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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Spring 1989

TUNE IN



GREAT PLANES Series on Consolidated B-24 Liberator

Wednesday, March 22, 9:00-10:00 p.m.

Friday, March 24, 4:00-5:00 p.m.

Saturday, March 25, 1:00-2:00 a.m.

Thirteen Part GREAT PLANES Series

Included in GREAT PLANES, the 13-part series of one-hour programs chronicling the history and development of U.S. warplanes on the Discovery Channel (TDC), will be the B-24 Liberator. Seven new episodes are premiering in addition to the original six hours which aired in July 1988. GREAT PLANES airs on Wednesdays at 9:00 p.m. (ET), Fridays at 4:00 p.m. (ET) and Saturday nights at 1:00 a.m. (ET) through April.

The aircraft are examined in terms of their capabilities and constraints. Emphasis is placed on the planning and the actual assembly of the planes, as well as on the personnel who design, build and fly them.

Previously classified footage of test flights is revealed as the series traces the production of military aircraft from drawing board to prototype to the final flight-ready model.

The series also presents commentary from officers, crew members and strategists on their flying experience. Featured are comments from the Enola Gay crew about their 1945 Atomic bomb mission over Hiroshima and an account of the 1986 bombing of Libyan military sites by American forces.

Reflecting the pride of people who helped develop warplanes, this series is a comprehensive report which pays tribute to both the glamorous spotlight as well as the tremendous financial and emotional price expended over the last 50 years of designing, building and flying warplanes.

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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390 Madison Avenue, New Milford, NJ 07646
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Membership EVELYN COHEN
Apt. 06-410 Delaire Landing Road
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Vice President
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549 East Main St., Evans City, Pa. 16033
Secretary DAVID G. PATTERSON
28 Squire Court, Alamo, Calif. 94507
American Representative Board of Governors JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, Texas 75230

GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters RAYMOND E. STRONG
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44th BG H.C. (Pete) HENRY
164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831
93rd BG FLOYD MABEE
28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801
389th BG LLOYD E. WEST
Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575
392nd BG JOHN B. CONRAD
2981 Four Pines, #1, Lexington, KY 40502
445th BG CHARLES L. WALKER
1530 S. Pomona B-32, Fullerton, CA 92632
446th WILLIAM F. DAVENPORT
13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705
448th BG LT. COL. LEROY J. ENGDahl, (Ret.)
1785 Wexford Dr., Vidor, TX 77662
453rd BG MILTON R. STOKES
P.O. Box 64, Westtown, PA 19395
458th BG E.A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21061
466th BG ELWOOD NOTHSTEIN
40 Meadow Dr., Spencerport, NY 14559
467th BG G. "JEFF" GREGORY
3110 Sheridan Dr., Garland, TX 75041
489th BG JAMES DAVIS
2519 Shell, Midland, TX 79705
491st BG PATRICK J. PERRY
3066 Pleasant Hill, Maumee, OH 43537
492nd BG E.W. (Bill) CLAREY
2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, Calif. 94022

HERITAGE LEAGUE

President MRS. KURT (VICKI) WARNING
2736A N. Dayton, Chicago, IL 60614

JOURNAL

Editor WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, Mass. 01938

DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

FREDERICK MEYER

106 Nottoway Drive, Penlynn, PA 19422

DIRECTOR OF ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES

DAVID G. PATTERSON

28 Squire Court, Alamo, Calif. 94507

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School of English and American Studies

University of East Anglia, Earlham, Norwich, England

JORDAN UTTAL

7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101

Dallas, Texas 75230

LT. COL. W.D. WUEST

14 St. Andrews Close, Hingham, Norfolk NR9 4JT

MRS. FRANCES DAVIES

57 Church Lane, Eaton, Norwich NR4 6NY

The 2AD Memorial and/or The B-24

by Bud Chamberlain
2ADA President

Until receipt of the last Journal, I had a different topic in mind for this issue. Then, Fred Breuninger (446th) changed my priorities. On page 4 of the Winter 1988 Journal, he had some important things to say, and did so eloquently. His concerns over the emphasis balance between the 2AD Memorial and the B-24 are not isolated. Since the matter is vital to what this Association is all about, I want to share with you my views on the subject. I suspect they reflect those of your Executive Committee, and hope they coincide with the majority of you.

First of all, I agree with Fred that the B-24 has been and still is unjustifiably treated as a "stepchild" in the family of great warbirds. As for me, I thought it was a joy to fly and found it to be truly a pilot's airplane. However, as good as it was, it was only a machine, and no better than those who operated it. As a matter of fact, some of our own members hold less flattering opinions. Among them are pilot friends and nose compartment teams, even in this Association, who felt that the designer was a fugitive from a sardine cannery. So, increasing emphasis on the Lib is unlikely to have universal appeal; whereas promoting the 2AD Memorial should. After all, it is our own, and dedicated to a high purpose. True, it is not accessible to all of us, but our Memorial is having a favorable impact upon those who see it in ways not originally imagined. Further, its potential is still evolving and needs all of the emphasis we can muster to push it along.

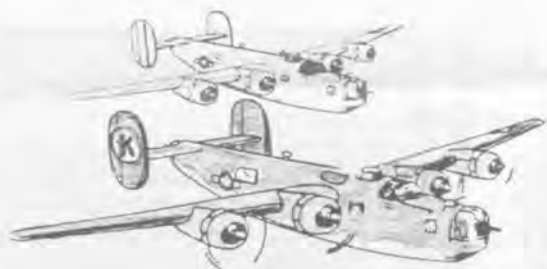
Look at it this way. Of the more than 18,000 B-24s built, only about 15% were used in the 2AD or predecessor units. This means that there are a lot of B-24 lovers out there who never even heard of the 2AD, much less each of its Groups. So, even if none of us in the 2ADA "supports" remembrance of the B-24 (which is far from likely), there are still legions of B-24 fans who will. On the other hand, without the 2ADA, who but our British friends would be left to support our 2AD Memorial - that small but growing cultural haven in England to remind us all of the teamwork, sacrifice and comradeship required more than 40 years ago to perform the tasks then before us. Again, I agree with Fred that both B-24 preservation and 2AD Memorial support are important. But, if I must choose where the emphasis belongs, it would be unhesitatingly on the Memorial. Here's why:

1. The 2AD Memorial has the greatest potential to keep the 2AD B-24 memory alive and, more importantly, to tell what it and its crews did.
2. Our 2AD Memorial is developing ever stronger bonds of friendship between the people of two great nations and between generations.
3. There is a broader based potential for "in situ" education of our children and grandchildren through our 2AD Memorial.

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458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

Time sure has a way with catching up and passing ... seems as if I just finished the December Journal article. For those who have called and written to me regarding the Winter '88 Journal, I can only tell you that I did not receive my copy until January 18, '89. I know that members in Texas, California, Florida and other states received their copies two weeks or so before the USPS got around to delivering to MD! Forget about the fact that Maryland is closer to Massachusetts, forget about logic! In this case, the USPS had "help" from the IRS. That's right, BOTH government services conspired this time. It's quite likely that our Editor has explained this "SNAFU" elsewhere in this issue, but here's the up-shot of it all. Seems like the mailer (the company that affixes the label on your Journal) had a tax problem and the IRS put a padlock on their door. The seven thousand copies had to stay there until Bill Robertie could get our property released, and get another company to do the job. Talk about Gremlins!

458th BOMB GROUP HISTORY BOOK: Needless to say, the late mailing mentioned above caused a number of our members to call or write regarding the book availability. I'd previously written that instructions on how to order the book would be in the Winter issue. Hopefully you have received your copy and have acted accordingly. The "History" (as of January 18th) has had just over 250 copies sold. Bear in mind that as of this date, many of our members



may still not have received their Winter Journal. I just was advised by George Reynolds that he has already paid back 74% of the "loan" and still has a few more checks to write before January is over. Book sales are going well and he feels that he will have paid back all the money by the time you receive this Journal. Again, anyone who has not yet ordered his copy of "458th Bombardment Group III" should write or call George Reynolds (phone 205-988-8791). Address again: George A. Reynolds, 4009 Saddle Run Circle, Helena, AL 35080. The book sells at \$19.00 and postage is included. Hard cover, lots of photos & facts and from the many calls and letters, extremely favorable comments from all regarding the great work George has done with this book. If you miss this one, it's not likely you will get a second chance at future printing, since I very much doubt that there will ever be another printing.

SQUADRON PATCHES: Again, several calls and letters regarding the Squadron patches. I must confess that most costs ranged from \$10 to \$16 per patch. That's much too expensive when you consider the minimum of 25 each of 4 squadrons. Checked with my good friend Glenn Tessmer (93rd) who still maintains contacts in Taiwan, and he feels they can do much better price-wise. I sent him my ONLY 754th patch last November and haven't, as yet, received any more info regarding costs, set-up charges, shipping costs, etc. Glenn feels that a "guesstimate" of about \$6.00 plus other costs mentioned, would be pretty close. I would appreciate hearing from

those who think that this is worth pursuing. After all, a 7 to 8 hundred dollar "lay-out" on my part, should warrant some idea of potential sales.

MEMBERSHIP: We continue to grow, but at a somewhat slower pace. The following have become members since the last 458th Roster print-out. Jim Perrin, SC; Chas Ivory, NJ; Alex Englese, NY; Jim Slauson, AR; Rev. Donald Albert, OH; John Haines, NJ; Thayer Hopkins, CA; Jim Busby, TX; Jim Ginn, KY; John McCain, IN; John Carter, FL; and Bob Gahn, FL. Sorry to say that God, in His infinite wisdom, has called the following to their Heavenly Rewards: Paul Faggioli, Melvin Fields, Herman Mandel and Stanley Johnson. Stan and Royna Johnson have been personal friends of mine for a great many years and it was a sad day when Royna advised that Stan passed away in mid-December. Sympathy from the 458th members have been expressed to their families.

755th ARMAMENT SECTION REUNION: Received the photo and information of the "Mini-Reunion" that the 755th Armament Section held in Nashville, TN last October 9 & 10, 1988. According to Joe Fisher and Jake Krause, it was a great success. Joe advised that 11 members and six wives were in attendance. They plan to meet every two years.



Front (l-r): M/Sgt. T.F. Downey, PA; Sgt. Wendell Cook, SD; T/Sgt John Livingston, KS; Cpl. W.O. Bogart, CA. Back (l-r): 1st Lt. Bill Seaman, TX; Sgt. Robert Long, IL; S/Sgt. Tom Rawlins, PA; Cpl. Willie Baker, NC; Cpl. John Krause, PA; Cpl. A.B. Hicks, TN; and Cpl. Joe Fisher, NC.

HILTON HEAD ISLAND REUNION, 1989: It's a little hard to be very accurate in January when it comes to "numbers" in November, but Evelyn Cohen advises that so far, the 458th shows 110 people have made their deposits for the reunion. I feel sure that this figure will increase as the time comes closer to the event. If you think that you might be going, why not advise Evelyn and submit your deposit? As for Norwich in 1990, the total (so far) is 119 who have submitted their small deposits. It would seem that this will be "that one last look," but I've long since learned to "never say never." My intent here is to let you know that there is still a good chance that both of these reunions still have space available.

458th BOMB GROUP REUNION: Ever since the October '87 reunion and dedication we held in Dayton, I've had a few inquiries as to whether we would consider having another Group reunion. I've asked Duke Trivette if he would consider doing it again, and he felt that "the second time around" might not be as bad. In any case, I would like to hear from the Group as to how this sounds. If enough interest in having another Dayton reunion complete with a Wright-Patterson Air Museum and Memorial visit is desired, then we shall once again put the wheels in motion. Perhaps another city with a bus trip to W-P may be desired. Why not send me your ideas and perhaps we can work something up. For those who have not yet seen our Memorial, it would be a great opportunity to do so with your fellow Group friends. A card, letter or phone call from enough people, and we could make it happen again!

Vice President's Message



by Frank DiMola

Plans are underway for our Executive Meeting, which will be held March 31 and April 1. It will be a preview look at the site of our next reunion, Hilton Head, South Carolina. With any luck, we may receive this issue of the Journal before meeting time.

Our hearty congratulations to the Heritage League of the Second Air Division Association for publishing their first edition for December 1988 of the "no name" paper of the League. Norma Beasley can use your material that you guys and gals are hiding. Write it up and send it to her for the next issue. They still have no name for their newsletter and are waiting for suggestions from all of you. Their membership is growing in leaps and bounds and at the last count, it was just over 450. The most impressive enrollment that I noticed was the large number of families in the League. Can you imagine large enrollment of 13 Longs, 11 Homans, 10 Chamberlains, 8 Pools, 8 Beasleys, and so on. Now I am sure that the Heritage League will live forever.

2nd ADA Memorial and/or the B-24 (cont. from page 2)

4. Our 2AD Memorial is a better statement of sacrifices made to preserve freedom with the hope of avoiding the same mistakes again.

Winston Churchill, on being made an honorary citizen of the United States, drafted a letter to President Kennedy in blank verse. It read as follows:

Our comradeship
And our brotherhood in arms
Were unexampled.
We stood together
And because of that
The free world now stands.

Surely, such comradeship is fostered more through strengthening the impact of our 2AD Memorial than romanticizing over a piece of hardware, however beloved. That comradeship will pay off again, too, should the need arise. The B-24 will not. So, let's individually, consistent with personal experience, join with others to support preservation of the B-24. But, as an Association and as Groups, let's get fully behind our 2AD Memorial and all that it can be. Let's nourish that special place through vigorous support to the American Librarian Project while the time is ripe.

The 448th Speaks

by Leroy Engdahl

1989 is upon us and our 5th consecutive Group reunion in conjunction with the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of our B-24 Liberator is just around the corner, being held at Ft. Worth, Texas, May 17-21.

The 448th will be staying at the Holiday Inn South, six miles from downtown Ft. Worth, off IH-35, the Ft. Worth/Waco Highway.

Those of you who attended our first Group reunion at Shreveport/Barksdale AFB in 1985 and Lt. General Kenneth L. Peak's entertaining speech will wish him and his wife happiness in their recent retirement.

Those of you who attended our second Group reunion in 1986 at Dayton, Ohio and Wright/Patterson AFB Museum will be pleased to learn that our banquet speaker, then Major General Charles D. Metcalf, is now Lt. General Metcalf. Our congratulations go to him.

There are no generals presently at Carswell AFB in Ft. Worth, but we are working on getting a speaker for our Saturday night banquet on May 20. More details will be in the mailing to our reunion attendees.

I have been in touch with Cater Lee and he advises me that you are sending in the profiles he asked for and he thanks you, but for those who still have not done so, please do this right away so we can send a copy of each one's profile to the "Station 146" Seething Tower Association for their permanent records. Also, each of us are encouraged to send in our 1989 membership dues to the Tower Association. These dues help in keeping the restored tower in tiptop condition for visitors in the future to enjoy. These dedicated British friends take pride in showing the memorabilia you have sent and the collection is reportedly one of the very best in the East Anglia area. Let's all help by joining!

I have appointed a Nominating Committee to select a member for our Group VP for the 1990 term. The committee members are: Ronald Berryhill, former navigator; Allen Cassady, former bombardier; Gail Irish, former asst. crew chief; and Morris Cooper, former armament/gunner. We appreciate these men accepting this task as it is not an easy one and whoever takes the duty as our Group VP will have a very big and important job and will need the help of all our fine people.

I have been asked to put in our column a plea to help locate all ex prisoners-of-war of Stalag Luft IV and VI for enlisted men air crews. I am happy to comply. I am advised this group holds a reunion each year, and if you were one of the POWs and are not a member, please contact Leonard E. Rose, 8103 E. 50th St., Indianapolis, Ind., 46226.

A reminder if you definitely intend to attend either or both reunions at Hilton Head, SC or England in 1990: Don't forget to send in your \$50.00 deposit per person per reunion. You may get your money back up to 90 days before each reunion.

Occasionally we learn of one of our 2AD members passing away one or even more years after the fact. We like to recognize our brothers in arms demise and put it in the "Folded Wings" column, but we don't want to do it two years later, so please, if you know of one of our brothers passing away, please let Evelyn Cohen or his Group VP know. Thanks.

When Bob and June Marjoram of England and the Waveney Flying Group attended our 448th reunion last October at Harlingen/McAllen, Texas, Bob brought with him quite a supply of the 448th tea towels for sale to help the Seething Tower Fund. These sell for \$10.00 plus \$1.00 and two stamps for packing and postage. When a number have been sold I'll write a check on our 448th Special Account where the receipts are deposited and send it to England. These new design tea towels are for the 448th only as they have our squadron emblems in each corner; and also at each corner in the 8th AF emblem our 448th Bomb Group insignia is largely exhibited across the top. Our assembly plane, the "Checkerboard," is largely displayed beneath, and below that our airfield runway layout, the Seething Village Church, and lastly, our restored Seething Control Tower. Also a brief history of our Group. The design is great and if you want one, just send me a check for eleven dollars and two stamps.

I have a good supply of the pewter B-24 tie tacs that sell for \$6.00; also the smaller (3/4") silver plated B-24 lapel pins for \$7.00; same but as ladies charms for \$7.00; same but as ladies earrings at \$12.00 per pair. Please specify "pierced or non-pierced." Also a good supply of small U.S. Flag lapel pins at \$4.00; tail patch insignias donated by Ben & Charlotte Everett to go in 448th Special Account at \$2.00 each. Please send orders to me at 1785 Wexford Dr., Vidon, TX 77662.

Ben Johnson has a supply of our attractive 448th caps that feature a 4" long B-24 set in yellow with Air Force blue cap having 8th AF insignia design on each side below with 448th BG in blue in center. Caps sell for \$6.00. Send orders to Ben at 3990 15th St., Pt. Arthur, TX 77642. Let's show what Group we are with at Ft. Worth by wearing an attractive 448th cap.

Hoping to see a large turnout of 2AD personnel at Ft. Worth, especially our 448th people.

Dear Bill:

On behalf of the Collings Foundation, I would like to thank the Second Air Division Association Journal for the fine articles written by Art Cullen regarding the restoration of the *only restored flying B-24 in the world*.

Many 2nd AD members have contributed to this project and the donations from the 453rd BG have reached the level where the Group will be recognized on the side of the plane. Hopefully, many of the other 2nd AD Bomb Groups will really get behind the project so that their Bomb Group will proudly fly again.

Also, I would like to thank Fred Breuninger for his thoughts and support. His second point in particular - that the 2nd AD should be involved in the *only restored flying B-24 in the world!* The fact that the 453rd BG leads contributions in BOTH the Library Fund and the Restore the B-24 Project suggests that BOTH projects are worthwhile and BOTH *should* and *can* be supported.

The B-24 and its crews are about to get some long overdue recognition and respect. The two 50 year celebrations at Ft. Worth and San Diego are creating a lot of excitement. General Dynamics, as a Major Plane Sponsor of the Collings Foundation B-24 Restoration Project will be running major ads featuring the B-24 in *Fortune*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Washington Post*, *Business Week*, *U.S. News*, *Aviation Week* and others that will "knock your socks off."

And when we take the only restored flying B-24 in the world around to air shows and Bomb Group reunions, it will be with great pride that those who have donated to the cause and made it possible can say, "I helped make that happen."

— Robert F. Collings

NEEDED ITEMS/DONATIONS

Throttle Quadrant/\$200
Bomb Bay Hydraulics/\$400
Emergency Gear Retract Winch/\$375
Brake Drum Assembly/\$350
Loran/Navcom Equipment
Ball Turret Hangers/\$300
Trim Tab/\$120
Machine Replica Bomb Fuses
Intercoolers/\$450
Sight for Top Turret/\$125
Walk Around Oxygen Bottle/\$50
Bombardier Panel
Replica 500# Bomb/\$350
Pitot Tube/\$50
Radio Operator's Table/\$135
Nose Turret Glass/\$3,000
Tail Turret Glass/\$3,000
New 56" SC Tires/\$1,100
Complete Overhaul of 1830/\$18,000
Rear Turret Ammo Chute/\$400

The Collings Foundation
River Hill Farm
Stow, Massachusetts 01775

466th Bomb Group

by E. W. Nothstein

1989 will be a big year for all of the 2nd Air Division Association members and their comrades. Many of them will make a pilgrimage to Fort Worth, Texas in May to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the B-24 Liberator. I will not be among you, as a long dreamed of trip to Alaska is coming to fruition and budget expenditures allow for only so many trips per year.

I plan to intensify my recruiting efforts this year and I would appreciate all of the assistance you have to offer. The most difficult part of this endeavor is to obtain the names and addresses of our former comrades. Please share with me any and all leads you may have, and I will follow up on them.

Last year, 1988, we added 26 new names to our membership list. The names are listed below, and if you wish to contact any of them, please write to me for the complete address:

Ben A. Brown, Norman, OK; John M. Capps, Dexter, MO; Anthony J. Carra, Victor, NY; Heath H. Carriker, Ellerbee, NC; John T. Cloghessy, Jr., Dyer, IN; Robert S. Cloud, Deptford, NJ; Frank J. Cook, Philadelphia, PA; Col. Robert B. Crane, Urbana, IL; Col. Charles F. DiBrell, San Antonio, TX; Harold L. Dietz, Palestine, TX; Donald H. Goede, Colorado Springs, CO; Robert J. Harterink, Willow Springs, IL; W. Henry Heidtbrink, Jr., Denver, CO; Edward H. Jones, Hanford, CA; Rev. Charles W. Lanton, Shelton, CT; Karl I. Majjala, Sun City West, AZ; Robert A. Marsh, Murray Hill, NJ; Robert Mundy, Jr., Ferrisburg, VT; Donald F. Murray, Endwell, NY; Earl H. Nichols, Houston, TX; Ben Olson, Redding, CA; Thomas F. Reto, Youngstown, OH; Leonard H. Smith, Santa Cruz, CA; Jack H. Wendling, Filer, ID; Frank E. Wolf, Portage, IN.

The American Librarian Fund is growing, but there are some who have not sent in

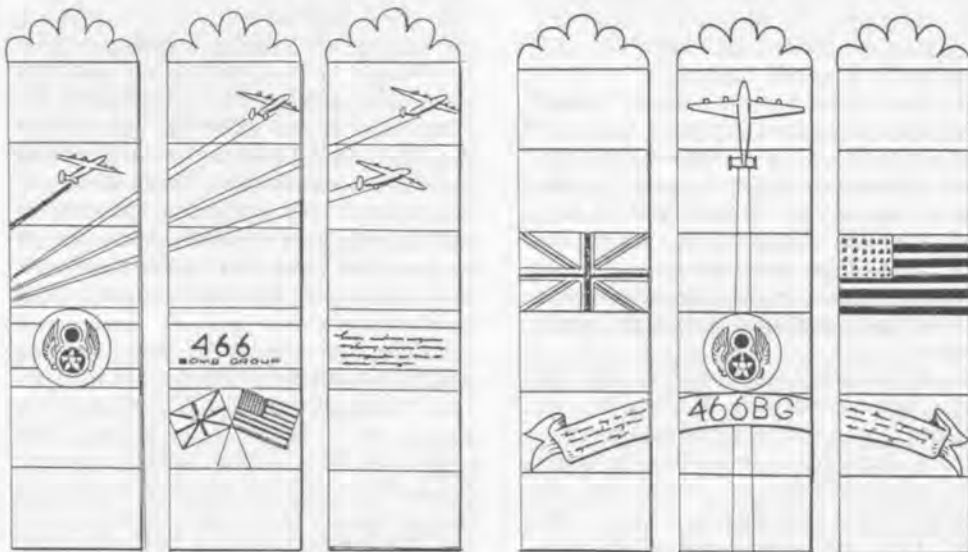
their pledges or contributions. I urge everyone to send them in as soon as possible. No amount is too small - every dollar counts!

I would like to extend a special welcome to our new Associate members, Mary Cronberger, Oak Park, MI and Anne Carlichs, Ridge, NY. To quote one of these ladies, she and her sons "truly enjoy reading all the memorabilia sent. I thank you for the enjoyment my husband received reading all the brochures, plus the get-togethers we went to and meeting old friends."

Update with regards to the memorial window project for All Saints Church in Weston-Longville: (1) There were no drawings or designs formulated in 1976. (2) The monies collected for the memorial were donated to the Library in Norwich. (3) At the time of conception of the plan, Bill Brooks was president of the 466th. When the plan was dropped, "Pappy" Daniels was Group VP.

It was dropped due to insufficient funding. It has come to my attention that the 466th Bomb Group Association is in the pre-planning stages of placing a monument at the airfield (Attlebridge). With all of this in mind, I would like to receive some input from you, the members, in order to make a fair decision about this matter.

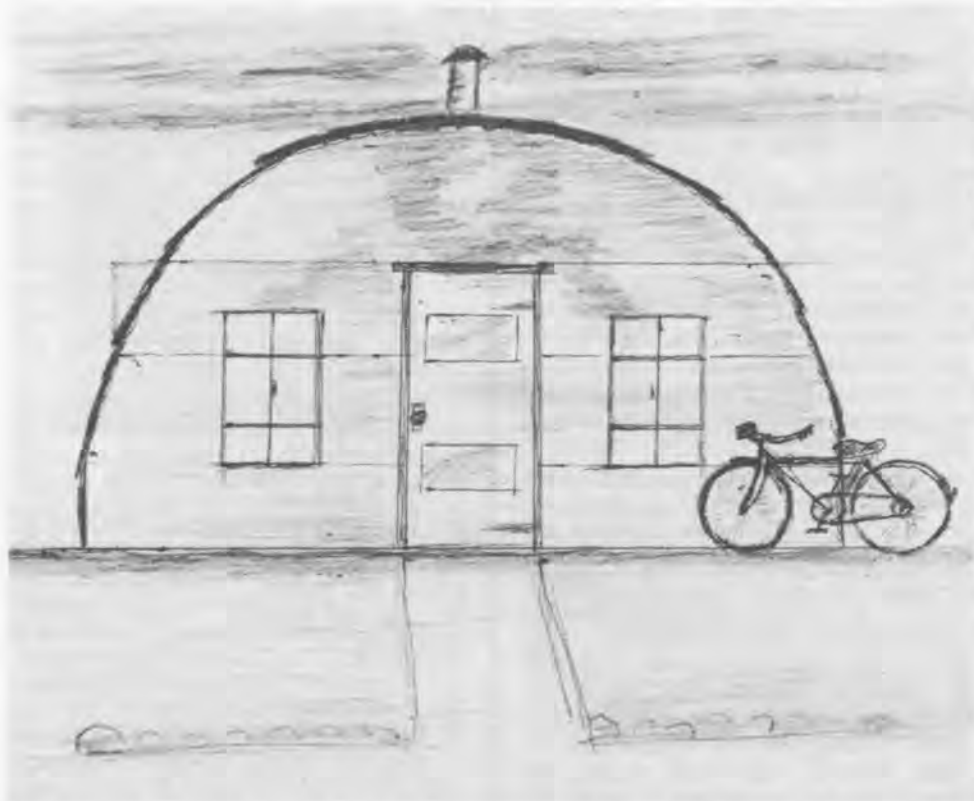
Should we continue with this effort and install the window and scroll in All Saints Church or shall we again abandon the project and put it to rest? Another alternative would be to join with the 466th Bomb Group Association and support their efforts to erect a monument at the airfield. I have not received any comments from anyone on this subject since June in Colorado Springs. Let's hear from you. The accompanying sketch was prepared by Art Sessa to give you an idea of what the project is trying to achieve.



Two of many possibilities for a memorial window at All Saints Church, Weston-Longville. (Renderings: A. Sessa)

This Old Hut

by Michael Donahue



Two bomber crews or twelve men living together in the cramped quarters of a Nissen Hut, located on an American airbase in England during WWII, wasn't what you might call a piece of cake.

These young men coming from all areas of the United States and Hawaii, with different personalities and backgrounds, were thrown together to live, fly, and possibly even to die together. They did have some things in common - they were young, cocky, intelligent, with a love of flying and a burning desire for adventure.

Early in 1944 at Westover Field, Massachusetts, our crew of four Officers and six enlisted men was formed. After many training flights in a B-24 bomber we were assigned to the 8th Air Force and sent to England where we began flying bombing raids into France and Germany.

As the months went by and the number of completed missions increased, the stress and mental strain on the crew became apparent. Hate and anger, especially for the enemy, began to occupy our minds. Sometimes the smallest issue among the crew could trigger an emotional explosion. We didn't know it at the time, but we were approaching a condition known as "battle fatigue."

I can remember one occasion that our spirits were dampened. It was after we returned from a bombing raid on a target in Hamm, Germany. At de-briefing our hearts were saddened when we learned that the crew who shared our hut was missing in action. Tired and weary and emotionally drained from the day's activities, we peddled our bicycles fast to get to the warmth and comfort of the old Nissen hut. When I

arrived at the hut I sensed that something was wrong, for over the half round metal roof hovered a layer of mist and smoke. I was informed by a fireman that while we were away, a fire had burned up the inside of the hut. Most of the crew was at their bunks when I entered the smelly, dimly lit, water soaked hut. Dave Moore, our ball turret gunner, lay stretched out on the bare springs of his bunk with his head propped up on a layer of charred biscuits. When I passed his bunk I could hear him humming his favorite song, "I'll Be Seeing You." I realized then that his thoughts were of his sweetheart Clare who was far across the sea in Massachusetts. Without any warning Dave took his 45 automatic from its holster; with gun in hand he raised it above his head and touched off a round. The bullet traveled through the corrugated metal, leaving a nice round hole in the ceiling above his bunk. The report from the gun echoed through the small quarters. It was like being inside a bell when it rang. When the smoke and the noise cleared we all looked at Dave, who just lay there with silly damn grin on his face. You know that foolish stunt put a smile on all our faces and brought us all back to reality.

Having been relieved of flying combat, our crew began the strenuous task of training for lead crew of the 20th wing. This, among other things, was probably the reason why Bob Thomas, our nose gunner, and I almost came to blows on a cold and rainy evening. We were very good friends, but I got the crazy idea that Bob, who spent a lot of time at Squadron Operations, was volunteering my services for many extra ground duties and flying assignments. The

one thing that I really took exception to was the time when he got me drunk while we were on pass in London, and while at a dance at Covent Gardens, he proceeded to steal my best girl away from me.

When I look back on it now, I feel honored and grateful that I had the opportunity to be part of a B-24 crew that flew the Glenn Miller Band around England. Firing flares out of old "Balls of Fire" during the assembly of the groups was a great experience. But I'll be damned if I will forgive him for trying to steal my best girl away from me in London.

Walter "Beetle" Bourland, tail gunner. When Sperry and Consolidated designed the turrets, they had "The Beetle" in mind.

Dean V. Neadeue, engineer, was the silent leader of the non-commissioned officers. He admired and respected our pilot, Leland Spencer, and co-pilot Hugo A. Pofi with a passion, and in return they had complete confidence in his ability as a flight engineer. To these men and their ability to fly the Liberator I owe my very existence.

Frank Kelly, lead navigator. Frank took pride in getting us there and back.

Kuk, lead bombardier. His hits on the target made our trips to the continent worthwhile.

The man who really loved everyone on our crew was the waist gunner Jack Marshall. Jack was our peacemaker. When things got ugly in the hut and tempers flared among the crew members, Jack with his marvelous sense of humor would jokingly intervene and bring the situation to a harmonious and happy conclusion.

"Happy Jack" is not with us anymore, but wherever you are, we still love you.

Heavy Bomber Extravaganza!

The highlight of this year's 1941 "Wings of Eagles" airshow, sponsored by the National Warplane Museum of Geneseo, NY, will be the return of at least six B-17 "Flying Fortress" heavy bombers as well as a B-24 "Liberator" and an Avro Lancaster. In addition to the four engine bombers, over 75 vintage World War II aircraft will be featured, making this popular show the largest gathering of Warbirds in the Northeast.

From biplanes to jet fighters, helicopters to current military aircraft, the sky will be filled from early morning until late afternoon. Static displays will provide entertainment for family members of all ages. Confirmed dates for this event are Saturday, August 19, and Sunday, August 20. Friday, August 18 is aircraft arrival day.

For further information on the 1941 "Wings of Eagles" airshow, write the National Warplane Museum, P.O. Box 159, Geneseo, NY 14454 or call (716) 243-0690.

An Open Letter To All Members

by J. Fred Thomas, 2ADA Past President

Dear member, ex-presidents are about as well remembered as yesterday's newspaper. However, I was 392nd BG VP 1980-1985, Executive VP 1983-1984, and Association President 1984-1985. I was a member of the Executive Committee until last June. I say this so that newer members know I have some knowledge of the subject I wish to address.

I wish you to consider the American Librarian Fund which was activated last June at Colorado Springs. The matter was studied for several years, and all the pros and cons were definitely considered by your Executive Committee, most Vice Presidents, and many members. When all the facts were on the table, the activation of the plan was voted by a large majority. Rumor has it that I don't like to spend money, and I certainly don't like to ask anyone for money. That's beside the point. The facts are that we have improved our Second Air Division Memorial a great deal in the last few years. We were very fortunate to have the support of the Fulbright Foundation for the past two years, but that support is no more, and the matter is on our lap. Now, we can go one of two ways. We can either continue to go forward and continue to increase our momentum, or we can forget it and see our memorial slowly return to the rather seedy condition of a few years back. It isn't that the British want it that way, it is just the fact that they don't have the tax money to afford a staff to man our Memorial Room. Who knows how the coming generations will feel about our Memorial, not to mention what interest they will have in what we did over there during our bleak days of WWII. There is no refuting the fact that if we want our story to continue to be told and our Memorial to continue to be a reminder to the world of the part we played in history, there is no substitute for making sure that we will have an American on the scene to care for and see that our Memorial continues to do its job as we want it done. The inescapable fact that most of us won't be around for many more years makes our Fund just that much more logical and desirable.

In the planning stages, some of us thought a direct mailing to every member was the way to go. Wiser heads prevailed, however, and we are using only the Journal. We sincerely hope it will work, but in aviation parlance, "If we don't rev this thing up, this turkey will never get off the ground." And having been an aviator for nigh on to 40 years of my life, I don't like those words at all. And another thing, for all my questions, objections and doubts, damned if I don't find myself on the committee to get this thing flying. There is just one answer to that. Many of us have spent

quite a lot of our own money and more time than you would believe representing every member of our Association. Now, we have to have your help. When our Executive Committee voted to activate the Fund project, we were asked to state what we would pledge toward making it a success. Thirteen of us pledged \$22,000. We put our money where our mouths were. However, we can't do it all, and I'm sure you don't expect that of us. It's your Memorial as well as ours, regardless of how you feel, so give us a break.

I began this hoping all of you will read it, but I really want to address about 2500 members who are sitting on their duffs waiting to see whether we fly or crash. We have had several tell us that they will give \$1,000 as soon as they see we will make this thing a success. What is my answer supposed to be to that? The only way we will ever know whether we will succeed or not is when we receive enough of your pledges to show we can expect to receive our desired amount. We know we have some among our members who just can't afford a donation. Believe me, I have been there when all I had in my pockets were holes, and we can sympathize with any in that situation. All we would like from any who are unable to contribute is an encouraging word. Of course, any contribution whatsoever will be appreciated. On the other hand, do we not have 2500 members out of 7,000 who can easily afford to pledge \$200 to be paid over the next two years? We started out saying three years, but nearly one year has been frittered away. Let me simplify it for you. When one says let's raise \$500,000, it's a shock, but when we stop to realize that if those affluent 2500 we have mentioned give just that \$200, our goal has been met. Is that too much to expect?

Again, in the planning stages, we stressed that all Group VPs should join with the Executive Committee to explore all facets of the project. We stated that if the matter didn't have the full support of the majority of the VPs, the project would be unlikely to fly. So far, Vice President support seems to be lukewarm. I tell you now, unless our Vice Presidents begin to voice their support for the Fund, we will surely crash. As we read the Winter issue of the Journal, only Ray Strong, VP Hdq, made any mention of the importance of supporting the Library Fund. All other VPs seemed to be selling everything but the Division program; mostly projects peculiar to their Groups at their old bases. We find nothing greatly wrong with that. Our own 392nd BG has formed an independent Memorial Group, and we have quite an ambitious \$120,000 project going to refurbish our memorial obelisk at Wendling. Anyone worth his salt takes

pride in his Group, the old base, and our British friends about those bases. Why not leave some marker to memorialize our serving there? We drink to those endeavors, and once again, we have put our money where our mouth is and given a greater than average donation toward the 392nd BG project. However, the point I'm trying to make is: Let's not let our individual Group activities monopolize our thinking to the point where it is too highly detrimental to our Division program. After all, our individual Groups didn't fly alone in WWII. It was in Wings and a Division that we made our contributions to the winning of the war. So should it be in completing what I view as our last Division "mission." I don't want the Group VPs to get me wrong. I have been there, too, and I know who does the work to keep our Association growing. I also know you have to do what is popular with your own members in order to keep their interest. I went that route for over five years. However, I recall writing articles warning of the dangers of splintering our Division organization, and I'm distressed to see what seems to be an increase in that direction. Further, in fairness to our VPs, I know most of you have given generous donations to the Librarian Fund. So have the officers of some of the independent Group organizations. I know some officers of the 392nd BGMA have donated, and all involved fully appreciate it. What I hope for is more vocal support from our VPs. I don't want to make a career out of this thing, so let's complete this last "mission" so we can direct our attention to other desirable endeavors.

I believe I have belabored and berated most segments of all associated organizations. Let me return to that affluent 2500 members sitting on that fence. Do yourself and us a satisfying favor by sending Jordan Uttal some sort of pledge for \$200. The preferred way I would hope for would be for you to send him a check for \$50 with a pledge to donate another \$150 in the next 18 months. If that isn't acceptable, send him whatever you choose along with a sincere pledge. We want him to get enough pledges so he can announce that our project is airborne. I want to get back to those who say they will give \$1,000 when they know we are at cruise altitude. Let me remind you that your donations are tax deductible, and if for some reason our project doesn't fly, you will get your money back. We know you are asked to give to every charity on earth. We just hope you deem our project worthy of your gift. As for Jordan Uttal, tell him you are giving only because old J. Fred begged you. Seriously, I *am* begging you. I want to get this thing off our backs. Also, it is taking too much out of the old man to compose these billets-doux.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



In this issue, we will depart from our standard "bill of fare" for the troops who read our stuff in the Journal. As I understand it, a reader in another Group took issue with some of the wording regarding the information that I lifted from the various news releases and recognized statements issued in June 1944 by the people in the "real know." First of all, he deserves an answer. So I referred to the last issue of our Group publication where we had a similar letter for the answer. "Aren't we democratic." Well, here is the answer used previously. "As to who led the D-Day mission, what real difference does it make 44 years later. The fact remains that the 446th Bomb Group under Brogger's leadership was assigned that responsibility."

The faith placed in our Group for this important mission is an honor, right?

Moving along to 1989: The 446th organization is growing. Its first chapter has been created in Florida and named in honor of our beloved Chaplain Gannon. Its second meeting was held in Ft. Myers, Florida in November with a turnout from all over of 121. Father Joe Murphy also was present to honor Chaplain Gannon along with Col. Brogger, who attended his first 446th get-together since September 1944, when he returned to the ZI with a wounded leg.

Congratulations were received from the Commander-in-Chief as follows:

Dear Chaplain Gannon:

I am prouder than words can say to add my congratulations to those you are receiving as the Florida Chapter of the 446th Bombardment Group Association renames itself in your honor.

I needn't point out how truly well deserved this tribute is, during World War II you asked for and received an age waiver so you could join the Army Chaplain Corps and minister to our country's defenders. You inspired the entire 446th with your faith and compassion, your devotion to duty, your willingness to sacrifice. Your presence in times of joy and sorrow meant everything to the brave Airmen you served.

You then continued as a Chaplain after the war and during the Korean War as well, always in the highest traditions of the Chaplain Corps and your calling to the ministry. I salute you, Father Joseph Murphy, Colonel Jacob Brogger, and all the members of the 446th, and I join you in prayerful remembrance of those who can answer roll call no longer.

Again, congratulations, and very best wishes. God bless you, and God bless America.

- Ronald Reagan

Bill McMahon showed poetic flair, a hidden part of his personality, with this from-the-heart tribute.

"A Man Named John"

by Bill McMahon

Many years ago we met a man named John. He was sent by God to shepherd his flock, the 446th Bomb Group. Everyone who came in contact with this shepherd named John left with everlasting memories. The memories and comfort that he gave us in such adverse conditions would last a lifetime.

Johnny, we're glad we knew you.

The inspiration that this man named John gives to all is very much alive for us, who are blessed with his presence among us. Men came from far and near to shake his hand, and share their lives, their hopes, their dreams; the kind words, the love and compassion, would restore the heart and soul, soothe the nerves, give meaning to the long dangerous journey we were about to undertake. From his quick Irish smile and gentle way we drew strength and peace of mind that would sustain us when things started looking hopeless.

Johnny, we're glad we knew you.

Now that the planes are quiet, no longer do we go forth to do battle, we are again drawn to this prince of peace and love. The same soft gentle way, the quick smile, the warm handshake, the friendly greeting that rekindles the flame of love and admiration for our shepherd of long ago. As the shadows start to lengthen, we all realize how fortunate we were to know this man named John.

Johnny, we're glad we knew you.

Besides his loving flock, he tends to his ailing wife, gently feeding her, lots of kind words, then a warm kiss. The kind word to other patients in the ward. His glow radiates around him like a white dove, touching all who come in contact with him. Even to this day, John goes among his flock in distant places, giving his love to his special flock, the 446th Bomb Group. From the bottom of our hearts, we give you our everlasting thanks and admiration ... We love you John. You will always fill a special place in our hearts. We are so fortunate to know you. May it be God's wish that after our final mission we make a soft landing in paradise and spend eternity together. Thank you for showing us the way.

Johnny, we are glad we knew you.

Yes, Chaplain Gannon and all you Florida guys, you did good. See you in Ft. Worth in May. Next issue we will again describe how it really was with the 446th. We will tell you all about Station 125. Eat your hearts out.

Keep tuned to Beach Bell.

Letter to a Former Crewmate

Dear Bob,

It's been 45 years since Hitler's cannon fire ripped through your chest and you joined the ranks of the 2nd Air Division's 6400 KIA. I'll never forget your ultimate sacrifice.

Lately, however, I've been concerned that when I'm gone, there will be only a lingering few who personally remember your sacrifice, as well as the other 6400 lost Americans. No grandchildren will visit your gravesite: you left no children. After all, you were only 21. You didn't have much more than just a good start in life when your heart exploded.

But now I see a worthy and practicable way to ensure a proper and lasting tribute to you and our other Roll of Honor airmen into and beyond the 21st century. Incidentally, Bob, as you know, a few of the fallen 6400 were ground crew fellows who volunteered to fly combat when needed.

There's a special Librarian Fund Drive underway to raise \$500,000. The money will be invested within the U.S. and the earned annual interest will, under the guidance of our present and succeeding Anglo-American Board of Directors, enable us to hire a permanent full-time Memorial Room Librarian and Aide. Judicious husbanding of the capital assets should allow our successors to continue the hiring arrangement long into the future, probably into perpetuity.

The literary and material upgrading of our American Roll of Honor Room in Norwich Central Library the past two years by American Librarian Bertha Chandler and British Aide Tony North has been immensely encouraging and proves the worthiness of full-time effort. Their enthusiasm in promoting general knowledge of the U.S., with emphasis on the 2nd Air Division's wartime contribution among Norfolk's school children and adults too, is commendable.

The Memorial Room is really your Room, Bob; yours and the other "forever young" men. Equally practical and symbolic, the Room is a little bit of our hearts - your heart - placed in the caring hands of our British friends.

I'm contributing to the library fund drive in memory of you, dear former crewmate. And I hope at least 6399 other 2nd Air Division Association members join in honoring each one of our revered 6400 Roll of Honor Americans by contributing.

So long for now, Bob Bonham.

- Donald V. Chase

*Whether it's \$10 or ten thousand,
please make checks payable to
"2nd Air Division Association" and mail to
Jordan R. Uttal
7824 Meadow Park Dr., Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230*

Up We Go - Down We Go

by Elwin J. McKenney (44th)

When I read William E. Coleman's story "Channel Incident" in the Journal where he tells of troubles caused by the strange actions of his auto pilot, I recalled a similar incident.

It was sometime in September 1943 and we were on our way from Shipdham to Marrakech, the first leg of a trip to Tunis. We were loaded with a full crew, all our luggage, spare parts, equipment, bicycles, etc. This was the second tour to North Africa for our Wing; the first was to Bengasi.

Lands End, England was well behind us and we had leveled off at 12,000 feet over the Atlantic, some place northwest of Portugal. It was night and we were in smooth air between cloud layers. No horizon, strictly on instruments. Most of our previous flying had been formation, low altitude or other hands-on type, so my experience with auto pilots was very limited. We had the auto pilot set on the "warm up" mode during climb and had essentially forgotten about it.

The first sign of anything wrong was a slight vibration and unresponsiveness in aileron control. I noticed it first and asked the co-pilot to see if he could feel it. He took the controls and made some slight banks. The vibration and tendency to over-control became more apparent and I got back on the controls with him trying to get things stabilized. It was too late; we were banking back and forth with the plane resisting our efforts to level off. On top of this we started into first a shallow and then steeper dive, still resisting all control efforts. The feeling on the wheel and rudder control was first shaky with no response, then it would take hold and violently respond to where immediate counter control was necessary with the same feelings.

In a matter of seconds we were in a steep dive while banking about 70 degrees first to the right and then to the left. All this in complete darkness, on instruments. About two more cycles and we would have been rolling towards the Atlantic.

I guess a light came on in my head or something. In desperation I banged down the master switch bar on the auto pilot and full control was returned. We stopped the violent banking and concentrated on pulling out of the screaming dive without pulling the wings off that Liberator. I don't recall the airspeed, but I do remember the altimeter and rate of climb indicator were unwinding like I had never seen before. We finally leveled out at about 4000 feet.

After getting our breath, the best course of action seemed to be to return to base to assess damage to the plane from the violent shaking maneuvers and stress of the pullout. We returned to Shipdham and made a very gentle landing.

The next day an inspection revealed only a few missing rivets. No structural damage. So we again took off for Marrakech, this time with no problems.

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

This is the first of the anecdotes, humorous events, and descriptions of the functions of the Division general and special staff. More will follow in future issues by other members. This one was written by Carl Barthel. Carl was Division Navigator during the last year we were in England. He flew his missions with the 93rd Bombardment Group and was then brought up to Division Headquarters. He stayed in the Air Force until retirement. He did not give his article a title, so I gave it one, "The Awards Ceremony and its Audience." All of us at HQ, at one time or another, probably stood in a similar formation on Mrs. Boileau's lawn overlooking the pond, even if we were not present at the one described, and can relate to the view of the pasture. Carl will, I hope, write more later about the Division Navigator's functions.

"The Awards Ceremony and its Audience" by Col. Carl C. Barthel

It was late in the war; France had been liberated, the war was being fought on German soil, Italy had surrendered, we were having trouble finding bomber targets, and we were having hopes of an end to the war in Europe. Word came through to a number of officers and enlisted staff to assemble at Ketteringham Hall. We did not know what for.

The day was good; even the sun was out for the occasion. We all formed in a line; Generals on the right, field grade officers next, company grade next, and senior NCOs on the left. The formation reflected the fact that we had spent more time fighting the war than we had at close order drill. A bit ragged, but we were all veterans of more than a year of war, some almost three years.

General Kepner and Senior Staff were out in front, and the Flag and Band were

there. Some cars drove up and a number of officers in a different uniform alighted. They consisted of a Senior General, his aide, and members of his staff; all French. With proper ceremony the General proceeded to present decorations to those of us who had been called in. Starting with the French Legion of Honour and ending with the Croix de Guerre, all were properly pinned and kissed on both cheeks. That was interesting; we had there a large General who hesitated (the French general was quite short, next to him), then finally bowed to receive the buss on his cheeks.

During all of this we were facing a large pond or small lake, and on the other side of the water was a fairly large herd of cattle. As the band played the Star Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise, the cattle formed up on the far side of the lake in quite a good formation and listened attentively to the entire proceedings. As citations were read, they would cock their heads to one side and then the other almost in unison. We could see them but the French contingent could not; our discipline was good; no one laughed or made an untoward remark.

There is a sequel to this. On 8 May 1987, my wife and I were in St. Pierre le Moutier in the center of France. That day is celebrated as the day of Liberation of France from Germany. As we drove into town, the roads were blocked for a parade; we joined the crowd. The parade was led by the school band, then the Gendarmes, then the Pompiers (firemen), then the veterans of WWII. There were a number of crutches and empty sleeves in the group; they had paid the price of Freedom. The Mayor addressed the group. I assure you that out there in the center of France, the work of the 2nd Air Division, as well as others, is to this day appreciated.

Folded Wings

44th

Oswin J. Unterreiner
Herman Wagenfurh
James P. Horton

93rd

Rodney D. Bortis
Harvey Charlebois
Anthony J. DeCillis

389th

Sidney Westlund

392nd

Col. Joseph P. Siegfried (Ret.)

445th

Billy W. Buzbee

448th

Arthur M. Herrington

453rd

Arthur Schneider

458th

Paul S. Faggioli
Col. Melvin E. Fields (Ret.)
Stanley L. Johnson
Herman Mandell

466th

Ray E. Wilson
Charles P. Miller

489th

Theodore Bomeisler, Jr.

491st

Curtis W. Alty

492nd

A.G. Raisig

HDQ

Albert Levit

65 FW

William E. Davis

2ADA Film Library — Revised 1-89

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

Video tapes — VHS — (Order by Roman #)

I Remember Them	} Order together	\$3.00
II A Village Remembers		
III Target for Today		
The Men Who Flew the Liberators		
2ADA Reunion 1973 — Colorado Springs		
2AD Memorial Dedication — Norwich 1963		\$3.00
IV The Mission		
Night Bombers — RAF		
Schweinfurt & Regensburg		
Memphis Bell		\$3.00
V Ploesti		
93rd B.G. in North Africa		
The Fight for the Sky		
2ADA Reunion Film Clip — Norwich 1983		\$3.00
VI The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 1-8	} Order together	\$9.00
VII The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 9-16		
VIII The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 17-24		
IX The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 25-26		
The Air Force Story — Vol. II — Chapters 1-6		
X Smashing of the Reich		
Medal of Honor — The Burning of Ploesti Oil		\$3.00
XI Some of Our Airmen Are No Longer Missing		
2ADA March AFB Memorial Service, 1984		\$3.00
The Superplane that Hitler Wasted — ME-262		
XII The Story of Willow Run		
Preflight Inspection of the B-24		
Flying the B-24		\$3.00
(This tape donated to 2ADA by 467 B.G. in memory of Adam Soccia)		
XIII Battleline Series — Bombing of Japan		
The Last Bomb — B-29's and P-51 Documentary		
Target Tokyo — B-24's Narrated by Ronald Reagan		\$3.00
XIV Aviation Cadet		
Wings of the Army		\$3.00
XV Air War Over Europe		
Target Ploesti		
Raid on Schweinfurt		
Counterblast: Hamburg		
Guided Missiles		\$3.00
XVI The Last Mission — 5 days of Norwich 1987 2ADA convention plus additional camcorder scenes by several members		\$3.00

We also have available single copies of the following:

"Winged Victory"	
"24's Get Back"	donated by Hugh McLaren
"Aerial Gunner"	\$5.00 each
"World War II"	donated by Roy Jonasson
with Walter Cronkite	(See Fall '88 Journal p. 32)
10 Volumes	\$5.00 each
"Faces of the 2nd Air Division"	Produced by Joe Dzenowagis
"Eight Candles for Remembrance"	\$5.00 each

\$5.00 per tape includes first class mailing. Please return them the same way ASAP.

Order from: Pete Henry
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

North Central States Mini-Reunion To Be Held

A 2ADA North Central States Mini-Reunion will be held September 15, 16, 1989 at the Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Michigan.

Notices of the reunion have been mailed to members residing in the North Central states. Hotel reservation forms and reunion registration forms should be completed and mailed no later than August 15, 1989.

Contact Mr. Wilbur Stites, 9334 Kahl Road, Black Earth, Wisconsin 53515, Tel. (608) 767-2625; or George J. Rundblad, 765 Stoney Point Road, Suttons Bay, Michigan 49682, Tel. (616) 271-6894 if you need more information pertaining to the reunion.

Castle Air Museum B-24 Progress

by Joseph T. Beach

Especially for 93rd members and others who would want to attend, the projected "Dedication/Roll Out" and 93rd mini-reunion, in conjunction with roll out of the restored B-24 at the Castle (AFB) Air Museum, is tentatively scheduled for some weekend in October 1989. There is no way to be more precise at this time.

Henry Betz, my co-chairman for the mini-reunion, and I visited with the Commander of the 329th CCTS, his project officer, and Mr. Russ Morrison, curator of the Castle Air Museum. They gave us an update on the restoration. It goes without saying that many parts are still missing and will either have to be manufactured or bought some place. The main wings have been attached to the fuselage, land-gear is in place, tail turret is just about ready for guns, and the cockpit is about 80% complete. Lots of new "skin" has replaced the original skin.

One big thing the museum needs is lots of "green," so please, people, reach into your pockets (or better, write a check), and send a contribution to the Castle Air Museum, Atwater, CA 95301 for this most worthy project. (Be sure to indicate on your check "B-24 Restoration.")

The Castle Air Museum has over 30 aircraft on open air display, plus others stored inside (the fabric covered planes suffer in the intense summer heat). If any 2ADA members are driving either North or South along Highway 99, the museum is just north of Merced (CA), actually in Atwater, just outside the main gate of Castle AFB, home of the 93rd Bomb Wg. It's a stop well worth the time and I would encourage one and all to stop in.

Any 93rd people and others interested in the roll out who have any questions, please call me at (916) 331-3331 or write: Joseph T. Beach, 4128 Galbrath Dr., N. Highlands, CA 95660. If you want a written reply, be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

For former members of the 329th Bomb Squadron who would like to share some of their WWII experiences with the present day USAF 329th CCTS (Combat Crew Tng Sq), please send them to either L.Col. Bob McEneaney, Commander of the 329th, or Maj. Cris Kirtland, 329th B-24 project officer, c/o 329th CCTS, Castle AFB, CA 95342-5000.

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

As most of you know, Buddy Cross has had to resign as our 445th Group VP. I have been asked to take on the job and am doing it willingly, and will certainly give it my best shot, but following in the footsteps of Buddy, Frank DiMola and Dave Patterson is a big order and will require the help of all of you. I need your ideas and suggestions in order to get the job done.

So now you good 445thers have a new Group VP who is submitting his first column to the Journal. With Bill Robertie's good editing, perhaps it will turn out to be readable.

First off, let's welcome new members Stewart J. Ross, Lynnfield, MA; Theodore J. Kaye, Hilton Head, SC (we will surely see you in November); Lee A. Troggio, New Castle, PA; Ralph B. Crandell, Sylvania, OH; Samuel S. Anzalone, Magnolia, DE; Joseph L. Weckesser, Rochester, NY; and Eugene Waldher, Tucson, AZ. A hearty welcome to all of you! I do have one request. Each of you surely knows the name and address of other former (not necessarily 445th) 2nd ADA people who should be members of the Association but are not. Why don't you do like Sam Anzalone did and send me or Evelyn Cohen their names and we will get an application off to them without delay. Of course we will check our roster to see if they are already members and if they are, we will still benefit from having heard from you.



This is Frank DiMola's new license plate, courtesy of his wife Elizabeth. Do any other 445thers have distinctive plates?

The 2nd ADA American Librarian Fund needs our support. As shown in the Winter

'88 Journal, the fund has a long way to go but certainly the goal of \$500,000 is not unattainable. The presence of a full-time American Librarian during the last two years as provided by the Fulbright Foundation has left no doubt as to not only the need, but the fundamental desirability for an American on the job in order to promulgate the original goal we set forth as our way of honoring those of the 2nd ADA who gave their lives in the service of their country. Let's make the 445th the leader in achieving this goal, just as we led the 2nd in bombing accuracy during much of 1944!

I recently heard from Johnnie Burke, who reminded me of the B-24 Liberator 50th Anniversary Celebration to be held in Ft. Worth, TX, May 17-21. This event will be sponsored by General Dynamics Corp. and American Airlines, as well as key military and community agencies. You can contact Reunion Project Office, B-24 50th Anniversary, 6424 Torreon Dr., NE, Albuquerque, NM 87109 (or call 505-821-4484).

I have also received a letter from Al Querbach, Hanston, KS asking about our 2nd ADA Southern California Mini-Reunion. He and his wife expect to attend and, although the date of 25 Feb. will be long past by the time you read this, it gives me the opportunity to remind all of you (not just the 445th) that this is an annual event, usually held in the last week of February, and if you are planning a vacation in southern California next year we would like to have you join us.

Coming back from a trip east last September, I detoured through Scottsdale, Arizona and had the pleasure of spending an evening with Web Uebelhoer and his wife Helen. We hadn't seen each other since 1945, so you can well imagine that Helen wasn't able to get a word in edgewise.

Don't fail to sign up for the '89 Reunion in Hilton Head, November 2-5, and also for Norwich in 1990. Evelyn Cohen advises that available accommodations are going fast and we certainly want as many of the 445th guys and their gals there as possible. Don't put off making your reservations!

Well, this seems to be about all I can do as a starter. Perhaps, and hopefully, the next article will be an improvement (at least I won't have the distractions of the holiday season and a house full of guests).



First Drink Together in 44½ Years - Half of B-24 crew of "Shoo Shoo Baby." (r-l): Bob Kimball, Geo. Leininger, Bob Slusher & Mike Larson at Gastons White River Resort, Ark., September 1988.

Control Tower at Wright-Patterson?

by Lou Dubnow

Recently I visited the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio and enjoyed it immensely. For those of you who haven't been there yet, I highly recommend it. It's an unforgettable experience; however, I found one thing lacking - a WWII ETO Control Tower. I'm sure that many of the air and ground personnel would be interested in seeing the interior of a typical tower and see the primitive equipment we had. I would like to see the tower built at Dayton, together with ambulance, crash truck, fire truck, checkered caravan, etc., just the way it was way back in 1942-45.

There are several control towers that have been restored in England at Thorpe-Abbotts, Framlingham and Seething, but I'm sure that there are lots of vets who can't afford to go over to England. Why can't we have one here? It would be a good project for the 8th Air Force Historical Society to undertake. It wouldn't be too difficult to build, nor too expensive, either.

The control tower in the ETO was unique in that it was a combination of U.S. Base Operations and British R.A.F. Flying Control. The tower was, in fact, the eyes, ears, and very heart of the airfield, and was "off limits" to most personnel, except the C.O., Squadron Commanders, Air Exec., and pilots who had to pick up clearances.

If you'd like to see a World War II ETO-type Control Tower at the Air Force Museum at Dayton, please write to me and I will see that your card or letter gets into the right hands.

Lou Dubnow (446th BG)
1189 Galesmoore Court
Westlake Village, CA 91361
(805) 497-1964

Planning a Visit to Norwich?

In the 1987-88 Winter Journal a short article of mine was published asking for people who had plans to visit Norwich and the Memorial Room to contact me before they came so that I could help them with travel arrangements, visits to their old airfields, etc. I had an excellent response to this article and was able to assist many 2nd A.D. veterans who came to the area last summer.

It would be pointless to repeat the entire contents of the previous article, but let me urge any prospective visitors to England who are considering a trip to the Norwich area to contact me, if possible well before the time of their visit, as I know I can make things much more interesting and enjoyable for them.

Tony North
Memorial Trust Aide
Central Library
Bethel Street
Norwich NR2 1NJ



by Jeff Gregory

Howdy from Texas.

We all have our "I wish I had's." For example, "I wish I had kept a record of my missions" or "I wish I had kept a diary during the war." Someday some of you will say, "I wish I had acquired the Dzenowagis' tapes when they were available." THE TIME IS NOW! Why? Because all 467th and 2nd ADA members *should* have them, and because we (467th) want to keep this unique historical project going.

So, for the benefit of new members and those old boys who really haven't been listening, I am going to review some of the facts and, hopefully, encourage orders from you all.

Joe Dzenowagis and his family (wife Helen, son Joe Jr., and daughter Joan), have literally invested thousands of their personal dollars in the making of these tapes. They have never and will never ask for a dime from the 467th. However, putting the money aside, I wonder if you realize how lucky we are. *Nothing* like this project has ever been done before. *Nothing* in the history of the Eighth Air Force has even approached it. I'm not just talking about oral and video history of our wartime service, but I'm referring to the reunions, the faces, the smiles, the eyes, and the voices of those we have known and have come to know. All of this is available to see and hear in the comfort of your living rooms. Yes, regretfully, there are those who appear on these tapes who can never be with us again.

Joe's "well" is bound to be running dry, but there is something we can do to help. Just order 1, 2 or 3 tapes. Monies derived from your contributions will be plowed back into the program for further interviews and reunion tapings.

For you new members, these tapes will help you understand what we are all about. For all of us, these tapes will be a treasured reminder of past places, times and friends.

These are the three tapes available from Joe at the present time:

"Faces of the Second Air Division"

This documentary is valued highly by both oral historians and persons interested in military history. It focuses on the perceptions of WWII by those who served in the 2nd Air Division, 8th USAAF. It is based on the interviews of 32 veterans and two English friends taken at the 39th annual 2nd ADA reunion in Chicago and includes segments of each interview, reunion activities, old photos, combat footage, and original music and narration. It is a vivid portrayal of the strength and courage of a generation of men and women who were involved in one of the most difficult struggles of mankind.

VHS 55:30 minutes \$39.50

"Eight Candles for Remembrance"

This 60-minute documentary was developed from 1000 minutes of footage covering major activities of almost 1000 Americans at the 40th 2ADA reunion in Norwich, England in 1987. It draws from the memories of WWII of Americans who were based there and English citizens of that area. It includes activities such as an afternoon in the 2nd Air Division 8th AAF Memorial Room, services of remembrance in Norwich Cathedral and the American Cemetery at Cambridge, reception at Norwich Castle and air show at RAF Coltishall, dancing at the "Muscle Palace" and the farewell banquet. A unique feature is the 13-minute "P.S." that includes everyone who attended the Coltishall luncheon plus the late bus arrivals to the base.

"The 467th Bomb Group Family Reunion Album"

This documentary is the most complete coverage of a reunion of any bomb group in the 8th Air Force and was videotaped in Shreveport, LA in September 1987 at the 467th BG family reunion. From the start of activities on a Red River paddleboat to the last night banquet and salute to the 467th by the 8th Air Force Commander, the veterans and their families spent a weekend together touring Barksdale AFB, reliving war memories in the "Laden Maiden," a B-24 awaiting restoration; placed a few bets at the Louisiana Downs; were serenaded by the 8th AF Band; and danced

their feet off. Like any family album, this one includes images of everyone who passed in front of the camera. It is unlikely that such extensive coverage will ever occur again.

VHS 80 minutes \$49.50

Well, there you have it. If I haven't convinced you of the importance of this project, shame on me! Joe's address is: Joe Dzenowagis, P.O. Box 421, Okemos, MI 48864; Telephone (517) 349-3246.

Phil Day tells me he is receiving some nice contributions for the Mail Memorial Fund and the Albert J. Shower Fund. Many thanks! We can't make it without you.

Well, it's that time again. Got your deposits in for Hilton Head and Norwich? Enough said except, *Tempus Fugit*.

Plans continue for the Fort Worth B-24 bash and 467th reunion. The month of May will be here soon. Phil and Ms. Cille are in the midst of their great organizing job, and I know all attendees will enjoy both ends of this double-header. More info will be forthcoming from Phil. Stay tuned.

A special thanks to Ray Betcher for sending a copy of his taping of the "Witchcraft" painting presentation at the Air Force Academy. I have sent a copy of that copy to Mrs. Fred Jansen (donor of the painting in the name of Fred Jansen). I am sure she will enjoy it. If anyone would like to see it, perhaps we can show it in Fort Worth.

Jordan Uttal tells me the 467th leads the 2nd ADA in responses to the appeal for the American Librarian Fund of our Memorial Room. Isn't that great! For indeed, a finer cause cannot be found. Perhaps we can keep the lead until Hilton Head and beyond. We are being pressed hard by other groups, but then, we *are* used to leading, aren't we? Dig deeply!

Speaking of Jordan Uttal, I just took a moment to re-read his memorial message at the AFA Chapel in Colorado Springs. It appears in the Fall issue and is entitled "A Salute." If you missed it, please take a moment to read it. It says so well what we're all about, and why.

Till next time - God bless you all.

In Honour of a Hero



Several of our members thought it would be nice to include the following in the Journal, to let the fighter pilots know that the bomber boys have not forgotten them.

A Cambridgeshire village has honoured an American war hero - 44 years after he died leading a fighter attack over Europe.

And joining the villagers at Bottisham, near Cambridge, at the memorial ceremony was the daughter the hero never saw who was flown from the United States specially for the occasion.

Col. Thomas J.J. Christian commanded the Bottisham-based 361st Fighter Group in 1943-44 after being awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in the Far East.

The Group undertook long-range bomber escort and ground attack missions over Nazi-occupied Europe flying P51-D Mustangs.

Col. Christian died on August 12, 1944 when his Mustang took a direct burst of flak and exploded. His body was never found.

Now he is to be honoured by having a street on a new luxury housing estate in the village named after him. A lych-gate will house a memorial plaque to the dashing airman who is still remembered by the village.

The site for the 35 four- and five-bedroomed houses was part of the base for the 361st Fighter Group. The street is to be called "Thomas Christian Way."

Housebuilders, Bellway, have commissioned a prominent aeronautic artist to produce a picture for presentation to Colonel Christian's daughter. It depicts Colonel Christian flying his Mustang "Lou IV" with two other Mustangs in formation.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

FOLDED WINGS OF THE 93rd (NOT MEMBERS OF 2ADA): For members that might have known them - Jacob P. Epting of Jackson, Miss. Original 93rd 409th member, flew over Sept. '42, pilot on plane called "Red Ass." Passed away Oct. 1988. He was awarded 2 DFCs, 6 Air Medals, and 2 Presidential Unit Citations. I was informed by crew member Richard Ryan that Epting wrote the recommendations for Col. Baker and Maj. Jerstad for the Medal of Honor awards both received. Both were killed on Ploesti mission, Aug. 1, 1943. Also no longer with us is Sherwood Snittjen of Wellsburg, Iowa, who passed away Sept. 6, 1988.

If any of you hear or know of the passing of any 93rd, 2nd ADA members, please notify Evelyn Cohen so that they can be shown in the "Folded Wings" column of the Journal. Only 2nd ADA members will be shown in the Journal. Also, please notify me of the passing of any 93rd men who weren't members of the Association, and I will show them here.

MY WINTER AND SUMMER ADDRESSES: Please note the changes of my Florida house number and zip code numbers, as they were both changed last year. From Nov. to May, 11524 Zimmerman Rd., Port Richey, FL 34668; Tel. 813-862-2309. From May to Nov., 28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801; Tel. 201-366-5916. Please note these addresses so you won't get your mail back.

INFORMATION NEEDED: I have been asked for the address of Col. Leland Fiegel. I believe he was 93rd Commander after the death of Col. Baker. Anyone with this information, please pass it on to me, and I will also send him an application.

INVITATION: I reported in the Winter Journal of an invitation received from Roger Freeman and Lt. John H. Woolnough (Ret.), Directors of the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation, Inc. for me to participate in an "Aerial Gunners of the Mighty Eighth" symposium held in Des Moines, Iowa on October 15, 1988. I said I would give details about it in the next Journal. I met Roger in Des Moines at the same hotel as I was in the evening he flew in from England. I received a three-page list of questions that would be asked of the two B-17 gunners, William Thorns, 96th BG and John Hill, 305th BG; and B-24 gunners Col. John Driscoll (Ret.), 389th BG and myself for the 93rd BG. The attendance was twice as large as expected, and they had to open extra rooms to accommodate. It was a very interesting session and I can now truly say that there was very little training for the early gunners that went overseas. At that time, I thought myself to be a hotshot gunner who knew everything one could

possibly know about shooting a gun. How very wrong I was; of the thousands of rounds I fired at the enemy fighters, I only know of two confirmed kills and one destroyed. If I hit them it was just luck, as I had never been trained in how to aim those things. The three-page questionnaire is too long for my report, so if anyone would like a copy, just let me know. We covered: 1) A brief outline of aerial gunnery from WWI up to WWII was presented by John Driscoll. Panel members were requested to jump in with comments at any time. 2) Training we received in the U.S.A. 3) Training in the U.K. 4) Combat. There were several questions in that category.

I just received a video cassette of the whole session, done by Lt. Herbert H. Schaaf, USAF (Ret.), 4 North Lake Dr., Statesboro, GA 30458. It cost \$25 plus \$3 postage, well worth it if interested. I might add that our 93rd members are not partial to 8th AFHS reunions versus the 2nd ADA reunions. After two days, I found a 93rd Asst. member and later at the Unit Rendezvous dinner we had the following 93rd people present: Lloyd E. Anderson, Russell L. Hulsey and wife, Jim McMahon, Paul Peloquin and wife, Eugene Flint, John J. Sarris, Richard Wilkinson and wife, and myself. Two other 93rd men and their wives didn't attend. With a short meeting after dinner that I wasn't prepared for with some notes, I tried to convince some attending that just because they belonged to the 8th AFHS, that didn't mean that they belonged to the 2nd ADA. There seems to be a lack of knowledge about this, as some kept saying 8th ADA when they were talking about the 8th AFHS. I tried to get this straight. So I had a good supply of applications with me and gave out five, one to a 458th man, one to a 93rd man, and one to each of the following who have now joined: Robert H. Veneck, Richard E. Steelman, and Eugene Flint. Welcome, fellows, to an organization of your old warriors. So even though the 12-16 Oct. is about the time I start packing for Florida for the winter, the trip was very enjoyable, and I thank Roger Freeman and Lt. John H. Woolnough for the invitation.

93rd MEMORIAL FOR USAF MUSEUM AT DAYTON, OHIO: I haven't heard anything from my chairman William F. Doerner on this, but don't fear, as we have time for more donations for this. Send your checks made out to the "93rd Bomb Group Memorial Fund" to Charles Weiss, 21 Moran Dr., Waldorf, MD 20601. I believe that the museum must start another area for the Memorials, as the one area is filled.

STORIES FOR THE JOURNAL: I hope you enjoyed, as I did, the "Kate Smith" story written by your Asst. VP, John O'Grady, in the Winter Journal. He also sent me a copy of a letter he wrote to Andy Rooney, the nationally syndicated columnist, about a column where he had cast some aspersions upon the B-24 bomber. I would like very much to quote his letter, but my allotted space is limited. For all members: Keep sending your stories in to Bill Robertie,

and please note you were with the 93rd.

SQUADRON & GROUP EMBLEMS: I'm still working on this. If any of you would like to take on this job for me, it would be greatly appreciated. I will supply some catalogs and colored photos of the woven emblems. I just can't do justice to all the things I'm trying to do for you, along with all the correspondence I'm involved in. I need help badly. Along with "honey do this" and "honey do that," I haven't had any time to enjoy this beautiful, sunny, warm weather we have had here in Florida.

THE STORY OF THE 93rd BOMB GROUP: I have had several requests for a copy of this along with checks. Please don't send any money until I call for it; we are a long way off from getting these. I just was going to ask if anyone knew who had these made up originally, and I just found out the name and address of the 93rd man who had them made up. I will contact him to find out if there will be any problems with our having copies made up; I don't want a law suit on my back. He is not yet a member of the 2nd ADA. I still haven't had an offer from any of you who has a good original copy where the pages aren't brown. Please, I'll guard it with my life, as I know how rare they are. A book-dealer friend advertised for a copy for two years in a country-wide ad to book-dealers, and there wasn't one answer. One of our members loaned me his copy a couple of years ago; I wanted to see if it could be xeroxed as the print was very clear, but the pictures were too dark to recognize the person in the picture. I tried on several different machines, but all the same. The paper was very brown from use and age, so I returned it to him. I just received a nice letter from member Howard Macreading, original member of the 93rd BG, 330th BS. He was crew chief of five planes, and his favorite was "Ready and Willing." He told me he has a copy that he received in Nov. 1946 which cost \$5.00 and came from Washington, D.C. How lucky can one be.

"Pastor, How Can I Stop Worrying?"

When you worry, you have only two things to worry about: whether you are rich or whether you are poor. If you are rich, you've got nothing to worry about. If you are poor, you've got only two things to worry about: whether you are sick or whether you are well. If you are well, you've got nothing to worry about. If you are sick, you've got only two things to worry about: whether you are going to get better or die. If you are going to get better, you've got nothing to worry about. If you are going to die, you've got only two things to worry about: whether you are going to go to heaven or to hell. If you are going to heaven, you've got nothing to worry about. If you are going to hell, you'll be so busy shaking hands and talking to your friends, you won't have any time to worry! So why worry?



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

Many who served in the 392nd BG have kept either limited or extensive records of their wartime experiences. At various times, experiences and records of others have been reported in this column. In recent months, the writer has reviewed some very useful material that has been collected and updated by Quintin R. Wedgeworth, who served as navigator on the Boyd D. Adsit crew, 578th BS, November 1944 to June 1945. Quintin has compiled a *Combat Log of a B-24 Navigator*, 325 pages containing a wealth of detail, for members of his crew and his family.

Quintin has spent 12 years collecting data on aircraft assigned to the 392nd BG, and he is still updating this record. He has a record of some 315 B-24s, including serial number, squadron letter, name (if any), and the disposition of the aircraft. As may be expected, there are some discrepancies and some missing items. The bulk of the unknown lies in 19 names of 392nd bombers which Quintin requests your help in matching up the name with the aircraft.

The names are: Big Fat Mama, Jay's Pool Hall, My Everlovin' Gal, Your Gal, Strippin' for Action, Big Dog, Gorgeous

Gal, Jive Bomber, Rap'Em Pappy, Dragon Lady, Ambling Okie, Dirty Gertie, Mah Ideal, Tobapnwib, Sack Happy, Lyndy, Rat Poison, Pink Tub, and Doodle Bug.

If you flew in or serviced a B-24 with one of the above names, please write to Quintin R. Wedgeworth, 732 Pringle Road, Weiser, Idaho 83672. Give your squadron, approximate date you flew or worked on the plane, and if you have it, the 3 digit nose number or better yet, the full serial number. Any help will be appreciated. If you would like to have information on any plane, Quintin will be glad to help you.

392nd BGMA President Lawrence G. Gilbert reports that the Wendling Memorial renovation project is moving forward. The American Battle Monuments Commission has been authorized to proceed with contract negotiations for the reconstruction and long-term maintenance, with supervisory responsibility resting with our friends at Beeston and the Beeston Parish Council. The undertaking, two years in the planning and fund-raising, is scheduled for completion in late summer in time for the re-dedication on October 7, 1989.

392nd members Kieth and Patty Roberts, who planned and conducted last year's tour to England, are completing arrangements for the 1989 visit to Wendling for the re-dedication. Departure will be arranged from several key cities on October 3, arriving in London on Wednesday, October 4. Chartered busses will take everyone to

Kings Lynn (remember the Liberty runs?) to stay at the Duke's Head and Globe Hotels. There will be a Lord Mayor's reception on Thursday morning and a visit to Wendling Thursday afternoon. On Friday, you will be free to experience Market Day in Kings Lynn, with a reunion banquet that evening. On Saturday, October 7, we will join the villagers from Beeston and Wendling for the re-dedication, followed by a reception and lunch. On Sunday, chartered buses will take everyone to the American Cemetery near Cambridge for a memorial service, and then on to London, where arrangements are being completed to spend Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights at the Park Court Hotel. Tours in and around London are available. Not only is all of this provided at excellent group prices, you may join or leave the tour at any point or add other options by contacting Kieth or Patty Roberts at 26631 Dorothea, Mission Viejo, CA 92691, or call (714) 364-3937.

If you haven't already done so, it's not too late to make reservations to attend the 50th anniversary celebration of the B-24 Liberator in Ft. Worth, May 17-21. The 392nd's Bob Vickers is National Chairman of this tremendous affair. You may write to him at the Reunion Project Office, 6424 Torreon Drive N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87109. As of this writing (Jan. 10), more than 100 392nd reservations have been made. At least 200 are expected to attend from the 392nd.

Notes from the 389th

by Lloyd E. West

As we begin 1989, plans for an interesting year are beginning to take shape. So with much work to be done, I am asking you, as members of the 389th and the 2nd Air Division Association, to be vigilant and supportive of those working very hard to make this year a very memorable one.

MEMBERSHIP: It continues to be the main concern of your VP and assistant to get those who served in the 2nd Air Division during WWII to join the Association. Since the Fall issue of the Journal was published, your VP has mailed out 70 prospective member packets with 12 returning the application for membership. If you will check your Journal again under "Folded Wings," you will see that the 389th lost eight members, the most of any group in the Association. Please take some time and send us names and addresses.

LOOKING AHEAD: In the Winter issue of the Journal, on page 17, is a report by Ms. Cohen as to the future reunions of the 2ADA, and elsewhere in the Journal is info regarding the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 at Fort Worth, TX, May 17-21, 1989. We're hoping to have a number of members in attendance, and will have an informal

mini-reunion of the 389th. Question: What would you like us to do at the mini-reunion at Hilton Head? We will have more time in our hospitality room in November. Any suggestions will be greatly appreciated.

NEWSLETTER: Some time ago, you should have received Volume 2 of the 389th "Newsletter," and we would like any suggestions you might have to help us make it better. Also, we are in need of a name. We welcome your stories, notices and any items that might interest someone in the 389th. We want to thank all who have supported us after our first "Newsletter." Send all material to Gene Hartley, 4995 Cervato Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93111.

THE JOURNAL: Send your stories, letters and pictures which might be of interest to someone in the 2nd ADA to Wm. G. Robertie, VP for the Journal, at P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938. If you want to see them in the next or succeeding Journals, don't send them to me. Thanks.

ANNIVERSARY: The B-24 "Delectable Doris," which was based at the Liberal, Kansas Air Museum for a short time, has been returned to California by Mr. Tallichet, her owner, and is being readied

for the reunion at Ft. Worth, TX in May 1989. Rumors have it that it will have the vertical stabilizer markings of the 389th. Also, reports have it that the B-24 the Collings Foundation is restoring will also be at Ft. Worth. Hope to see them in the air.

DUES: All members of the 389th, your 1989 dues of \$10.00 to the 2nd Air Division Association are due. Evelyn Cohen's address is 06-410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. Your attention to this matter will be greatly appreciated - Thanks.

FINANCES: Your leaders give much of their time and resources to represent you in the 389th and 2nd ADA. To be able to complete some projects that we have underway, some financial assistance is needed. Your donation of any amount will be greatly appreciated. Our financial statement is published in each of our newsletters. Send all donations to Frank C. Vadas, 1029 South 9th St., Allentown, PA 18103.

ADDRESSES: 389th VP - Lloyd E. West, Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575; Asst. VP - Frank C. Vadas, 1029 South 9th St., Allentown, PA 18103; Editor of "Newsletter" - Gene Hartley, 4995 Cervato Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93111.

R.I. Man Helps German Gunner Put Ending on Grim WWII Tale

by Elizabeth Rau

Providence [R.I.] Journal-Bulletin

It is July 21, 1944. A German anti-aircraft observer near Frankfurt spots the American B-24 bomber flying in from the southeast. He relays the order to fire. Anti-aircraft guns shoot to the sky.

A waist gunner inside the bomber hears shell fragments hit the fuselage. They sound like rain on a tin roof. Flying glass cuts him on the cheek and above the lip.

The wounded gunner, Edward Whelan, 19, hears the bail-out alarm and jumps.

The German observer, Volker Wilckens, 16, climbs out of his gun emplacement and goes to lunch.

Forty-two years later, the two soldiers whose paths crossed as unseen enemies on a World War II battlefield have found each other as friends.

Since May, Whelan, of Charlestown, a retired supervisor for New England Telephone, and Wilckens, of Germering, West Germany, an aero-dynamics engineer, have been writing to each other about a war neither has easily forgotten.

Wilckens is writing his memoirs of World War II and wants Whelan to contribute his side of the story. "I do this to try and understand the reason for this failure of humanity," Wilckens says.

Recreating the Fateful Day

Through conversation and letters, they have recreated that summer day in 1944, six weeks after the Allies landed at Normandy:

At 3 a.m. Whelan awakes in his bunk at the U.S. Army Air Force base at Halesworth, England. An intelligence officer informs his crew of today's target, Munich.

At 6 a.m., Whelan and nine other crew members board their bomber, Silver Queen. He takes his position as waist gunner on the left side of the bomber next to a 50-caliber machine gun.

Silver Queen and eight other bombers take off, fly over the English Channel to Munich and drop their payload of 500-pound bombs on several railroad yards.

A few hours later, Wilckens is awakened by the barracks whistle. German radar detects Allied bombers flying in from the west, so he takes his position as an observer and waits.

Whelan's squadron accidentally veers off course en route back to the base. Wilckens follows the bomber's position with a telescope and relays its altitude and distance to his commanding officer.

"Da sind sie! - There they are," he screams.

"Feuer frei! - Fire free," the officer shouts.

Plane Shot Down

Whelan is the first man to see flames curl around the wing. He alerts the pilot. Then he hears the bell. The pilot has lost control, and the bomber is in a spiral. Whelan hands the ball-turret gunner a parachute, walks quickly to the escape hatch and jumps.

Plummeting toward German soil, he pulls the ripcord. Nothing happens. He



PEN PAL: Edward Whelan of Charlestown displays his purple heart along with letters from the German soldier who shot him down during World War II.

hears the air rush through his ears and thinks of dying. His arms press against the driving wind, and he grabs the parachute pouch.

"God, let me get this thing open," he thinks as he hurtles through the sky.

He opens the pouch's snaps with his fingers and the parachute billows out. It is suddenly quiet. He says the rosary on the way down.

Wilckens sees a trail of smoke in the sky and hears a frightening roar as the bomber goes down. He leaves his battle station, eats vegetable soup for lunch and scribbles in his tiny school notebook, "17 salvos, 21-7-44, one plane shot down to a crash."

Horrid Time as Prisoner

As Whelan lands, he sprains his ankle. He limps for a couple of miles until he reaches a forest. He hears dogs barking and runs to a brook to shake the scent. He pulls a compass from his emergency packet and wonders if he can walk to France.

By morning he is exhausted and falls asleep. Hours later he feels something prod his belly. A man in his late 40s is poking him with the barrel of a rifle. "Aust," the civilian says. "Get up."

Whelan is shipped to a prison camp near the Baltic Sea. Months later, Whelan and 7,500 other prisoners from the camp begin an 86-day, 550-mile march across northern Germany to flee Soviet troops advancing from the Eastern Front.

He eats bark from a tree, grubs found under a rock, a rat - and prays as he walks. He has blisters, lice and dysentery.

On May 2, 1945, as the war in Europe is near an end, Whelan and his companions are liberated. A Canadian sergeant and a British lieutenant who seem to appear from nowhere shoot and kill two German of-

ficers. The German guards, mostly old men, do not resist and hand over their rifles.

A Bizarre Request

Forty years later, Wilckens, now 58, began his search for Whelan, now 62.

In the German Military Archives, Wilckens found the serial number of the American bomber he helped shoot down near the village of Schlossborn, northwest of Frankfurt. He then placed a note in an American aviation magazine, asking survivors to contact him.

A friend of Whelan's read the note and forwarded Whelan's address to Wilckens. The first letter from Wilckens arrived May 9, 1986.

Whelan wasted little time in making a decision. The request was too bizarre, too tempting, to refuse. "It didn't take me much time to say, 'Let's go with it,'" he said.

In one of his letters, Wilckens sent a snapshot of himself as a young soldier.

They know they are older and wiser men on a day in December 1986, when Whelan calls Wilckens in Germany. They talk about their grandchildren and say they harbor no bitterness toward each other.

"He was just a soldier doing his duty, and I was doing mine," says Whelan. "I'm sure he wasn't thinking there are 10 men up in that plane."

They make plans to meet. Wilckens will bring his wife, Rose, and Whelan will bring his wife, Kathleen. Whelan promises to send more snapshots and letters.

"I'll get another letter off to you this week," says Whelan.

"Yes, you get," says Wilckens.

"All right-ee," says Whelan.

"Ja, fine," says Wilckens.

458th Buddies Keep In Touch

458th Bomb Group buddies from World War II, George W. Dicks and Gerry Covey, have kept in touch all the years since flying missions from their base, Horsham St. Faith in Norwich, England. Gerry lives in California and George lives in Indiana. The good friends have visited each other various times, and there was always a Christmas greeting and news throughout the year as their families grew up, etc.



Col. George W. Dicks (Ret.) beside Bombardiers' display at Wright Patterson A.F. Museum.

The men flew a full tour of missions from Horsham during the war with Capt. John Floyd's crew. Lt. Gerry Covey was the navigator and Lt. George W. Dicks (retired in 1980 as Col.) was the bombardier. When getting together, they have some real



Lt. Gerry Covey beside the 458th Bombardment Group Memorial in the Memorial Gardens of Wright Patterson A.F. Museum.

experiences to talk about, including the noted Christmas Eve raid over the "Bulge" to Schonecken, Germany. As lead crew on that mission, they enjoyed their best bombing accuracy (98% of the squadron within 500 ft. of the MPI and a 2nd Air Division Lead Crew Commendation.

The Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson A.F.B. is most worthwhile and highly recommended for authentic reminiscing about the B-24 and many other aircraft. Gerry and George devour the fine historical museum, as they read every paragraph of each display, including those about the Nazi Eagle, from above the door of German Third Reich Chancellery in Berlin.

Both friends have visited the wonderful Norwich Central Library, the 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich, England; as well as the old air base (now an international airport). Also, plans are being made to attend the 1990 convention in Norwich, England.

To Set The Record Straight

by Dave Swearingen

There was an article written in the Winter 1987-88 issue of the Journal by J. William Tikey, a former pilot in the 466th BG, titled "Little Did We Know - April 24, 1944 Mission - Leipheim Air Field, Germany." It left the impression that his Group's 785th Squadron was leading on this most successful mission.

Our own 467th BG's 791st Squadron was leading the 96th Combat Wing on this mission. Col. Al Shower was flying as Command Pilot with the Swearingen lead crew. Swearingen's lead bombardier was Truman Simpson and Gary Torre was the lead navigator.

90% of the 467th BG's bombs hit within a 1,000 foot radius of the target and 100% of our bombs hit within 2,000 feet of the target. As a result of the bombing accuracy, superb navigation and no loss of any air crews, Col. Al Shower was awarded his first Distinguished Flying Cross. The 96th Combat Wing and its 3 Bomb Groups were awarded a Presidential Citation.

I quote from General Order 327, dated April 1944: "For extraordinary achievement while leading a Combat Wing of B-24s on a bombing mission deep into Germany on 24 April 1944. With skillful airmanship Colonel Shower directed the Combat Wing formation to its important target where bombs were released with devastating effect." The full contents of this General Order was read to Col. Shower by General Peck and his medal was received at the same instance.

The mission to Leipheim was the first time the 467th BG led the 96th Combat Wing. It was a long mission in perfect weather over

the target and in between. In checking my individual flight record from my 201 file, I checked 9:05 hours of first pilot time and 2:00 hours of instrument time.

This mission led by the 467th BG established an example of what we as a group were capable of. It set a trend which prevailed throughout the time air crews flew from then through the last Group mission on April 25, 1945. Our Group was recognized as the most accurate bombing Group in the 2nd Air Division and one of the most accurate in the 8th Air Force.

A German historian, Peter Horner, is writing the history of Leipheim after 1935. It will be published by the Gunzburg Society of History. Horner wrote Tikey last year and I quote on the pertinent part: "Have a short information about the raid of April 24, 1944. No person had been injured, only one man of the Messerschmitt factory, a civilian guard, died. Nobody knows why because all the others left the field. Bombs destroyed all hangars, 4 ME 323 and 60 jets ME 262. They had been final assembled at Leipheim to strike allied troops at D-Day. Did you know? In the nearby woods, some bomb craters are still to be seen. To take a photograph of it I had to wait till snow had gone. The craters are about 30 ft. in diameter, deep 6 ft." This was from a talk Horner gave at a town meeting in Leipheim.

I have written Horner requesting a copy of his "History of Leipheim After 1935." If I get it, I'll share with you the account as he has written it.

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Milton R. Stokes

This missive should start with, "Pow! This is a beautiful morning!" Then I would feel better. But it is not; so in my mind I shall construct a beautiful morn.

It was early fall in Boise, Idaho. Frost was everywhere. It covered the bombers with a light coating. In the distance the coyotes were howling or maybe yipping. They talked to one another over great distances and for long periods of time. One wonders why we, the gifted sons of God, can't understand their communications. It is a revelation just to listen.

Idaho. That great big, open country; full of deer, elk and small game. Few people were hunting them then. We were all in the army answering the call to service. There was a great yearning to be out in those hills. Names like Bitterroot, Sawtooth, John Marshall and Sun Valley played on my mind. Glenn Miller's movie "Sun Valley" was still fresh in my mind. It wasn't easy to get to those places during the war. We had no cars, no gas coupons, and no accumulated leave time. But I vowed to myself when they left me alone in a B-24 I would see those places. I was not alone with those desires. Many a poor boy from the East in our barracks made the same promises to themselves. We knew we might not have the opportunity to see this country again; and little did we know we would be stationed near here and be required to fly endless hours in training in these mountains. We also didn't realize that a good many of the "boys" in those barracks would not ever get a chance to come back. So many of the promises of hunting and fishing went awry. We were in God's hands.

It was a wonder that many of us were not court marshalled for buzzing the skiers and skaters in that area.* It was good training for those who ended up flying the medium bombers and fighters in Europe and North Africa. It got a little tricky when one would fly up some canyon and turning space was very tight. The wing tips seemed really too close to the fuselage for comfort. I thought of those mountains in Idaho when I read of the planes that were trapped in blind canyons in Northern Italy and the Balkans in World War II. Maybe those flights so verboten in the States were good training for what was to come later. Certainly one had to know that one can't panic under stressful conditions. We didn't call it panicking; we just called it "losing your head," "buying the farm," or plain "going in." And many did "auger in." Then again, just how do you train a man to meet all the stressful conditions of combat flying? Perhaps by now, the instructors are more skilled in weeding out the incompetent. Indeed, warfare is not heading on that course though. The next "big one" will be computerized. All the plans for engagement will have been pre-planned and pre-briefed. But my belief is that we cannot afford a "big one." It will be too expensive. Destruction will be too vast and too costly to put it all back together again. In a word, everything that the armies would be fighting for would be destroyed. In a nuclear war, the contamination would be so great that very few could survive. Enough of those thoughts.

Do you want to get a different perspective on the air war in World War II? Then you should read the book "The Martin B-26 Marauder," by J.K. Havener. This is the story of the medium bomber divisions in England before the invasion, and in France and the Netherlands after the invasion. Being fliers, you will appreciate the troubles they encountered. The book is 260 pages, full of pictures and descriptions that will keep you reading until you finish it. To obtain a copy, send \$16.95 plus \$1.75 postage to: Tab Books, Inc., Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17294-0214, or the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio should have a good supply. Incidentally, this book was just published in 1988, so it's very current.

Did you notice that the Journal had thirty-six pages in the Winter 1988 issue? Bill Robertie will tell you it was printed with his blood. Bill, the red color would be a "first" and it would certainly stand out. Further, the news of its publishing would be known far and wide. What a way to get publicity for the 2nd Air Division Association. Anyway, thank you Bill, from all who forget what a thankless job you have. We of the 453rd sincerely say we appreciate your efforts. Also, we all agree on the doubling of your salary for next year. Before you start a riot, all should know that Bill gets no salary for the job he does. Indeed, no one who writes or works for the 2nd ADA gets any remuneration for his/her labors!

Today is a new day. This article should have been started today. It is really a beautiful day! Frost, white and cold, covers the meadow on yonder pasture hill. There is not a cloud in the sky. That must be one reason it is so cold. A fireplace insert is throwing heat to my back and it really feels good. The only problem with this piece of heaven is that I must get up and fuel the fire. We have tons of wood so I must use some of it. The only trouble with burning wood is that one must buy it or cut it oneself. We cut our own and stack it on the front porch. This is the first year that I have not put at least eight cords on that porch. My son Kenton has done the work on the wood pile this year. I still cannot do the work that I should be doing. But I am making progress, for which I thank God every day.

Bob Wolfe has found an old 453rd buddy named Manuel Silva of Union City, CA. He sent a four column spread of the write-up he had in the local newspapers. Silva was a crewmate with Bob. They flew back to back as waist gunners. Manuel Silva is blind now from glaucoma. Bob, would you please send Silva's address so we can add him to our roster?

John Tangorra writes that he thinks that the ground crews need more space in the Journal. I told him I agree, but you ground pounders must write letters and send them in. We would like to have more letters like the one Tangorra sent in.

We continue to search for new members. A letter from Mario Fisichella of St. Petersburg, Fla. asks for a membership application. It has gone out and we know you will join up, Mario.

As we bring this edition to a close, Lucille and I look forward to seeing all of you this year. Be sure your reservations are in for the reunion in November 1989 at Hilton Head, South Carolina and England in 1990!

*Disclaimer: None of us in the 453rd ever buzzed anyone or anything while flying for Uncle Sam.

Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey

Let's start the New Year off in the right direction. First, I would like to see all members of our group help support the project of restoring a B-24 to mint condition. This is being done by Bob Collings and his "crew" down in Kissimmee, Florida. (Not a bad place to work, really). From the pictures that he sent me, everyone is doing a beautiful job. The last B-24 that I flew had one hour of flight time shown on the log book before I flew it to Walnut Ridge, Arkansas to be chopped up for scrap. I wish that I had had the presence of mind to buy it at the time.

Anyway, it would be great if everyone contributed a tax-deductible amount of money towards the project. Please send it to The Collings Foundation, River Hill Farm, P.O. Box 248, Stow, MA 01775. Thanks.

By now, I'm sure that you all have read "The 2nd ADA Memorial - An Exciting Opportunity" by Bud Chamberlain in the Fall 1988 issue of the Journal. Gentlemen, we cannot let the history of our Second Air Division fall on its face through our lack of understanding the importance of a full-time librarian in the Norwich, England library. We need someone in there who is capable and fully knowledgeable to convey our story to whoever visits the library. The more I get involved with the history of the Eighth Air Force, the more I feel that it is the most important event of our lives. It will never be equalled by mankind - Thank Heaven. So, let's get behind the program and support it to the fullest.

Let's not forget the B-24 50th Anniversary on May 17-21, 1989 at Fort Worth, Texas. A contact for this event is Bob Vickers at 6424 Torreon Dr., NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Then too, there will be a 50th year celebration of the B-24 at San Diego, California on September 20th through the 24th, 1989. Contact the Liberator Club at P.O. Box 841, San Diego, CA for further information.

Since we are now affiliated with the 491st Bomb Group, instead of the 467th, because we shared the same base overseas, please send in your news stories to Pat Perry, at 3066 Pleasant Hill, Maumee, OH 43537. These will be published in the 491st newsletter. At this writing, we're planning for 235 people at an Eighth Air Force dinner at the Presidio, San Francisco. We have a 41 piece band from Travis AFB to play for us. I have entitled the evening "One Last Look" since Congress has decided to close the base. Until then, keep well and happy.

About the Memorial

by Jordan Uttal

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: This is the number one priority for the Officers and Executive Committee of the Association, as well as the Board of Governors in Norwich. We know that each of you feels committed to preserving the memory of our fallen comrades, the reminder of our service to our country, and the bonds of friendship between the people of East Anglia and ourselves.

All of us who are regular visitors to our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room know how it has flourished during the presence of our Fulbright Librarian, Bertha Chandler. Her work is being continued with dedication by our part time American Librarian, Phyllis Hunt, with the great help of our Trust Aide and friend, Tony North. However, the sooner we can return to a full-time American presence, the more our Memorial will fulfill the purposes for which it was created.

There is no better way you can show your commitment to the 2nd Air Division Memorial than by contributing to our American Librarian Fund Drive. We are off to a good start, and a report on the progress as of 23 January 1989 is presented on this page, along with a pledge form. Any and all contributions are welcome, *no matter what the size*. How about getting yours in to us now?

THE LARGEST DONATION TO DATE RECEIVED BY THE TRUST: It was a genuine thrill to learn on 10 January that the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division has just received the largest donation ever given by an individual, \$100,000.00 in cash and pledges to be given over three years. Please see elsewhere in this issue "A Special Salute to B/G Milton W. Arnold (Ret.)"

"FRIENDS OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL TRUST": This wonderful brainchild of our Founder Governor, Mrs. Anne Barne, was born at the first meeting of this new organization on 24 October 1988 in Norwich. With considerable help from fellow Governors Mrs. Fran Davies, Paul King and David Hastings, and especially the presence and interest of many of your local British friends from the various base area villages, this long overdue effort to bring our Memorial closer to the villages, and vice versa, is underway.

One of the chief reasons for forming the "Friends" is to provide future generations in East Anglia with ongoing awareness of what our Memorial represents. Close ties between the villages and the Memorial will help to achieve this. Other reasons include preserving contacts in the villages for future generations of Americans who wish to visit those American airbase areas, as well as tying the various local Group Base Markers which have been established with our 2nd Air Division Memorial in the Library. Good Wishes to you, "Friends"!!!

AMERICAN AUTHOR LECTURE: The third International Convention on Reading and Response is being held at the University of East Anglia in April. An audience of 300

American Librarian Fund

Sincere thanks to the 232 of you who have responded as of 23 January 1989. We have achieved only 27.2% of our goal and we are counting on your generosity and pride in our Memorial to see that we succeed. Please note below to see how your Group stands in the number of checks and pledges to date.

How about sending this in at once?

HOW WE STAND AS OF
23 JAN. 1989

PLEDGE COMMITMENT

- I pledge \$1,000
- I pledge \$500
- I pledge \$ _____
- I cannot pledge now - but we should proceed
- To be given at once
- To be given over a three 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)

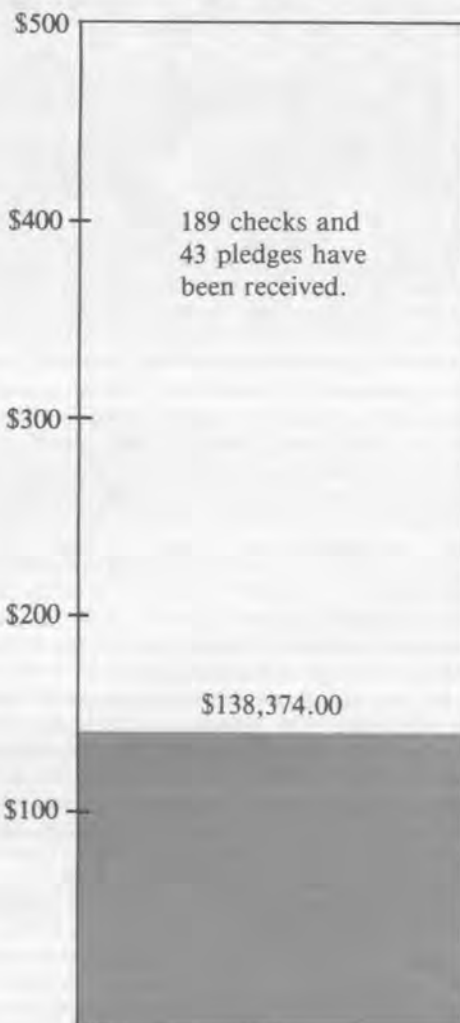
Address

City State - Zip

Signature

Date Group

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



Unit	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges	Total Checks and Pledges
453rd	27	1	28
467th	20	5	25
HDQ	20	3	23
389th	18	5	23
458th	13	4	17
445th	12	5	17
93rd	9	8	17
489th	14	2	16
466th	13	2	15
44th	10	1	11
448th	9	1	10
392nd	7	3	10
491st	6	2	8
446th	6	0	6
492nd	3	1	4

educationists, teachers and librarians is expected. One of the lecturers, sponsored by the Trust, will be American author Katherine Patterson, twice the winner of the prestigious Newby Award for fiction, and also twice the recipient of the National Book Award. The Trust's sponsorship will be made clear in the convention program, and it is anticipated that Mrs. Patterson's visit to our Memorial Room will be well covered by the press.

As always, I close with warm thanks to you for your support, and this time I am delighted to include the "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust."

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

A Special Salute to B/G Milton W. Arnold (Ret.)

by Jordan Uttal

The original idea in 1945 to create a Memorial to 2nd Air Division personnel came from three senior Officers of the Division, one of whom was the former Division Operations Officer and later Commanding General of our 2nd Combat Bomb Wing, Milton W. Arnold. For that contribution alone we have ample reason to be everlastingly grateful to him.

As a Founder Governor of the Trust, and now as Honorary Life Governor, Gen. Arnold has maintained his contact and his moral and financial support of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust over all these years. In September 1988 when I arrived in Norwich, I was sorry to learn that I had missed seeing him there by three days. At the same time, I was excited to learn from Tom Eaton that on leaving Norwich, Gen. Arnold volunteered to explore with his financial advisors the possibility of his making a substantial gift to the Capital Fund of the Trust.

On 10 January, I received word from Norwich that Gen. Arnold had indeed followed through, and I feel that his letter of 12 December 1988 to Tom Eaton speaks eloquently for itself:

Dear Tom:

Somewhere I heard that excuses could replace a barrel of promises, so I shan't try to fill the barrel; only to say that you afforded me a delightful experience - visiting

with you and seeing the Library. I thought both were great, and I do appreciate your affording us such a wonderful day in Norwich, Hethel, and Ketteringham Hall.

In regard to my pledge to give \$100,000.00 to the Memorial Trust, I had hoped that we - my wife Marie and I - could give the entire amount this calendar year, but after talking with my tax consultants, we will have to give it over three years. I am enclosing my check for \$35,000.00 and I intend to give another \$35,000.00 jointly also from the two of us prior to May 1, 1989, and the remainder of \$30,000.00 in January of 1990. You may consider this an obligation on our estates should something happen that I could no longer act to fulfill this pledge or promise. In regards to listing it - if you need to - please list it as Milton and Marie Arnold Trust or Gift. I will appreciate it if you will deposit the check immediately for collection in order that it will show up in my account this month.

Again, it was thrilling to see all of you and what you have done with the Library - expanding, improving and increasing the use. Congratulations to you and all the Governors, the Librarian and the wonderful Fulbright Librarian who contributed so much to the improvements. I am afraid that is about all my countrymen can say - thank you and God bless you for your services

and contributions in developing an idea many years ago of primarily saying "thank you" to the people of East Anglia for providing us with a warm home away from home for several years.

Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

*Sincerely,
Milton W. Arnold*

This gift to the Trust, for which immediate thanks have been conveyed to General and Mrs. Arnold by the Trust and the Association, immediately solves a problem. I have been advised that the income from this first installment will be used to pay for increased hours to be worked by both Mrs. Hunt and Tony North. Obviously, this will provide better service at the Memorial Room while we are trying to reach our American Librarian Fund goal of \$500,000.00.

As stated elsewhere, this gift from General and Mrs. Arnold is the largest ever made to the Trust by an individual. For his leadership during the war, for this wonderful gift, for the 44 years of support for the Trust, and for the sentiments expressed in his letter, I know you will join me in a Special Salute expressing our respect, admiration, and gratitude to our friend and comrade, Milton W. Arnold. We know he will share this with Mrs. Arnold.

Midwest Regional Mini-Reunion



Attendees at the 1988 Second Air Division Association Midwest Region Reunion, held September 30 - October 2 in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, gather in reception room of Experimental Aircraft Association complex following closing night banquet. (Photo by Dick Matt of EAA).

The North Central Region of the Second Air Division Association will hold its 6th Annual Mini Reunion, September 15, 16 & 17, 1989 at the Dearborn Inn, located in Dearborn, Michigan.

The North Central Region (Midwest) includes the states of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Those 2nd ADA members attending this reunion will be housed at the historic Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Michigan.

The Inn, a national trust recognized building of Georgian architecture, opened on July 1, 1931 as one of the world's first airport hotels. Greenfield Village and the Henry Ford Museum are a

short walk from the Inn and a visit to these facilities and more will be some of the highlights of the reunion. A Saturday night social hour and banquet will be held in one of the Inn's lovely banquet rooms.

More detailed information will be published in the next issue of the Journal. Printed notices with more information about costs, agenda, etc. and registration blanks for the reunion and hotel will be mailed to North Central Region members in mid-May, 1989.

George J. Rundblad, 453rd
General Chairman
Stettons Bay, Michigan



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Having just returned from spending Christmas in Illinois with our two sons, daughter-in-laws, and one, each, adorable granddaughter, it's time to get back to work on 2ADA matters with the 8-Ball Newsletter number one priority. But first, we want to thank all of our friends who sent us cards for the holidays. They were much appreciated.

On our way to Rock Island, IL, we stopped in Paris, IL to see Lois and Art Hand (44th BG) for an hour or so. Art was on my crew for a while back in '44-'45 and it is always good to get together with him and his family. On the return trip we made it to Washington, PA after sweating out a blizzard in Indianapolis, and visited Gail and Jack Krause (458th BG). They gave us the devil for checking into a motel before calling them but we were pretty weary at that point and anxious to get some rest.

It is a great pleasure to report that my good friend Robert Dubowsky finally received the Distinguished Flying Cross after waiting 43 years for the award. Bob completed 35 missions early in 1945 and should have received the medal before coming home, but somehow he was overlooked. The decoration was presented to him October 14, 1988 at Patrick Air Force Base by Col. Lawrence Gooch, Eastern Space and Missile Center Commander. There was a big write-up about him, complete with 5 x 7 photo, on the front page of the base newspaper, "The Missileer," on Friday, October 21, 1988.



Robert Dubowsky wearing Distinguished Flying Cross. (Air Force photo by Donna Dougherty, "The Missileer")

I have received a number of inquiries from 44thers asking about a 44th BG memorial at Shipdham after they have read so much in the Journal about other Bomb Groups erecting one on their bases. I am pleased to report that the 44th Heritage Memorial Group, under the direction of our own Joe Warth, has erected a memorial plaque and stone at Shipdham Airfield in front of the "Eightball Pub" at Arrow Air Service. The site, flag poles, and trees were donated by Mr. Nigel Wright and his family, operators of Arrow Air. The memorial was dedicated in September 1988 by Joe, Jake Elias, Charles Landells, Charles Cary and George Gill, who went over to Norwich for the ceremony. Work has now been started on a museum for 44th artifacts to be displayed and maintained in a special room next to the "Eightball Pub."



Most, if not all, of you are aware of the big B-24 50th Anniversary bash scheduled for Fort Worth, TX, 17-21 May 1989. The 2ADA will have a booth in the Convention Center and yours truly is the Committee Chairman. The 44th HMG will hold their annual reunion in conjunction with the celebration and will be billeted in the Fort Worth Hyatt-Regency. Joe Warth reports that more 44thers have registered for this affair than any other group. COME ON DOWN!



I GET LETTERS:

Lew Graham advised that six of the original nine crew members on "T.S. Tessie" had a reunion in Caryville, TN, Sept. 10-11, 1988. It's the first time they've been together since they parted company at Bradley Field, CT in May 1945.

John Kirby sent dues to Evelyn Cohen for himself, son Thomas Kirby and grandson Kenneth P. Link. John has been unable to fly due to ear problems incurred in combat and couldn't make recent reunions. He stated that he has thought about all of us with great emotion and respect. We have been missing you too, John, and hope that you'll be able to attend one of our 2ADA conventions real soon.

Dick Bottomley and wife visited Hawaii in December, an anniversary present from their children. Their youngest daughter works as a nurse in Honolulu. Dick has a new supply of 8-Ball t-shirts for anyone who wants to buy one.

Will Lundy reports that the 44th BG Roll of Honor Book is sold out. He still has about 40 copies of the 67th Squadron History and Harvell's 44th Liberators Over Europe can be ordered. Anyone interested in either of these last two books can contact me for Bottomley's and Lundy's addresses.

Elsa and Charles Brown sent in their deposits for Hilton Head in 1989 and Norwich in 1990. Charlie has missed a lot of reunions due to ill health but is feeling great once again and plans to be with us a lot more in the future.

Wally Balla, who attended the 2ADA area dinner in Princeton, NJ 10-1-88, inquired about publicity for the B-24 restoration by the Collings Foundation. I hope that he has since had an opportunity to read page 10 of the Journal, Winter 1988 edition. It is hoped that this B-24J will fly again at the 50th Anniversary celebration in Fort Worth, 17-21 May 1989.

ERRATA: My apologies to Harry Orthman. I reported in the Fall 1988 Journal that his good friend Ed Murphy, who passed away in January 1988, was a member of his crew. Ed had his own crew and flew 25 missions with the 68th Squadron. He was back in the States long before Harry transferred to the 44th from the 492nd BG. Harry and Ed met on the golf course and became good friends.

Regarding the comment on page 35 of the Fall 1988 Journal about Jim Struthers, he said that what he meant to say was that some of the 445th guys reportedly jumped before being shot down on the 27 Sept. '44 Kassel mission. Jim sent in his deposit for the Norwich 1990 reunion and commented as follows: "Now that I am getting older and wiser (?), when I reflect on WWII, my feelings are mixed. My wife was living in Argentan, France at the time of the Allied invasion in June 1944. Last summer we visited her home there. Her parents had the good sense to get out of town (only 30 miles from the beachhead) which undoubtedly saved their lives. The town was 90% leveled. There is now a monument in the center of town. C'est la guerre."

Photo Brings Back Memories

by Sharron Hollen

Reporter at Large, North Platte [Neb.] Telegraph



Union Pacific Railroad photo

COZAD, NEB. — Among the photo collection recalling North Platte's World War II Canteen, there is one showing servicemen running from the depot building, heading back to their troop train.

A young serviceman sprints forward in the lead, his feet a blur as they pound the train station's brick platform. Behind him, two more servicemen, their arms and legs pumping in running action, round a grassy curve. There are more men behind them, including one emerging through the Canteen's door, his cap precisely set, a sandwich in each hand.

The photo, taken during the 51 months from 1941-1945 while the Canteen was in operation, is a classic.

For John Zgud, who first saw the photo two months ago, it is a shocker.

"That's me in that photo. Three of the other men in that photo were members of my flight crew," says Zgud, who passed through North Platte and stopped at the Canteen in April 1944.

Ironically, Zgud, originally from Baltimore and Philadelphia and who enlisted in the Air Force in Baltimore, now lives in Cozad — only 42 miles from where the Canteen once operated.

Zgud speaks of the photo, and of his life in Cozad for the past 30 years, with a certain amazement in his voice, an intense look on his face.

"Do you realize that I now live in the backyard of that famous Canteen? That I'm in a historical Canteen photo that I never knew existed. And when I came through North Platte back in those war years, I never expected that some day I would live in Nebraska," Zgud says, each sentence heavy with feeling.

The photo is among those used to tell the Canteen's story in the interpretative history display at the Lincoln County Historical Museum in North Platte. It was that same photo, used on a brochure describing the museum display, that Zgud saw earlier this summer.

"I was afraid something was happening to John, that maybe he was ill," his wife Betty recalls of John's reaction when he first saw the photo.

She describes how his eyes kept moving from the picture to the word copy and back again. And how, almost in a trance, he went to the desk where his war memorabilia is stored and began pulling out old photos.

"I knew it was us. I knew it instinctively. But I wanted to check and compare other photos taken of us then," Zgud explained. His comparisons, made with a strong magnifying glass, leave little, if any, doubt that he's correct.

To further affirm his certainty, Zgud made his first trip ever to see the museum's display, magnifier in hand, to study the museum's enlargement of the photo.

The runner in the foreground is Ed Wrubleski, the crew's tail gunner, now of Pittsburgh, PA.

Zgud, aerial and waist gunner, is one of the two men running behind him.

"Wrubleski and I are the only two in the picture without our hats. We were always in trouble for not wearing them. We were constantly being ordered to get them on and sometimes we couldn't find them at all," Zgud says with a laugh.

Running with him is Jack Frost, gunner, now of Meeker, Colorado.

Zgud laughs again as he looks at the serviceman on the right in the Canteen's doorway.

"Even when he didn't know his picture was being taken he looked spit and polish military. He always did," Zgud says of George Kubes, the crew's radio operator who now lives in Tempe, Arizona.

All nine members of the crew returned from Europe where they were stationed in Shipdham, England. They flew 30 missions in their B-24s with the Eighth Air Force's 44th Bomb Group, known as the "Flying Eight Balls."

The other crew members were Elmer W. Smith, pilot, of Russellville, Ark., now deceased; Arvin L. Irish, co-pilot, Greenville, Mich.; Arthur Holt, bombardier, Lutherville, Md.; Paul L. Taylor, engineer, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Ed Serbin, navigator, Englewood, Colo.

"I've given Serbin a detailed map of how to find North Platte. I hope he doesn't get lost on the way here, but you know how navigators are," Zgud says with teasing laughter. Serbin plans to attend next week's World War II Canteen Reunion in North Platte.

More than 6 million servicemen and women were served at the North Platte Canteen. Old photos that recall their presence at the Canteen are filled with faces that remain nameless.

But not entirely.



This was John Zgud's crew that flew together in the 44th BG. Elmer Smith, pilot, died a couple of years ago.



John Zgud
N.P. Telegraph photo



Still buddies

They shared cabbage stew and hope in a Nazi POW camp; 40 years later, in a suburban hotel, they shared the memories

by Ron Grossman
Chicago Tribune

It was the worst of times and, strangely, the best of times - and for a little while, it was only yesterday instead of 40+ years ago.

"Andy? It is you, isn't it?" asked Ira Weinstein, smothering Alton Andrews in a bear hug. "I hardly recognize you with some meat on your bones."

Andrews didn't reply. That's not his style. They used to kid that no one had heard him say five words in all their time in a POW camp. Yet clearly he, too, was having trouble squaring memories with what time and a steady three meals a day had done to his buddy's waistline.

With its plastic plants and heroic-scale chandeliers, the Sheraton North Shore Inn in Northbrook flaunts the good life, suburban American style. The last time Andrews and Weinstein had seen each other was during World War II, when they and 16 other GIs shared a 12-foot-square room in Stalag Luft I, just outside Barth, Germany. Their daily fare was a thin cabbage-and-rutabaga stew.

Weinstein had gift-wrapped a set of those vegetables for each of his five former roommates, whom the Veterans Administration had been able to track down.

"You haven't changed a bit, Ira," said William Wilson, rolling his eyes and smiling as he unwrapped his party favor. "I haven't been able to stand the sight of these, let alone eat one, since 1945."

As the senior officer among them, Wilson was their commander during their Nazi captivity. In a POW barracks, rank operates the same as elsewhere in military service. But then and now, Weinstein was the group's combination hustler and idea man.

A year ago Weinstein decided that time was running out to see what had become of his old Air Corps comrades. So he issued the invitations and booked the facilities for a weekend reunion near his Glencoe [Illinois] home. And there they were, standing in a hotel lobby, introducing wives who were then V-Mail sweethearts.

"Al, I'd like you to meet my wife -" Bob Barr began.

"Nina," interjected Al Steindam. "You told me all about her when I drew those plans for your dream house. Did you kids ever get a chance to build it?"

Barr said he still has the drawings that Steindam sketched while the two sat on the edge of a triple-decker bunk and Barr talked about his hopes of going home to Martins Ferry, Ohio, and marrying the girl next door on Elm Street.

If he ever did make it back to the U.S., Barr had explained, he would need a house roomy enough for the family he and Nina already had planned. Four decades later, Barr passed around photographs of the three children (now parents themselves) who had filled the bedrooms of Steindam's design.

Before the war got in his way, Steindam was headed to the University of Texas to study architecture. After V-E Day, he finally made it to campus and took a degree in structural engineering, a profession he practiced in Dallas until a few years ago. From student days to retirement, Steindam worked on thousands of blueprints. Yet none meant half as much as those crude sketches he made, behind barbed wire with improvised drafting equipment, for a nonpaying client.

To survive as a prisoner of war, Steindam said, you have to believe in the future, against the overwhelming monotony of your daily routine. In 1944, when he and the others met, they didn't know if they would ever again see the world beyond an internment camp for 3,000 British and American airmen shot down over Nazi-occupied Europe.

When the Soviet army liberated them during the final days of the war, the men of Stalag Luft I were asked to help tend to the inmates of a nearby concentration camp where the Nazis kept political prisoners. Weinstein volunteered for that duty. What he saw there ("naked bodies, dead and half-dead, so emaciated you could barely tell men from women") made him and his buddies

realize that, relatively speaking, they hadn't had it too bad.

Still, "relatively" is a word that makes sense chiefly in hindsight. At the time, just the fact of their confinement was enough to drive some of their comrades to despair.

"What was the name of the guy who - it couldn't have been more than a few weeks before we were liberated - ran screaming across the parade ground and tried climbing the fence in broad daylight?" someone asked.

"I remember he was a Canadian who had flown with the RAF," another answered.

"The guards shot him," a third said. "We used to say: 'Another poor guy has gone around the bend.'"

Then the conversation turned to sentences that began, "I'll never forget the first time you came walking into our barracks..." Alton Andrews was the hands-down winner for initial impressions.

Andrews' B-17 was shot out from under him in July 1944, when he was on his 14th bombing mission over Germany. Parachuting down, he found himself in the Bavarian Alps. He appropriated a Tyrolean hat and walking stick from an empty farmhouse and started heading for Switzerland, on the other side of the mountains, hoping to sit out the rest of the war in that neutral country. He was still wearing the felt hat when a camp guard introduced Andrews to the others as their new roommate. His first words were that he was angry at himself for getting caught so close to freedom.

"The night before a German patrol picked me up," Andrews recalled, "I was hiding in a mountain pasture and could hear a boy and girl yodeling to each other across the valley. That's the way young people court each other there."

Weinstein recalled that he wound up in Luft I for having violated the injunction against working on Yom Kippur. During the bomber offensive against the Nazis, American air crews based in England had a

(continued on page 23)

Still Buddies (cont. from page 22)

25 mission quota, he noted. Then they were eligible for home leave. By the fall of 1944, he was only one short of reaching that goal. Because of the Jewish holidays, he was due a three-day pass and planned to take in the sights of London. Instead, he volunteered to fly an extra mission with a crew short its regular bombardier. That way, he figured, he could be back in Chicago by Christmas.

Instead, anti-aircraft fire forced him to bail out. On the way down he saw his pilot being pitchforked to death by irate German farmers. He himself survived because of one of those touches of human kindness that somehow coexist with the horrors of war. Captured and taken in front of a local *burgermeister*, Weinstein plucked out of memory the Yiddish spoken in his parents' West Side home. The sound of that Germanic language told the village mayor he had a problem on his hands.

"I'll have to deliver you to a *Luftwaffe* base before the S.S. discovers you here," he explained. "Those S.S. men do not take Jews prisoner. They kill them."

The mayor's assessment proved correct: The German air force considered American airmen as brothers-in-arms and confined them in POW compounds more livable than the camps for other prisoners. Yet Weinstein and the others recalled that, in some ways, the lenient treatment made their time in Stalag Luft I psychologically harder.

"The guards were soldiers too old for battlefield duty, and some would smuggle in food to trade for the cigarettes from our Red Cross packages," Barr recalled. "But they would also harangue us about how American and Germany should get together against the Russians because they were our mutual enemy."

As part of that propaganda battle, Barr continued, the Germans brought Max Schmeling to visit them. A celebrity is a celebrity, even in a prison camp, so a lot of GIs lined up to get autographed pictures of the former heavyweight boxing champion, whom Joe Louis had defeated in a memorable fight just before the war. The next morning at roll call, the senior American officer in Luft I, Col. H.R. Spicer, talked about the psychological dangers of fraternization. Col. Spicer, Barr recalled, was a dashing figure with a handlebar mustache whom the Germans put into solitary confinement for his speech.

"When he reminded us that while we were being buddy-buddy with Schmeling, other Germans were killing GIs they'd taken prisoner in the Battle of the Bulge, nobody could look the Colonel in the face," Barr said. "Later, when FDR died, every one of us put on a black arm band, so those German SOB's would know exactly how we felt."

Wilson added that for other reasons, the season of Col. Spicer's address was the roughest time of their confinement. In June of 1944, when the Allies landed on the beaches of Normandy, spirits in Luft I soared. Among the other contraband the inmates had traded for was a radio. When it brought the news of D-Day, Wilson and his buddies imagined that Gen. Eisenhower's tanks shortly would come crashing through the camp's barbed wire fences.

That winter, though, the Germans counterattacked in the Battle of the Bulge, postponing the day of Luft I's deliverance. Their POW camp, Wilson noted, was not far



Front (l-r): Ira P. Weinstein, 1st Lt., 44th BG, 702nd BS, B-24 bombardier; and Albert L. Steindam, 1st Lt., 384th BG, 547th BS, B-17 navigator. Back (l-r): Alton Andrews, 2nd Lt., 398th BG, B-17 bombardier; William D. Wilson, Lt. Col., 352nd FG, 328th Sqdn.; P-51 fighter pilot; Earl R. Barr, 1st Lt., 306th BG, 367th BS, B-17 pilot; and Jerry Gilbert, 2nd Lt., 369th BG, B-17 bombardier.

from the air base where the Germans were developing the first jet-propelled aircraft. Daily the guards taunted them with Adolf Hitler's promise that Germany had a new secret weapon that would turn the tide of the war.

"We'd look up to see the jet streams of planes flying so high and so fast we couldn't tell what they were," Wilson recalled. "But as airmen, we knew that we and the British didn't have anything to match them. So by Christmas time, we were all feeling pretty low."

Indeed, Wilson and his Christian bunk mates were a sorry lot as they went off, on the morning of Dec. 25, to the religious service the camp's chaplain had arranged. Upon returning to quarters, they were greeted by Weinstein and Jerry Gilbert, their other Jewish roommate, standing in the doorway, towels draped over their arms, like waiters in a fancy restaurant.

Inside stood a scrawny pine tree decorated with improvised ornaments and a table set with a holiday dinner. Weinstein and Gilbert had swapped the guards a king's ransom worth of cigarettes for a turkey and all the trimmings. There were even place cards with a menu (including "purloined dressing") and a special season's greetings.

"Whenever I hear 'Silent Night,' I think of that Christmas in the camp," Barr said. "Ira and Jerry had lettered our place cards with the wish that was on everybody's mind: 'Home Alive in '45.'"

A little more than four months later, the tanks they had been praying for finally showed up, though they were marked with a hammer and sickle instead of stars and stripes. As their final act of freedom, the pre-war journalists and printers among the prisoners liberated a print shop in town and put out the first, and only, issue of *The Barth Hard Times*. "Rusky Come!" the headline announced, echoing their terror-stricken guards' departing words.

Shortly afterward, the U.S. 8th Air Force flew a squadron of B-17s into the field where the Germans had been testing jets, and started ferrying the inmates of Stalag Luft I back to civilian life.

Bob Barr went back to Martins Ferry and became his hometown's dentist. Ira Weinstein travelled the county visiting families of crew members who didn't make it out of his B-24 when it crashed. Then he came back to Chicago and wound up owning an advertising agency. His fellow Chicagoan, Jerry Gilbert, started a display company.

Al Steindam's son, Lt. Russell Albert Steindam, was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for throwing himself on a Viet Cong grenade in 1970 while protecting his wounded men.

Alton Andrews managed water municipal systems in Oregon. William Wilson stayed in the service for a number of years. He retired as a lieutenant colonel and worked for the Internal Revenue Service.

Over the years, Wilson and the others agreed, the experience of Stalag Luft I has begun to dim. So sometimes now, the terror and horror they knew in the skies above Germany, and the memory of buddies who didn't live to see V-E Day, seem more like a bad dream.

Some of their wives, though, still recall their husbands' homecoming like it was yesterday.

"Bill just couldn't stand to be in a crowd of people," recalled Jodie Wilson. "It must have been having to live packed in, so close together, in the camp."

"We had a big welcome-home party for Bob," Nina Barr said. "I remember we were dancing, and Bob whispered, 'Hold me real tight, honey.' He was shaking so bad he couldn't stop."

Finally, Alton Andrews spoke up and said that like Wilson, he couldn't abide being around people when he landed in the States. A fishing trip improved his spirits. One day, though, he left a fishing gaff lying in his boat while he went to buy some bait, and when he returned it was gone.

"That old gaff couldn't have been worth more than a couple of dollars," Andrews recalled. "But at that moment, I still had so much anger bottled up inside me. If I'd found the guy who stole it, I'd have killed him for sure."

Heritage League

by Vicki Warning

The holiday season was a busy one for Norma Beasley as VP of Communications and editor of the Newsletter for the Heritage League. After several months of preparation, the newsletter was mailed to members in mid-December. If for some reason someone you know has not received their copy, please drop either Norma or me a line and we will send one to them. We are very pleased with the newsletter, but as with any new venture, we welcome suggestions. In fact, we have no name for our newsletter and are soliciting suggestions for a name from the membership. Just send your suggestion to any one of the officers.

Membership dues for the 1989 year are now due and should be sent to Betty C. Wayne at 5072 Santorini Way, Village of Corfu, Ocean Hills, CA 92056. Any new organization such as the Heritage League needs everyone's support, not just in the first year or two, but in the following years as well. Please remember to pay your dues.

Through the Heritage League, I have been fortunate enough to renew contacts with two of my Dad's crew. We had all lost touch but they had read about the Heritage League in the 2nd AD newsletter and contacted me. I had met them with my Dad many years ago and even though he has

since passed away, it was with great joy that these old friendships were renewed. I believe this is truly one of the reasons I so enjoy the 2nd AD and hope that through the Heritage League we can continue these friendships and make new ones in the U.S. and abroad.

I believe I speak for all of the officers and directors of the Heritage League when I say we are looking forward to the 2nd AD reunion in Hilton Head in November. We plan to hold our annual meeting during the convention and hope to see many of you in attendance. Until then, the best of 1989 to everyone.



712th Sqdn., 448th Bomb Group - Seething - Sta. 146. Standing (l-r): R.H. Piccolo, bombardier, K.A. Wheeler, pilot; W.B. Wivell, co-pilot; H.R. Morton, navigator; C.L. Pullen, navigator. Kneeling (l-r): Robt. Drummond, ar. gunner; R.R. Sage, flt. eng.; R.S. Messner, gunner; P.V. Oskowski, gunner; E.W. Pinner, radio opr.; Edw. Wagner, gunner.

NOTICE

With malice towards none, I really fouled up on one submission in the Winter issue of the Journal. I extend my apologies to H.R. Morton and others who might have been miffed due to this error. I hereby correct it.

The photo on page 33 lacked the names of those in the photograph. Here are the names and please accept my apologies.

— Bill Robertie
Journal Editor

RHYMES OF THE TIMES by Ed Hohman & Roy Myers

A PRIVATE'S OPINION

He didn't like the army food,
'Said it wasn't too delicious;
The Mess Sarge didn't like his mood,
Now he's washing all the dishes!



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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.

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Kid Pilots Praised By General



Brig. Gen. E.J. Timberlake & Col. Keith Compton. "Flying Circus" commander and guest look over photographs.

[Please note: This article is taken from a wartime newspaper.]

A hearty tribute was paid Saturday to "the kids who were just soda jerkers, clerks and mechanics before the war, who flew the most elaborate planes" by Brig. Gen. E.J. Timberlake upon his return from the European theater.

The 35-year-old general, commander of the famous "Timberlake's Flying Circus," the 93rd Bombardment Group, was interviewed at his home.

WONDERFUL KIDS

Punctuating his statements with frequent gestures, the general enthusiastically went into a discussion about "the wonderful kids in the European theater." Said he:

"They may forget to salute you once in a while, but they go out and put that bomb right on the target. I don't think we give them as much confidence as they are entitled to."

General Timberlake also noted that "Boy Scouts make wonderful soldiers because they know a little about everything," and he pointed to Brig. Gen. "Dick" Saunders, one of the youngest generals in the army as an example.

STABILIZER

The "stabilizing influence" of his group of youngsters, General Timberlake said, was Maj. Robert Stonesifer of San Antonio, "about 50 years old" who started in the ground crew and went up as administrative inspector with the 93rd.

In General Timberlake's home as a guest Friday was Col. Keith Compton of St. Joe, Mo., commanding officer of Biggs Field at El Paso, who was operations officer of the Flying Circus. Colonel Compton flew down from El Paso when he heard that General Timberlake had returned home.

The Flying Circus had the highest number of missions in the Eighth Air Force, with 391 sorties. It was formed in March of 1942 at Barksdale Field, La. and General Timberlake went overseas with it in September of 1942.

TO AFRICA

In July he went to Africa in preparation for the invasion of Sicily and back to England in October of 1943 after softening up Italy for the Salerno landing.

He wants to go "on to the Pacific theater" in a big way, but thinks the war with Japan will last "three times as long as anybody figures."

General Timberlake holds the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross with one cluster, the Air Medal with two clusters, the Legion of Honor and the French Croix de Guerre with palm.



Tora Tora Tupelo Revisited

by Henry Orzechowski

Bob Mallick's "Tora Tora Tupelo" story in the Spring issue of the Journal talks about the BT-13 with the plywood tail that he says was placarded against spins. This puzzles me greatly because as a Basic Instructor at Enid, OK in 1943-44, I flew about 1000 hours in the BT-13 and many of those hours were in the "wood tail Vibrator," but I never saw a plate that said Not For Aerobatics. There were plenty of rumors about the tail breaking off in a spin, so many in fact that I had a student who was apprehensive about doing the three turn spins that were required. To convince him, and myself, that the rumors were not true, I took the plywood tail Vibrator up to a safe altitude, cleared the area, and did a 13 turn spin, kicked it out and, much to my and the cadet's surprise and delight, everything stayed together.

I recently met with three other ex BT-13 instructors in Austin, TX and during dinner

I brought up the subject of the "wood tail Vibrator" spinning restrictions. Nobody could remember a plate, or any official placard against aerobatics, or spinning, and one of the ex-instructors said that the first thing he did with a new student was to spin the BT-13 whether it had a plywood tail or not. Another told of a student who panicked during a spin and by the time the instructor recovered, they had dived through the traffic pattern. After landing, he chewed out the cadet and the cadet saluted and said, "Sir, I quit." Then the cadet, still wearing his chute, reported to the Squadron C.O. and repeated his intention to quit, and he actually did!

The BT-13 was a good old beast and the only trouble I had with it got me a two week leave. Somebody saw me kick a reluctant primer pump back into place and reported me. After the Major racked me back he found out that I'd been flying about 100

hours a month for five straight months, sometimes with as many as eight students a day. At the time I kicked the primer I'd been flying for 14 days without a break, adding about another 60 hours to my total time. It had been sixteen months since I left home for classification in San Antonio and I guess he figured I needed a rest, and he sure was right!

And Mallick was right about the English weather. I was there with the 445th BG from October '44 to March '45 when we finished up our 35 missions and the weather, especially during the Bulge battle, was impossible. I really appreciated the hours I piled up teaching instrument flying in Basic because it gave me full confidence in the gauges and that was certainly needed in England that winter.

So it goes, older, wiser, and content to remember those days (and nights) that will never ever happen again.

Roll Out The Barrel

by Buddy Cross

When I first read the article, "Stewart and Low - The Buzzin Twins" in the June 1984 Journal, I was quite concerned that possibly Major Stewart might have been influenced by his previous association and contact as Squadron Commander with some members of the 703rd Sqdn., 445th Bomb Group; association with some who might have been prone to engage in somewhat unmilitary escapades, bending of regulations, and convenient lapses of memory.

However, after reading again the article, "Problem Solving Could Have Been Fatal" by Frank Thomas in the Sept., 1985 Journal, page 10, I am convinced that Major Stewart most certainly acquired these traits only after joining the 453rd Bomb Group.

Therefore, I feel completely at ease now in relating the following incident which happened at Tibenham in late Feb., 1944.

Our crew had completed fourteen missions and was scheduled for the next but because of bad weather missions had been cancelled the two previous days. This particular day, our tail gunner, K.H. Dabbs, after finishing breakfast and with nothing to do, was for some unknown reason in the immediate area of the Officers Club. He noticed a truck driver unloading several kegs of beer. As the Officers Club was

closed and there seemed to be no one to receive the shipment, the driver left the kegs by the door and drove off. Now, Dabbs was one helluva guy to fly with (three confirmed enemy aircraft shot down) but on the ground he was, shall we say, "high spirited" and more often than not doing things he shouldn't. When he saw those kegs of beer, he couldn't resist and managed somehow to transport one of the smaller kegs all the way to our hut. Even though the rest of us had not participated in the requisition of said keg, we were more than willing to share in the spoils of his foray.

The other crew that shared our hut had been shot down three weeks previously and had not been replaced so we had plenty of room in our hut. We placed the keg of beer on a small hand made table and set up our own bar. When not in use (which was seldom) we threw a blanket over the whole thing just in case someone from another hut happened to look in on us. Next day another mission was scrubbed, so late that afternoon most of us were in our hut sleeping, reading, writing letters or playing cards. About this time, Major Stewart and the First Sergeant came in. Eventually someone noticed who it was and yelled "ATTENTION." We had not had a bar-

racks inspection since our arrival at Tibenham so we felt we were in big trouble. The Major and First Sergeant said nothing but slowly moved through the hut while giving each of us a very stern look. The Major made his way over to the blanket covered keg of beer and stopped. My throat was dry and I couldn't swallow. Visions of the guard house flashed through my mind and I even felt I could see my Sergeants stripes fading off my sleeve. The Major raised the blanket, reached over and got a mess kit cup hanging nearby, drew some beer into the cup and proceeded to drink it. After replacing the blanket he walked to the door and then turned around facing us. In that slow speech of his he said, "There is a rumor going around that someone took a keg of beer from the Officers Club. I know none of my boys would do a thing like that and I'm sure it will turn up back at the Club real soon." With that he turned and walked out. We all breathed a sigh of relief and wasted little time in getting that keg back to the Officers Club (after filling every container we could lay our hands on).

It was just a short time later that Major Stewart was transferred to the 453rd Bomb Group. We hated to see him leave but since the 453rd really needed help and we both were fighting on the same side, what could we do but wish him well.

Vindication (While "Learning The Ropes")

by Jim Coffey

I was a 20-year-old B-24 pilot of a replacement crew, when I arrived with my crew at Salhouse Station at 18.55 on February 6, 1945, and reported for duty at the 467th Bomb Group at Rackheath. We had spent the night before and most of the previous day on a train from Scotland.

We had left New York about 8 or 9 days earlier on the grand old Cunarder, the Aquitania. She was the sister ship of the Lusitania, the sinking of which by German submarines precipitated America's entry into World War I. Built to carry 3,500 passengers 1st class, the ship transported 15,000 American servicemen. All were on deck as we passed the Statue of Liberty; there was not a dry eye to be seen.

After 6 or 7 days of rolling, pitching and yawing, we arrived at Greenock, Scotland, the harbor crowded with great ships.

I flew my first mission Feb. 15, 1945, to Osnabruck as co-pilot. It was standard operating procedure for a pilot to fly his first mission as co-pilot. The purpose was to learn from an experienced pilot those tasks which could only be learned under combat conditions.

The day began when I was shaken awake in the pre-dawn darkness by someone with a flashlight, followed by my stumbling around and getting dressed, then on to breakfast, the highlight of which was *fresh* eggs, as distinct from the powdered eggs of non-mission days.

Then on to briefing, just as in *Twelve O'Clock High*, with a curtain concealing the map to the target, the groans when the curtain was opened and we could see the route to the target, deep into Germany. Then followed an explanation by Col. Shower, our C.O., on the target and its importance. The Weather Officer covered his subject and the Armament Officer covered his. We hacked our watches on a count from ten seconds to zero.

Then we checked out our flak jackets to wear and "extras" to cover the flight deck. We also checked out our .45 caliber Colts and our maps and escape kits.

Then, finally on to the flight line where I followed the pilot as he made his walk-around inspection of his assigned plane.

Finally, it was time to climb into the plane and get ready for take-off. The pilot went through his check list covering the many steps required to start the engines (#3 first because it provided hydraulic pressure needed for various controls). I watched attentively through all this and performed the co-pilot's tasks. Finally, it was time to take our place in line. We taxied out, cowl flaps open, and moved into position for take-off.

Particularly important tasks included the pilot's role in: getting his plane into line as the Group marshalls for take-off (our Commanding Officer, Col. Albert J. Shower, was emphatic: "I want our planes to take off at 30-second intervals and I mean 30-second intervals, not 29 or 31!"); and finding the Group during assembly, joining

his Squadron in his assigned position as the Group begins to approach its position in the Wing.

I watched in fascination as Col. James Mahoney flying "Little Pete," a P-47, almost literally shepherded strays into position. The bomber stream seemed to include a thousand planes.*

About three weeks later, on March 9th, our first mission as a crew was also to Osnabruck. When we broke out of the clouds at altitude, I could not find the 467th Group in the hundreds of circling planes. (I learned later this situation was not altogether rare.) However, we had a dogleg course across the Channel, so I asked my navigator to intercept the group as it turned course. He did. I thought then - and now - that my response was a good one and first rate navigation on Al Muller's part.

On our second mission, we lost an engine as we neared the Dutch coast. The engine we lost - I was to learn only many weeks later - was newly reconditioned and had only a few hours of break-in time on it. All this, I suppose, raised questions.

The next day, there was a hearing or some such proceeding with all nine of us convened, at parade rest, before a panel of officers. The hearing began with fairly perfunctory questions to the tail and waist gunners, more difficult ones to the others. Finally I was standing alone with many more difficult questions to answer. (I embarrassed Major Fred E. Holdrege, my 790th Squadron Commander, by missing by 100 the correct RPM on take-off: 2,600 rather than 2,700.) I have never been under more pressure, before or since.

The following day, Col. Albert L. Wallace, gave me a checkride. I was *always* apprehensive about checkrides, because of their "go-no-go" nature, but especially this one. Col. Wallace was relaxed, friendly and encouraging. I know his positive attitude contributed much to good flying on my part. (He passed me. I remain grateful to this day.)

There was a sequel. Sometime in April, I was Officer of the Day. Normally a fairly routine assignment, I found I had a real problem: there was the serious question whether we would have enough flyable airplanes called for by tomorrow's mission. I went over to talk with the man in charge and learned he was replacing an engine which had failed on a mission. I told him about my experience with date and name of the A/C. "Oh yes," he said, "I know. The one you lost was one of *four* newly-reconditioned engines we received a few days earlier. *All four failed before they had 20 hours.*" I felt that I had been vindicated.

More important, our ground crew somehow managed to provide the required number of planes for the mission the next day!

*The Mighty Eighth War Diary reports 987

Can Somebody Identify This Photo?



"Boys Howdy"

by John W. Archer

John Burke mentions his ship "Boys Howdy" in a recent *Journal* and wonders if anyone remembers it. Here is one unusual incident - John may have been on the aircraft the day the following incident occurred.

It was mission No. 46 for the 445th BG, the date was April 1, 1944, and the target was Ludwigshafen, Germany.

The Group had started its takeoff. One aircraft came to grief, coming down at Long Stratton; one crewman survived. The weather was bad, and even worse over the continent. Crewmen of the "Boys Howdy" returned to Tibenham with a tale of a phantom B-24 which flew 150 miles from Germany to within ten miles of its home base with no one at the controls - unless it had a ghost pilot.

While on the mission in adverse weather, "Boys Howdy," piloted by 1st Lt. Albert I. Bell, lost its formation but struggled along and dropped its bombs. Heading for home through intense flak, Bell's crew observed two B-24s flying either side. The plane on the left received a direct hit and exploded. Almost immediately an ack-ack burst tore the top turret off the ship on the right and blasted a hole the size of a football in its fuselage. Eight men bailed out. The crippled bomber continued on its course.

Bell remarked that he was hesitant about getting too close to the ship after her crew jumped. As he moved up on her right wing, he warned the gunners that she might be a German decoy.

They circled her and were amazed to see no one at the controls and all gun positions

were abandoned. Apparently the other two crewmen were killed. They followed the plane 150 miles, and she flew in a straight course, in perfect formation with "Boys Howdy" as if guided by a pilot and navigator.

As they approached the English coast, Bell radioed the nearest airfield for instructions. It was agreed that the only safe thing to do was to shoot her down over the sea.

The ghost ship turned on "Boys Howdy" as if to bid the crew farewell, and then, gasoline apparently exhausted, the two port engines conked out. She banked off to the right and swung into the sea just off shore. It was later learned that the bomber was less than ten miles from her base.

Bronco Riding at 20,000 Feet

by J.E. Gegenheimer

On one of my missions the bomb load consisted of approximately 60 100-lb. bombs. These were loaded in tiers in the four separated quadrants of the bomb bay.

All of the bombs had small arming propellers which were kept from turning by a retaining pin. The bombs were designed so that after these propellers turned a certain number of revolutions, the bomb would become "live." The retaining pins were attached to wires which would automatically pull the pins when the bombs were released. On the bomb run, for some unknown reason, the upper tier loadings released first and log-jammed against the lower tier which did not release at all. The bombs from the upper tiers had dropped far enough for the wires to pull the pins and some of the propeller spun off. On the others (where possible) the pins were re-inserted, but there was no way of knowing whether these bombs were also "live." Any attempt to land the plane with these bombs would have been suicidal; therefore, when we were over the English Channel at a lower altitude, several of us took turns straddling the open bomb bay and carefully lifting, the dropping the bombs out of the plane. More than half of them detonated on impact with the water. We landed at Shipdham without any further incident.

WWII USAF Pilots Class 43-E Reunion - GCTC

Former members of USAF Pilot Class 43-E, Gulf Coast Training Command, are being sought by classmates for their 46th anniversary reunion to be held November 9-12, 1989 in Orlando, Florida. Members are asked to contact:

Hugh Myers, Sec.
624 San Luis Rey Rd.
Arcadia, CA 91006
or call 818-447-6140.

Group Dedicates Plaque, Rekindles Memories



Members of the 2nd Air Division Association of the 8th Air Force pose in front of a bomber while in England.

Members of the 2nd Air Division Association of the 8th Air Force dedicated a memorial plaque June 24, 1988 on the Cemetery Memorial Wall. The 2nd Air Division operated B-24 Liberator bombers from 14 combat airfields in England and an air depot situated between Norfolk and northeast Suffolk. Each airfield had a bombardment group with four squadrons and a total complement of 72 Liberators and 3,000 men. During the last eight months of hostilities, the 2nd Air Division controlled five fighter groups: three based in north Essex; one in Suffolk; and one in Hertfordshire. There were more than 100 P-47 Thunderbolt and P-51 Mustang fighter aircraft on each airfield and approximately 2,000 people.

The daylight operations of the 8th Air Force were vigorously contested by the enemy, who took a heavy toll of both bombers and fighters. Between Oct. 1942 and May 1945 the groups of the 2nd Air Division lost 1,458 Liberators, 263 fighters and more than 6,400 airmen.

The 2nd Air Division's first bombing mission was flown on Nov. 7, 1942, and the last on April 25, 1945. A total of 95,945 sorties were flown in 439 operational missions by the division's B-24s, which dropped 199,983 tons of bombs. Bomber crews accounted for 1,079 German aircraft destroyed in the air. The P-47s and P-51s of the fighter groups destroyed another 3,670 enemy aircraft in the air and on the ground.

Advice To Troops Helped Goodwill



A smile in war-time. The postcard above is part of Norman Brooks' collection of memorabilia from the Americans in Britain during the Second World War. But the Americans were also given books on how to get on with their British allies - and nowadays some of that advice can raise a good natured and nostalgic smile too ...

They were strangers in a strange country - divided by a common language.

For the Americans coming to Britain to add their weight to the European war effort, it was certainly more than just a question of fighting alongside their allies. They had to get to know them as well.

And the American high command were anxious that their boys didn't stick their size nines right in it.

Norman Brooks, of The Street, Old Costessey, has collected a great deal of American memorabilia from those days - including a Betty Grable-type model made from old perspex, and a whole series of books from Der Fuehrer, Hitler's rise to power "condensed for wartime reading" to Bob Hope's story of his trip abroad, "I Never Left Home."

But one of the most fascinating, brought in by George Buckenham of Neville Close, Sprowston, was a book called "A Short Guide to Great Britain."

The Americans visiting Norwich again will probably remember it with a warm smile on their faces.

For a start, the average American was warned not to disregard the national anthem being played at the end of a show. "The British consider it bad form not to stand at attention, even if it means missing the last bus. If you are in a hurry, leave before the national anthem is played. That's considered all right."



Those memories of old - just part of Norman Brooks' collection of American memorabilia from the Second World War, including the short guide to Britain in the centre and the model made out of Perspex.

They were told the British were reserved but friendly, not given to back-slapping and shy about their affections. "But once they get to like you they make the best friends in the world."

And there were guidelines for making those friends. In a pub, they were told to wait to be asked to join in a darts game and if beaten, stand aside and let someone else play. And in making friends with British

soldiers, the whole process would be slowed up by "swiping his girl, and not appreciating what his army has been up against."

Servicemen were warned that, if asked in for a meal, they shouldn't tuck in.

"If you are invited into a British home and the host exhorts you to 'eat up - there's plenty on the table,' go easy. It may be the family's rations for a whole week spread out to show their hospitality."

Remembering that Britain was a country rationed through war was a general warning. Americans were told not to brag about life back home or complain about the state of things this side of the Atlantic.

In a summary list of do's and don'ts, they were also told not to make fun of the British accent; to avoid comments on the British Government or politics (the book says the British public may openly criticise the country's politics but won't take too kindly to Americans adding their two cents worth); not to come up with wisecracks about Americans winning the first World War; and NEVER criticise the King and Queen.

The book finishes with an extract from a book to the British called "Meet the Americans" which called for goodwill and respect to their allies.

As typified by the American servicemen visiting Norfolk again, it was a sentiment taken to heart by both nations.

Letters



Dear Bill:

Here is a big "Thank You" for putting my thoughts in the Winter Journal. The articles have brought me many unexpected letters and contacts with old friends. Space won't allow me to share all the enthusiasm in these letters, but I will tell you they brought me a feeling of great happiness and warmth. The time and effort you put into the Journal is much appreciated. Again, Thank You!

Bill Griffiths
Route 8, Box 255
Marietta, OH 45750

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Dear Bill:

I had a big surprise when I was reading the Winter 1988 Journal. There was a picture of a bomber crew #40 - 448th BG on page 32. It included a Harry Whitfield, who was an engineer on a crew I flew with in Charleston, S.C. That crew was broken up when the pilot was hurt, and he and I were placed on different crews. I haven't heard from him for many years; did have some contact 40 years ago. I would like Whitfield's address if you have it. If not, maybe the person who sent the picture would have it - you must have been in Charleston about the same time as I was. Thank you for your cooperation.

Harold M. Donovan
322 West Dakota Street
Spring Valley, IL 61362

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Dear Bill:

I recently phoned the publishers at Random House in New York to inquire about the book titled "Ploesti: The Great Ground-Air Battle, 1 Aug. 1943" by authors James Dugan & Carroll Stewart, last published in April 1962 and presently out of print.

They stated that it will be reprinted sometime in 1989. Hope they were not just handing me some bull to get rid of me! Anyway, I mentioned the 2nd Air Division Association to them and our membership of over 7,000.

In case some of our members want to inquire about any publication of theirs, the toll free number is 1-800-638-6460.

I enjoy and look forward to each issue of the Journal, especially the before & after photos of crews and some of the combat stories.

Bill Nelson
Lot 13
1147 College Park Road
Summerville, SC 29483

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Dear Bill:

I clipped the enclosed photograph from the January 1989 issue of *The Retired Officer* magazine. It was used as part of an advertisement for the Air Force Retired Officers Community.

The reason I am sending it to you is that I recognize it as that of a former crew from the 93rd Bomb Group. The aircraft and several of the crew members appear in an

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Dear Bill:

It has been just a year since I signed up with the 2ADA and I must say that I thoroughly enjoy each issue and appreciate the time and effort that goes into each issue by the staff and officers.

I was with the 453rd BG and was a member of Crew 76, but for the life of me I do not know my squadron. Perhaps you can help in this matter. I was a tail gunner on B-24 #301 and the pilot was Capt. William G. Whitely from Deming, New Mexico.

I have read Fred Breuninger's comments on the apparent lack of emphasis on the B-24 by the 2ADA, and I heartily agree that this grand old ship should be kept alive by any and all means. However, I cannot say anything against the 2ADA.

Memory has dimmed over the past 44 years; however, I wish to send along two little tidbits that I have resurrected:

We made 30 missions without anyone getting hurt, although I do have a 10% disability for combat fatigue, and as you remember one could see the two main struts from the waist windows and even see the locking pins. Well, on this mission as we were coming in to land - I had moved from the tail turret to the waist - we observed a neat round hole in the left main strut. It almost cut the strut in two. We asked Capt.

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unidentified photo contained in the pictorial history of the 93rd that was published shortly after the war ended. If you will print the picture in the Journal, someone may be able to recognize and identify the crew. Would appreciate your help.

Robert A. Jacobs
203 Cannister Court
Hampton, VA 23669

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Whitely to please set the plane down on the right wheel and hold the left one up as long as possible. Well, he did just that. He put it down and we must have been down to about 50, or maybe slower, before it settled and it held just fine. When we got out of the plane, we noticed that there was quite a bit of damage to the nacelle that we could not see from inside. Needless to say, the ship was repaired and ready to go in time for the next mission.

The other thing that sticks in my mind is - and I can't remember the name of the mission - we had stretched our fuel to the limit and as we came back to Old Buck, there were quite a few planes making emergency landings, and our #1 as I remember went out for lack of fuel. We advised the tower that we would have to come in as we were out of fuel, but there was no place for us on the runways. Then #4 went out and we advised the tower again - after we had shot a red flare - of the situation and we were allowed to come in. As we touched down #3 went out, leaving us with one good running engine. We had to be towed in and there was no damage to the plane, just OUT OF GAS.

Hope to see you in Fort Worth in May.
Fred L. Weatherly
3325 Wilmer Road
Wilmer, Alabama 36587

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Crane, Metz, Chadwick, Neal, Wipple, Ross, Plouffe, Southers, Kocher, Dodd, Macho, Apps, Parker - I sure hope some of you write!

Dear Bill:

Here is a picture of the group I was stationed with for over two years, November 1943 to December 1945, at Heathfield, England. Please enter the picture in the Journal, as I would be so happy to hear from some of them.

Bill C. Siems
173-2505 E. Bay Drive
Largo, FL 34641

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Dear Bill:

It was great to read the poem "The Valiant 93rd" by Milton R. Watters in the Summer 1988 issue of the Journal. Milton was the tail gunner on our 330th Squadron crew. I am proud to have completed 35 missions with him from August 1944 to March 1945.

After 37 years, the remaining four members of our crew had our first reunion at Nicholas Caruso's home in New York in 1982. Since then we have been here in Nebraska, to Milton's home in Pennsylvania, and to nose gunner Harold Wagner's home in Iowa.

Our plane 046-D was appropriately called "Spare Parts" and met its demise on a mission while we were on R & R after our 31st mission. We crashed Q-970 on our 32nd mission over Harburg, not quite making it to Emergency Field in S.E. England after extensive flak damage.

I thought your readers might like to know this about Milton. I am also in hopes that our great ground crew, headed by Sgt. Schuertz, will see this and make contact.

Warren E. Mickelson
5411 S. 67 Street
Lincoln, NE 68516

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Dear 2ADA Members:

I am looking for a James Christian who was stationed over here in 1942 at Burtonwood, Cheshire. He was 19 years old then and a technical sergeant in the USAAF. He was from Washington, D.C. I believe he had a sister who was maybe a couple of years younger and a much younger brother. Thanking you in anticipation —

Mrs. Pat Kent
29 Ivor Rd.
Redditch, Worc's
B97 4PE
England

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Dear Evelyn:

I have watched the formation of the Heritage League with some interest. However, I am not going to encourage any members of my family to join. I liked your statement as quoted in a San Antonio newspaper during our 1978 (?) reunion that ours is a "last man" organization.

Jim Coffey
39 Hardscrabble Hill
Chappaqua, NY 10514

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Dear Bill:

An open letter to Mr. Fritz Mueller concerning his remarks on the Smithsonian research of the B-24 vs. B-17:

Don't get too upset over the Smithsonian Institute's lack of information on the B-24. After all, it took them several years to admit that the Wright Brothers were the first to fly. They claimed for years that Professor Samuel Pierpont Longley (secretary of the Smithsonian) first flew his "aerodrome" in 1903. Twice it crashed upon being launched over the Potomac River. Nevertheless they claimed it was the first plane to fly (like a brick flies through the air). I too flew B-24s, 44th BG, July '44 to Nov., 34 missions. Love that B-24.

Edward J. Barton
3593 East Elma Street
Camarillo, CA 93010

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Dear Bill:

I have been trying to locate my natural father for the last two years, but with very little progress. He was an enlisted man during WWII and stationed at Kirtland Army Air Field, Albuquerque, NM, during 1944 and early 1945. His name was Robert Harris. He was 22 or 23 at the time and he was from Dallas. Unfortunately, I don't know what unit he was in, or his service number, or his middle name, although I believe he was a technician.

He and my mother separated in April 1945, when he was transferred. He may have been a member of one of your units after leaving Kirtland and before the end of the war.

I would appreciate it very much if you would check your Association rosters for a Robert Harris. I would like to contact him or anyone who may have known him. I regret that I know so little about him and that there were many Robert Harris's who served in WWII.

Since I have exhausted many of the other possibilities for finding him, I have decided to write directly to any Robert Harris that I can find who fits the profile. I would appreciate it very much if you would help by forwarding this from me to any Robert Harris in your organization.

Randall B. Pina
LTC, US Army
766th Medical Det DS
APO NY 09034-3491

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Dear Bill:

I received my copy of the Journal and greatly appreciate you including my article.

At the end of the article I asked to hear from anyone who remembered it, but since my address wasn't included, would they be writing to you for my address?

William Coleman
1602 Woodland Ave.
Johnson City, TN 37601

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Dear Bill:

As you know, I am an honorary member of the 2ADA, and my wife and I attended the convention in Colorado Springs last June. We are both licensed Radio Amateurs.

On 25 October 1988 I was in contact by Amateur Radio with a friend in Waverly, Iowa. His name is Earl Nissen. We had been previously introduced by Ellsworth & Joyce Shields, who are also members of the 2ADA and live in Waverly.

That contact included talking about the formation of Friends of the 2nd Air Division. At the end of the contact after saying our goodbyes, I was called by Edward Schwarm in Marston Mills, MA. Apparently he had been listening and was very enthusiastic (being a member of the 44th BG stationed at Shipdham) about joining the Association. Membership details were passed to him by radio. We have since made further contact and he informed me he has joined the 2ADA and has received letters from David Patterson and another member of the 44th BG. He tells me this has opened up a complete new world for him. I was delighted to be of some help.

What I would like to do is to solicit your help by means of the Journal to establish a 2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Net. I feel there must be many members who are licensed Radio Amateurs. With this in mind, would any member interested write to me giving full details of Call Sign Frequencies they can operate on, etc. Alternatively, I can be found on the 15 meter band on Tuesdays and Saturdays, most weeks. FREQUENCY 21.230 1400 HRS GMT. CALLSIGN G4TWT.

H.W. 'Bill' Holmes
7 Parkland Crescent
Old Catton
Norwich
NR6 7RQ

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Dear Bill:

September 27, 1989 is the 45th anniversary of the 445th's Kassel mission on which twenty-five B-24s were lost by our Group. As a pilot of one of the B-24s that made it back to England that day, I have always wanted to meet our former enemies for whom I have greatest respect and admiration. Any and all airmen who survived that raid are invited with their families to Bad Hersfeld, Germany to meet German pilots who flew against us that day.

Walter Hassenpflug of Bad Hersfeld is making arrangements to house our group, and I invite any and all fighter pilots and bomber crewmen who participated and who are interested in a fitting memorial program dedicated to the one hundred and twelve Americans and twenty-four Germans who died that day, to write me for more information.

William R. Dewey
P.O. Box 413
Birmingham, MI 48012

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George Eifel (left) and Johnny Jones

Dear Bill:

Would you believe, I finally got in contact with my old friend Johnny Jones after not seeing him since the end of the war. He was the pilot of our crew stationed at Horscham Faith, 458th BG, 753rd BS. Our plane was "Shack Time," although we were not flying it the day we went down (we were in "Satan's Mate.") That was July 11, 1944. He was captured along with our co-pilot, Bill Joyce; our navigator, Phil Cole; and myself. The three of them were interned in Stalag Luft I (Barth), while I was sent to Stalag Luft 4.

I have enclosed a picture of Johnny and me taken just before Christmas of '88. I thought you might like to put this in the Journal; I'm sure there are some of his old buddies who would like to drop him a line. His address is 680 Avon Ave., Plainfield, Ind. 46168. Come to find out he's not a member of the 2ADA, but I'm working on him.

Keep up the fine work you are doing on the Journal; that's quite a job, and quite a magazine. Looking forward to the next edition.

George L. Eifel, Jr.

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Dear Bill:

A request for information: Is there any ex-392nd man out there who remembers crash-landing a B-24 on 31 December 1944, about 4 miles from the base in a field in the village of Beetley? All crew members were safe and unhurt except for one who I think had a sprained ankle. The reason I am writing is that the a/c came down a few hundred yards from my home, I was just about the first person on the scene, and also I still have a mechanic's cap that I found in the plane. I spoke to most of the crew members as they stood by the a/c and was given a good supply of chewing gum and sweets. The time of the crash landing was around 3:30 p.m. I think it was a Saturday or Sunday. I would be interested in hearing from any of the crew.

Denis Duffield
Jubilee Cottage
Rushmeadow Rd.
Scarning
Dereham
Norfolk NR192NW
England

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Dear Bill:

I have just learned of the 2nd Air Division Association from a fellow retiree in the adult community to which I've moved. I would like very much to join, but have no information on dues, etc.

I was a bombardier of the 846th Sqdn., 489th BG and was with the Group from January 1944 (Wendover Field, Utah) until it departed Davis Montham Field, Ariz. after being retrained on B-29s. I had flown 34 missions with Lt. Cotton's crew in the 846th by the time we left the 8th (as had the entire crew).

I've seen a few of the Journal issues and seen names that bring back many memories. If I could have the information on membership I would really like to become a member. It's very interesting that in this relatively small development (about 350 houses) there are three B-24 bombardiers - two of us were in the 8th, the other in one of those Italian outfits.

Ralph W. Nix
705 Lobelia Ct.
Sonoma, CA 95476

(Ed.: You never know who lives next door to you until you ask. Dues are \$10.00 per year and all you have to do is fill out our application with the pertinent information.)

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Dear Bill:

As chairman of the Waveney Flying Group, who still flies from the former 448th Bomb Group air base at Seething in England, my wife June & I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the 448th BG for inviting us to their annual reunion at McAllen in October '88 and for giving us such a wonderful time. The hospitality and kindness was overwhelming and it was great to meet again with friends that we made at Seething in 1984 at the dedication of the memorial stone, and in 1987 at the dedication of the restoration of the control tower.

It was our first visit to the U.S.A. and a great adventure for us, especially when we were passed off as Americans on the Mexican border (the people on our bus will know what we are talking about).

Although we were only there two weeks, our host Walter Smith (Smitty) did a superb job of showing and telling us much of the history of Texas, from the Alamo in San Antonio to the Houston Space Center, Galveston Island, and of course the Confederate Air Show; it was great to see the B-24 flying again.

We would like to think of this visit as an appetizer, and hope at some future time to visit your fine country again. Looking forward to renewing our friendship again in 1990 at Norwich. Thank you all once again.

Bob & June Marjoram
Low Farm
Sth. Walsham
Norwich
NR13 6EQ

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Dear Bill:

In the Winter edition of the Journal there was a statement by Mr. Fred Breuninger of the 446th Bomb Group.

I agree with his statement. Furthermore, I think the Journal and vice presidents of the various Groups should make an effort to get some "hands on" memorabilia of Groups and Squadrons. As an example: I was shot down in 1943. I didn't know the 389th logo was "Flying Scorpions." I still do not know if each squadron had a logo. Really nice quality caps with Group and logo. It would be nice to have and to hold and to wear these at special events. And to pass along to children and grandchildren.

After all, we are a vanishing breed. I would be happy to pay almost any amount to hold these in my hands. Rub 'em, feel of 'em and think of those gone but not forgotten days.

Hughes H. Brewer

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Dear Bill:

Enjoyed Ed Wanner's article, "It Was Cold," in the Winter 1988 Journal. I can certainly relate to the trials and tribulations of trying to keep warm during the cold damp English winters.

I always gave credit to our guys for the Rube Goldberg contraption that doled out drop by drop of the oil and gas mixture to be ignited in the pot belly stoves that were in mode at the time. I see by Ed's article that the 68th BS, 44th BG was not unique in this application, as it was also used by his outfit as well. Needless to say, it was a most welcome solution to the problem, no matter who dreamed it up. The only difference is that our top brass was cognizant of our method of staying warm and overlooked the slight impropriety.

There were two other incidents I recall that occurred before the sophisticated heating system became operational. One occasion was when one of our "roomies" went to London on furlough and left a perfectly good mattress on his bed frame. The temptation was too great to resist and we had another reprieve against the ever present cold and dampness. The mattress burned beautifully, piece by piece, for several nights.

Another miserable night when we ran out of our weekly ration of coke we came upon the thought that there were some perfectly good tables in the mess hall that had great combustible potential. That same night we had volunteers go out on patrol to case the mess hall. Also that same night our barracks was nice and toasty, compliments of our local eatery. Now the story can be told some 44 years later. The mystery is solved and the mess sergeant can finally get a good night's sleep knowing what happened in the "Mystery of the Missing Table."

So there you have it. Ed's article brought out the nostalgia that has laid dormant all these years.

Art Fain

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Dear Bill:

Again I must say that it was great to read another issue of the 2nd ADA Journal. I have saved a copy of all those that were printed from the beginning. There's a lot of history there.

I was glad to see Fred Breuninger's statement printed in the Journal, and I surely would like to see many of the members speak up in favor of more emphasis on the B-24 and its history. I've been thinking all along - am I the only one who thinks the B-24 needs more tribute or am I being too gung-ho about the B-24? Many thanks to Fred. I hope there will be a great response.

Allen Welters
1418 70 St. E.
Inver Grv Hts, MN 55075

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Photo by Dean Tvedt, Mt. Horeb, WI

Dear Bill:

Thought you might be interested in this photo of me with my "LIBR8R" license plate. It has elicited quite a bit of comment since I acquired it. Wonder if anyone can think of a better way to spell that famous name using no more than six characters, the maximum allowed for auto license plates (in Wisconsin, at least).

Wilbur Stites
9334 Kahl Road
Black Earth, WI 53515

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Dear Evelyn:

In the Fall issue of the Journal, my wife was reading the "Folded Wings" section and asked me a very logical question, "Honey, what does folded wings mean?" I explained to her that was when an airman dies.

On examination, I found I was listed as having folded wings. Evelyn, I can assure you that I am very much alive and kicking.

Please notify everyone that I am still around and I hope to be for some time yet, and please don't drop my membership and don't stop my Journal. I enjoy the Association and the Journal very much.

James Chapman (446th)
156 Blendon Road
West Jefferson, OH 43162

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Dear Pete [Henry]:

Oh, what memories and long forgotten experiences were stirred up by a coincidental ham radio QSO (conversation) with Bill Holmes in Norwich. I just overheard him talking to a friend of his in Iowa about the 2nd Air Division. I waited almost an hour for them to finish and then nearly missed Bill. His friend in Iowa heard me call and alerted him.

Over the years I have heard nothing about the outstanding activities of the 2nd Divisioners. Both my parents and I were relocated right after the "Big One," and we were untraceable. I have met only two others, Bill Zoelmer from Milwaukee, who I have now lost track of, and Lyman Goff, an Ops Officer in the 392nd (I believe) who was a neighbor of mine for many years.

My service life was a modest one. I was assigned to the 2nd Division HQ during the summer of 1944, working out of Lt. Col. Hughel's division engineering office and worked with Major Bobby Norsen. It involved the design of a special nose turret installation and the conversion of four B-24s to that configuration as lead aircraft. After my stint at HQ, I was assigned to the 506th Sqdn., 44th Group as assistant engineering officer, where I stayed until shortly after D-Day. I flew home on the last flight out of Shipdham, R & R, on to Pueblo, Colo. until VJ Day, and then back to the Univ. of Wisconsin to finish my electrical engineering education.

I stayed in the aero end of the business as systems engineer on the K-Bombing system for the B-36 and B-47, designed flight simulators for a number of military planes including the T-37 "tweety bird" which I got checked out in, and special projects director on the guidance and navigation system for the Apollo spacecraft at MIT. I'm still having fun playing with the electronic toys, having failed to retire completely several times.

I have sent my membership application to Evelyn Cohen and am looking forward to participating in 2nd Division activities. Thanks for your interest and consideration, especially taking the time to write a personal letter. It is much appreciated.

Edward G. Schwarm
251 Regency Drive
Marstons Mills, MA 02648

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Do you have or are there available any more copies of Roger Freeman's books, "The Mighty Eighth" and "The Mighty Eighth War Diary"? If so, let me know the price and I will forward a check for either or both.

Frank Pickering
1209 Hillside Blvd.
Wilmington, DE 19803

(Ed.: Sorry, but all copies are gone.)

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

We are planning to have an exhibit here at March Field Museum featuring "Delectable Doris." Tallichet's B-24 with "Doris" painted in the original 1944 colors will be the anchor of this exhibit.

Bill Groff (original pilot) and his wife Doris are sending the list of his crew and other info.

Sylvester Bergman's radio operator, H.H. Jeffrey, sent their crew along with a diagram of the formation over Magdeburg, Germany on Feb. 2, 1945 with Bonnar as pilot of "Doris."

If someone has a list of Bonnar's crew, would you send it along? We would like to be able to list all of the plane's missions and crews and can use any photos, etc. The hour glass is running low, so let's do it now.

Harry H. Darrah
P.O. Box 1114
Moreno Valley, CA 92377

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am a member of the 2nd A.D., 392nd B.G. I would like to know if the 2nd A.D. has a license plate for sale, and if so, how do I purchase it and what is the cost?

Arthur J. Egan
2619 Lafayette Ave.
Winter Park, FL 32789

(Ed.: We do not have a license plate for the 2nd A.D. It's a good idea, however, so why not work something up?)

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Does anyone out there remember anything about an Air Base a few miles west of Independence, Kansas? (Not Truman's hometown in Missouri, but Kansas.)

I was transferred there from Harlingen, Texas in June of '45. The base had been closed but a bunch of us reopened it about the 22nd of that June. Three or four of us decided to open up the photo lab. We thought that would be an easy job to put in our time awaiting discharge. Well, we were overruled. The wheels did not need any pictures taken, I guess, so I ended up as an MP! That wasn't bad duty though. Got into movies and rode around with the city police.

Getting back to the base - if I remember right, it was reopened to accept, and mothball, returning B-17s. How a B-24 man got into that I don't recall, but I think it was only B-17s. I was married at the time and Aida and I had an upstairs apartment in the mayor's home. A real nice couple and they were certainly nice to us.

I remember one incident when the AF decided they had sent too many guys to Independence, so they were rounding up us fellows right off the street to ship off to Wichita Falls, Texas! I sure did not want to go there, so the mayor hid our automobile (with out-of-state plates) in his garage and Aida and I stayed inside too. We left there September 28, 1945 for Ft. Dix and out.

John Hildebran

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Dear Pete [Henry]:

A few notes to update you on our concentrated efforts to locate long-lost buddies.

I finally found our stateside bombardier, Thaddeus F. "Ted" Kumor, via "Bombardiers, Inc." Ted lives in Clark, NJ and was not a member of the 2ADA. Ted went to the 15th AF and was based in No. Africa. He was overjoyed that we found him. We parted company at Chatham Field, GA in Sept. 1944, so long time, no see.

Will Lundy supplied war-time addresses of 68th Squadron friends: 1) Sgt. Wm. R. Riker, Rockville Center, NY. Have not located him yet. 2) Lt. Paul B. Zucker, New York, NY is also still on the "lost list." 3) F/O Ralph Q. Rudd, Stoneham, MA is now sadly accounted for. I made contact with Ralph's widow, who still lives at the war-time address. Gloria informed me that Ralph passed away July 12, 1956 of a heart attack at the age of 33! Hard to believe - he was such a robust kind of guy when I last saw him at Shipdham in May 1945.

Our Sept. 10-11, 1989 "T.S. Tessie" crew reunion was a huge success. Six of the original nine crew members attended. This was the first time we had gathered since we parted company at Bradley Field, CT in May 1945. The crew was surprised to learn that our reunion would be televised. My wife tipped off Channel 6 TV News (Knoxville). They came to my house Wed. Sept. 7 to interview me and video war pictures. This was shown on the evening news the same day. The TV crew came to the motel Sunday, Sept. 11 to interview all the crew and hear their favorite war stories and make

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Dear Bill:

I have just returned from a tour of the B-24 restoration site at Tom Reilly's Vintage Aircraft Plant located in Kissimmee, Florida. Their efforts have transformed the corrosive bits and pieces to a truly remarkable almost 80% B-24 aircraft. For successful completion, we must continue with help and interest. Let the word be continued in our fine Journals, with extreme appreciation to Art Cullen, whose articles have chronicled the progress of this amazing project. It has now consumed 318 lbs. of rivets, 73 4' x 12' sheets of aluminum, 120 gallons of epoxy primer, 800 plus bags of shells and beads, 53,000 man hours on structural overhaul, and Tom Reilly claims 1 1/2 dump truck loads of large denominational bills!

We are fortunate that Caroline and Robert Collings of River Hill Farm in Stow, Mass. are extending their energies for our heritage, the last remaining B-24 to fly! And to all involved, she'll fly once again for all to see soon! Shooting for May 1989...

Thank you for bringing forth factual on-site reporting - the 2ADA Journal remains another masterpiece!

William Eagleson

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a video. They joined us at our luncheon and shot more video. All this was shown in two segments on their 6:00 and 11:00 news programs. One of the wives, Flossie Turner, was using a camcorder to make a video of the TV crew while they were interviewing the "T.S. Tessie" gang. Flossie's daughter, Judy, was so kind to use the three segments of the TV tape plus what her mom taped and make a composite tape, one copy for each guy in the crew. I'm sure each guy considers the composite tape a priceless possession as I do.

Those who attended were: Trent, pilot and Aileen Ackerman, Nogales, AZ; Lewis, co-pilot and Alma Graham, Caryville, TN; Dr. Shelby, navigator and Flossie Turner, Clark Range, TN; Rocco Cardinello, engineer, Barrington, IL; Dr. Maurice Welsh, gunner, and Lois Welch, Northwood, IA; and John Bogue, gunner, and Marion Bogue, Braintree, MA. Those who did not attend were: Sam Raulston, gunner, So. Pittsburgh, TN (killed in an auto accident a couple of years ago); Wm. R. Riker, gunner, Rockville Center, NY; and Homer C. Mackey, radio operator, Rocky Ford, CO. Homer had recent surgery and was still under doctor's care.

By the way, Pete, did you know a Lt. Bell, bombardier, at Shipdham? I have a snapshot I took of two officers standing on a wall of a bombed-out building in Norwich. On the back of the picture is noted: Lt. Bell and Lt. Henry. Might this 'Henry' be you?

Lewis R. (Bob) Graham
Rte. 2, Box 353
Caryville, TN 37714

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I have belonged to the Second Air Division Association for some time now and have been anxious to locate some or all of my former crew members. Therefore, I am seeking some advice.

I was an engineer in the 66th Bomb Squadron. I remember your name and probably would remember some of your crew members with a little nudging of my brain. The members of my crew were as follows (as best as I can remember): pilot Hendricks, (CA, I think); co-pilot Small, (PA); nav. Schaffer (WI); bomb. D'Angelo (Kansas City, MO); eng. John H. Walker (MS); radio op. Bob (?) (CA); arm. O.J. Thompsen (Nebraska); gunners Allen Meier (Washington, DC) and John Cohen (PA). Did hear from some of them years ago but nothing in recent years.

Please give me some advice or suggestions on steps that might be fruitful in locating some or all of these individuals. Any assistance would be appreciated.

John H. Walker
122 Caribbean Cove
Clinton, MS 39056

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Second Air Division Association

42nd Annual Convention

November 2-5, 1989 at Hilton Head Island, S.C.

HOTELS

Hyatt Regency, Oceanfront at Palmetto Dunes, 803-785-1234
 Mariner's Inn, Oceanfront at Palmetto Dunes, 803-842-8000
 Radisson Suite Resort, 12 Park Lane, 803-686-5700

Wednesday, November 1

Registration
 Early Bird Informal Get-Together - Hors d'oeuvres & Cash Bar

Thursday, November 2

Registration
 Group Hospitality Rooms Open
 Group Cocktail Parties
 Group Dinners

Friday, November 3

Buffet Breakfast
 Group Hospitality Rooms Open
 Ladies Sightseeing Trips (see below)
 Cocktail Party
 Buffet Dinner

Saturday, November 4

Buffet Breakfast
 Business Meeting
 Men's Luncheon
 Ladies Free Afternoon
 Cocktail Party
 Banquet
 Dance

Sunday, November 5

Buffet Breakfast

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

COST PER PERSON	HYATT	MARINER'S INN	RADISSON
Single Occupancy	\$455.00 ea.	\$455.00 ea.	\$415.00 ea.
Double Occupancy	340.00 ea.	340.00 ea.	316.00 ea.
Triple Occupancy	300.00 ea.	300.00 ea.	285.00 ea.

If you wish to share a room, please advise and I will try to arrange same.

DEPOSIT WITH RESERVATION - \$50.00 PER PERSON - FULL PAYMENT BY AUGUST 15th.

LADIES SIGHTSEEING TRIP AND LUNCHEON

Savannah - \$38.00 per person - maximum to go - 200

Beaufort - \$38.00 per person - maximum to go - 100

Hilton Head - \$30.00 per person - unlimited

- Reservations in advance a must - tickets will be issued, so there can be no last minute changes or cancellations.
- All acknowledgements have been sent and indicate if you are at the Mariner's or the Radisson; all others will be at the Hyatt. Any changes, please advise at once.
- All extra nights and incidental charges must be paid directly to the hotel upon check-out.

(continued on page 36)

Convention Information (continued from page 35)

CAMP GROUND SITES: Roberta Bull, Box 30, Circleville, NY 10919, (914) 361-2632. You must have advance reservations for meals, etc.

GOLF TOURNAMENT: Contact Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831, (609) 655-0982 for reservations and costs. The date is Thursday, November 2.

CONFIRMATIONS: Will be mailed upon receipt of payment in full.

TRANSPORTATION: We will van service between all hotels, all day. **Limo Service from Savannah:** Low Country Adventures, Inc., P.O. Box 4942, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29938, (803) 681-8212. If you need this service, please advise and I will send reservation form with confirmation. **Cost:** \$18 per person 1 way, \$28 per person round trip.

HYATT HOTEL: 48 Non Smoking Rooms Available - advise if you wish same. **Check-In Time:** 4:00 p.m.; departure Noon. **Parking:** Free. **Wheelchairs:** To order at Hyatt. **Handicapped Rooms:** To order at Hyatt.

MARINER'S INN: Those staying at this hotel will have breakfast there.

DEPOSITS: Please check and make sure you have deducted your deposits before making final payments.

NAME _____ SPOUSE _____ GROUP _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE NO. _____ ARRIVAL _____ DEPARTURE _____

SINGLE _____ DOUBLE _____ TRIPLE _____ WILL SHARE _____

FIRST CONVENTION _____ DEPOSIT _____ PAID IN FULL _____

NICK NAMES _____ 3rd Party In Room _____

LADIES Sightseeing Trip and Luncheon

Please reserve _____ reservations for trip to _____ Enclosed payment in full \$ _____

If you served with more than one Group, please advise which group you would want to be seated with for the Thursday Group Dinner and Saturday Banquet. Rooms must be assigned for Thursday with count and tables assigned for Saturday.

Do not call hotels direct as they will not accept reservations, changes or cancellations. All of these must be sent to Evelyn Cohen.

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114
(215) 632-3992

Executive Committee Decision: At all future conventions, an advance deposit of \$50.00 per person attending will be required, which will be non-refundable if written cancellation request is not received before 90 days of the convention starting date. The non-refundable monies will be donated by the Association to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library Capital Fund. Exceptions to the non-refund rule will be made at the discretion of the Vice President, Membership & Conventions, and will include such incidents as serious illness, death, etc.

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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