauges, levers, switches, etc? Single engine fighter jockies just out of Advanced Flight School. What a p---d off bunch of guys they were (and we didn't blame them at all)

and what a fuss we put up. There was no way they would be doing a dedicated job on that panel. Before it got out of hand, someone had the brains to change that situation and we got Master Sergeant Crew Chiefs who were begging to fly. Everyone ended up happy.

We returned to Davis Montham, got the rest of our crew and spent many hot weeks doing our Phase Training. I remember one HOT, HOT day we were to fly a maximum weight mission - full of fuel, full bomb (duds) load, full crew. We were about 4th or 5th in line to take off. The tower cleared the crew ahead of us to go, and they did, except for any number of reasons we never learned, they never got off the ground. That B-29 ran off the end of the runway, through the fence and out onto the desert and caught fire. We heard the crew all got out safe. BUT - we then heard the tower give us the clearance to go. What we did was turn right, taxied to the beginning end of the runway, aligned ourselves on the centerline, jammed on the brakes, and revved those four engines to full t.o. power and then let go. Needless to say, we got off OK, but that was a bit unnerving.

Oh, that beautiful B-29 - easy to fly, especially next to the B-24 - quiet, pressurized, heaters, food warmers no less, all the luxury a crew could ask for. One thing that was a problem until we became accustomed to it, was all the glass in the nose. Lights from everywhere would reflect on the inside of the curved panes of glass. It was very difficult to differentiate between ground lights, stars or other airplanes. The Wright-Cyclone Engines had the nasty habit of overheating during takeoff, so as soon as we got off the ground and pulled up our wheels, we held it on the deck until the cylinder head temperature began to drop, and then we'd climb according to the cylinder head gauges. I often wondered how the civilians on the ground appreciated a B-29 only a few hundred feet above their rooftops.

One funny (to whom?) thing that happened to practically all transitioning pilots was the use of brakes to steer when taxiing. The B-29 had toe brakes of course, but it also had a pair of handles that were for emergency use. We were taught it was easier to carefully use the emergency levers, and so we did. BUT - the first time you use these levers, especially to us pilots who just finished building up a healthy set of biceps flying formation in B-24s, we'd grab them and oh so gently pull them back to gently slow one set of wheels or the other, and the entire ship would JAM to a complete stop like RIGHT NOW. Everyone who was not tied down came to the front of their compartment FAST. Such @#%** language on the intercom.

Anyway, at Fairmont, Neb. we were assigned to our own brand new B-29. It still had the Boeing B-29 "horn" button in the center of the "steering wheel." They didn't stay there long - Joe got one and I got the other. We did our Operational training in Fairmont and then the time came. We were told we were to be the "Parent 8th AF Group flying nights out of Okinawa." The troops were already on the ships on the high seas and we were ready to go. Then the A-Bombs were dropped and we were given the choice of going to Japan in the Army of Occupation or be separated. We weren't fools, we got out...Except...one hot rod pilot got caught buzzing the base commander's house on his last flight and we heard he didn't get the same choice we did. I stayed in the AF Reserves and retired.

The Anniversary

by Jean Thirkettle

The Americans designed an aeroplane,
all of fifty years ago.
They christened her "Liberator,"
to help us fight the foe.
When the day arrived, as she emerged
from the hanger door,
Proud the mechanics were of her,
weighing 16 tons, not more.

Much later, then in Anglia,
they filled her to the brim
With a deadly load, carefully stowed,
helping keep her trim,
Then with Pratt and Whitneys roaring
their defiance of the air -
Throttle well back, climbing high,
there's just time for a prayer.

Many a raid was undertaken, most aircraft
then returned,
But not until they'd dropped their bombs,
and many a factory burned.
The gunners had their Brownings to defend
their loved machine,
And every Hun that was shot down,
made them that more keen.

You've many a friend in Anglia now,
though fifty years have flown,
So "Happy Birthday, Liberator,"
from this your second home.

The above poem to the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 Liberator was composed by Jean Thirkettle of Seething, England, home of the 448th Bomb Group. It was read and presented by Jim and Nancy Turner of Seething to the 448th Bomb Group members present at the banquet on Saturday night, May 20, 1989 in Fort Worth, Texas during the 50th Anniversary celebration of the Liberator.

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

M.D. "Pat" Larson was Division Gunnery Officer and came to HQ from the 93rd. He was one of the editors of a manual for gunners called "Get That Fighter." Pat sent me a copy of a newspaper article which appeared in the Washington Times Herald sometime in 1943 - we are not sure of the exact date. This article tells of a very interesting aspect of gunnery from a moving aircraft and it was written by a then unknown reporter by the name of Walter Cronkite.

LIBS LEARN TO AIM BEHIND ENEMY PLANES

by Walter Cronkite

A U.S. BOMBER DIVISION HEAD-QUARTERS, Somewhere in England (U.P.) - The United States Eighth Air Force has come to the startling conclusion that at least half the time the best way to shoot down enemy fighters is to shoot behind them.

This deduction, calculated to render a couple of million American duck hunters insomniac, has come after long research by ballistic experts, physicists and gunnery officers studying a theory long accepted by the R.A.F.

Simple Explanation

The conclusion that incoming enemy fighters should be trailed instead of led by the defensive gunner has a fairly simple explanation.

Whereas a duck hunter shooting at a feathered target is stationary, a 21-year-old American gunner shooting at an aluminum, fabric, flesh-and-bone target is on a bomber moving some 200 to 250 miles per hour.

This movement of the American gunner's "platform," as the gunnery officers call a half-million-dollar airplane, imparts a certain catapult action to the bullet leaving the 50-caliber muzzle.

To this catapult action the gunnery officers have given the name "fling."

"If He's Lucky"

The line of flight of a load of buckshot from the hunter's gun is reasonably straight, so that the hunter aiming at a duck on the wing shoots ahead of the target. If he's lucky, the line of flight of his buckshot and the line of flight of the duck will meet in midair somewhere, and his dinner guests that night will fill their cavities with tasty game - and lead pellets.

But he doesn't have to contend with this "moving platform" and "fling" business. If he did, he'd learn, as the Air Force has, that when you shoot from, say, a 240-miles-per-hour bomber the bullets from your gun don't follow a straight line of flight, but are flung forward far in advance of your target.

Thus, the way to hit an incoming Focke-Wulf is not to aim ahead of him, but actually to aim behind him. Then the bullets are flung forward enough to meet the enemy.

Worse, Instead of Better

If that sounds complicated, hold onto your hat. Things are worse instead of better. Because there are exceptions to the rule.

In the first place, this all applies to aircraft attacking from somewhere in the rear.

If the attacking plane is coming from somewhere in front, the gunner has to give him a little more than normal amount of lead, again to compensate for the "fling." Also, if the attacking plane is coming in from dead level directly at the nose or tail, no lead or trail is necessary.

Answer In Simple Slogan

Eighth Air Force now is trying to get all this across to their Fortress and Liberator gunners with a simple, amply illustrated booklet compiled by Dr. Edwin Hewitt of Chicago, physicist and mathematician now working in a civilian capacity with Eighth Bomber Command, and young Capt. Merlin D. Larson of Swea City, Ia., gunnery officer of this division.

"Our biggest problem in selling this idea to the gunners is the fact that American boys, either by practice or just inherently, are marksmen," Larson says. "They've been hunting with 22's and 20-gauges all their lives - and all their lives they've been leading the target."

"It is pretty tough telling them not to, at least half the time - in fact, to do just the opposite. We've got the answer though in a simple slogan that applies to every case except the dead level nose or tail attack."

"The slogan is 'always aim between the incoming fighter and your own tail.' Our boys are finding out it works. And so is Jerry."

Pat made the following comments regarding the above article and it explains how he got into gunnery in such depth.

"In November 1942, the 330th and 409th Squadrons of the 93rd were sent to southern England to patrol in the Bay of Biscay prior to invasion of North Africa. On December 7, 1942 we proceeded to Oran, Toparaoni Air Base, North Africa. Gen. Mark Clark negotiated release of this base from the Free French for our use. After a couple of weeks of bad weather, we went to the Libyan desert, from which we operated until February 1943. During this period, I became acquainted with Squadron Leader Bardwell, RAF gunnery expert. When we got back to Hardwick, I started briefing gunners in the 409th on training techniques and ideas gleaned from Bardwell plus some of my own thoughts."

"It was in April or May '43 that I got tagged for the Second Air Division assignment. We were at Old Catton at that time. Shortly thereafter I became acquainted with Ed Hewitt and his work at VIIIth Bomber Command which, at that time, was on bombing only. Naturally, bombing, or firing from a moving platform, a bomber, presented essentially the same problem of forward thrust for a bomb or a projectile. Eventually the booklet "Get That Fighter" was published by the Operations Research Section."

"Early in the game, we had only four Groups - 93rd, 44th, 389th, and 392nd. But as you know, we grew rapidly, and gunnery training, as well as other crew training to get the Groups operational was rather hectic but very challenging."

"On June 10th, 1944, I was sent back to the States to be in the first class of Combat Gunnery Officers School, Laredo, Texas. I

was to return to 2nd Air Division, but my old Squadron CO, Col. K.O. Dessert, suggested that I take an assignment at Eglin Field, Fla. as Asst. Chief of Gun, Cannon, & Weapons section. Eglin proof tested all combat items from Wright Patterson before they were put into permanent use by the Air Corps.

"I left the service in August of 1945."

— M.D. "Pat" Larson

AFEES Seeks Evaders

by Claude Murray

The Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society (AFEES) is a unique and select group of American airmen who were downed behind enemy lines and either evaded capture or who escaped from captivity and returned to Allied Control. One of the purposes of the organization, established in 1964, is to reunite American airmen with their "underground" Resistance Helpers in all countries where conflict occurred; whether it be France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Italy, or other countries.

It is known that "in December of 1944 60 officers and 70 enlisted men of the 6801 M.I.S.X. Detachment started work in France. At that time, 4,000 US evaders had returned to the UK and about the same number were sheltered by 'underground' forces in the countries still occupied by the Germans." It is unknown, however, just how many of these estimated 8,000 evaders were "airmen," but AFEES must assume that its present "found" members, numbering about 700, is but a drop in the proverbial bucket. AFEES wishes to be contacted by any airman, who qualifies as above, and who is not now a registered member - wherever you may have evaded.

YOUR HELPER WANTS TO KNOW IF HIS SACRIFICE FOR YOU HELPED YOU TO GET BACK SAFELY! He, or she, would like to contact you. That's all...they only want to know if you "made it back," safely, some way.

This writer evaded for 7 months in Holland during the 1944/1945 winter. In recent years I have found and contacted my 14 Helpers. Because of this association, I have recently been given a list of over 500 American airmen who are known to have evaded in Holland and who are being sought by their Dutch Helpers. Fewer than 100 of these American airmen, Holland Evaders, have been located by AFEES. **THEY WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!**

Interesting sidelight: One airman told his Helper that his name was Lt. Milwaukee A. Wisconsin, USA - will Lt. Wisconsin please stand up!

Another note: there is no such word as "evadee." Both Webster's Unabridged and the Oxford Dictionary list "evader," "escapee," and "escaper," but NOT "evadee." The word is EVADER!

Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society

Claude Murray
16810 Boswell Blvd.
Sun City, AZ 85351

To All Members of the 489th Bomb Group

by James M. Davis

MEMORIAL LIBRARY IN NORWICH

The Second Air Division established a Living Memorial many years ago in the library at Norwich, England. For those who have not had the privilege of visiting the Memorial Room, let me assure you it is an unforgettable experience. We owe much to those leaders who many years ago had the vision and foresight to establish the Memorial. Through the years, the library has been improved, and especially in recent years when we were fortunate to have the Fulbright Foundation staff the library for two years.

In an effort to continue the value of a full time librarian, the Second Air Division Association has dedicated its efforts to raise the necessary funds to establish a Trust that will enable us to continue to staff the Memorial Room with a full time librarian. It is a challenge, but it will offer rewards for many years to come. We hope everyone will be able to contribute. Please make checks payable to:

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOC.

c/o Jordan Uttal
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, TX 75230

CONCERNING A GROUP REUNION:

In Charles Freudenthal's April 1989

Newsletter, the second paragraph referred to a possible Group Reunion. Please write to:

BILL WILKINSON
121 Elmwood Terrace
Rochester, NY 14620

and let him know your ideas and suggestions on a Group Reunion. (1) Do you want one? (2) Would you attend? (3) What type of program? (4) Where? When? (5) Should it be planned as an annual event or should it be held once and then proceed from there?

The 489th Bomb Group is unique since we were the only Group withdrawn from the 8th Air Force and converted to B-29s. Because of that, we have some who joined the Group during B-29 training who would like to attend but cannot join The Second Air Division Association. A Group reunion should not interfere or conflict with any Second Air Division Association activities.

AIR MUSEUM IN DAYTON, OHIO

Jim Pace's committee has done an excellent job in trying to get the necessary information on the memorials for the Air Museum in Dayton, Ohio and the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Neither place offers a quick solution or cost estimates. The Air Museum suggested a tree with a marker, a bench or a memorial consisting of a granite slab with a bronze pla-

que. The tree marker or bench would allow only limited lettering; either could probably be made available soon.

The slab and plaque would probably take three years or longer for there is no space available now. At the Academy, the situation is about the same. They could not give any time in which space would be available. The existing wall is full and the second wall (which has not been built) is already obligated. They are, however, taking applications for the third wall but have no idea when it will be built. Since the walls are built with donations, it's anyone's guess. The bottom line is that we probably should expect the cost to be between four to five thousand dollars for each project. Let Jim know your opinion on these memorial projects:

JIM PACE
317 Seay Street
Glasgow, Kentucky 42141

SECOND AIR DIVISION REUNION IN NOVEMBER AT HILTON HEAD

The November reunion of the Second Air Division will be here soon and we would like to have any suggestions you might have on our mini-reunion and business program as well as other activities. I would suggest everyone make plans to come at least one day early so that we may have a little more time to visit.

B-24 Bashing

by John J O Driscoll (389th)

In most every squadron you could pinpoint the perpetual griper; my flight surgeon once told me that a strong pessimistic approach could even give an individual what could be actually diagnosed as a *real* physical illness. Murray Grainger leaves me with the impression that he was in this category. Sadder still, it is unusual that his gripes persisted throughout 45 post-war years. I trust that no one will seriously consider the chronic complaints of such an individual in the evaluation of an aerodynamic system tailored, to fill an urgent combat need, by a team of skilled engineers and scientists.

It was always recognized that a combat crew's approach (positive or negative) could seriously affect the success or failure of a mission. I flew my tour with eight different B-24 crews, and like the scores of others that I often briefed, they extolled the virtues of *their* aircraft. This undoubtedly contributed to the high *esprit de corps* among the B-24 crews of the 8th Air Force. I feel sorry for these individuals who, by chance, were assigned to Murray's team; I wonder how he, himself, managed to survive. Crew chiefs, reading this man's complaints about the "design" of the B-24, will be unable to avoid wondering about the efficacy of his aircraft's maintenance and pre-flight checks; especially as he states that his fatalities were due to "mechanical failures."

If one wishes to evaluate a weapon system, one obviously needs a neutral psychological approach; but perhaps the key essential is the services of a well-qualified analyst. As an operations analyst with 30 years of experience, may I suggest that it might be wise to seek a person with a thorough knowledge of the engineering and aerodynamic aspects of the specific system

concerned; or perhaps a test pilot who had flown numerous examples of the aircraft in question; or both. Fortunately, there was such an individual with outstanding qualifications on *both* these points: I was privileged to listen first-hand to the views of this aviator on the merits of one of our favorite aircraft: the B-24.

In 1956, President Eisenhower promoted Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to the rank of Brigadier General; when he was called to active duty, the Secretary of the Air Force appointed me as his Aide. Like myself, Lindbergh was favorably impressed with the aerodynamic features (at that time - 1942 - well advanced) and enthusiastic about the combat capabilities of an aircraft system which, *in its day*, was the world's best qualified heavy bomber able to fly the long-range hazardous missions to which it was assigned. Earlier designs, like the B-17, were unable to reach vital targets like the heavy water plants in Norway or the Rumanian oil fields. I can't recall hearing a single gripe about the Liberator design either before or after these missions. In fact, in my twenty years in the Air Force, I never heard Grainger's depressing version of the Air Corps song; the only modification we sang was to add three words after "Nothing can stop the Army Air Force": "except the women."

Perhaps the personnel attitude was altered during the latter period of the WWII conflict. By 1944-1945, when Grainger flew, our old reliable B-24 was being replaced by a more advanced *Very Heavy Bomber*, the B-29. My group was effecting such a transition when the "Enola Gay" ended the conflict. Also, in fairness to Grainger, it could be that his crew included draftees who were not the "eager beaver" volunteers that I flew with. These factors could easily contribute to Grainger's

expressed low morale. Moreover, being in a "Snooper" squadron, perhaps he failed to receive that adrenalin boost that kept us on our toes in air-to-air combat. If I had been assigned to the dull routine of a recon squadron or anti-submarine operations I, myself, would have been relatively less happy. Both the Luftwaffe and the Japanese Air Forces had been cut down by the last few months of WWII; but, over Germany, things were kept lively with the advent of the ME-262. The Japanese Air Forces by the end of 1944 had lost a high percentage of both aircraft and skilled pilots. I recall interrogating a Japanese Army Air Force Squadron Commander in 1945, whose rank was "Superior Private": he was the *senior surviving* member of his squadron. I think now that the excitement of the air combat over Germany kept our lives from being dulled by relative routine; I belatedly appreciate that now in looking back and comparing other potential assignments.

In conclusion, if a selection was to be made of some specific WWII aircraft for a restoration program, it would appear judicious to select the *most versatile type in the USAAF inventory*. If we were to select a heavy bomber, we would certainly consider the most widely-used four-engine aircraft of WWII. A total of 19,256 Liberators were built - a production figure greater than that of any heavy bomber, before or since. The restoration of an aircraft which, in its heyday, was seen practically all over the world, should not be deterred by a single unhappy airman whose few months of combat experience were hamstrung by "mechanical" problems. This restoration program is enthusiastically endorsed by thousands of members of Liberator squadrons, many of them with several years of combat experience under the most trying conditions.

B-24 Bashing - The End!

by Edward J. Reilly (93rd)

Murray Grainger, you and Bob Chapin may not be in as much disagreement as your three letters would suggest.

Much of what Grainger says is undeniable fact. Our casualties were 30 percent higher than our brother Fort crews in the Eighth. Aside from combat losses, the old Lib was more prone to fatal accidents. I can personally recall two fatal crashes of Libs on takeoffs that took twenty lives, one of whom was a dear friend. Gas leaks in the bomb bays. Experienced flight engineers kept the bomb bays open a crack to reduce risk. Grainger was right about her glide angle. Like a brick. Ditching the bird was almost certain suicide. 17s did it like ducks.

To most of us in our early twenties, safety didn't seem to be of much concern to us. Personally, I was disappointed when I wasn't assigned to B-26s, and their safety record was worse than ours. On that score I could have no beef on being assigned to 24s.

I was trained in 17s and knew what they were. They were tough, reliable, sleek and beautiful. And they came home more often.

But if one could stand away from one's

feelings and look at facts, the B-24 was a better bomber. It could outrun the 17 by at least 20 knots, carry a ton more bombs 800 miles further and hit targets 400 miles deeper into enemy territory. Her four electric turrets were the ultimate state of the art. Her ten guns were more effective, in my judgement, than the 17's thirteen. But our formations were not as tight as the Forts because of the Lib's inherent sloppiness above 18,000 ft. Our optimum altitude was between three to five thousand feet below theirs, making us more vulnerable to flak.

Her old Pratt and Whitneys were the most reliable of any built for any aircraft during the war.

I recently heard a leading German fighter ace tell a group of American bomber crews that they would always seek out and attack Libs, passing the Forts by because we were easier to kill. It was not our fire power that failed us. The Lib just could not survive the same level of battle damage as the Fort. And the enemy well knew it. Flak or fighters, in combination, knocked off seven Forts for every ten Libs.

But only the Lib could have hit Ploesti. And it took eight Forts and 80 men to drop the same tonnage of bombs as it took six Libs and 60 men mounted in Libs.

She was a great old bird. Those of us who flew her, loved and hated her. We would fight with 17 crews whenever her name was sullied. But deep in our hearts, we know that the 17 was built for the crews and the 24 for the Air Force. If I were underwriting life insurance to bomber crews instead of flying with one, I'd be looking for the Fort crews. But if I were shopping for the weapon that could do the most damage at the lowest cost, I'd be pushing Libs.

The Lib was not as bad as Grainger feels it was. I'm glad he wrote the article. I'm glad Chapin responded as any good loyal Lib crewman should. For most of us who flew Libs and Forts, feelings are deep and facts mean different things to different people. None of us are likely to change feelings that run as deeply as we all feel about an argument that can never be settled.

(I think the B-24 bashing has run its course and the above article puts it in its proper perspective. Thanks - Ed.)

The B-24

*We do not know the author.
Presented by Lawson Corley.*

Until now her name's hardly been mentioned,

Still they've praised all the others before.
And to exalt her is not my intention
Tho her merits are more than a score.

She was needed and born for a reason,
And she has every right to be proud.
To me it's almost high treason
To slander her good name aloud.

It's a visible fact, she's no beauty,
And her line's no work of art,
But she's up there doing her duty,
A patriot right to the heart.

She's a Queen in the Sky and she knows it,
She ignores all ridiculous rib.

She was named for a queen and she knows it;
Perhaps that's why they call her the "Lib."

She goes where the going is toughest,
Be it Berlin, Ploesti or Kiel.
And she fights where the fighting is toughest;

She's as hard as true tempered steel.

When a haul is too long for the others,
Or a load is too heavy to pack,
She's out there ahead of her brother,
Braving both fighters and flak.

On a run she's as smooth and sturdy
As the pillar of old Hercules.
If it's bombing you want, she's ready.
Just a few of her merits are these.

I could list at least two or three dozen,
Of her virtues I've known and seen
And she fights along side of her cousin,
The commendable B-17.

It is said Queens live and die proudly
For Freedom, for Country, and more;
But none fight for these more proudly
Than our "Lib," the B-24.

USAAF Friends Prepare For Visit of 1,200 Veterans

by C.R. Elliott (Reprinted from 'The American,' May 19, 1989)

While governments vacillate over the shape of NATO, the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Association at Norwich, Norfolk, and the new 2nd Air Division Heritage League with members all over the United States, are set to go on cementing the ties forged between Britain and America during World War II.

This commitment was clear at the well-attended meeting of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division held at Norwich on April 27. The meeting was held in the library which contains one of the finest collections of books on the US; it is a memorial collection to over 6,400 Americans who lost their lives flying from local bases occupied by 14 B-24 bomber groups and five mixed fighter groups in Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex.

The headquarters of the 2nd Air Division, 8th US Army Air Force was near Norwich and, as the war came to an end, several officers conceived the idea of a memorial in Norfolk to their comrades "who, flying from bases in these parts, gave their lives defending freedom."

The appeal for funds for the memorial went out to all ranks of the division and raised the then substantial sum of 20,916 pounds. A trust was formed with American and Norfolk governors to utilize the money raised for a living memorial and a library was suggested.

The Friends' membership in the UK is

now around 150. They are now preparing to raise funds to help expand the library services.

On July 1, at Sotterly Hall near Beccles, Suffolk, the retiring chairman, Mrs. Anne Barne, is helping to plan a summer fair as part of this year's target of 1,500 pounds. Other money-making social events are being planned.

The 1990 2nd Air Division Association convention will be held in England, when 1,200 members are expected to attend from the United States.

Their officers have indicated that, apart from statutory business, members wish most of all to get back to the East Anglian villages they knew between 1942, when the first B-24 groups came to England, and 1945, when their 1,000 plus bomber raids ended on Nazi Germany. It is hoped that British families will act as hosts.

Mr. T.C. Eaton, chairman of the governors, said monies given later by five of the division's groups, amounting to 15,000 pounds, was to be used to develop the branch library sections in five towns and villages close to the old bases.

Information on what is being done by "kindred spirits" on both sides of the Atlantic is obtainable from the Friends' secretary, Mrs. G.R. Mason, 58 College Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3JL.

MISSION FAILURE

and

SURVIVAL



Charles C. McBride

Mission Failure and Survival

by Charles C. McBride

A B-24 bombardier in WWII, McBride reveals unpublicized events in the mistaken bombing of the Swiss town of Schaffhausen. On this fifteenth mission of his career, he and his crew bailed out of their B-24 on the return leg of this mission, evading capture for five months, until rescued by advancing Allied armies.

A detailed story of the mission whose outcome was doomed to fail.

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Those Brave Crews

*An epic account of a
courageous WWII battle
Code name: TIDAL WAVE
(U.S. Air Force raid on
Ploesti, Roumania oil refineries)*
by Ray Ward

In mid-April, scarcely four months after Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, Colonel James H. Doolittle led a group of B-25s from the deck of the *USS Hornet* in a daring bombing raid on Tokyo. Two months later, another contingent of bombers, 23 B-24 Liberators, left Florida in what was to be another valiant effort to bring the war to Japan's homeland. This group, led by Colonel Harry Halverson, was to fly to Brazil, then to the Middle East via North Africa and arrive in Chentu, China from where they would be within striking distance. While enroute, however, a more vital objective became apparent: If Hitler's major source of petroleum could be destroyed, the war in Europe could be dealt a decisive blow.

By the fall of 1942 the first two B-24 Liberator bombardment groups arrived in England from the U.S., joining British forces in defense of freedom. Shortly after, joining the Traveling Circus and the Flying EightBalls, were the Sky Scorpions. Concurrently, the Liberandos arrived in North Africa in conjunction with the pink-ship Pyramiders. Their mission: to interdict Rommel's supply lines, preparatory to Montgomery's routing of the Panzerarmee.

When an Allied decision is made to concentrate all five B-24 bomb groups in North

Africa, from where their crews are to launch a suicidal mission against the vital Ploesti (Roumania) oil fields, the 9th Air Force is born, and the stage is set for compelling drama.

Unknown to the nearly 200 B-24 aircraft commanders, the secretly planned Ploesti mission was not to be a surprise. The Germans manning the defenses around Ploesti (third most heavily defended target in Europe) were ready. The most carefully rehearsed low-level mission (they were to fly in at 20 feet altitude) depended on synchronization. And the drama is heightened, prior to takeoff, when participating airmen are told, if none come back, the mission is worth the cost.

As you read Colonel Ward's epic, *Tidal Wave*, you'll follow the fortunes of the different crews, sit in the pilot's seat, share the unique experience of gunners dueling eye-to-eye with flak crews. Over-target descriptions are harrowing! It is a description of Hell - and you are there! These brave crews' sacrifice and dedication is unequalled except perhaps with other famous battles in history, such as the cavalry charge of the Crimea, Pickett's assault at Gettysburg or Xenophon's march.

You can order this limited first edition, featuring copious marginal anecdotes and dozens of rare photographs, right now for



\$15.95 plus \$2.40 postage and handling (\$18.35 per copy). Orders for Author Autographed copies should be sent to:

Ray Ward
432 Pennsylvania Avenue
Waverly, NY 14892

Enclose with your order your check made payable to the order of Ray Ward.

Mr. Ward is thinking ahead toward a possible motion picture adaptation of *Those Brave Crews* and seeks sources of film footage on the B-24. Send any information you might have to the address above - Ed.

A Reason to Live

by William R. Dewey

Those of us who served in the 8th Air Force in B-24s share the emotions and experiences of John Harold "Robbie" Robinson, who has given us one of the most outstanding books ever written about military life and aerial combat in World War II.

Robinson was a gunner, assistant aerial engineer, who flew 30 missions with the 703rd Squadron, 445th Bomb Group, serving under Captain Jimmy Stewart. His book is a war story, a love story, and a history lesson.

Written from the perspective of an enlisted man, you will again feel the anxieties and frustrations of life in the Army Air Forces, from boot camp, gunnery school, crew training, and flying the Atlantic to a muddy, poorly-prepared air base in England. Every

reader will wonder at the historical detail from Robbie's diaries, and wish he had kept such records. Like most, I read it in two days - I couldn't put it down. I sweated every mission with Robbie!

The Kassel Mission Memorial Association has been authorized to sell copies of the hardbound "A Reason to Live" to raise funds for a memorial. Makes a great gift for your children and relatives!

The cost of the book is \$23.00 (\$10 is tax deductible). Order your copy of "A Reason to Live" from:

Kassel Mission Memorial Association
P.O. Box 413
Birmingham, MI 48012

Letters



Dear Bill:

For about eight years I have been researching the air war of 1939-1945 near my hometown in the Netherlands, this resulting in many contacts in the USA, UK and Germany. One of them made me a member of your Association and I enjoy the Journal very much. I am 24 years old and a technical officer in the Royal Netherlands Air Force.

I write to you hoping that one of the members can help me trace crew members of two B-24s which crashed in the eastern part of Holland. One crew was:

Feb. 24, 1944. B-24H 42-7567. 700 BS/445 BG. Target: Gotha. Crashed near Hardenberg, Holland. 2/Lt. Robert A. Blomberg, PIL, KIA. 2/Lt. Donald Widmark, CPI, POW, Sioux Falls, SD. 2/Lt. Emery Varga Jr., NAV, POW, Yardville, NY. 2/Lt. William J. McKee Jr., BOM, POW, Gladwin, MI. T/Sgt. Richard McCormick, TTG, KIA. T/Sgt. Clement F. Leone, ROP, POW, Baltimore. S/Sgt. Eugene Hickey, WG, POW, Springfield, MS. M/Sgt. John Gunning, WG, KIA. S/Sgt. John J. Sheppard, TG, KIA. S/Sgt. Edward T. Cooper, BTG, KIA.

I located Lt. McKee in February 1988 and he sent me a letter, but then I lost contact again. He could be deceased. His address was 237 S.W. Kentwood Rd., Port St. Lucie, Florida 34953. He also had a house in Gladwin, Michigan. The other crew was:

Sept. 11, 1944. B-24H 42-95138. 713 BS/448 BG. Target: Magdeburg. Crashed near Dalfsen, Holland after a mid air collision with a P-51 of 361st FG, killing pilot of Mustang and tail gunner of Liberator. 2/Lt. Richard C. Vogel, PIL, ESC, New York, NY. 2/Lt. Leslie M. Sellers, CPI, ESC, Greencastle, PA. 2/Lt. Myron B. Koth, NAV, POW, West Allis, WI. 2/Lt. Warren H. Neville, BOM, POW, Pittsburgh, PA. Sgt. Clyde L. Turner Jr., TTG, POW, Atlanta. Sgt. Charles G. Genkinger, ROP, POW, Pittsburgh, PA. S/Sgt. William A. Hammer, BTG, ESC, Wapahston, ND. Sgt. James F. Burnett, LWG, ESC, Auburn, IL. Sgt. Carl G. Stenberg, RWG, POW, Gloucester, MA. Sgt. John S. Phillips, TG, KIA.

None of these individuals are members of their Bomb Group Associations. Any assistance would be appreciated. If you have pictures of these two crews or remember them, please contact me.

John R. Manrho
Kloosterdijk 130
7693 PR Sibculo
The Netherlands

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Dear Bill:

We asked Anne Barne to represent us at the Cambridge Memorial Day ceremonies this year. She was truly honored to do so. This is a photo (I believe by John Archer) of Anne with our wreath which she presented for us.

Anne Barne is an original member of the Board of Governors and has served our Memorial since its inception. We'd like to put her picture in the Journal, it's another way for us to say "thank you."

C.N. Chamberlain
769 Via Somonte
Palos Verdes Estates, CA
90274

+

Dear Hank [Tevelin]:

I read your letter in the Journal and I guess that the excellent results of your bombing of Leipheim, April 24, 1944, saved more than 5,000 lives of Allied invaders.

Hitler himself hoped to stop all D-Day operations with help of these ME 262s. For this reason the jets must not have been delivered to fighter units but to the bombers. They knew that an invasion would take place but not time and location. So Hitler wanted to get approximately 60 to 70 a/c having more speed than US fighters to drop bombs when Allied forces would leave the ships on the beach. That way they would not be able to reach the top beachside rocks the same day. The Germans would have been using the delay to carry heavy forces into the battle. With your help they didn't.

The writing of my book delays because on April 11, 1989 our first baby, Peter II, was born. So we have been very busy.

Peter Horner
D-8874 Leipheim,
Bachstrasse 7
West Germany

+

Dear Bill:

Upon reading the article on BT-13s in the Spring 1989 Journal by Henry Orzechowski, this incident came back to my mind.

Having enlisted 10 days after Pearl Harbor I was eagerly looking forward to being a part of the fast expanding Army Air Corps. While taking basic training we were taking numerous tests to see what we might be qualified to do. I was looking forward to going to aircraft mechanics school, should I be so lucky.

I was sent to Perrin Field, Texas, by passing tech school, and was to start "on the job training." I was very fortunate to have as my tutor a very likeable "Okie," who was pre-war and a graduate of the fine tech school at Chanute Field, Ill. He took to me like a "mother hen" and taught me all he could in a relatively short period of time.

I was on "cloud nine," happy and eager to be working on these, new to me, airplanes. I never dreamed that in less than a year I would be assigned to the "Mighty" B-24s, 389th Group at Biggs Field, Texas.

Very soon in early '42 we received more BT-13s and I was elated when I was selected to be a crew chief of one of these new a/c. I was, by rank, a Private First Class, and the only one in my squadron to have been selected thus far. As a vote of confidence to prove myself to the "line chief" and engineering officer I tried my utmost to attain the highest degree of proficiency and skill that I could.

I couldn't wait to get to the flight line each morning to start the pre-flight inspection and run up of the engine. It was a thrill to push the throttle wide open, prop in low pitch, high RPM and tail lifting slightly off the ground.

I was so engrossed with my new job, I was getting up early and to the flight line long before the start of our normal work day (7:30-4:30). After about 3 mornings of these "early" pre-flights, I was summoned before the line chief and asked why I started so early. My answer was, "I want to make sure my a/c is ready for the day's mission and if I had a problem I would be able to fix it in time."

I was politely informed that the base commander didn't appreciate being awakened at 5:30 a.m. by that sound from that lonely BT-13. The line chief gave me a mild reprimand and while smiling he said, "Leslie, you're not going to win this war by yourself!"

The next a.m. I was sitting in the cockpit of my a/c, watching the clock and precisely at 06:00 a.m. I would engage the starter and fire up the engines. Incidentally, I was twice promoted shortly thereafter.

In answer to previous article in the Journal, I recall that in the summer of '42 we had wood panels from rear of cockpit to tail section on our BT-13s.

Russell Leslie (389th)
RR #1, Box 242
Macy, IN 46951

+



(l-r): Bill Eagleson, Bob Collings, Art Cullen

To: Buddies in the 446th Bomb Group and all new friends, their wives and children that we met at the "Roll Out Party" at the Reilly Aviation Field in Kissimmee, Florida:

Bob and Caroline Collings have done a wonderful job arranging the restoration of a B-24. Many members of crews from various airfields gathered in Kissimmee to watch the restored plane fly out the weekend of July 15-16. Because of the many showers recently the plane could not be painted and the fly-out was delayed. But we all had a great time together getting acquainted and swapping stories. We met friends we hadn't met for 45 years.

Lawson Corley has organized a Museum of Authentic Indian Artifacts and War Relics at his home at 8952 Glendale Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35206 and he is glad to have some come to visit and listen to his interesting stories. Lawson told a reporter for the Birmingham Magazine the following story:

"I was a Prisoner of War for a year, from May 1944 to 1945. I was shot down. I was in the 8th Air Force. The lead bomber for the 705th Bomb Squadron, 446th Bomb Group. I had to make the decision for us to bail out. We had three engines knocked out

and we couldn't continue any more. With flak in the parachute I jumped first. I pulled the cord on my chute after counting ten and it didn't open. I could see Belgian people standing in a field as I saw the ground coming up. Finally as I prayed to the Lord to let me live, it opened. All but one of my crew members thought I was dead. My back was broken, my kidney and spleen ruptured. I had been unconscious and was, at some point, taken to a Gestapo dungeon in real bad shape. I was beaten and starved. I was tortured and interrogated. On the death march, my face, hands and feet were frozen. I remember being so cold and exhausted. Those Germans said "march or die" and they meant it. I have the actual bayonette a German stuck in my back during the death march. I took it when General Patton's troops liberated us on April 29, 1945. I had it engraved. I vowed I was gonna get that thing and sure enough I did."

Lawson gave me a copy of the poem "The B-24." He does not know who wrote it. It was read at the luncheon on Sunday and several people asked for a copy (see page 29).

Gram and Gramps

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Dear Bill:

The Memorial Library is indeed a worthy tribute to our lost comrades but, as you know, it is supported by a small number of our members. For what it may be worth, it is my opinion that there are two major factors that bind the 2ADA together, your Journal and the annual reunions. You and Evelyn Cohen provide the necessary sinews and bonding of our organization. That is a fact, even though many of us may not say it to either of you personally.

Robert A. Jacobs
203 Cannister Court
Hampton, VA 23669

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I wish you could see the mangled condition that my 2AD Journal arrived in. It was torn on the cover and deeply dog eared on the upper and lower corners of the open pages.

This is the second time it has happened to me. I am writing to let you know that this sort of thing is happening in the mail. Perhaps a couple of staples on the open edge could prevent such damage.

James E. Riedel
35080 Ave G
Yucaipa, CA 92399

+ + + +

To the Editor:

Well, I know the Brits make a popular scapegoat in the USA just as "those Yanks" do over here, but I never thought we would be blamed for the B-17 getting more limelight than the B-24. I refer to Joe Goodwin's letter in Winter '88 issue of the Journal where he suggests there was an emphasis to promote B-17s to "help smooth ruffled British feathers." The RAF were the first people to take both the B-17 and the B-24 to war and, of the two, they made it quite clear that they thought the Lib was a far more useful aircraft. Even so, they acknowledged the B-17 as being a fine aircraft and would have been happy to take all they could get. If Joe Goodwin is saying the US publicised the B-17 to make the RAF more enthusiastic, that, with respect, is nonsense.

The principal reason why the Fortress gets the limelight goes back to those pre-war years when the Air Corps was trying to sell air power to the US public (and government) by promoting its then most advanced aircraft, the B-17. The name Flying Fortress went down well with the media and through the media caught on with the public. From that time forward, as always seems to be the case, the media gave the public what it wanted and continues to do so. We have the same sort of thing over here with the Spitfire and the Battle of Britain, even though the Hurricane was the principal victor.

In recent years I have worked as a consultant on a number of TV documentaries about the 8th Air Force and it is very much like banging one's head against a brick wall when it comes to getting the B-24's part acknowledged. For example, a particularly fine documentary about the 8th Air Force bomber war made by a top US broadcasting company has just two or three flashes of a B-24, yet all the way through the production I kept telling them to acknowledge the Liberators and their crews. My complaint on viewing the completed documentary that my advice in this connection had been ignored brought the frank admission from the producer to the effect that: "The Flying Fortress is known to most people in the States. Why complicate matters by feeding them another name when we can give them what they want and know."

Faced with this situation, I can understand why B-24 veterans are more than a little peeved. But please don't blame the Brits!

Roger A. Freeman

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Dear Bill:

Today I received a letter from Frank Krob. I re-read it tonight while watching "Top Gun," cause Frank writes a great newsy letter, and always has a little something that really hits the spot.

This time his gem was, "done painting my 1968 Chevy station wagon. Painted 8th Air Force ETO on the front. Lot of young people ask, 'What's that?' I tell them that's the greatest Air Force we ever had, and the last war we ever won."

Top Gun types, eat your heart out!
Ralph 'Mac' McClure
P.O. Box 328
Bluemont, VA 22012

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Dear Chuck [Walker]:

First an introduction. I'm Lt. Charles Bunting of the 445th BG stationed in England. I'm looking forward to reading your column in the Journal.

Next, I need to give you a little background. In April 1944 my crew picked up our B-24 at Topeka, KS to ferry over to England. We departed on a Sunday and our route took us over Erie, PA which was the hometown of my wife Doris and myself. We happened to arrive over Erie as church was letting out at our home church.

As the people stood on the sidewalk, our B-24 came roaring over and my pilot was kind enough to circle the church at about 1500 ft. I was able to pick out my wife Doris holding our daughter, age 1 year. With much waving goodbye, we continued on our way.

Now we come to the present. On March 27, 1989 my wife Doris died of cancer at Wilford Hall Medical Center, Lackland AF Base, San Antonio, TX. I then had her returned to Erie, PA for burial.

Today, of the original crew two have died of cancer, and I know of the whereabouts of four more of us. One of my waist gunners has written an epitaph for Doris - that is why I am writing to you. Enclosed is a copy of the epitaph. I'll always cherish Paul Dickerson's remembrance of Doris.

Chuck Bunting
62 Longhorn Trail
Hondo, TX 78861

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Dear Bill:

In connection with my article on the memories pertaining to the founding of the Second Air Division Association, I have received a letter from our good friend and buddy, Clemens F. Kowalczyk.

He pointed out to me, and correctly so, that there were several others who should be in the group of founders of the Second Air Division Association. They are as follows: Chaplain Seward, Doris Lundgren, and of course, Clemens F. Kowalczyk, who was especially close with Howard Moore.

He also pointed out to me that other persons who have contributed to the well-being of the Association are namely yourself, Dean Moyer, Fritzie and Rudy Sherman and also Bert Bertagnoli. In addition, General Kepner appeared and participated in several of the first reunions.

I would appreciate this being made a matter of record and an amendment to my article which appeared on page 23 of the Summer 1989 Journal.

Thanks for all that you are doing in making the Journal such a high grade, useful and interesting publication.

Judge Henry X. Dietch (Ret).

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In Loving Memory - Doris Bunting

by Paul M. Dickerson

April forty four over Erie, Pennsylvania
we flew,

Ten young men on a B-24 bomber,
the Isom crew.

Sunday, in front of church,
Doris Bunting stood,

For many it was frightening,
for Doris good.

Low we swept, our engines roaring
over Erie,

To Doris a blessing, to many it
was scary.

Ten kids on a B-24 bomber going
Hitler hunting,

Our bombardier, Doris' husband,
Chuck Bunting.

The emotions that day were many
and mixed,

But on our mission our minds
were fixed.

Heroes we were not, but we knew
what we must do,

There was a war to be won, and we
wanted it through.

Forty five years have passed, it is
April again,

With fond memories of Doris we
take up our pen.

Our love for Chuck and Doris has
grown over the years,

Now, we see her in memory, through
a veil of tears.

Years ago, from Erie, Chuck and Doris
into the world went,

Now, Doris has returned to Erie, she
has been heaven sent.

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Dear Bill:

In the Summer '89 issue you had an article on the "Low Level Mission of 24 March 1945." I suppose because (1) the mission was flown towards the end of the war in Europe and (2) only 240 B-24s took part in it, that very little was said of the mission then or now. It was cute, though. It was my 19th out of 26 flown.

The reason for the note other than to acknowledge your mention of that mission, is to call your attention to the fact that those of us who took part in it were (and are) eligible to wear on our ETO ribbon a *bronze arrowhead*. It is to be placed vertically, point up, to the wearer's right of all battle stars.

I asked about this several years ago and was told it was to be worn as we had taken part in a combat assault landing. The latter words are mine, not a direct quote. At this late date it might be of interest, etc. to those on the mission.

You and your associates are doing a really grand job - recording a bit of history we all took part in as put together by those who helped make it, one way or the other.

William E. Smith
3022 Talisman Drive
Dallas, TX 75229

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Dear Bill:

A lot of the guys out there bailed out of a disabled aircraft, and are unaware of our unique organization, the Caterpillar Association. We are always searching for new members.

We now have an official Caterpillar watch - available only to Caterpillars - all American made - official military case, our cost from Bulova, \$80.00.



Anyone interested in membership or the watch may contact me at the address below. Many thanks. You are doing a great job as our Editor.

Paul W. Pifer
81 Zinnia Drive
Covington, LA 70433

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Dear Bill:

I completely reject the insinuation that I was "claiming" a Wing Lead for the April 24, 1944 Leipheim mission as indicated by Dave Swearingen's article, "To Set the Record Straight," which appeared on page 16 on the Spring '89 Journal.

When Hank Tevelin, my navigator, and I left Attlebridge AFB, we each received a notarized copy (signed by our Operations Officer) of our 30 missions and they included 3 Squadron, 8 Group, 9 Wing, 1 Division and 1 8th AF leads (General Peck, the 96th Wing Commander, flew with us on the latter two). This document shows my crew led the 785th Sq. of the 466th Group on the Leipheim mission - *period*. A copy of this same document was sent on to P. Horner. I had no way of knowing who else took part in this mission and am very glad to know the 467th led the Wing that day. I wonder if the 458th also hit this target?

Daylight visual bombing was almost always performed by Squadrons making separate and individual runs on the target and salvoing bombs on the Lead Sq. Bombardier. This was the case here and all participating Lead Sq. Bombardiers and Navigators *share credit* for this very successful mission. We Sq. Lead Pilots merely held constant airspeed and altitude on these runs to the target.

I hope this does set the record straight.

J. Wm. Tikey
851 Green Lantern
Ballwin, MO 63011

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THE D.C. BALDWIN CREW - 732nd BS, 453rd BG. (Standing, l-r): Sgts. Don Levine, Rochester, NY; James V. Brown, S. Carolina; Ralph Allyn, New Canaan, CT; Walter Baloski, Detroit, MI; Herman Prust; Clarence Hayes, Austin, TX. (Kneeling, l-r): Lts. Oscar Friedgut, New Jersey; Don Baldwin, Plattsburg, NY; Billy Golden, Texas; Ken Taggart.

Dear Bill:

I recently joined the 2nd ADA, having been unaware of it. Only Don Baldwin of my 453rd crew was a member and we hope that by publishing our crew picture we can locate the others. We have checked their old addresses but no luck so far, and we sure would like to have a reunion.

We took combat crew training in Casper, WY in 1944 from Feb. to late June, flew a new B-24 from Topeka, Kansas. Spent the 4th of July in Iceland and landed in N. Ireland the next day. For the most part we flew 35 missions as a full crew. Taggart got his own crew, Friedgut and Golden also got

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Dear Bill:

Reading the Journal I can't help but mull over the experiences I have had while putting in my tour with the 446th BG just after D-Day. Let me share with you one of them on the lighter side.

Father Murphy brought up the subject one day of how badly the chapel needed painting, and I volunteered to do the job. Frankly, there were other things on my mind like flying missions, and besides where would he ever come up with the paint and other necessities for the work? Before that week was out he came up with the paint and the other supplies, and lo and behold the entire 8th was grounded due to weather conditions that enveloped all of Europe. The cancellation of missions lasted long enough for me to get the chapel painted with a beautiful sky-blue color.

I will be forever grateful to Father Murphy for administering to my spiritual needs and for my mental well-being.

Philip Helmstadt (446th)
79-79 78th Avenue
Glendale, NY 11385

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reassigned near the end of our missions.

Jan. 10, 1945 we all bailed out, not being able to land from an aborted trip to Bitburg. Luckily we made it back to England before we jumped, and except for Lt. Baldwin landing high in a tree, everyone landed well. The farmers brought a ladder that fell apart so he waited for another. We flew till late Feb. and returned to the States in March.

Would greatly appreciate your help in printing our "people wanted" ad.

Don D. Levine (453rd)
94 Shalimar Drive
Rochester, NY 14618

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Dear Bill:

Here's a challenge for you. Does anyone in the 2nd ADA have more than 7 family members that served overseas in the Armed Forces and returned home without a scratch? Here are the 7 of the Stephenson family of West Texas:

D.D. 'Steve' Stephenson, 467th BG pilot; Coletto Stephenson, Corps of Engineers (ETO); Brantley Stephenson, Corps of Engineers (ETO); L.A. Stephenson, US Army Infantry (Pacific); Delo Stephenson, US Army Infantry (Pacific); Vernon Stephenson, 1st Marine Div. (Pacific); and Owen Stephenson, US Navy (Pacific).

They are a family justifiably proud of their service during WWII. I wonder if anyone can match or beat it in the 2nd ADA? One other brother, Otto, worked in a defense plant as did a sister Greta; and one sister (poor thing) Marjetta was still in high school.

Jeff Gregory
3110 Sheridan Drive
Garland, TX 75041

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Dear Bill:

I am looking for the words to two different Air Force songs. I am the publisher of the two-volume, *THE WILD BLUE YONDER: Songs of the Air Force*, and am presently considering publishing a Volume III.

In response to my recent letter to the editor of several magazines, I have received the partial words to a wonderful song about the B-24 (I am an ex-24 jock myself). No melody is mentioned, but it seems to fit *Sweet Betsy From Pike*, an old folk song that is popular as a tune for parodies. The known verse and chorus are as follows:

Way back in flight training they told
us the score,
The cream of the crop, we would go
off to war.
Then one day they told us our training
was o'er,
They loaded us up in a B-24.

CHORUS

Fours, fours, B-24s,
They sent us to war in a B-24.

The other song came via the USAF Band Librarian, Marsha Spence, who was attempting to identify the full lyrics and melody of a song at the request of the American Air Attache in Australia, I believe it was. The lyrics remind me of the patriotic songs written by well-known composers during WWII as part of their contributions to the war effort (you will remember songs like, *Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer*, as an example).

The weather is fine for flying,
The skies are clear ahead,
There's such great visibility,
I can see victory ahead.
Let's fill the air with eagles,
Let's fill the clouds with men,
And we shall see
A world that's free,
When we fly home again.

I need the complete lyrics and melody and any other information, including composers. The first one to solve the mysteries will get a surprise gift.

C.W. "Bill" Getz
105 Braemar Drive
Hillsborough, CA 94010

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Dear Bill:

There have been sporadic efforts within the 2ADA in reference to starting a radio net on Amateur Radio frequencies with some lack of success. So, being a member of a very active radio net called the "Air Forces Fliers Club," I can, along with the net's members, invite any licensed Radio Ham who is or has been a member of the Army Air Corps, U.S. Army Air Force or the U.S. Air Force to join in with the other members of the above mentioned club.

For further information on the "Fliers Club" please contact me.

Vic G. Templar
37135 Azalea Trail
Magnolia, TX 77355

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Dear Bill:

To my knowledge, Mr. Tardiff's article and the correspondence regarding Mr. Grainger's letter, both in the Summer 1989 2nd AD Journal, were the first indication in the Journal that the B-24 might be something less than a joy to fly. Surely I am not the only pilot in the 2nd AD who believes that the B-24 was a miserable flying aircraft, at least under the conditions prevailing when flying out of England in late 1943 and early 1944. Comments at reunions that this might be the case generally fell on deaf ears and I was beginning to feel paranoid about the subject until these articles appeared.

I can't agree with Mr. Chapin that we have to love an airplane because we flew it in combat. Thinking that the B-24 was something less than God's gift to mankind in no way diminishes the accomplishments of the Second Air Division or our contribution to winning the war. After all, many people in all branches of the service had to use weapons and equipment that were less than ideal - remember our steel infantry helmets modified with a ball peen hammer to accommodate ear phones.

I fully agree with Mr. Tardiff's well researched and diplomatically stated comments on the B-24 flying performance and other characteristics. As a co-pilot in the rear ranks, I was not privy to any performance evaluations and did not have a lot of flying experience. There may have been other aircraft that flew as poorly as the B-24, but I can say that they were not the T-6, C-47, B-25 or B-17.

In fairness, not all performance problems should be blamed on Consolidated. I believe that the B-24 was originally conceived as a long range, high speed bomber with a combat take-off weight of some 45,000 lbs. The designers probably envisioned cruising to the target area at the most efficient speed and altitude, climbing to bombing altitude, and then returning at the optimum altitude and speed. They could hardly have imagined an aircraft weighing 64,000 lbs., or nearly 50% over original projections but using the same wing, having to climb to 20,000 plus feet over the base and staying in formation at that altitude to and from the target.

The B-24H we took overseas in November 1943 did not have the electrically controlled superchargers that Mr. Tardiff indicated as one of the improvements incorporated in the "H" models. Controlling manifold pressure with the throttles in high altitude formation caused gaskets in the turbocharger ducts to blow out with loss of turbo boost to the engines. We ended up locking the throttles open and controlling manifold pressure with the four tall turbocharger control levers set in the throttle quadrant. It was very hard to keep the manifold pressures on the four engines equal, and of course manifold pressure response to turbo gate movements was slow and made worse by the fact that engine RPM had to be set well below manufacturer's recommendation in order to

conserve fuel. Again because of fuel consumption, the aircraft could not be flown fast enough to get the nose down and on "the step." Instead the plane munched along nose high and barely above stalling speed.

Under the best of conditions, the B-24 was slow to respond to control movements and it once started a maneuver seemed to have a life of its own. Obviously the author of the basic textbook on flying, who wrote that when control pressure was relaxed, an airplane tended to return to level flight, was not referring to the B-24.

The slow air speed and nose high altitude compounded these basic problems. We ended up with an unstable, sloppy flying aircraft that was very slow to respond to control or throttle action. There was much sheer physical effort involved in flying the aircraft, especially in turbulence from preceding divisions or wings. Neither the range nor speed were very outstanding.

Henry Kingsbery (446th)
930 Terrace Drive
Beaumont, TX 77706

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Dear Pete [Henry]:

Mrs. Josephine "Jo" Doolittle, wife of General "Jimmy" Doolittle, passed away on Christmas Eve, 1988. It was her 93rd birthday and their 71st wedding anniversary. Mrs. Doolittle had been in a nursing home in Carmel, CA, having lost her voice and the use of her legs when she had a severe stroke in the fall of 1984. She and the General were sitting together, listening to Christmas carols, when she died.

Mrs. Doolittle was the same type as the General - a true extrovert, living life to the fullest degree in serving others. While the General was commanding the 8th Air Force in England, she was spending many long hours, night after night, talking with the American boys who were hospitalized at Pawling Hospital, Pawling, NY after being returned to the States because of injuries.

When we started the Air Force Association in General Doolittle's office at Shell Oil in 1946, I organized the first all WAC squadron. There were 125 former Air Force gals in it. Our project was entertaining hospitalized veterans. Each party was held at a different hospital. Mrs. Doolittle and the General participated in a number of these. While the patients who were ambulatory were being entertained in the auditorium, Mrs. D. made the rounds of the wards, visiting with the patients who could not leave their rooms.

I feel fortunate to have known her so well and for such a long time. Although my contact with her in recent years has not been as often as it once was (Carmel, CA is a long way from Atlanta, GA), she was always a part of the correspondence that passed between General Doolittle and me. I shall never forget her.

Mary Gill Rice
1705 Roswell Rd., Apt. 25
Marietta, GA 30062

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I truly did not have the courage to leave the readers dangling until the next issue of the Journal. Especially since a lot of these guys know me, and they would be calling me on the phone in the middle of the night just to get even.

The "Sweden Tale" article (see page 22) relates a true incident, and those who were there at the time will remember it well. Sure, we were afraid that it was out of hand at the end, but somehow we managed to save the day.

Quite simply, we arranged for a hotel employee to come rushing to the station to inform us that there was a call from Stockholm. One of us hurried back to find out what it was all about. The train arrived and Slug boarded. However, before it pulled away our messenger returned in time to announce that it was all off. The "transfer" was cancelled. Slug would remain in Rattvik.

Did we ever reveal to him that it was a hoax? You know, I am not sure. I would like to believe that we were just not heartless enough for that. As Slug said, "You guys are my friends."

Slug folded his wings a few years ago, a victim of cancer. I can always remember him, and the ski pants, the pullover sweater (no shirt) and ski boots.

God bless you, Slug, wherever you are.

Joseph M. Sirotak
80 Monroe Street
Cedar Grove, NJ 07009

+ + + +

Dear Ms. Cohen:

Recently I visited the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich Library and met Mr. Tony North. He told me that I could join the Association, although I can see from what it says on the form that I am not eligible, never having served in the 2nd Air Division.

If there is a way for me to join, I would be much obliged to you, as I have a deep and sincere interest in the 8th Air Force, and would welcome the opportunity to do something in return for the American lads who came to my country before I was born and in many cases died for us.

I hope you won't mind me writing this letter to you and hope you can grant my request. My wife has family in Akron, Ohio and my own grandmother began life in New York City 89 years ago. I am one-quarter American and the feelings go deep. If I cannot join, do please keep the money. I know that it will be used for something to benefit the Association.

Mark Chandler
England

We have a category "Subscribing Member" which would allow you to join. Send membership dues to Ms. Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. — Ed.

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"All American" Rolls Out

(continued from page 19)

This month we have many new Distinguished Flying Command Members. We're pleased to welcome Julian Darlington, 98 BG, 343 BS; Michael Deironimi, 465 BG, 781 BS; Lawrence Everett, 458 BG, 755 BS; Audry Fralick, 90 BG, 320 BS; John Leppert, 491 BG, 853 BS; Robert Masonheimer, 11 BG, 26 BS; James Mulligan, 465 BG, 780 BS; Scott Royce, HALPRO; Harold Straughan, 465 BG, 781 BS; Victor Templer, 453 BG, 732 BS; William Vance, 380 BG, 528 BS; Elmer Vogel, 307 BG, 377 BS; Bill Weiland, 458 BG, 753 BS; and George Wiseman.

Distinguished Flying Command Members (\$1,000 donation) have their name, BG & BS proudly listed in the D.F.C. Section on the left side, just aft of the Waist Window. They will have the opportunity to "Fly Their Position," and Honor Crew Status is accorded their crew.

Robert Pedigo, Armorer-Nose Gunner, 453 BG, 735 BS, is the newest addition to our Lead Crew. Also, joining the Lead Crew is Thurzal Terry, Bombardier, 7 BG, 9 BS. This leaves only the positions of Pilot/Co-Pilot, Navigator, Radio Operator, Ball Turret and Tail Turret. The Dedicated Crew Position Gunner position is also still available. Lead Crew/Dedicated Crew Position Members have lifetime flying privileges and they represent all B-24 crewmen around the world. They'll have a special A-2 Jacket with Name, Position & "All American" Artwork. Several Lead Crew, Dedicated Crew Position & Distinguished Flying Command positions have been donated by sons and daughters of these great crewmen. To a B-24 crewman there is no greater memorial or honor one can have than to represent the several hundred thousand B-24 crewmen that have so proudly served our country.

Not only are former B-24 crewmen supporters of the project but many others who have the greatest admiration and respect for the Liberator and her crews. We're pleased to welcome Allan Dick Sr. of Sybertsville, PA as our first individual Plane Sponsor. With his donation of \$5,000, Allan will be accorded all the benefits of Lead Crew and Dedicated Crew Position members except that he and other Plane Sponsors will be recognized in a Special Plane Sponsor Section. Also, worthy of mention is that we

received a donation from Ray Brooks, the WWI Ace whose plane hangs in the Smithsonian. From ten year old aviation enthusiasts, to WWII crewmen, to WWII aircraft aficionados, to WWI Aces, we appreciate your continuing support to complete this project and fly it so all can see it and enjoy it.

MATCHING GRANTS

One of the most exciting developments is the recognition of the Collings Foundation as a Matching Grant Eligible Educational Foundation. We now have several corporations who are matching the donations of their employees or former employees. We have one D.F.C. member who's had half of the \$1,000 donation come from his employer.

Here's how it works. First, you need to contact your employer or former employer (from whom you retired) to see if they have a Matching Grant Program. If they do, you need to find out how we apply to have your donation matched. It usually involves getting a form from your company and sending it to us with your employee information. Then, the Collings Foundation applies for the matching grant. Just think, we might be able to double your donation and your impact. Call your company today!

CORPORATE DONATIONS

Loos & Co. of Naples, Fla. and Pomfret, Conn., have very generously donated all the cables, cable ends, and swaging equipment necessary to cable the entire aircraft. This amounts to over 5000 ft. of cable and thousands of ends and hardware. Previously, Loos had donated the use of the equipment and a substantial discount on the parts, but now through the generosity of former B-17 crewman Gus Loos, they have donated the parts and equipment for the entire cabling project. If you need any of the finest cable, hardware and equipment available, please call them at (813) 643-5667, and let them know we appreciate their support a lot.

Ralmark Co. of Kingston, PA has continued to support us with the cable pulleys needed for the project, and now all the pulleys in the aircraft are Ralmark. Aeroquip, Jackson, MI, has been superb in their support of our needs for hydraulic hoses, hydraulic fittings and fuel hose.

Also, we'd like to recognize Source Engineering, Golden Valley, MN, for their design and construction of a stair system

that will allow visitors to see the Pilot/Co-Pilot Compartment and will provide mechanic work for maintenance. Also, B.F. Goodrich Tire and Rubber Co. Inc.

We have heard from Buick Motors and they are "considering a donation." Seems the many letters sent in have had an impact. We'd like to encourage more letters to Ford, Buick, and Hamilton Standard. But let's try to keep them positive, stressing all the benefits of favorable publicity, goodwill and sales of more of their products.

Folded Wings

93rd

James K. Newcomb
Saul S. Biskind
Lin Burgess

392nd

Ray A. Julien
William H. Richards

446th

George D. Barbary
Frank W. Foster

448th

Col. Robert F. Mackenzie (Ret.)
Raymond L. Walhaupter

458th

Joe Dibble
Albert J. Volk
William W. Waldy

489th

Walter J. Wallace
James D. Jordan
Avery E. Strum

491st

Col. David E. Hicks
Charles A. Goeking

HDQ

Francis H. Griswold

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

BILL ROBERTIE

P. O. BOX 627
IPSWICH, MASS. 01938



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