

30 Dec 89

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOC. — EIGHTH AIR FORCE



Vol. 28, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Winter 1989

B-24 First Flight Golden Jubilee San Diego, California • September 20-24, 1989

by Jack Stevens (467th), 2ADA Project Officer, San Diego

At 10:00 AM on Thursday, September 21, 1989, a Consolidated Aircraft B-24J Liberator bomber landed at San Diego's Lindbergh Field and taxied to the Convair flight line. The plane's prototype had made its maiden flight from the same location fifty years earlier. (Consolidated Aircraft was the predecessor to General Dynamics' Convair Division.) More than 18,000 B-24 aircraft, flown by every branch of the U.S. Armed Forces and many Allied nations, carried WWII to Axis targets worldwide. The plane that landed in San Diego on September 21, 1989 was the world's only fully restored and flying B-24 bomber. Its owners, through the Collings Foundation of Stow, Massachusetts, are Bob and Caroline Collings. They named the aircraft "All American" to represent all B-24 aircraft and to honor the workers who built them, the flight crews who flew them, and the ground crews who maintained them and patched up their battle damage night after night.

"All American's" arrival was the high point of the four-day San Diego B-24 50th Anniversary Celebration. It was sponsored by General Dynamics and the International B-24 Liberator Club to commemorate the B-24 prototype's first flight. General Dynamics' chief executive officer Stanley Pace, a WWII B-24 pilot, was aboard the plane. Hundreds of WWII B-24 flight and ground crew members and aircraft workers attended the celebration. They, with thousands of others, visited "All American" and recalled their former association with this now-obsolete warplane.



Celebration attendees also viewed exhibits of WWII and B-24 memorabilia, books, photos and displays of the B-24 through combat. Bill Feder's historical panorama of units from the Weisbrod Aircraft Museum in Pueblo, Colorado was especially noteworthy. Many participated in special parties and VIP tours of military installations in the San Diego area. They heard seminars devoted to B-24 design and production, to its use in combat and to the "Lady Be Good." The

latter, an aircraft that disappeared following a bombing mission to Italy, was found well-preserved sixteen years later in the Libyan desert.

An eye-catching 2nd Air Division Association booth displayed the tail colors of the fourteen B-24 Groups that made up the 2AD of the WWII 8th Air Force. Several videotapes depicted B-24 production, main-

(continued on page 3)



Season's Greetings



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President's Message

Let's Look at Our Wake.

[Wake (wak) n. a track or course of anything gone before.]

by C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain

Riding one day with my brother-in-law in his boat, we were beyond sight of land. For some time, I noticed he periodically looked aft (excuse the Navy term). Each time he did so, I followed his gaze. But, to my non-nautical eye, there was nothing there. Finally, I said, "Jack, why do you keep looking over your shoulder?" He responded that the wake he left behind was a good measure of how he was handling the helm. Since then, I have felt this basic helmsmanship lesson applies, as well, to everyday life. To know how well we are staying the course requires an occasional look back to see how straight is our path. Now is the time to glance back on the past 15 months to appraise our navigation between the 41st and 42nd year posts of our 2ADA life.

Unfortunately, deadline tyranny forces me to write this 30 days before my term as your president expires and 60 to 90 days before you read it. So, what you read may be old hat unless you missed the Hilton Head Island Convention. Even then, you may have missed the message, so I repeat it here briefly by a glance back at our "wake" toward Colorado Springs. There, we set some courses of action to further the purposes or objectives of our Association. They were outlined in the Fall '88 Journal. For convenience, they are repeated below along with a necessarily premature assessment of our progress.

2AD MEMORIAL ROOM: Support the establishment of a full-time American Librarian and a full-time library aide. Requiring an estimated \$500,000.00 capital fund, we hoped for full subscription by our 1989 annual meeting. **STATUS:** After a slow start, the response has been truly gratifying. Today, the fund is 60% subscribed by about 18% of the membership. New commitments come in every day. This is excellent progress and gives us confidence that, ultimately, we will achieve our goal.

LONG RANGE PLANNING: Work is essential, as a minimum, to wrap up the affairs of our "last person" Association. We hope for such a plan to be presented to the Executive Committee in November 1989. **STATUS:** Much work has been done to develop appropriate long term goals. It appears the goals will have been selected by the annual meeting. A plan to achieve them will follow.

AWARDS: To recognize our many hard-working volunteers, we are structuring an awards program with the hopes of implementing it at the 1989 Convention. **STATUS:** Our First Annual Recognition Night will have been held following the buffet dinner on November 3, 1989. We will have honored certain Group Vice Presidents for performing services vital to their Groups and to our Association. We will have presented new honorary membership certificates to special people. We will have presented a number of newly designed 2ADA awards to some of our volunteers long overdue for recognition. I hope this will become an annual tradition.

PRESS RELEASE PROGRAM: A further measure to raise the Association's profile, recognize achievement and increase membership, which we hope to have in place by the 1989 annual convention. **STATUS:** We are highly confident that this will have been achieved.

B-24 FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY: Enter an information/recruiting booth at the Fort Worth Convention Center for the entire period of the celebration during May 17-21, 1989. **STATUS:** This was accomplished as planned and was reported in our Fall 1989 Journal. Our presence there was so successful that we also participated in the First Flight 50th Anniversary Celebration in San Diego. As a result we have at least 60 new members from Fort Worth and 26 from San Diego.

These ambitious activities were all over and above the rather substantial ongoing level of effort needed to make our Association the great one that it is. Six professional class Journals have been produced; membership has grown steadily at an annual 5% net rate and has been efficiently processed; near simultaneous planning continues for three conventions spanning three years; daily to weekly international communications go on with the Trust Governors on matters vital to the Memorial and its future; regular stewardship is applied to our Association's financial affairs; and, our administrative, data processing, audio visual and public relations activities enjoy constant coordination and attention. Many organizations approaching our size have paid full-time Executive Directors and staff to run their day-to-day affairs. Ours is done with volunteers who at best are reimbursed for their expenses. We have a good operating team arrangement. Let's hope we can maintain it for the future. With good planning and execution, we can.

I never anticipated that being your president would be as busy as it has been. At the same time, I never anticipated that the job would be as satisfying as it has been, either. My only regret is that I leave with a number of important things remaining to be done. But, that is as it should be if we are taking a sufficiently long view of what we must do. Thus, the formation of a long range analysis and planning function two years ago. Also, I am more firmly convinced than ever that the affairs of your Association are in good hands. The wake is straight and the course is clear, so, I am optimistic for the future.

Thank you for the confidence you have placed in me. I gave it my best shot and will continue to do so in whatever capacity is appropriate. My wife "Mike," who has been helpful in more ways than you can imagine, joins me in wishes to each of you for a joyous Holiday Season and a healthy and prosperous New Year. God Bless.



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B-24 Flies (continued from page 1)



tenance and combat operations. Some highlighted 2ADA reunion activities and ceremonies in England and the United States. Additionally, large poster sized color photos were displayed of the 2AD Memorial Room in the Norwich, England, Central Library. They showed attractive interior and exterior of this unique living memorial to the more than 6,000 2AD men who gave their lives for their country. 2ADA President, Bud Chamberlain, and his wife, "Mike," took their turn in the booth. A number of others took their turn, too, or lent moral support. They included Chuck Walker, 445th Group VP; Harold Fritzler, 491st Group VP; Gladys Maruschak, 489th; and Dick and Florence Petersen, 389th. Jim and Sharon Kiernan, 489th, were indispensable during booth set-up and tear-down. Twenty-six 2ADA and eight Heritage League members were enrolled. The 445th took the lead with 6, thanks to Group VP Chuck Walker. Four were recruited for the 93rd; three for the

466th; and, two each for the 44th, 389th, 446th, and 491st. The 448th, 453rd and 458th took one each. There were two subscribing members. This was the yield from approximately 700 registrants. It was proportionately more than double the 60 new members signed up in Fort Worth where over 3500 registered.

The 467th enjoyed an excellent reunion dinner on September 22nd at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot Officers Club where the Chamberlains and the Collings were guests of honor. The venerable and beloved Colonel Al Shower delivered some pertinent remarks and spoke again at the memorial services in Balboa Park on Sunday morning.

All in all, though this was a smaller affair than its Fort Worth predecessor, the quality was right up there. The Liberator Club's Bob McGuire and his crew deserve a big round of applause. If the 100th anniversary is half as good, you'll want to get your reservation in early.

Kassel Mission Memorial

September 27, 1989 marked the 45th anniversary of one of the most spectacular air battles in military history. On that day in 1944, thirty-five American B-24 Liberator heavy bombers, headed for their target railyards in Kassel, Germany, were attacked by waves of German fighters. Within three minutes, twenty-five B-24s went down; of the remaining bombers, five more crashed in France and England on their return flight. Friendly fighters responded to the distress calls, and with bomber gunners, shot down twenty-nine German planes, losing one American fighter.

The 445th Bomb Group from Tibenham, England, had incurred the worst group loss in history. Fifty of the sixty American and German planes crashed within a 20-mile radius of Bad Hersfeld, northeast of Frankfurt.

In August of 1990, surviving members of the 445th Bomb Group will join their former German fighter pilot enemies in dedicating a memorial in Germany where the lead bomber crashed. This monument will honor the 117 Americans and 18 Germans who died in the battle of Kassel, and serve as a gesture of peace and friendship between American and German people.

For further information about the Kassel mission or the memorial dedication, call or write:

Kassel Mission Memorial Association, Inc.
William R. Dewey
P.O. Box 413
1100 N. Woodward, #224
Birmingham, MI 48012
(313) 644-4506

Financial Report

Second Air Division Association

June 30, 1989

Balance June 30, 1988			105,480.53
Receipts: Membership Dues	75,913.60		
Colorado Springs Convention Fees	7,055.00		
Interest Income	4,461.20		
Computer Receipts	379.79		
Proceeds Colorado Springs Convention	21,709.90	109,519.49	
Receipts and Balance		215,000.02	
Disbursements:			
V.P. Journal:			
Postage	2,442.80		
Auto Expense	976.46		
Film & Developing	179.60		
Telephone 5 months	268.75		
Supplies	132.53		
P.O. Box Rental	75.00		
Rent	7,200.00	11,275.14	
Journal:			
Postage	2,546.00		
Overseas Postage	1,224.60		
Printing	18,915.10		
Composition	7,799.87		
Label, Insert, Del. to P.O.	903.00		
Bulk Mail Permit	60.00	31,448.57	42,723.71
Membership V.P.:			
Postage	3,842.81		
Printing Sups	1,202.13		
UPS Charges	65.16		
Rent	4,800.00	9,910.10	
General Expenses:			
Videos (Henry)	169.78		
50th Anv. B-24 Expenses, Ft. Worth	2,621.72		
Computer Exp & Sups	825.41		
Computer Program D Base	135.00		
Panasonic Dot Matrix Printer	720.00		
Computer Space Rental	1,000.00		
Donation to WAC Memorial in DC	1,000.00		
Cryptography	12.45		
Bank Charge for Deposits	15.40		
Uttal Trip to Bd of Governors Mtg	302.80		
Exec Bd Expenses, H.H. April 1989	12,680.01		
Memo Books to Library (Ken Darney)	100.00		
Schwab Pre-Inked Stamp	20.52		
Vice Pres & Officers, Postage	2,988.96		
Vice Pres & Officers, Printing	806.54	23,398.59	
Transfer to American Librarian Fund		18,000.00	
Total Exp. General Fund		94,032.40	
Balance General Fund June 30, 1989			120,967.62
2 AD Memorial Library Fund			
Balance June 30, 1988	20,953.27		
Receipts-Donations June 30, 1988 to June 30, 1989	29,109.75		
Balance of Library Plaque Fund	543.20	50,606.22	
Balance Cash on Hand, All Funds as of June 30, 1989			\$171,573.84

Note: Please note that this report does not include the money being collected for the American Librarian Fund. Jordan Uttal and I are keeping a running account of the money in that fund, and we have agreed to have Jordan make all releases of the amounts. This will avoid a lot of confusion, as the balance changes hourly.

Dean E. Moyer, Treasurer
Second Air Division Association

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

The following was extracted from a letter which I received from Danny Bollinger. We may not have appreciated the work of units like the 987th sufficiently as the work they were doing was not as exotic as some others.

The 987th Military Police Co. (AVN.)

by Daniel H. Bollinger, Jr.

As our company arrived in the first part of 1943 and left England late in July, 1945 and spent over two and a half years there, we experienced many events, good and bad. We arrived in Norwich at the Thorpe station as the other two stations had been bombed out and were not in use. We went to Horsham St. Faith and took over security of the base and the 2nd Bomb Wing Hdqs. in Old Catton.

My first detail was the stolen bike mess. The anti-aircraft defense and the communications were under the British RAF and Army. We had many bikes disappear about the time the 56th Fighter Group moved on base and the fighter boys would take any bike they found. The British would complain and I tried to track down those pesky bikes.

The next duty was guarding the secret war rooms, Intelligence rooms, Meteorology rooms and the scramble phone section. These all were in the base headquarters building. This area was the beginning of the 2nd Bomb Wing, which was elevated to the Second Bomb Division later in that year and the Second Air Division in 1944.

The 56th Fighter Group moved in the P47s and began their first combat operations from Horsham. I remember watching the first three missions. There were 50 fighters taking off in flights of four aircraft on the grass runways. The first mission encountered only a few Nazi fighters as they were surprised at these new planes and would not engage the 56th. But three of our planes received anti-aircraft fire and were damaged. I guess it would be safe to state that about every one of those pilots, if they were not hit, became aces. I know some were, like Johnson, Mahurin and Gabreski to name a few, and I believe Colonel Shilling was the C.O.

When we arrived, security for these bases was done by an infantry company. We relieved this company and it went with the invasion force to North Africa. There were only the 44th and the 93rd Groups at that time with Hethel, 389th, coming in. Some of our company moved into billets in Norwich and was working all the police work in the area.

Early in the game, we received an order to ensure that military personnel were in neat Class A uniform, saluted, and showed respect and be soldiers and ladies and gentlemen. General Eisenhower wanted every American to be an example and an ambassador in our host nation. This order was hard for us to accept and enforce — but in the military, orders are orders.

It would be impossible to estimate the number of soldiers that we had to issue summons for not saluting, having buttons

unbuttoned, hands in pockets, and disobeying civil laws and regulations. In fact, we had a summary court set up at our police headquarters at the Plough Inn in Norwich.

I remember that we had formal inspections before every "Changing of the Guard" as they went on patrol. All buttons polished, uniforms pressed and clean, shoes polished, gun belts polished, shaved and clean. We had to be a proud lot or we would have been put on K.P. or put out of the Corps of Military Police. I must say now that the frustration we went through and the criticism we got were worth it all, when, after watching the "Last Mission" I saw how much those British people still love us and how much pride all of the old fly boys reflected in that film.

Much of the time, we could tell how rough the missions were by the way the guys acted when they came to town on liberty runs. Many would drink on an empty stomach, be short-tempered and of course, resented our so-called interfering with them.

I would say that one of the things I remember for that time was the inspection of the 2nd Bomb Wing Headquarters. I was on M.P. duty for this secret area when Lt. General Frank Andrews and his party of officers came in without any warning. As the General walked by me I challenged them and the General turned to one of the officers and told him to give me some identification. The Colonel then gave me his AGO card. I looked at it and returned it to him, saying, "That identifies you, sir, but does not allow you in the War Rooms." General Andrews then told me to "go get someone to allow us in." To this I replied, "Sir, I cannot leave my post." He then told me he would take over my post while I went to Intelligence. I asked him if that was his order and he replied, "yes, it is." I believe that was one of the last places that General Andrews inspected or visited as his plane went down in the North Atlantic. As you know, the Andrews Air Base in Washington is named after him.

I guess one of the worst things was when one group flew over the coast near Yarmouth late, after dark, with some B-24s captured and crewed by Nazi mixed with the formation. The British fired on the group; night fighters scrambled to engage them and all hell broke loose. In a matter of about five or six minutes thirteen B-24s came down around us in Norwich. I believe all crews were lost that night.

Our unit arrived in Norwich with 100 men and 5 officers. After starting full scale policing of the two countries, we absorbed the 1119th M.P. Co., also with 100 men and officers. Then we organized our C.I.D. detachment, with some in plain clothes. This section was about 20 to 25 men. In all, we grew to over 300 men and 15 officers.

In 1944, before D-Day by a few weeks or months, I was given a detachment to go to Great Yarmouth to police the then secret ten mile deep area from Kings Lynn around to Ipswich. No American of any sort was allowed in that area and of course we

checked on everything that might be part of any Nazi intelligence espionage activity. I guess this was really part of Eisenhower's plan to deceive the Nazi in our invasion plans, as it is now known that Patton was given a paper invasion army that included the areas that we secured.

In that area too, were placed mobile communications units that covered the fighters and guided them to base and make coordinates of their location when calling MAY DAY so the RAF Air Sea Rescue could get to the downed pilots.

These are some of my recollections about my experiences in Norwich and the area around it.

The Forgotten Man

Author unknown

Submitted by Bill Griffiths (458th)

Through the history of world aviation
Many names have come to the fore
Great deeds of the past in our memory
will last

As they're joined by more and more.

When man first started his labor
In his quest to conquer the sky
He was designer, mechanic, and pilot,
And he built a machine that would fly.

The pilot was everyone's hero.
He was brave, he was bold, he was grand.
As he stood by his battered old bi-plane
With his goggles and helmet in hand.

To be sure, these pilots all earned it,
To fly then you had to have guts.
And they blazed their names in the Hall
of Fame

On wings with bailing wire struts.

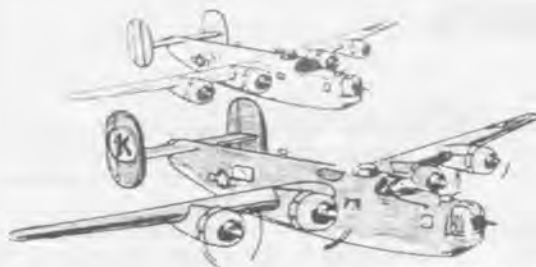
But for each of our flying heroes
There were thousands of little renown.
And these were the men who worked on
the planes
But kept their feet on the ground.

We all know the name of Lindbergh,
And we've read of his flight into fame.
But think, if you can, of his maintenance
man,
Can you remember his name?

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

Now, pilots are highly trained people
And wings are not easily won.
But without the work of the maintenance
man
Our pilots would march without a gun.

So when you see the mighty aircraft
As they mark their path through the air,
The grease stained man with the wrench
in his hand
Is the man who put them there.



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: Last August 6th through 9th, I mailed out 621 (of our then 646 members) letters as an appeal for help to satisfy our Group's "fair share" of the funding of the American Librarian in Norwich. Twenty-five of our members had previously given a total of almost \$5,000.00 and they did not receive this letter. Our Group was just about 9% of the total 2ADA membership, and as such, our share of the cost amounted to just over \$26,000.00. I'm very pleased to advise you all that as of mid-October, you have sent Jordan Uttal, Drive Chairman, a total of 181 checks amounting to \$12,012, almost half of our target/goal. To the 181 of you, my sincere thanks for your much needed help. To the 440 who have not as yet sent in your check, please do so as soon as you possibly can...we need help to come up with the balance of \$14,000.00. Check Past President Carl Alexanderson's column on page 9 of the Fall '89 Journal, then respond with either a check or pledge commitment. Don't forget to note or otherwise advise Jordan that you are 458th! Now, to those who have recently joined us as new members, and want to know what this is all about, drop me a card requesting a copy of "Our Last Mission" letter. I'll rush it off to you ASAP.

DAYTON, 1990, 458th REUNION II: As reported in the last Journal, the 458th will hold its second Wright-Patterson Dayton, Ohio reunion in September, 1990. We will send a separate mailing to all members advising of the particulars early enough, so that you can give it some thought about attending. New members who have questions can write or call: Durward "Duke" Trivette, 1791 Utica Drive, Dayton, OH 45439. Tel. (513) 299-7125.

SQUADRON INSIGNIAS: Yes, it's true! I now have 200 Squadron "Patches," 50 each of the 4 squadrons. They are all 4 1/2 inches in diameter (plus whatever the "wing" projections are) and positively the ultimate in reproduction! All are 85% embroidered and 100% satisfactory, beautifully done replicas of original 752nd, 753rd, 754th and 755th Bomb Squadrons of the 458th Bomb Group. Through the willingness of three of our long time members, **Dario DeJulio**, 752nd, **Bob Henn**, 753rd, and **Gerry Allen**, 755th, original Squadron Insignias, it is now possible for you to have this "patch." I must say again, if you want one or one of each, you MUST act promptly, or risk the possibility of "missing out" on this offer. The total cost averages out to \$8.50 each. Remember, when these 50 from each squadron are gone, they're GONE! I do not plan to reorder again, since this has proven to be much costlier than I originally anticipated, but very much worth it quality-wise. If I have any left, I will certainly bring them to the Dayton reunion. Because of the considerable monetary cost, I cannot hold any in reserve as I did with the "458th BG History III" for new, future members. So, again, if you want your squadron (or one of each squadron), DON'T WAIT! Cost includes postage.

NORWICH REUNION, 1990: The July 25-31 Convention in Norwich, England is fully subscribed, and any questions regarding this event cannot be answered by me, but should be addressed to Evelyn Cohen.

TAILWINDS

Received a telephone call from **Graham Savill** (our 458th "right-hand-man on the scene in Norwich") advising that he and June will be attending the Hilton Head Island Convention. He will get us up to date on the latest efforts regarding placement of our Memorial we had in the original Horsham St. Faith passenger terminal. In addition, some info regarding our upcoming Norwich Reunion.

Received dozens of letters regarding the Library funding. Just no way I could answer them all except by expressing my thanks in this column. Essence was their sincere effort to support it financially. One of our members gave \$1,000.00 and others gave \$500.00. One of

our long-time members sent Jordan a check for \$104.58 with an explanation that since I mentioned that an average-per-458th member was \$34.86, he was paying for 2 of the 3 members who generally fail to respond to this sort of an appeal.

Duane Fair plans to bring his A-2 Bradley Associates jacket to Hilton Head and we will sell chances to raise money, all of which he will donate to the Library Fund. Duane has previously contributed...**"Wally" Wallace**, past 458th Vice President, is the Editor of "Windsock," a National Fraternity of Military Pilots Newsletter in San Antonio. **Dick Bateman** requested a copy of the 458th Roster, found **Veto Stasunas** and **Len Abramowitz** with whom he had flown and renewed old-time friendships! A new and up-to-date 458th roster will continue to be available for \$3.50. Make check out to me, since I have to get it reproduced and mailed...**Bard Suverkrop** re-joined us after a short absence and sent me names of former crew members, as did **Joe Kennedy** and **Bill Griffiths**. As a result we've added the following to our roster: **Steve Greco MI**, **James Hiner MN**, **Tom Polliard CA**, **George Schott WV**, **Robert Schauseil FL**, **Jacob Pearce NC**, **Fred Massaro CA**, **Odis Taylor MD**. I called Odis as a result of getting his name from **Lionel Gour-dault**, who had written an interesting story to me. Others I forgot to include in the last Journal: **Stewart Nelson NH**, **Don Atkinson NJ**, **Matt Davan NY**, **Elmer Humphreys CA**, and **Ben Costello FL**...**Bill Eagleson** (453rd) sent me a photo of the restored B-24, "All American" which he flew as a waist gunner in a flight over the Boston area...our "domicile" from 1958-1964 while still with United Airlines). In receipt of two letters from **J. Dillen** of Belgium who requested information on "Little Lambsy Divey" and its demise in Antwerp, its crew, survivors, photos of crew and aircraft, if any, etc. He is researching wartime history. If you can help, drop me a card and I will put you in touch with him...Sad to report that **Don Jamison**, **Gene Gabriel** and **Harold Smith** have made their "last flight" and are listed in *Folded Wings*. I've written to their widows and expressed our Group's sympathy to their families.

Aviation Dollars

The following Aviation Dollars are available from the Gander, Newfoundland Chamber of Commerce. The coins are either uncirculated or proof quality.

SERIES I

The Hudson Bomber

SERIES II

The Liberator

SERIES III

The Flying Fortress

SERIES IV

The Catalina Flying Boat

SERIES V

Special Edition Coin Featuring Insignia of the 101st Airborne Division of the U.S. Army and a Screaming Eagle Encased By a Shield. Designed to pay tribute to the U.S. soldiers who lost their lives in the tragic Arrow Air crash at Gander in Dec. 1985.

SERIES VI

Hawker Hurricane Fighter

SERIES VII

DeHavilland Fox Moth VO-ADE

SERIES VIII

Harrow Inflight Refueller G-AFRH

\$4.00 each in Canadian currency only, postpaid, from:

Gander and Area Chamber of Commerce
ATTN: Colleen Hiscock
109 Trans Canada Highway
Gander, Newfoundland
CANADA A1V 1P6

Notes From the 389th

by Lloyd E. West

The timing of publication of the Winter issue of the 2ADA Journal follows the 42nd Annual Reunion of the Second Air Division Association at Hilton Head, S.C., November 2-5, 1989. These notes will include some items and reports that your V.P. was aware of before attending the reunion.

REUNION 1990: From information received from Ms. Cohen, and assuming that the number of reservations stand, there will be 140 members of the 389th attending the 43rd Annual Reunion of the Second Air Division Association in Norwich in July 1990. Stuart Main, who serves as liaison for the Lotus Car Co. who now owns Hethel, and the 389th was in attendance at Hilton Head. With V.P. Strong of Hdqts, Stuart Main, your V.P. and others attending, plans for the day at Hethel with a number of local residents in the Hethel area as our guests were finalized.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: To all members of the 389th BG, I am asking as your V.P. that you consider supporting this worthwhile fund. A short time ago a letter was sent to each member of the 389th asking for your support of this fund drive. As of the first of October a report from Mr. Uttal, who is chairman of this drive, showed that 61 checks from the 389th totalling \$3,095.00 had been received. The 389th has been asked to try and raise \$26,000.00 as their share of the total amount of \$500,000.00. I realize for some of them to support this fund will be very hard, but participate in any amount with a lump sum or a donation over three years. Help us to remember our fallen comrades. Send all donations to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230.

MEMBERSHIP: This is the main duty of your V.P., to secure new members for the Association. Much time and expense goes into contacting prospective members for the 2nd ADA. This requires names and addresses, so you as members of the 389th BG can be of great assistance to us. We thank those of you who have sent us a note with one or more names in it. Your help is greatly appreciated.

NEWSLETTER: You should have received the fourth issue of the 389th newsletter by now. If you will recall, you will see that each issue has gotten better. I speak for Gene Hartley and Frank Vadas when I say "Thank You" for the support and encouragement you have given to this project. Send your letters and items of interest for members of the 389th to Gene Hartley, 4995 Cervato Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93111.

GROUP HISTORY: Two video tapes with narration of the history of the 389th during WWII have been produced by Dick Peterson, who is acting as historian for the 389th. Check the last issue of the group newsletter for how to order these tapes.

American Librarian Fund

WOW!!! WHAT AN INCREASE since the last tabulation in the Fall issue!!! This is due almost entirely to the letters sent out by the Group Vice Presidents or Project Officers urging support for the American Librarian idea. And how well a lot of you have responded. We are over halfway to our target which we sure would like to reach by Norwich Convention time, or at least by the end of 1990. With your help we will do it. If you have not sent in a check or pledge (and over 5,000 of you have not) please do so now. ANY AMOUNT IS ACCEPTABLE AND NEEDED!!!

PLEDGE COMMITMENT

- ☐ I pledge \$1,000
☐ I pledge \$500
☐ I pledge \$ _____
☐ To be given at once
☐ To be given by end of 1990

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 _____

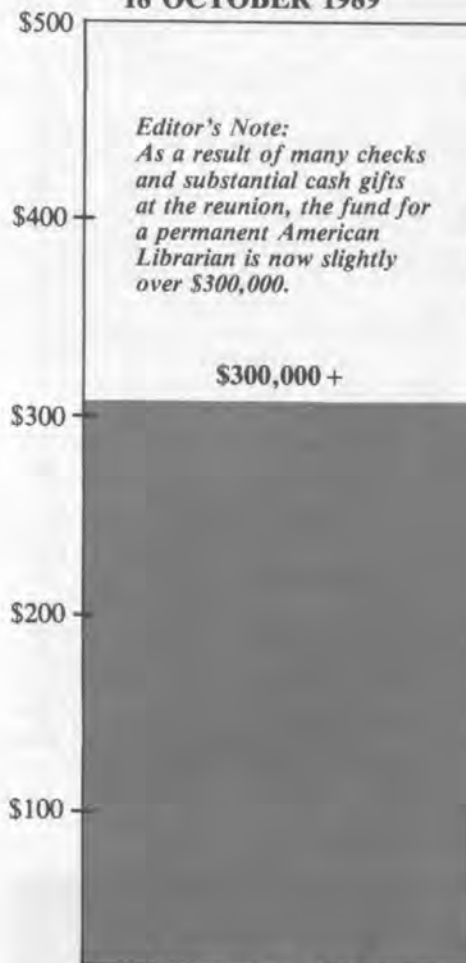
State - Zip _____

Signature _____

Date _____

Group _____

HOW WE STAND AS OF 18 OCTOBER 1989



HOW DOES YOUR GROUP STAND?

Unit	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges	Total Checks and Pledges
458th	226	7	223
93rd	136	6	142
467th	121	7	128
448th	111	2	113
44th	110	3	113
389th	98	15	113
445th	103	9	112
453rd	101	3	104
491st	84	7	91
489th	79	4	83
466th	73	3	76
HQ	68	5	73
392nd	67	3	70
446th	67	2	69
492nd	19	2	21

In addition, we have had 4 checks from various sources.

Also available is the tape by Stuart Main of "Hethel and the Norwich Area."

ASSISTANT V.P.: A plaque thanking Frank C. Vadas, who resigned as Assistant V.P. for the 389th this past summer, for five years of service to the 389th, was presented to him at the group mini-reunion at Hilton Head. Allan Hallett has agreed to serve as assistant to the Group V.P.

ADDRESSES: 389th V.P.: Lloyd E. West, Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575; Tel. 913-372-4484. Assistant V.P.: Allan Hallett, 249 Highland Avenue, Leominster, MA 01453; Tel. 508-537-7284. Newsletter: Gene Hartley, 4995 Cervato Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93111; Tel. 805-964-7275.

About the Memorial

by Jordan Uttal

We are about to bust our britches with pride and gratitude for the tremendous burst of activity and donations which have come in since my last report. Written on 20 July, it appeared in the Fall Journal, and placed us at about \$172,000.00 from a total of 423 checks and pledges which we had received since the end of June 1988.

Between 25 July and 25 August 1989, letters went out from each Group Vice President or Special Project Officer to the members of each group who had not as yet contributed. The replies started to come in on or about 6 August, and up through today, 18 October, we have had an additional 1,122 checks and pledges, more than 2½ TIMES AS MANY AS THOSE THAT HAD COME IN DURING THE PREVIOUS 13 MONTHS!!! The dollars grew from \$172,000.00 to \$254,000.00, a 47% increase. My compliments and thanks to each Group administration.

You will be able to see the details from the box score elsewhere in this issue. However, aside from the good news of the remarkable increases, we must report that over 5,000 members have yet to respond with a check or pledge for the Librarian Fund.

On the other hand, many of you have sent in donations with your dues in the past year, and according to Evelyn, they are continuing to come in. So, however you choose to support this Great Last Mission, whatever, and however you send it your gift will be welcome. No amount is too small. I have acknowledged each check or pledge sent in for the 2ADA Librarian Fund, and the amounts have ranged from \$2.00 to \$15,000.00.



In my last column I said that I wished I had the space to convey some of the many comments from our fellow members. This time I will quote from three of them:

One says, "I am happy to send in my check for the Librarian Fund. Anything less than this perpetual Memorial to those who fell would be a dishonor to our comrades, not the least to those of us who, by the Grace of God, survived the terrible war years. It seems to me, if we do not meet this obligation, we have not completed our Tour of Missions."

Another says, "Another generation in England is now coming to maturity who knows nothing of the terrible times of the countrymen in World War II, and of the part the United States and the Air Force played in their freedom. It is through the records of the 2nd Air Division Memorial and its staff that the men and women of the 8th Air Force shall live on."

And a third says, "Having spent more than 15 years of my post war life in Britain, I have personally witnessed on countless occasions the harvest of good will which our Association (and hence, our nation) has reaped from the establishment of and continuing dedication to the Second Air Division Memorial Room of the Norwich Library. Should we now fail to sustain that dedication, it would be a tragedy indeed. My check is enclosed in the earnest hope that this fund drive will resoundingly succeed in generating the funds necessary to perpetuate a full time American Librarian and British Library aide. I visited the Library just two months ago and found our Memorial Room to be superbly administered by the current incumbents."

So there are but three comments from among the hundreds of personal notes which have come to me with the checks and pledges. I cherish each one.

BRANCH LIBRARIES: As previously indicated, our colleagues on the Board of Governors hope to have sections in four Branch Libraries in operation by the time we arrive in Norwich for the 1990 Convention. There will be one in each Combat Wing area, and there will be a beautiful plaque in each with a most appropriate message of explanation which starts, "This Library contains books donated by the Memorial Trust of the Second Air Division USAAF to honour American servicemen based in Norfolk who died defending freedom 1942-1945." There will be a wing Roll of Honor in each, a map of the area on which the bases are indicated, and selected pictures.

BRITISH HONOR FOR DENISE BRYAN: Our good friend Denise Bryan, widow of one of the founder Governors of our Memorial Trust, Col. Frederick Van Pelt Bryan, Deputy Chief of Staff, 2nd Air Division, was honored last spring with the award, by the Queen, of the M.B.E. (Member of British Empire). She received

this award in appreciation for her work on behalf of the British American Education Foundation which has, over the years, helped place over 700 American students in British schools, many of them on scholarship.

MEMORIAL TRUST FINANCES: As per our by-laws, a report will be given at the Convention in Hilton Head. As you will see from the report in the Spring issue, all is well, or at least the value of our assets continues to increase.

STRICTLY PERSONAL: By the time this reaches you I will have completed 18 years as your representative on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. I take this opportunity to thank you all, most sincerely, for having afforded me that privilege, and particularly for your support of the many projects for which I have to come to you for help on behalf of our Memorial.

And, hoping this will arrive before the Holidays, I offer my most sincere good wishes for your serenity and joy, and the greatest prize, good health and good spirits. BE WELL!!!

Did You Know?

Submitted by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

DID YOU KNOW that this Division had a ship which never aborted in 53 missions - the "Duchess" of the 93rd Group. M/Sgt. Herbert F. (Pop) Hastings was the crew chief "extraordinaire."

DID YOU KNOW that this Division had a pilot who in his first five missions never came back in the same ship? Every bomber crashed or was lost, and yet no member of the crew was ever hurt. This pilot was Capt. James of the 389th Group, and on his fifth mission he wound up in Turkey.

DID YOU KNOW that a B-24, "Son of Satan," 392nd Group, received no less than 2500 (they were counted) flak holes on a mission and lived to tell the tale. There were more holes than surface area left.

DID YOU KNOW - 2nd Lt. Gilbert W. Abell's crew of the 392nd was the crew which saw Berlin before London, glimpsing Hitler's capitol through the clouds on March 6, 1944. The "Daily Express," learning of this, promptly invited the whole crew to spend the next weekend in London at the Savoy at its expense. We bet they had a better time in London. Any takers?

DID YOU KNOW - T/5 Angelo Lauri of 1675th Ordnance S & M Co. showed typical Yankee ingenuity by devising a machine to produce Fahnestock clips, which are used for arming wires, to prevent fuses of bombs from being armed before release from the aircraft. His machine, made of old bicycle parts and automobile springs, manufactured in mass production all the clips for this Division.

The Rest of the Story

by Neal W. Pettit (448th)



Crew picture, March 23, 1945. Back row (l-r): Sgt. Virgil F. Beal, R.W.; S/Sgt. William L. Kaiser, N.T.; Sgt. Taylor L. Tarkington, Tail T.; Sgt. Jerry A. Kearney Jr., ROM; Sgt. Daniel E. Graham, E. & Top T.; Sgt. Anderson C. Wright, L.W.; 1st Lt. Calvin J. Ellis Jr., bombardier. Front row (l-r) 1st Lt. Neal W. Pettit, navigator; 1st Lt. John Paxton, co-pilot; Capt. James J. Shafter, pilot; T/Sgt. Walter E. Petrovich, radio. 714th SQ, 448th BG.

I was especially interested in the story "The Low Level Mission of 24 March 1945" (Summer 1989 Journal) because our plane was the other one involved. However, there is one statement in the part taken from Neil McCluhan's diary that should be cleared up.

The sentence "We hit a ship that was on the perimeter, as it was just sitting there for no apparent reason" makes it sound as if there were a bunch of sad sacks out there in a B-24 goofing off when there were serious things to be taken care of. The fact is we were exactly where we were supposed to be and doing what we were supposed to be doing.

We had just flown the same mission that McCluhan's ship had. We were luckier on that one than he was but it didn't always work that way. We had been through the same fire storm that he had but with much less damage. However, like most of the 448th aircraft returning from that mission, ours had its share of the damage.

I don't think we could have been much more than a minute or two ahead of McCluhan when we landed. We were on the perimeter taxiing back to our hardstand when the collision occurred. That was after 24 missions, eleven of them in the month of March, and including one each on March 21, 22, 23 & 24. Just the day before we had lost an engine over Munster and taken a direct hit in the waist from an 88 that came

in through the rear hatch and went out the left side at the leading edge of the horizontal stabilizer and exploded just above the plane.

The point I am making is that we had no problem with what we were doing on the perimeter strip. Lt. James Shafter, pilot, was as aware of what was going on around him at all times as any pilot could be. He had alerted us that the plane behind us was in serious trouble and was watching it closely. When it veered off the runway to the right, it was plain to see what was about to happen. Jim instantly shoved on full power but a B-24 just wasn't a drag racer on the ground. We could see what was happening but could do no more about it. Like Lt. McCluhan stated in his diary, "It was a good thing we moved when we did, or they would have hit us broadside." Although there was extensive damage to both aircraft from the impact, no one was injured.

After what we had all been through that day, our pilot, Capt. James J. Shafter (deceased in December 1988 in Mesa, Ariz.) should be given a lot of credit for the fact that any of us survived the rest of the day.

We went on to fly #25 on March 31st but on April the 4th, 1945 we were shot down on the bomb run over Wesendorf by ME-262 fighter attack at the same time that Col. Troy Crawford from the 446th was shot down in his Mosquito by his own gunners while trying to take cover under the 446th because of the bandits in the area. We lost four of our crew, four of us were liberated in the group with Col. Crawford at Stendahl Gr. on April 13th (including me) and the other three were liberated by the Russians a few weeks later.



Picture of the plane wing tip. (l-r): 1st Lt. Calvin J. Ellis Jr.; 1st Lt. John Paxton; 1st Lt. Neal W. Pettit; Capt. James J. Shafter; 448th BG, 714th SQ.

Carnage Over Kassel

by Robert T. Tims (445th), December 1987

The last time I had seen Red Dowling he was bailing out of a burning B-24 over Germany. Now he and I and Adolf Lerch were together again 43 years later. We had something in common, the three of us, we had survived the disaster at Kassel. They say old soldiers never die, they just go to reunions. And that's what we were doing in Pittsburgh, attending the 13th annual reunion of the 8th Air Force.

It was my first such reunion, and as I looked around the lobby of the Vista Hotel that first day, I marveled at the transformation time had worked on the 2500 veterans gathered there. Could these 65 and 70 year old graybeards have once been the keen-eyed young men with fire in their bellies and wings on their chests who flew the heavies and the fighters, fought off the Luftwaffe and, together with the RAF, bombed the Third Reich into rubble?

For most, if not all, of us the air war over Europe was the central event of our lives; the conjunction of our youth and 20th century history would inevitably make it so. We had been part of the mightiest air force ever assembled - or ever would be assembled once the Enola Gay had dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. We had fought the good war against palpable evil. You try to recapture the past as the future gets shorter and the present is simply the sum of everything that's gone before. Your memory becomes your identity. Yes, we were getting older, but for a brief time at that reunion we were young again; it had all happened a long time ago, yet it had happened only yesterday. By the time the reunion was over I would have recaptured the past, or part of it, and tried to put it in perspective. And in the end I would have thought a little, too, about the luck of the draw and the unsung veterans of another, much later war.

We did all the things old veterans or old grads do at reunions. We swapped battle stories and a few lies over drinks in the bar. We went to meetings and bought souvenirs and posters and bumper stickers. We joked again about Piccadilly "commandos," about the green powdered eggs in the mess hall, and about our English hosts, who had opened their doors and their hearts to the lads from America - "overpaid, oversexed and over there." We brought out wartime photos and contemporary snaps of our grandchildren. We watched old combat footage unroll on the screen.

Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, we were under an irresistible compulsion to tell our stories again, not to purge haunted memories, but to rekindle the flame of lost youth. Rheumy old eyes flashed again and quickening hands gestured and described the angle of attack by the enemy FW-190s and ME-109s.

It all came back to me in fragmented but visual images: the beautiful visual run over Politz on the Baltic, the black smoke from the bombed synthetic oil refinery rising to 25,000 feet; the thick fields of flak over Hamburg and Berlin; the "milk-runs," too, over the Pas de Calais; above all, the incredi-

ble bird's-eye view we had of the D-Day armada and the invasion beaches of Normandy at high noon and dropping our bombs on Caen, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, who led that other famous cross-Channel invasion 900 years ago.

And, ineluctable for those of us who had survived it, was the searing memory of the carnage over Kassel: the ten-tenths cloud cover under us as we approached the target in the heart of Germany; the "mickey" operator picking up the wrong town on his radar scope, Goettingen instead of Kassel, a town too far, our group of 36 planes now out of the bomber stream protected by the P-51 fighter cover; and suddenly, coming in at six o'clock low, wave after murderous wave, the FW-190s, over a hundred of them, with their big radial spinners, firing tracers and 30 mm cannon bursts blinking like Christmas tree lights; then everywhere around us burning and exploding B-24s and FW-190s, fire bright orange in the thin air at 23,000 feet, debris and bodies hurtling past, the chutes gently sprouting like white mushrooms below us, one of them Red Dowling; over the steady drone of the engines, the muffled sound of staccato bursts from our own fifties in the turrets and the waist, then a gaping hole in the left wing, the right rudder shot off, a shuddering plane, a feathered prop, and the sickening sight of four more Focke-Wolfs queuing up at three o'clock to finish us off - until out of nowhere to our rescue, like avenging angels, silver-bright at 12 o'clock high, came the four P-38s. And after all that sound and fury and destruction, we could see three lonely Liberators ahead of us and now almost out of sight of our own crippled plane, winging it for home - in one of them Adolf Lerch.

Lt. Dowling was captured and spent the next eight months in Stalag One, a prisoner-of-war camp in northern Germany. The POW experiences he described, full of Yankee ingenuity and gallows humor, reminded me of Hogan's Heroes. Lt. Lerch was one of the lucky ones; only three of the 445th Bomb Group's 36 Liberators got back from Kassel that September day in 1944, and he was flying one of them. He had suppressed the memory of that raid because his good luck made him feel guilty - all those planes, he said, and all those crews. I was even luckier, I suppose; we made it part of the way home and crash-landed in liberated France, the plane tottered, but our nine crew members miraculously unhurt.

The air battle over Kassel was so spectacular that one West German World War II buff, according to Red Dowling, has researched it, interviewed German fighter pilots and American bomber crews who survived it, and plotted on a map the exact crash site of each FW-190 and each B-24. Another chronicler of that and other air battles over Europe was with us at the reunion. Roger Freeman has written three books on the "Mighty Eighth," and I asked him why he, as an Englishman, had done

the definitive study of an American air force. Because, he said, you can't imagine the impression it made on a teenage boy on a farm in East Anglia, in the middle of all those air bases, to watch that mighty air force take off every day with "one helluva roar."

It was flattering and I was suddenly proud to have been a part of it. But by what right, proud? After all, World War II was fought by so many men on so many fields and so many seas that the air battle over Kassel was the merest blip on the screen. All those 2000 bomber raids of the Mighty 8th itself were impressive, yes, but just one of many, many efforts that finally brought the Axis enemy to its knees.

As I look back now, the war in the air was a curious kind of war. For us, compared with the ground forces slugging it out below, it was a remote, even impersonal war - until, of course, you got blown up or had to bail out. For the dogfaces on the ground the target was the enemy soldiers in the hedgerow ahead, for us a pinpointed city on a map. We could see the impact of our bombs on the target below, but we could not hear it or smell it or feel it. We destroyed buildings and factories, but could not see the rubble. We killed or maimed dozens or hundreds of people with each bombload we dropped, but could not see the mangled bodies or smell the blood. Our gunsights were trained on enemy machines, not on enemy soldiers.

Eating and sleeping in England and fighting in Germany, all in the same day, had a subtle psychological impact on us. It was bombs-away over Munich at 11 o'clock in the morning and a pint of bitters at a pub in Norwich at 8 o'clock that evening. Or it was a raid on Berlin one day and a seat in London's Old Vic the next, watching Lawrence Olivier play Richard the Third.

On the first few bombing missions we did not believe we could be killed; on the last few we did not see how we could avoid it. It was like a reprieve each time we crossed the English Channel from enemy airspace and made landfall at Beachy Head, Selsey Bill or the white cliffs of Dover. For us, as for Richard the Second, England was indeed a "precious stone set in the silver sea."

But thousands of our buddies did not make it home again to "England's green and pleasant land." They died over places like Berlin or Schweinfurt or Regensburg, and we honored them at a memorial service the last day of the reunion, redeeming a little of our four days of self-indulgent nostalgia.

There was something else that disturbed my reflections on past glory. Right after the memorial service I happened to walk past a VA counseling center for veterans of the Vietnam War. It made me feel guilty to compare their experience with ours. They and we had risked our lives, but there the similarity ended. We had been privileged to participate in one of the epic events of this terrible century; Ike called it a crusade. We had a united, confident and determined

(continued on page 11)

Kassel (continued from page 10)

country behind us. The mobilization of enormous military, economic and psychological resources guaranteed that mistakes like the one we made over Kassel could not deny us, in FDR's words, "the inevitable triumph, so help us God."

By contract they, the Vietnam veterans, had fought for a country bitterly divided as it had not been since the Civil War. Their support on the home front was mean and grudging. If World War II was our glory, Vietnam was our shame. The grunts in Vietnam put their lives on the line against a dedicated enemy, while thousands of their peers fled to Canada or went underground. It took real courage, maybe more than we had had, to face jungle combat in a cause almost no one honored and many Americans condemned.

Compare, if you will, Red Dowling's relatively benign experience as a POW in Germany with the brutal treatment of our Air Force and Navy fliers in the Hanoi Hilton. Even the good-natured grousing of the GIs of World War II, celebrated in the cartoons of Bill Mauldin, became the fraying of officers in Vietnam. In World War II we talked about the "supreme sacrifice;" in the Vietnam War we talked about "wasted lives." Our World War II dead were honored; our Vietnam dead were simply dead in a dishonored cause - until a guilty nation belatedly recognized them with a memorial on the Mall in Washington.

No, I and the other 8th Air Force veterans there in Pittsburgh were the lucky ones, not because we had survived but because we had survived with honor and victory in the good war. I don't know what kind of memories the Vietnam veterans will call up at their reunions in the next century, but I do hope that when we stand once again on the beaches of Normandy to honor our dead on the 50th anniversary of D-Day, we World War II veterans will have the decency to remember the brave men who died in that other, inglorious, war a generation later. They are, after all, our comrades too.

2ADA Film Library UPDATE

The following tapes have been donated to the 2ADA Film Library by Hugh R. McLaren, 389th

Pin-Up Girl

Twelve O'Clock High

Going Hollywood - The War Years

Show Biz Goes to War

Battle of Britain

These may be rented as other single copy tapes in the library for \$5.00 each. They will be mailed via first class mail and we request that you return them the same way ASAP.

Order from:

Pete Henry

**164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831**

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Milton R. Stokes



Eino Alve, 453rd BG, looking at the Alve Crew on the "All American" B-24 at Manchester, NH

You are aware of the conditions in Southern California. The tragedy must touch all of us. A lot of our people live in the quake area. I have heard of none hurt or injured that belong to the 2nd Air Division Association. We pray for all who were involved and suffered loss.

Here in Eastern Pennsylvania, it is cool and rainy. It has been this way for three days. Snow has hit much of upper and Western Pennsylvania the last couple of days. This will terminate one of the most brilliant, colorful displays of leaves we have had in years. Fall has come slowly, giving the leaves a chance to change gradually. Now with the cold, wet rain, the leaves will fall quickly and with them will go the red and orange.

The wind will blow them into great drifts of color that will have to be raked and hauled away to a dump or some other disposal site. If you can, please, avoid burning the leaves. They make excellent mulch for gardens and lawns. The burning of leaves is the worst way to dispose of them. Compost them and save the air for you and your neighbors to breathe.

Real news is coming in slowly. Maybe because of my accident you are afraid to write and give me the news. I feel that is the reason; maybe I am wrong. Please, write! Then again, some of our old buddies don't want anyone to know when they get sick or have accidents. You will never know until they die and pass on. How wrong that assumption can be. We are all human; we feel for one another; we would like to share your burdens and cares. I know from personal experience how uplifting your cards were when I was sick. You don't even have to spend dollars for cards. We had a dear friend who made cards from pictures cut out of magazines. She also composed poems that were heartfelt, warm, and expressed her love and affection. We miss those cards now.

Correspondence from Dan Reading told of the visit of the "All American" to Lindbergh Field on September 21, 1989. Fifteen men were on hand representing the 453rd Bomb Group: Homer Badgett, Herbert Bradley, Dan Brady, Wib Clingen, Clyde Calvin, Bill Garrett, Patrick Green, Carl

Gustafson, Russ Harriman, Jay Jeffries, Herb Lambert, Doug Leavenworth, Dan Reading, Herb Reis, and John Roth. This is quite a list. I wish my name could have been added there, too.

The sixth Midwest Regional Reunion of the 2nd ADA was held in Dearborn, Michigan on September 15-17. George Rundblad chaired the meeting and made the arrangements. One hundred sixteen members of the 2nd ADA attended. The groups honored the 445th Bomb Group with Bill Dewey and George Collar as main speakers. Wilbur Stites gave the invocation and Bob Suckaw was master of ceremonies. Next year's reunion will be held somewhere in Southern Indiana.

On October 6, 1989, the Boston Globe featured the B-24 "All American" flying formation with a C-47 Transport and an A-26 Invader. Bill Eagleson, our correspondent in Boston, keeps me supplied with tapes of the B-24's progress. The tapes will be shown at the South Carolina reunion. He boasts, "Our 453rd Bomb Group builds Anglican memorials, plants trees, and exceeds all Bomb Groups of all combat theatres of WWII in contributions to rebuild and refly the last and only completely restored B-24. We also lead the 2nd ADA in memorial library efforts."

I don't know where Bill got this information, but it sounds good, so I included it for your questing eyes. He adds further, "The B-24 leaves Monday for Colorado Springs and will be on national TV, Saturday, October 14th..." Bill adds later that the B-24 will be at Hilton Head, South Carolina in November. Also, we have asked Bob Collings to speak at our group dinner in Hilton Head.

Our former C.O., Ramsey Potts, will attend the reunion in Hilton Head. Most of us have not seen General Potts since the 8th AFHS reunion in Dayton. So, we are looking forward to this reunion.

When you read this, the reunion will be over and the holidays soon approaching or already upon us. Lucille and I hope you have had a wonderful year and are enjoying this time with your family and friends. You have extended our family and we wish you all the best.

Some Green and White Tales

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)



Col. Frank M. Pearce, 438th Military Airlift Wing Commander, presents the Distinguished Flying Cross to Warren Oppmann, 489th Bomb Group — 45 years after the fact.

RECOGNITION - AFTER 45 YEARS

June 28th was an unusual day for Staff Sergeant Warren "Bud" Oppmann, tail gunner on Captain Jack Pritchard's 846th Squadron crew. He sat through the briefing that morning, learned that the Pritchard crew was to lead the group on a mission to Saarbrücken, and went out to the hardstand to check out his turret.

Shortly before "Start Engines" time, Bud found himself displaced by a Formation Control officer, and without thinking too much about it at the time, saw his mates take off and headed back to barracks. He didn't like being left behind, but this was only their sixth mission, and once the crew was back safely he put the incident out of his mind and went on with the missions that followed. It was not until much later that he learned what the cost of missing that mission would be.

The 20th of September was established as the date by which lead crews had to have completed 20 missions to be eligible for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross. Bud had 19. By November 5th he had completed 26 missions, but when DFCs were presented in November, Oppmann was the one crew member who was not given one. His crew mates, led by Captain Pritchard, protested the decision, but to no avail.

From time to time over the ensuing years, Oppmann pondered the matter, and though the injustice rankled him, he didn't take any action to try to correct the situation. Finally, in 1986, he decided it was time to make the all-out effort. "I don't give up easily," he said. He wrote to the Recognition & Special Programs Branch, Hqs USAF, at Randolph AFB, and was duly advised that the Air Force Decorations

Board, while recognizing his achievements, disapproved his petition. "Significant additional information" would be required to justify reconsideration. His resubmission was countered by an offer of the Air Medal, which Bud declined while continuing to gather more documentation.

Oppmann's final submission to the Air Force, additionally supported by letters from Colonel Chester Morneau, former Group Operations Officer, and members of the Pritchard crew, ended up with the Air Force Board for the Correction of Military Records, which concluded that "Sufficient relevant evidence has been presented to demonstrate the existence of probable error or injustice... We... believe the applicant has provided sufficient evidence to show that he has been the victim of an injustice..."

With this, the award of the DFC was directed, and on June 2nd, once-Staff Sergeant Warren Oppmann was presented with the medal at McGuire AFB ceremonies. "A man of courage is also full of faith." (Cicero)

RETURN TO FRANCE

It started on June 2nd, 1944, with an attack on a German airfield at Bretigny, France. The 489th lost four crews that day: Bebout, Bouchard, Cross and Fierro. John Cunningham was the co-pilot on Chuck Bouchard's 847th crew. With their plane nearly torn apart by flak and fire, he bailed out along with the others, and spent the remainder of the war as a POW. As with Bud Oppmann, John left the service and went on with his life. Now, 45 years later, he and his wife have been invited to return to France as guests of the municipality of Verneuil en Halatte, near the site of the crash and the area where the crew landed. John has accepted this invitation for June 1990. Mr. Gilbert Marionval's letter said in part:

"...I enjoy to have a contact with a survivor of the aircraft 4933 after seven months of research...I would like to know...if you could come for a week (minimum) invited by the municipality and the population of Villers St. Paul, to commemorate the memory of John McGeachie (the radio operator, who was killed by a flak burst) the 2nd June 1990...The mayor of the town gave me an agreement to cover all expenses, including your round trip ticket and...for your wife...Next September I will make a conference at the University of Creil concerning World War II. Would you be able to tell me what happened to the rest of your crew members — were you all taken prisoners? Except J. McGeachie, I only remember that the last of your crew who jumped (probably C.H. Bouchard) was taken prisoner by the Germans. We were there a minute after, but too late to save him, and reasonably no possibility to save by force because so many civilian people were around..."

HEROISM IN THE LINE OF DUTY

A recent newspaper report (AP), says former Sen. George McGovern says he was haunted for 40 years by the fear — which proved unfounded — that he had killed an innocent Italian farm family when he jettisoned a loose explosive from the bomber he was piloting near the end of World War II.

Ray Blanchard, who sent me the clipping, said it reminded him of a similar incident which happened to his crew over Germany. In this instance, five 250 pound bombs hung up in the bomb bay; one of them hanging by the rear shackle only, so that it was swinging back and forth in the bay. Harry Haid, the bombardier, "volunteered to release the bombs manually, since I could not land the plane without risking the release and explosion of the bombs... Thus, 20,000 cold feet above the ground, with a small bail-out oxygen bottle and without a parachute, Harry crawled along the catwalk, with the bomb bay doors open, and released the swinging bomb. Then he released the other four bombs. One of them bounced off a lower bomb and cut the rudder cables. Art Christensen, Assistant Engineer and waist gunner, wrapped the loose cable around his hands and served as my rudder operator, at my instructions, during the home trip and the landing.

On a subsequent mission we took a hit in the nose turret, which Harry Haid was occupying. His left arm was badly injured, and it required 20 operations to give him partial use of his arm and hands. Our crew requested and was given permission to finish our missions without a replacement, in deference to Harry. He clearly deserved recognition for his heroism. However, in those days, we seemed to treat such heroism as 'in the line of duty.' Continuing to return alive was considered an ample reward."

Change of Address

When you move please send your change of address to:

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

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

name
address
city, state, zip
group

The 448th Speaks

by Leroy Engdahl

In the Summer issue of the Journal I listed four of our former 448th members who stayed in service and went on to become general officers. Well, another one has been revealed: a recent new member of the 2nd ADA, Maj. Gen. James H. Jones (Ret.) makes five men that we are aware of to become generals. If anyone knows of anyone else other than those mentioned in the summer issue plus Gen. Jones, please let me know and we will recognize him.

Our 6th consecutive Group reunion will be held April 5-8, 1990 at Tucson, Arizona. Our reunion hotel will be the Holiday Inn Airport and a letter giving all cost and pertinent information about our reunion will be mailed out to approximately 900 former 448th personnel shortly after Christmas. Because many cannot attend the 2nd ADA reunion in England in July 1990 we expect a large turnout for our 448th reunion.

It's also that time of year for your 1990 membership dues, so why not get your checkbook right now while it's on your mind and send in your dues payment to Evelyn Cohen at 06410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. Thanks for doing this now.

This will be my final writing of our "448th Speaks" as after seven years as your VP I am retiring and a fine capable replacement, Gail Irish, will be our Group VP starting 1 January through 31 December. Gail's address is 711 Lisbon Avenue, Rio Rancho, NM 87124. Please send any important news item to him and if you request a reply, please send him a self-addressed stamped envelope to help keep down his expenses. Many have from time to time sent me a book of stamps with letters. I'm sure Gail would also be very appreciative of the same.

Gail will be responsible for our seventh consecutive group reunion to be held in 1991. Since my staff and I serve through 1989, we are handling all details for our April 5-8, 1990 reunion.

I want to thank all of you who have so generously supported our 448th projects. We can all be proud of what we have accomplished and of our fine relationships we have built with our Seething Area British friends.

I just recently learned of a project that I feel many of you would love to help on. The ancient church of the village of Seething is in need of a new roof (thatched) and although they are not soliciting any help, I'm sure the people of this small village would be most appreciative of any amount any of you may wish to contribute.

Those of you who attended our 1984 and 1987 reunions at Seething and attended Memorial Service in this lovely ancient church, I believe, will be happy to assist in the "new thatched roof" project. You may do so by sending your personal check to Jim Turner at The Beeches, Brooke Road, Seething, Norwich, Norfolk, England NR15 1DJ. Mark your check "For new roof for church."

This suggestion for our members of the 448th who wish to help is not restricted to just those of us who attended the 1984 and 1987 group reunion and dedication of our two granite memorials and our restored Seething control tower. To any 448th member who wishes, I'm sure the people of the village of Seething would be grateful for any amount you may wish to donate. I say thanks to all who want to help.

I would also like to say thanks very much to Kenneth Englebrecht of Granville, Illinois who, through his efforts, started our 448th Bomb Group Association in 1973. Ken served as our first VP.

I especially want to thank my fellow officers, Bob Harper, who has served as Asst. VP and our group artist; and Cater Lee, who has so generously helped in keeping our group roster up to date as well as our "deceased list," our list of non-paid members, plus handling the money collections for our Harlingen and Tucson reunions. Thanks to George Dupont for so many wonderful suggestions. 1. The granite memorials at our air base and at the village of Seething churchyard; 2. The memorial at Dayton, Ohio and many other ideas. Thanks to Richard Kennedy for his assistance at the 50th anniversary planning session for our B-24 Liberator at Fort Worth, also attended by Cater Lee. But most of all for the many letters and phone calls from many of you as

well as your financial assistance to keep our organization in the black. Many thanks to all for a most pleasant seven fast years.

I know you will continue to give our new leader, Gail Irish, the support you have given me. It takes all of us working together to make this organization continue to grow and to develop our lasting friendships.

If any member of our 448th is going to be in England during the memorial ceremony at our Air Force cemetery at Cambridge in late May and wishes to lay our 448th memorial wreath at the cemetery, please let me know ASAP. The 448th pays for the wreath and we would love for one of our members to do this honor if he will be in England during this time.

Otherwise, we have an arrangement with those fine British friends who restored our Seething control tower to perform this service for us. You must let me know by February 1st.

Remember, anyone desiring a 448th cap, blue with yellow background with 8th Air Force emblem on both sides of 448th and below the B-24, please write to Ben Johnson at 3990 15th St., Port Arthur, Texas 77642. Price is \$6.00 including packaging and postage.

Anyone desiring a 448th cap having your squadron number and 448th Group at the top with your squadron emblem in the center below and 2nd Air Division 8th Air Corp. below the squadron emblem, please write to Charles Bonner at 750 E. Oak Hill Rd., Porter, IN 46304. Price is \$6.00 including packing and postage.

I have a supply of Air Force mementos for sale including B-24 pewter tie-tacs, \$6.00 each; B-24 silver plated lapel pins about 3/4" wide, \$7.00 each; same plane, but as ladies charm for bracelet or necklace, \$7.00 each; same plane, but as ladies earrings, \$12.00 per pair - specify screw type or pierced ears. Also, U.S. flag lapel pins, \$4.00; 8th Air Force lapel pins, \$4.00. Part of profit to be donated to 448th Special Account. Send order to Leroy Engdahl at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, Texas 77662.

Thanks for reading and good health. See you in Tucson.

My Brave Bombardier

Submitted by Pete Henry (44th)

In May, I stopped to see Al Jones, my bombardier, on the way to the big B-24 50th Anniversary Celebration in Fort Worth. His wife, Peggy, showed me the original V-Mail valentine Al received from her in 1945. I thought you might enjoy reading it as much as I did.

To My Valentine -

- I While I sit here alone on a bleak afternoon
And wonder if baby will be waking soon
My thoughts travel westward and soon settle down
On the dusty Mojave and a small desert town.
- II It seems I can thrill, as I thrilled once before
To the sight and the sound of a B-24;
To the drone of her engines; to the shadow she cast
As she roared overhead - so huge and so fast.
- III I remember I wondered, while standing below
"Is my Darling aboard?" as I watched each one go.
For I knew he was somewhere above in the blue
With Pete, Al and Lee and the rest of the crew.

- IV My heart breathed a prayer to the Almighty above
"Please bring home safely him, whom I love.
Watch over them all. Let their souls know no fear
But take special care of my Brave Bombardier."
- V A year has gone by - and my thoughts homeward leap
To wee little Carol, upstairs asleep.
Her Dad's never seen her (He's missing such fun!)
For he's been away (There's a war to be won.)
- VI To Almighty still goes our most ardent prayer,
"God bless her Daddy away over there.
Watch over them all. Let their souls know no fear
But take special care of my Brave Bombardier."

Ex-Airman in Sentimental Journey

by Si Liberman (466th)

Reprinted from *Asbury Park Sunday Press*, August 11, 1963

NORWICH, England — Twenty years ago this month the 466th Bombardment Group, a contingent of heavy B-24 bombers and crews, was activated and sent here to bolster the U.S. Eighth Air Force.

Just four months earlier the 8th had launched its first big scale attacks on Adolf Hitler's Germany. When V-E Day came 25 months later, the 8th had missing and lost 9,057 aircraft and 44,472 airmen, more than 90 percent under 26 years old.

I was stationed at a base eight miles west of here as a radio gunner during Hitler's last six months. And one of the highlights of a trip through Europe this summer was to make a sentimental journey with my wife and two children to the 446th Group's old Attlebridge base.

In the spirit of a happy warrior returning to his old stamping ground, I rented a car in London — 110 miles south of here, and proceeded up the coast.

DRIVING ENGLISH STYLE

Driving on the left side of the road — most roads were extremely narrow — was a frightening experience. At least three times during the 10-hour round trip, I had to mount a curb to permit trucks to come through or pass.

Once, as we rounded a traffic circle, only the paint of our five passenger vehicle separated us from another car. None of my 13 wartime missions over Germany were nearly so hectic.

This city of 400,000 was bustling. People were lining up to board the red buses just as they did 20 years ago. New buildings were evident all along Wensum Road, the main business area. The streets were jammed with shoppers, and traffic was stalled at several points. It seemed only the pedestrians and bicyclists were able to move.

Vast sections of the city had been bombed out, but not a trace of destruction is now visible. Even the 12th century Norwich Cathedral, which was burned to a shell by Luftwaffe firebombs during World War II, is rebuilt except for the steeple, and scaffolds around the ancient tower promise restoration is near.

NO MORE UNIFORMS

Samson and Hercules, the old dance hall we used to call "Muscles Hall," still is doing business. Outside were big signs, advertising twist dancing, and by 8:30 p.m. a number of boys and girls dressed in their Sunday clothes — none in uniform as in those old days — began congregating outside.

I asked the porter at the Maid's Head, the 300-year-old inn we checked into, how to get to Attlebridge, the World War II home of the 466th's four squadrons:

"Sounds familiar," he replied. "Let me get the map."

His first map of the small communities in the area didn't show Attlebridge. But a



SI LIBERMAN

30-year-old map he uncovered later did.

"About eight or so miles that way (north-west)," he pointed. "It shouldn't take more than half an hour."

Before taking off on this important mission, I decided to find out who owned the land now, so permission could be obtained to revisit the base. Calls to the Norwich Evening News, area police, Norwich public library, and the nearby Sculthorpe Royal Air Force base brought forth this information:

Attlebridge's population is 82 humans and several thousand turkeys. The area that once launched scores of bombers is now part of Europe's biggest turkey farm.

I couldn't wait until the next morning to visit the farm.

Even if there's not much left of the runways and Nissen huts, I thought, the children, ages 8 and 12, will enjoy the turkeys.

I stayed awake part of the night, thinking, at least it won't be a complete ghost town like some of the other former Eighth Air Force bases we passed on the way here. We had seen rusty Nissen huts almost lost in fields of wheat and weeds.

At Old Buckenham, the 453rd Bombardment Group's old base, the big hangar where so many shot-up bombers were nursed back into flying condition is gone. Nearby decaying concrete is all that remains of one of several runways, and you see a few farming implements and some baled hay.

And outside of Cambridge, home of the famed university, two unoccupied Nissen huts — once racks for an American bomber group — stand as remnants of a one-time busy Eighth Air Force base. A few miles away is the Cambridge American Cemetery and Memorial, given by the university as a final resting place for nearly 4,000 U.S. servicemen who died in combat. The 30½ acre site is the only World War II American cemetery in England, and it's about 45 miles south of the Norwich area — from where more than 6,000 Americans flew to their deaths.

Only a half hour away...Memories of those early morning briefings, prayers before takeoff, that last cup of hot coffee, and wondering if and how you will come back. The memories stayed with me most of the night, just like the 24-hour-a-day drone

of aircraft moving to and from Germany during those crucial months did until years after the war.

RECALLS MATES

Wonder what Dick Lester, our pilot from San Diego; Fred Bennett, flight engineer from Shreveport; and good old Joe Kramer, our tail gunner, are doing now?

We were up early the next morning. I phoned the Bernard Matthews Turkey Farm, the owner of the 466th's old homestead.

"I would like permission to enter the farm and see what is left of the old base," I said.

"Impossible, I'm afraid," was the polite reply of Mr. Matthews. "The farm is quarantined because some of the turkeys are diseased. We cannot allow any humans on the property."

"Anyway, sir, you wouldn't see very much of the airfield. We have just started plowing up the last runway. Too bad you have come from so far."

Well — it was a long time ago.

A Final Offering

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

Ten years ago in October 1979, I came across an Army Surplus store in Chicago, and found a hundred round belt of .50 cal. ammunition. Bought it without much thought of what to do with it. Made the first Service Plaque and sent it to Bill Robertie seeking advice as to whether it was a practical idea. Bill advised it was practical, but the price I thought it should sell for was totally impractical. I maintained that \$19.95 was a good price and after making the first 25 at that price, I was \$66.00 "in the hole." In any case, I proved there was a demand for it, and a price correction was necessary. As a matter of fact, it was only after making a price increase to \$25, then \$29.95 and then \$34.95 that I made enough money to "break even" and made \$35.00 profit which I sent to Dean Moyer, 2ADA treasurer. This small profit eventually became \$2,572.

It now appears that this will be coming to an end soon. The shop owner and engraver plans to retire by February 28th and sell off his equipment. I believe that he will stay in business until then and I will make this last effort to honor any final plaque orders that I may receive. Please check the PX page once more and I will make every effort to get it made. Just a little time left to make your decision and send me your request. If I cannot fill your order, I will return your check. All items previously advertised including Altimeter Clock, Desk Model Plaque and Service Plaque (including all models), are still available until the end of December, whereupon this service will no longer be available.

Many thanks to all who have supported this effort over the past 10 years.

Rick Rokicki
365 Mae Road
Glen Burnie, MD 21061

THE PX PAGE



Desk Model Plaque



Wall Mounted Plaque

The larger (by 20%) pewter B-24 desk model now available. Customized to your request. Also now available is a wall mounted plaque using the pewter B-24 model.

\$44.95 model cost with small base \$ 3.00 Bomb Group tail colors
4.00 lg. 5" x 7" walnut base 5.00 8th AF Cloisonne
5.50 engraved plate 1.75 each for service ribbons (if
5.00 regulation size wings desired.) O.L.C. and Battle
Stars \$.75 each

Any or all options can be had, your choice. Shipping costs (UPS): \$2.50 Chicago, east; \$3.50 west.

New sized B-24 gold outlined, fully vinyl covered key tab/ring, with USAAF "Star & Bar" insignia on reverse, 2 1/4 inches long. Guaranteed to please or money back. (Also, P-51, P-47 & P-38). Cost: \$5.50 p.p.

Now available: both tie-tacs and tie bar (clasp) with: B-24, Pilot, Navigator, Bombardier, Gunner or Air Crew Member wings. Others on special order. Cost: \$6.50 p.p. **NEW SIZE** B-24 used on baseball/golf cap, 2 3/8", pewter, 2 military clutch, \$7.50 p.p.



Altimeter Clock

Large, 6 1/2 inch altimeter face clock, battery powered (supplied) quartz movement mounted into a solid walnut plaque, size 9 x 12 inch with large 7 x 3 1/4 inch engraved plate as shown. Can be made with Airman's wings or as pictured with 8th AF cloisonne and B-24 with your Bomb Group colors on vertical fin. Guaranteed 100% satisfactory or your money back. Please give me as much information as possible. \$85.00 + \$3.50 UPS.

Lapel pins for civilian suit wear: D.F.C., AIR MEDAL, E.T.O., PURPLE HEART. **NEW: P.O.W. Pin.** Cost: \$6.00 each postage paid.

Die struck, 8th AF lapel or tie-tac pin. Gold electroplate, 7/16 inch wide, distinctive. Cost: \$5.50 postage paid.

Larger, 8th Air Force Cloisonne, 3/4 inch full color, gold rim, lapel or tie-tac. Cost: \$5.50 postage paid.

Custom Plaques

Basic cost of the large 8th AF logo plaque with one "identifier" still remains at \$45.00. The single identifier may be either the B-24 with Group colors on the tail or full size pewter Airman's wings. The cost of the plaque made with "museum quality" polished .50 cal. shells, is \$49.00. In both cases, the logo or shells are mounted on solid walnut plaques, 6 1/2 inches wide by 10, 10 1/2 or 11 inches long. The plaque length is determined by the model you want made. Need the following information: **NAME** - as you would like it engraved; **RANK** - if desired; **DUTY** - Gunner, Pilot, Navigator, Mechanic, Crew Chief, etc.; **LOCATION** of airfield; **BOMB GROUP** - and Squadron or attached unit; **DATES** - from/to (month & year of E.T.O. duty); **FLIGHT CREWS** - Give number of missions, any additional information (plane name, number, etc.)

Add \$5.00 for additional identifiers (miniature airman's wings when used with the B-24, or 8th AF cloisonne as used with .50 cal. shells). A full line of WWII ribbons is available, including: Silver Star, Bronze Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple Heart, Good Conduct, American Defense, American Campaign, National Defense, E.T.O., WWII Victory, Pacific Theater (for those who went on to B-29s in the Pacific), German Occupation, Legion of Merit, French Croix de Guerre and Presidential Unit Citation. The last two cost an additional \$1.00 OVER the standard \$1.75 cost of all other ribbons. All ribbons are secured on brass mounts. Bronze Battle Stars and Oak

Leaf Clusters are 75 cents each. Sterling Silver Battle Stars and Oak Leaf Clusters are \$2.00 each.

Shipping charges: Using Baltimore as the shipping center, any radius extending to Chicago, \$2.50. Outside that radius, \$3.50. You MUST give me your home or business DELIVERABLE United Parcel Service (UPS) address.

Use any of the photos as a starting point. Any combination is possible (generally). If you design your own from these options and it is "compatible," I will build it. If there's a problem, I may suggest a change or two before making it. If you give me the option of letting me decide, please say so. Overpayments will have the balance enclosed (or in some cases when the sum is "minor," an item of equal or more worth may be sent). Underpayments will be billed with the plaque shipment. Please include your telephone number with your request, it may avoid a possible delay. Do not hesitate to write or call (301) 766-1034 if you have any questions.

A check for \$300.00 has been sent to Dean Moyer, Treasurer of the Association, with the request that it be applied to the Memorial Special Funding as mentioned in this Journal. The total amount sent to the 2ADA treasury now stands at \$2,572. as profits made from the sale of Service Plaques, Altimeter Clocks, Pewter Desk Models, etc.

Rick Rokicki, 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21061





Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

93rd MEMORIAL AND MINI-REUNION DINNER: I just can't justify in words my gratitude to our chairman, William Doerner and his wife Jo, with the help of Col. Howard F. Bolton (Ret.), and Fred Wrablik, and anyone else who helped that I don't know about. All did an outstanding job on the dedication. There were 93 attendees; 55 members, 34 wives and 4 children or grandchildren. Bill even arranged for his daughter to videotape the ceremony. He sent me a copy, and it is great. He also had a photographer to take a panoramic picture. (I have application forms for anyone who would like one. They cost \$20, postage included). They also arranged for an outstanding Hospitality Room, with Col. Bolton and Fred Wrablik attending to our needs at most all hours. At the dedication we were welcomed by Bob Bobbit from the museum; posting of the colors by VFW Post 3283; invocation by Chaplain Capt. Jerome D. Mueller; History of the 93rd by Lt. Charles Weiss (Ret.), past Vice President of the 93rd; unveiling of our beautiful brass plaque by myself and William Doerner; posting of wreaths for the 93rd BG; Col. Howard Bolton (Ret.), Rufus King for the 328th, Col. Alfred Asch (Ret.) for the 329th, Ray Rhoads, past Vice President of the 93rd for the 330th, and M/Sgt. Joseph Beach (Ret.) for the 409th. I made the presentation of the Memorial to the museum and acceptance by Museum Official Richard L. Uppstrom, Director of the U.S. Air Force Museum, the Fly-By by the 178th Tactical Fighter Group ANG, Benediction by Chaplain Mueller, firing party by VFW Post 3283, Taps by the 661st Band bugler, and retiring of colors by VFW color guard. Everything went off like clockwork. Bill and Jo made all the arrangements for the benefit of the 93rd Memorial at no personal expense to the 93rd and he also donated to the Memorial Fund. That is what I call dedication. I sure hope that all in attendance let Bill and Jo know what an outstanding job they did. I'm sorry that I don't have room in my report to list all the names that attended. Our mini-reunion buffet dinner was attended by around 78, and the ladies were all pinned with a corsage. Our dinner was started by a beautiful invocation written and given by Peggy Weiss, wife of our past President Lt. Charles Weiss. For all members who didn't take notice in my Summer Journal report and those who didn't respond to all my pleas for donations for the Memorial that we dedicated July 28, 1989 at the USAF Museum, Wright Patterson AFB, I want to thank all members who did donate. The final cost for our Tree and brass Memorial Plaque was \$2,087.62, and worth every cent. If you would like one of

the Memorial pamphlets that Bill made up and handed out to those that attended, just send me a stamped addressed business envelope, and I will send you one. I forgot to note in my Fall report that I would be moving to my winter address the end of October; be sure to check this new zip code. 11524 Zimmerman Rd., Port Richey, FL 34668; Tel. (813) 862-2309. I must apologize to Ray Rhodes for not introducing him as past Vice President of the 93rd at our mini-reunion dinner. Sorry about that, Ray, won't happen again. To save a little postage, I gave out some of the Last Mission letters that I sent out to all members later. Please forgive me if I also sent you one; everyone wasn't seated for dinner yet when I handed them out so I wasn't sure who received one. I had to go by the names signed in the register book that Bill provided.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND DRIVE: After the Last Mission letters were sent out on September 2, 1989, Jordan Uttal informed me that the 93rd has done very well. We were in 2nd place in responses to this letter by donations or pledges, over all but one Group in the 2nd ADA. That is good news. I just may have been a little hard on you in my reports; in fact I went over this report and made some changes in my criticism that I was handing out to you about donations. Let's keep up the good work and keep sending those donations and pledges to Jordan. We just might become first again. We still have a long way to go for the target we are shooting for. Make your checks out to the 2nd Air Division Association, not the Librarian Fund or Last Mission, and send them to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, Texas 75230, and not to me. I appreciate all the nice comments in letters that I have received informing me that you had sent your donations to Jordan. I would like you to know that I have made my third and final payment for my pledge.

FOLDED WINGS OF 93rd MEN (not members of the 2nd ADA): Francis Doll, 5825 Laramie Circle, El Paso, TX 79924. From sending him an application and addressed postcard, his wife notified me that he had passed away on March 6, 1989. Through my Information Needed notice in the Summer Journal, member Harry Kelleher called and reported that Maj. Byron G. Kuhn who flew on "Liberty Lad" had passed away in the 1970s. I still need information on the other fellows that I asked about. Carl R. Greenstein reported that his co-pilot Brent Blythe Caldwell passed away in the 1970s, and his pilot Gordon (Bud) W. Culham is in very bad condition.

INFORMATION NEEDED: I have a young Frenchman who needs a good color picture of "TEGGY ANN," the first B-24 to fly over France, Oct. 9, 1942. They wish to make an oil painting to honor this plane. Let me know if the star on the side of the plane was circled yellow or white.

DUES ARE NOW DUE FOR 1990: Please get your dues and donation to the Memorial Library Room in to Evelyn Cohen on time, so that I don't have all the extra work of sending out special letters every year and only get a response from half of them. How do you expect me to answer all your letters if I'm doing something else that is absolutely unnecessary. So please pay your dues now, fellows.

MORE INFORMATION NEEDED: Can any of you tell me about the take off mishap, Dec. 19, 1944? The target for the day was Kyleburg (Germany). One of the crew was T/Sgt. Ben Wiegand, and I would like the names of the rest of the crew. Were there any survivors, and what was the name of the plane? Please write and let me know.

ABOUT THE FORT WORTH GET-TOGETHER: I'm sorry that there was nothing in my last report about it. I sent it to Mr. Robertie, but he can only allow me so much space.



93rd Memorial At USAF Museum, Dayton, Ohio.

489th Bomb Group History

The 489th Bomb Group (H) and (VH) history is now available from the publishers. The author/editor is C.H. Freudenthal, Lt. Col. USAF (Ret.), ex-Group Bombardier.

Told in large part through personal recollections, but including mission accounts, Missing Aircrew information, POW, KIA, Evader and Escapee lists, more than 400 photos, selected formation charts, route maps, etc., and much more. Hard-back, 320 pages. Price \$45.00. Contact:

American Spirit Graphics Corp.
801 SE 9th Street
Minneapolis, MN 55414
(Attn: Neal Sorensen)

Unauthorized Visitor on a Bomb Photo Mission

by an Unknown WAC — Submitted by Ray Strong (HDQ)

Sometime in the summer of 1944, an unauthorized visitor was taken aboard one of the Division Hq. Flight Section's planes to ferry the bomb photos down to London. Along with her date, who was the engineer on this flight, they proceeded to London — went into London, to Soho — to a Russian tearoom — all AWOL and all off limits — needless to say, they were "young and restless."

Upon return to the field to fly back to Hethel they found — a very drunk pilot! After administering black coffee and lots of shouting and yelling he finally sobered up enough to get the plane off the ground and headed in the general direction of Hethel. At which time he passed out. Needless to say, neither the WAC nor her date knew how to fly the plane. Anyway, the engineer took the controls and the WAC pulled the passed-out pilot back into the body of the plane, and down they went to do some railroad navigation.

Suddenly the radio began to crackle and a voice — a very British voice — came over the air saying "Identify yourself, please." The engineer, having some idea of radio controls, did his best to answer but found that the radio would only receive, not send!!! Not a very good situation to be in, especially since it was getting dark and the RAF was preparing to depart for their bombing run...all sorts of things run through your mind at times like that.

The radio kept calling for the plane to identify itself, it kept getting darker, and the

railroad tracks were getting harder to see. So, the engineer told the WAC to go back into the body of the plane and see how many parachutes there were. She looked high and low and could only find ONE. Upon returning to the cockpit the engineer told her to put the parachute on — now use your imagination. She had on a skirt and hose (and back then there weren't such things as pantyhose — you wore garter belts and over-the-knee regular stockings, and the straps on a parachute go between the legs and are pulled up tight). Well, this didn't go over too well with the WAC, but back then her legs were much better than they are now, so eventually, after some threats from the engineer to do it himself, she complied.

After getting the cussed thing on she asked the engineer how he was going to get down to the ground — and was told that he planned for them BOTH to go down on the single parachute. A little mystified, she asked what would happen to the pilot, who was still snoring away in the body of the plane. The reply was very blunt — he can go down with the plane for all I care — and by this time the WAC was of a mind to agree. She was scared silly.

Evidently the tension in the plane communicated itself to the half-drunk pilot and he began to make noises and crawled up to the cockpit. By this time, the plane was getting near Hethel and the engineer didn't have the faintest idea how to land it, so it was with great relief that he turned the controls over to the pilot who sobered up very quickly

when he heard the radio, which was still demanding "Identify yourself."

The WAC immediately divested herself of the parachute, very thankfully, and moved back into the body of the plane. When the pilot landed he went to the very end of the runway and the WAC rolled out as he made his turn and ran for the jeep which she and her date had driven over from Ketteringham Hall. After waiting for what seemed hours, the engineer showed up, put her in the back seat and covered her with an old raincoat. Upon arrival at the gates he was asked where his date was. The guard knowing both of them fairly well, he told the guard that she had returned much earlier in the evening. The guard looked at the hastily thrown raincoat in the back seat and just smiled.

After a safe arrival at the WAC quarters and a quiet goodnight to her date, the WAC crept into her barracks and thankfully into her bed, while visions of the RAF shooting down the photo plane danced through her head. And, she wasn't very far wrong, because the next day the engineer told her that British Intelligence had sent word that they were prepared to shoot the plane down if it veered five miles further toward the coast.

So you see, some WACs did get a little taste of combat and almost got to join the paratroopers. Thankfully she didn't, and for at least a while she didn't make any more bomb photo runs.

Our Introduction to Seco 7

by Paul J. Cromer (389th)

This happened on the second evening we had taken residence in our new home for a six month lease. Seco 7, 566 Squadron of the 389th Bomb Group at Hethel, England.

We had arrived there the night before in pitch blackness coming from Stoney, an assignment base. We traveled in G.I. trucks and how those drivers could see the road with those little slit lights at 30-40 miles per hour on those curvy English roads, I will never know.

We checked in at Squadron Headquarters, then drew blankets and pillows. After, we were escorted through paths in the woods to our hut. All this was in absolute darkness. That was our first night's thrill.

The next day was rather routine. We were getting acquainted with locations of buildings and receiving our welcome to the base by Personnel Officer and Chaplain, Pappy Beck. Most important, of course, was to locate our mess hall and there we became acquainted with our misnamed mess sergeant, "Smiley." Things did slow down that evening though, so after supper we were relaxing and just waiting to hit the sack.

It wasn't long 'til Shorty Coyle arrived from the N.C.O. Club, through the back door of our hut. He was three-quarters loaded and cussing out Oly Spillman, a crew member. He shouldered his 45, then went up to the front stove to warm up. All the time saying what he was going to do to Oly. Well, this was pretty irritating, but not knowing what to do, I just sat on a center bunk reading a funny paper.

Soon Oly came in the back door and was feeling no pain; happy as a lark and singing

some tune. He was at his bunk toward the back of the hut when the name-calling began. Then he started up the aisle after his antagonist. He got just beyond me when I heard the shot and Oly went down. This didn't exactly sound like a 45, so for a second or two, I wasn't too concerned. But we had a fellow named Price waiting to fill out his missions in our hut and he dove for his cot at the back of our hut and lit against the back wall.

This was when I hit the deck. A short time passed and I regained a little cool so I started to look over the cot, giving Shorty only an eyeball to hit. He had pulled out of the hut so we started to move around a little.

Our nose gunner, Jr. Laher, was first to come by Oly. Someone had spilled a little water near the victim and red tile showed through the dirty floor so he called out that Oly was bleeding. Right after that someone up front called out for someone to get a doctor. So I started for the front door to get help, passing Jack Madder, our tail gunner, who was pacing the aisle. His lips were moving, but he wasn't saying anything.

I got near the front door, wondering all the while as to where I could find a doctor in a thousand acres of darkness. Then I saw Porky Oliver shaking his head a little and it finally dawned on me that this was only a gag and our crew were the victims.

My next move was to walk slowly back toward the center, turning several shades of red, I presume. Then they broke the silence with laughter and comments. Prior to that time, there had been no introductions and very little conversation between fellows in

the hut, but after this, we were part of the team.

The first day we had noticed a 45 hole in our front door. This, we were informed, happened when personnel men awoke a crew for a mission. Apparently one fellow didn't care to go. There was also an oxygen tank full of flak holes with the caption, "This could happen to you." Later these were commonplace, but that second night in Seco 7 will never be forgotten.

Later we got in on the act when a new crew came into our hut. That 45 blank from before had to be perfected to sound more like a shot. We proceeded to fill this blank with a hard packing of soap. Unknowingly, someone else had packed a second blank and Oly only knew of the one we had packed.

Shorty and Oly went through their routine. The shots were fired and they were loud and clear. Oly went down and I was supposed to work on him. He was lying on his stomach. Soon I could see his hand slowly moving upward under his sweatshirt. This was not in our script, but knowing he had been hit with a wad of soap, it was hard for me to keep from laughing out loud.

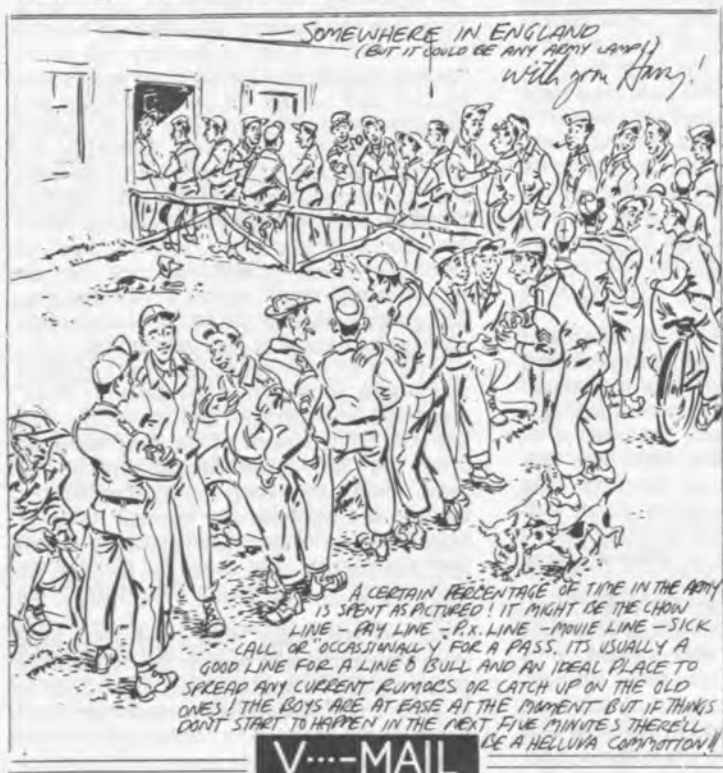
I cannot account for the reaction of the new crew, but word was that they scattered.

Later when the show was over, Oly admitted to being the most frightened of all, as he only knew of the one shot. Shorty's marksmanship was really good as Oly had a red welt just below his left nipple.

After all this, we settled down to our usual Pinochle game, and becoming operational, to help win a war.

by Harry Tower (93rd)

This is one of those "cleaning out the attic" happenings and I found these V-Mail sketches I had sent to my wife depicting the arrival and settling at our base in England back in '43. (Seems like a long time ago!) Maybe some of the fellows will recall the scenes.



Treasures



sen but #6

somewhere in England '13



THIS WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE LIVING QUARTERS - HALF BARREL NISSEN HUTS. AS YOU CAN SEE THEY'RE RATHER A CHUMMY PLACE. YOU ENTER THRU DOUBLE DOORS AND EXIT THE SAME. IT'S LIKE A TROLLEY CAR ONLY WE LACK WHEELS!! I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS THE FRONT DOOR. IT FOUR 250 VOLT 60 WATT SINGLE COIL BULBS GIVE US LIGHT - A SMALL POT STOVE FOR HEATING WILL EVENTUALLY GIVE US HEAT - IT'LL SET IN THE CENTER OF AISLE. THIS PARTICULAR PERSPECTIVE VIEW IS FROM MY BUNK

V...-MAIL

always, your own Harry



SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND with your Harry

— WHEN IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS, AND SUCH IS THE CASE HERE; DRINK TEA, RIDE A BIKE. COURSE THIS IS AN AMERICAN VERSION, ABOVE — THE ENGLISH "STOP" FOR THEIR SPOT O TEA!

THE BICYCLE'S ARE NUMEROUS AND CREATE AS MUCH OF A TRAFFIC HAZARD AS PETROL DRIVEN MOBILES! "THE BRAKES WHICH ARE HAND APPLIED GRAB THE RIM OF THE FRONT WHEEL WHEN YOU SQUEEZE. THUS IF BRAKES ARE GOOD AND YOU'RE NOT TOO FAST YOU'VE ANY SPEED YOU SOON FIND YOURSELF — IN AN AWKWARD POSITION. THE CYCLE THO IS A HANDY THING TO HAVE FOR VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE FIELD ARE WELL SEPARATED. A REGISTRATION CARD IS NECESSARY AND ALL BIKES HAVE

V...-MAIL

THEIR OWN LICENSE NUMBERS



ON WEDNESDAYS, — SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND THE RED CROSS "ANTEENMOBILE" PAYS US A VISIT

— AND IT'S A WELCOME VISIT FOR THEY SERVE DOUGHNUTS AND COFFEE, A LOUNGE IN THE BACK END OF THE TRUCK HAS A VICTROLA WITH SOME GOOD 'OL AMERICAN RECORDS AN AMPLIFYING SYSTEM TOO, THUS WHILE DUNKING YOU CAN DANCE — IF YOU WISH! — BY THE BY THE GAL IN THE TRUCK ISN'T BAD TO LOOK AT!

V...-MAIL

your own Harry

466th Bomb Group

by Elwood Nothstein

Nearly everyone who served with the 466th in England knew aircraft #42-94979F, aka "Slick Chick." No other aircraft in the group could top her performance. Her first mission was April 4, 1944 and number 117 was on April 24, 1945. That averages out to a mission every three to four days. Much of the credit for this record must go to the crew chief, John Daskocz, and his assistants, Joseph Roth and Peter Miller.



"Slick Chick" — 100 missions completed. (l-r): Crew Chief John Daskocz, Joseph Roth, Peter Miller, Group Commander Elvin S. Ligon



466ers Meet at Air Show. (l-r): Bill Rice, Jim Aumann, Bill Nothstein, Art Sessa, Joe Arbaugh

John Daskocz was a real case of mal-assignment. He was from the Bronx and actually worked for an airline before entering the service. Following World War II, he returned to the airline and is now retired and living in Port Richey, Florida.

Pete Miller was a butcher and managed a meat market before his service career. After his discharge, he returned to California, Michigan and on to several other states before retiring to Florida. He passed away on June 3, 1989 and his widow, Ileene, resides in Ellentown, Florida.

Joseph Roth was from Connersville, Indiana and was employed as a sheet metal press operator. He served for more than a year in the infantry before transferring to the Air Corps. Upon his separation he earned an engineering degree and applied it in the development of aircraft, engines and missiles. After about twenty-five years he settled in Cincinnati, Ohio and has been there for the last nineteen years.

I found it interesting to hear about this ground crew and learn something about them. They were truly a dedicated trio and

without them and others like them our air crews would never have made it off the ground. I have the addresses of John Daskocz, Joseph Roth and Ileene Miller. If you care to have them, let me know.

An unexpected mini-reunion of several 466ers took place at the WWII Air Show at Geneseo, NY on August 19th. Those present were: Joe Arbaugh (Zanesville, OH); Jim Aumann (St. Mary's, PA); Bill Rice (Perry, NY); Art Sessa (Yonkers, NY); and me, Bill Nothstein (Spencerport, NY). It was reported that George Snowden (Lyn-donville, NY) was also present, but we hadn't located him when the rain started to fall and most of us left. We did get to see a B-24 in flight but were a little disappointed that it was unable to land on the grassy strip.

466th Bomb Group shirts are again available. Anyone who is interested in obtaining one can contact me for a flyer with complete details. The vendor has asked for orders of twenty shirts at a time. If we get together sufficient orders, they could be ready for our next reunion.

Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey

October 17, 1989 plus 4 days after the earthquake. So help me God, I hope I never have to experience another earthquake as severe as that one! I told Evelyn Cohen and Dave Patterson that it felt as though a giant hand had picked up the house, gave it a good shake and then a squash at the same instant. Fortunately, no damage was done to the house except that the floor of each room had debris on it, broken or otherwise.

Here is a picture of Jim McCrory and Henry Gendreizig that was taken at the Air Force Academy Memorial. The wreaths represent the the original 492nd Bomb Group as well as the 801/492nd Bomb Group "Carpetbaggers." The wreath cost me \$35.00. If each member of the group sent me a dollar, I would deduct \$34.00 and then give the rest to the Librarian Fund in care of Jordan Uttal. In contributing this

way, I feel that each member would have been participating in the impressive ceremony that was held. Thank you.

My apologies to the 392nd Bomb Group for not identifying Colonel Lawrence Gilbert at the Fort Worth, Texas reunion. C'est La Guerre!

If any of you come to the Bay Area, please visit the General James H. Doolittle Room at the Western Aerospace Museum, North Field, Oakland International Airport. A lot of effort, time and money has been put into this project and it is well worth seeing. I am sure that the General is more than pleased with the results.

Thank you all for your contributions to the Librarian Fund. Every little bit helps.

I would like to extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to each and every member of the Group.



(l-r): Jim McCrory, 492nd BG and Henry Gendreizig, 801/492nd BG at the Air Force Academy Memorial, Colorado Springs, Colorado, October 1989.

The 445th Reporting

by Charles L. Walker



Original crew of Albert V. Jones, 703rd Squadron. Back row: C.E. Hagans, engineer; R.M. Kennedy, radio; H.C. Kersey, nose gunner; R.L. Prescott, upper gunner; Gillespie, ball gunner; R.L. Miller, tail gunner. Front row: A.V. Jones, pilot; T. Quick, co-pilot; F. Comfort, navigator; J.M. Powers, bombardier. Gillespie was replaced with J.J. Fox and Quick received his own crew and was replaced by F.D. Neuberger.

In August I mailed 550 letters to our 445th members of the 2nd ADA asking for support of the Memorial Librarian Fund Drive. I also included a questionnaire soliciting information on which squadron you were in, what your job was, names and addresses of friends, etc. To date, I have received 92 replies to the questionnaire, a disappointing 17% response. Now if you 458 who have not responded haven't gotten to it because you have been too busy sending your contributions and pledges to Jordan Uttal, then all is forgiven. I still await your replies and have great faith in your getting them to me. Don't let me down!

A random sampling of the responses I have logged:

Jim Old wrote of finishing his tour with the 445th at the end of Sept. '44 then returning to the ZI where as an experienced Radio Operator he was promptly sent to the CBI to fly the "Hump." "Over there we were mostly from the 8th and 15th but not once did we take off the 8th AF patch and put on the ATC label!" As a result of being sent directly to the CBI, Jim lost all track of his former Group buddies. He says joining the 2nd ADA has meant a lot to him and he suggested several approaches to creating a more visible image in order to stimulate membership.

Dick Littlefield supplied the names of his crew and the addresses he had. He also reminded me that he and I played golf in the same foursome with Baldy Avery and Bob Lane at the McAfee reunion. He says

there is no way I could have forgotten his "sweet swing" — right on Dick!

Jim Palmer says his crew left the States on his birthday, Nov. 23, 1943; that he was shot down on his 15th mission and the crew went into Switzerland. He is looking forward to his first reunion at Hilton Head.

Fabian Mack has had no contact with any of his crew. He flew most of his missions in "Bugs Bunny." "We left her in a plowed field approximately 15 miles east of Brussels after the Kassel Raid." He is planning on Norwich next year.

Bob Gallup's reply was most unique; he sent a tape recording with lots of good information.

Buddy Cross, our former Group VP, provided a list of 370 names and addresses of former 445thers. I already had been given 84 of those names and 37 were now members (since Buddy compiled the list). You really know how to put a fellow to work, don't you, Buddy. However I do thank you.

Fred Dale — Although I played golf in St. Charles, Ill. with Fred, I didn't recall that he was one of six Link Trainer operators assigned to the Group. He sent along the names and addresses of the other five. We will be playing golf again with Fred at Hilton Head.

Charlie Cooper was right on the ball as usual with a complete list including addresses of his crew. Charlie has attended eight reunions beginning in San Diego in 1978.

John Linford writes "in 1984 in my Cessna 320, I crossed the North Atlantic to

attend the Rotary International Convention at Birmingham. While there I flew to Tibenham and landed at our old base." At present he is President of the International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians.

Charles Derr reports that he flew 26 missions and then flew home. "Lost navigator (fell off bike) and tail gunner (flak in the a-over Hanover)." Both must have survived as their names and addresses were included on his crew list.

Sorry that space does not permit listing all the letters I have received, as they are not only informative but very interesting as well.

Now I must jump on all but 52 of you — that's how many Jordan Uttal tells me have contributed to the Librarian Fund since my August letter. We are only \$2,700 closer to our goal of \$19,800. Come on now, can't we do better than that?

The San Diego 50th Anniversary Celebration of the B-24 was much smaller than the Fort Worth bash last May but it was indeed worth the trip. We met and signed up the following new members: Jack Erickson, Auburn, CA; Harold Clark, Gloversville, NY; Keith Jones, San Diego, CA; Abner Musser, Holtwood, PA; and Jim Wilgus, Chico, CA. We all enjoyed visiting and swapping stories with members like Fred Torr, Bob Conrad, Charles Turned, Bob Mead, Ed Wanner, Terry Sather, Roy Leavitt, and George Lymburn.

The most impressive event of the day was the fly-in of the Collings Foundation's BIG BEAUTIFUL B-24. What a sight it was with all four fans churning! In the last Journal I chided Ralph Crandell on his comments about how much the passage-ways in the old bird have shrunk — well, I take it all back, Ralph, they have indeed been shrunk.

In closing, I wish each and every one of you a very Merry Christmas and a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year.

P.S. Please tell Hank Orzechowski that I was only kidding when I asked him to dig up one of those cans of money in his backyard and send it to the Librarian Fund. He did and mailed me the empty can to prove it! What a guy.

"Delectable Doris" Tape Available

A tape of the B-24J "Delectable Doris" ferry trip from March AFB to Fort Worth, the fly-by at Fort Worth, and a ferry trip from Rochester to Williamsport has been produced for the 446th Bomb Group Association and the National Warplane Museum by Chuck England. Copies of the tape are \$25.00 each post paid and available from:

Theater Systems
587 Elmwood Terrace
Rochester, NY 14620

Sixth Midwest Regional Reunion

by Fern Risley

The Sixth Midwest Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association was held at the historic Dearborn Inn in Dearborn, Michigan, Sept. 15-17, 1989 and was chaired by George Rundblad of the 453rd BG.

Guests attended from Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, North Carolina, Kentucky, Iowa, Ohio and Texas to salute the honor group, the 445th BG, 700th, 701st and 702nd BS. 116 were registered and George says that all 116 showed up. George and Evelyn Rundblad received a standing ovation for outstanding efforts.

On Friday evening an informal reception was held in the Fairlane Room with a brief business meeting. Howard Ebersole of Plymouth, Michigan was the guest speaker. Howard, of the 392nd Bomb Group and also the Yankee Air Force, talked about Yankee AF membership and aircraft on display at the museum in Willow Run which the group toured on Saturday morning.

Joe Dzenowagis of the 467th talked about the video history of the Second Air Division he has produced. The group viewed his video of "Eight Candles for Remembrance."

The Dearborn Inn offered an excellent opportunity to visit the adjacent Henry Ford Museum and picturesque Greenfield Village. On Saturday evening guests attended the reunion banquet in the River Rouge and Fairlane Rooms. Chairman George Rundblad called the evening to order with the pledge to the flag, Wilbur Stites gave the invocation and Bob Suckow of Milwaukee served as master of ceremonies. The group honored the 445th Bomb Group with Bill Dewey and George Collar of the 445th as main speakers.

Dewey told about the Kassel Mission Memorial Assn. formed to fund and dedicate a monument at Ludwigsau, Germany where Capt. Chilton's lead plane crashed on 27 Sept. 1944. The monument will honor 117 Americans and 18 Germans who died in the Battle of Kassel. A book titled "A Reason to Live" written by 2nd AD's Harold Robinson, will help fund the memorial.

A moving account of the mission was presented by George Collar, bombardier, who was shot down on the mission and a POW in Germany until VE Day. Collar also recalled his experiences as a POW.

Aud Risley, 446th, introduced next year's reunion chairman, Paul Steichen, 93rd BG, 409th BS, of Indianapolis, IN. Next year's reunion will be held in Indiana at a site not yet determined.

30 Days in a 1947 Stinson

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)



Neal Fowler and Les Hedrick at their 1947 Stinson. They flew 7,000 miles and took 30 days to visit old friends and former crewmates.

Les Hedrick had divided his WWII combat tour among the 389th, 453rd and 489th Bomb Groups. Until 25 June 1944 he was a flight engineer; after that date, as one of only three survivors from Captain Fern Titus' 453rd crew, he was a POW. His original crew, Lt. Hamby's, also of the 453rd, was shot up, and being low on fuel, headed for Sweden, where they were interned. Les missed that adventure because he had been grounded by the flight surgeon.

Experiences like these develop strong memories, and last July, Les decided it was time to renew some long dormant friendships. He and a long-time friend, Neal Fowler, who is a retired PB4-Y (Navy version of the B-24) pilot, decided to crank up their 1947 Stinson, and do some visiting and sightseeing. They left Camarillo, California, on the 21st and didn't come back until August 19th. Along the way there were stops in Iowa, to see Everett Keys, the top turret gunner on the Titus crew, and in Oshkosh, Wisconsin for the Experimental Air Show. The old Stinson went on display there for five days before the next leg to Ontario, and on to Rhinebeck, New York, "a WW I setting with an 1800' sod strip, with a dog leg of trees on both ends, taking off uphill. Neal got her in and I got her out...From here on all the crew members I visited were from my original crew; I hadn't seen them in 45 years. In Bridgeport we were met by Al (radio operator) and Gloria

Pekar, and Joe (ball turret) and Dottie Cox came over too."

Continuing, and landing in a rain squall, they went into New Jersey for a reunion with Frank Hendershot (navigator) to hear about Sweden. After, a quick and emotional visit with bombardier Len Moyer, in a Richmond hospital in intensive care following a sudden heart attack.

There was some good news and bad news at this point. "Len was the good news. He's doing great. The bad news was the weather that came down on us — 400' and ½ mile, and rain. Four days later we learned that if we wanted to leave Virginia, we'd better head north — so back toward D.C., then west around the heavy stuff to Tri City, Tennessee. There was more rain — 30 miles past Knoxville it was solid, with heavy rain. A 180 back to Knoxville with a pitot tube full of water and 40 mph on the indicator. Yep, I came in a little hot! Took three days to get started again, then went through T-storms, rain and low visibility..."

There was more bad weather along the rest of the trip home — a lot of thunderstorms through Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona. The old Stinson plugged right along though "outside of getting washed a number of times."

Finally — home on August 19th, after 7000 miles, no problems with the airplane, and a total cost of \$3500. "A once-in-a-lifetime deal, and Neal and I will never be able to top it."

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



As you know by this time, the lead time on these articles is about three months. So here we are in September, writing to all our 2ADA friends to wish them a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and a Happy Holiday Season. This past year has seen the completion and distribution of the 446th Bomb Group Official History. We think it is an excellent book and wholeheartedly thank our young Dutch friend, Harold Jansen, who compiled it from virtually every official record he could get his hands on and included enough first-hand experiences to make a living book. If you don't have a copy, send \$53.00 to Bill Davenport, 13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705.

A tape of the B-24J "Delectable Doris" ferry trip from March AFB to Ft. Worth, the fly-by at Ft. Worth, and a ferry trip from Rochester to Williamsport has been produced for the 446th Bomb Group Assn. and National Warplane Museum by our good friend, Chuck England. Copies of the tape are available from Theater Systems, 587 Elmwood Terrace, Rochester, NY 14620 for \$25.00 post paid.

The 446th Bomb Group was noted for two events that to my knowledge no one other group can claim credit. One, it was the group that led the 8th Air Force over the beaches on D-Day. (Hey, Bill, back off — last time you said that, several guys said it wasn't so. But it really was true, regardless of what those people believe. We know, don't we.) Two, it was the only group to shoot their CO down. Maybe we should qualify that a bit, the only group in the 8th AF, 2AD, 20CW, who did this. Now maybe we won't get so much flack from those other guys who also shot their COs down. Anyway, you got in the last issue a prelim to this event which happened on the CO's 13th mission. Incidentally, his predecessor also got shot, not down, but in the leg by small arms fire on his 13th mission. Anyway, our history is just loaded with good stories like the one we started in the last Journal and you can finish — starting on page 261 — or we even might finish here someday.

Another good story involves one Cpl. Barber, who was forced to bail out on 3 February 1945:

"After the parachute opened and as I was descending the silence was deafening, although I could hear Lil' Snooks' racing

engines in the distance. As I was falling all of a sudden I broke thru the clouds at about 1,000 feet above the ground and could see large green trees and a small meadow below me. In the middle of the meadow was a small stream and near the stream was the uniformed body of a dead German soldier. I was swinging from side to side in my parachute descent and at first thought that I would land in the meadow, but shortly saw that I was going to land in the trees on the hill side. I could see no activity or anyone other than the body of the dead soldier. Just before I hit the trees, I pulled my knees up for protection of my body and covered my face with my arms.

"I hit the trees with a bang, first falling through the leaves and branches which were small but suddenly hit a large limb with the small of my back. This temporarily stunned me and slowed my fall, but I continued to fall for another 20, 30 feet until I hit the ground. After I hit the trees and as I was falling to the ground I could see men in uniform running. After I hit the ground I lay stunned for a few moments but soon was able to get to my feet and stand up. When I got to my feet all I could see was men behind large trees pointing gun barrels at me. Not knowing if they were friend or foe, I realized that I had to identify myself and plead for mercy if they were enemy soldiers. I raised my hands over my head and shoulders and shouted several times, 'American, Airman, Americano' and then prayed aloud 'Oh, Lord, don't let them shoot me.' Then the 2/Lt. in charge came forward and said, 'We are not going to shoot you but we are going to make damn sure you are an American airman.' Still holding my hands over my head I told the 2/Lt. I had my identification in my left hand pocket of my B-4 flight jacket. He cautiously reached in my pocket, pulled out the I.D. card and read aloud 'Barber, James R.' He then asked, 'Barber, where are you from, your hometown.' I replied, 'a little town west of Fort Worth, called Weatherford.' 'Weatherford,' he said, 'I have a man in my company from Weatherford. Hall, come forward.'

"As Cpl. Ray Hall came forward, I recognized him as a classmate of mine at Weatherford High School. Hall said, 'Hello, James, it's good of you to drop in.'"

Keep tuned to Beachbell.

A Day in the Life

by Bill Griffiths (458th)

This is not my story. I was not there nor was I a part of the crew. I only tell it out of respect for the people involved and to record it for tomorrow.

It all began when the crew was awakened in the early hours of that cold winter morning in 1944. The routine was always the same — breakfast, pre-mission briefing, target: Brunswick/Waggum. Bombing, navigation, and weather conditions were given, flying gear issued and then the ride out to the revetment area where their plane waited. Pre-flight checks were done. Now just wait until time to —

Taxi out of the revetment to take their place in the ever-growing line of B-24s for the takeoff. There is the flare! The assembly ship "First Sergeant" begins its take off roll and soon all 27 aircraft are airborne. They rise to 1000 feet, level off, make a dog left, then resume climbing North to Cromer. Around and around Splasher Five until they are "formed up." Then leaving the English coast and climbing to mission altitude of 20,500 feet. Picked up their fighter escort over the North Sea and proceeded on over to Europe to the target.

Arriving in the target area, they were unable to bomb the primary target so were diverted to the secondary target. Over the secondary they receive anti-aircraft fire. Near bomb release they get hit and lose one engine.

On the return flight to England, they begin to lose power on another engine. Over the North Sea they cannot keep up with the formation, slowly dropping farther and farther behind.

Now to make things worse, they receive orders diverting them to a diversion base in northern England because of bad weather over Horsham.

They cross the English coast alone, and looking for any place to land. Flying low due to poor visibility, they sight an RAF base with a runway lighted by oil fires paralleling the runway. They could not get the nose wheel down but the main gear was down and locked. They were almost to the runway when they lost further power. At this point I imagine the only thought was to get this baby on the ground!

The pilot pointed the nose down at the farm country below and settled down in a snow covered field. With the nose wheel up, he ploughed up the field for next year's crop! The nose section acted as a big scoop, filling the front section of the aircraft with snow and mud! The main gear finally dropped into a big ditch and brought the ship to a halt. No one was seriously injured. They found the farmer's house and the RAF sent an ambulance for them.

Do you believe in the "luck of the Irish?" Well, the pilot's name was Jack O'Reagan, the navigator was Malcolm "Mac" Shealy. The aircraft was the 752nd Bomb Squadron's "Here I Go Again." She never went again and was salvaged at Bridlington, Yorkshire. Just another day on the job. (Oh Yeah?)



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Mrs. Phyllis Hunt, Trust Librarian for the Second Air Division Memorial Room, wrote 28 July 1989 to advise that interest from the 44th Bomb Group Memorial Endowment Fund enabled them to add these new books to the library:

Cacutt: Classic of the Air
Meinig, D.W.: Shaping of America, Vol. 1
 (Atlantic America,
 1492-1800)

While on the subject of our Memorial Room, when we visited it in June '89, I had the opportunity to spend more time there than we normally get on a 2ADA Convention in Norwich. They have a 44th BG memorabilia box which I perused at length and found several items of considerable interest. One offered more details about my crew's plane, "HENRY," serial number J-155CO 44-40279 from the 66th Squadron (QK) with tail fin identification K+. Apparently, it was a 490th BG plane before being transferred to the 44th BG. It was sent to Woodbridge for repairs from 29 Jan. to 14 Feb. '45 and returned to the Zone of the Interior 22 May '45.

Another item that caught my attention was a short note about John E. Butler from Houston, TX. He flew a mission to Magdeburg 6-29-44; he was married 6-29-45 and had bypass surgery on 6-29-83. It was almost your anniversary, John, when I was there, 6-28-89. (I well remember that Magdeburg mission because one of my gunners, Norm Tillner, was seriously injured and had to be replaced on the crew. My diary indicates that it was our 10th mission, heavy flak and we bombed an aircraft factory with 52 one hundred pound incendiaries. The flight took eight hours and we flew it in Crew Chief Mike Curtin's plane, "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle.")

Continuing with the Memorial Room, I received a note from Jordan Uttal in September advising me that he has received 55 checks totalling \$2568 from 44th BG members towards the \$500,000 American Librarian Fund. I have also had cards from several other 44thers advising me that they have sent pledges to Jordan. Our thanks to all of you who have contributed and we hope that many of you sent something along with your dues for 1990 earmarked American Librarian Fund.

I forgot to include this next item in my column for the Fall 1989 Journal and I apologize. Mrs. Flora C. Schatte wrote to me March 20, 1989 regarding a photograph that appeared on page 27 of the Spring 1989 Journal under the heading "Can Somebody Identify This Photo?" She advised that her husband, Wilbur C. Schatte, was on that crew and the photo was taken at Clovis, NM



Leroy Hansen's plane with Wilbert Schatte on board after crash landing in enemy territory (Holland), 13 November 1943.

in 1943. She identified the men as follows: Front row (l-r): S/Sgt. Joseph J. Suzdak, waist gunner; S/Sgt. Dan Henderson, asst. radio op.; S/Sgt. James W. Norton, asst. eng. (deceased); T/Sgt. Schatte, radio op. (deceased); S/Sgt. Boyd D. Baker, tail gunner; T/Sgt. Charles G. Spearman, engineer. Back row (l-r): 1st Lt. Leroy Hansen, pilot (deceased); 2nd Lt. John D. Hanson, co-pilot; 2nd Lt. Charles L. Rouser, bomb.; 2nd Lt. Wilbur J. Pecka, nav. The story of this crew can be found in several write-ups: 2ADA Journal March 1981, page 20, "Survival Was the Name of the Game" by Frank Thomas (453rd BG); "History of the 67th Bomb Sqdn." by Will Lundy, page 152; "44th Bomb Group - Roll of Honor" by Will Lundy, pages 109, 110, 111. William H. Topping was the bombardier on this crew when they had to make a belly landing in enemy territory (see photo) 13 Nov. '43. He replaced Lt. Rouser who was then flying with Lt. Curtis Griffin. We have all the addresses for these men except Dan Henderson. Anyone knowing his whereabouts can let me know and I'll pass the word along to Mrs. Schatte.

Norman Powell in Carmel, ME wrote last July to advise that he and his wife visited the Memorial Room in 1981 when Mrs. Powell had a clergy exchange with a minister from Broadstone, Poole, Dorset, Eng. and they visited it again during the summer of '88 when she was a summer volunteer minister at Iver, Bucks, Eng. Also during the summer of '88, they spent two weeks in Vienna, Austria while attending an International Seminar at Catholic Boys School. In June of this year, they visited in San Francisco with Ray Baker and wife from San Jose. Ray has an interesting photo album of WWII scenes including many aerial photographs that were discarded by the military.

Lewis "Bob" Graham sent word that the "T.S. Tessie" crew held their second annual reunion in Carryville, TN, Sept. 23-30. Eight of the original crew of 10 plus seven wives attended. Bob sent a letter to the local newspaper before the reunion and received some surprising participation from the local populace. Merchants offered special crew discounts in the local mall; doctors and bankers volunteered their Wednesday afternoon for a golf outing at the local country

club; Tenn. House of Representatives Speaker Tom Burnett loaned the group his van for sightseeing; local "Has-Been" flyers at the county airport invited the crew to "hang out" and swap yarns; and so on. Bob sent his best regards to the 68th Squadron reunion that was held at the same time (Sept. 29-30) in Erie, PA.

Bernard "Barney" Glettler was recently appointed Chairman of Zoning/Planning and the Appeals Board in his hometown and was unable to attend the Hilton Head convention and golf tournament, much to his regret, since he's never been there. Barney also pledged to send something for the American Librarian Fund by the end of '89.

If you're wondering where you can get one of those 8-Ball t-shirts (see Fall 2ADA Journal, page 23), write to R.E. Bottomley, 4509 Morrice Rd., Owosso, MI 48867.

In June, Jim Struthers advised that Alfred Griffith, waist gunner on his crew, died May 1989. Others on the crew are Lyndon C. Allen, Edward Burtsavage and David L.G. Jacobs. All are members of the 2ADA.

Jim Forrest wrote in August saying that he was sending a donation to Jordan Uttal for the American Librarian Fund. He just learned that the co-pilot of his crew, Stanley F. Fransted, died recently. Also on his crew was Bertil "Big Swede" Carlburg who advised me in September that his beloved wife of 40 years had passed away June 18 and he would be unable to attend the 2ADA Convention and golf tournament in Hilton Head.

Lyle B. Latimer (Joe Herrmann's tail gunner) sent me a report of Memorial Services for Donald A. Maule who died August 26. Lyle said that Roley Arterburn, his co-pilot, was there. The pilot, W.D. Carter, is deceased. This crew was very fortunate to return safely from a mission to Creil, FR 27 June '44 with only Arterburn wounded (lost 3 fingers - right hand - flak). The 506th Squadron lost two aircraft that day and, in all, seven men were KIA and four became POWs. (See Will Lundy's "44th Bomb Group - Roll of Honor" pages 265-271).

Seasons Greetings to all and Best Wishes for a Happy and Healthy 1990.



491st BOMB GROUP

THE LAST AND THE BEST

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

by Harold Fritzler

San Diego

B-24 50th Anniversary

Departed Portland Sunday afternoon, Sept. 17th, for an overnight stay at Ray and Betty Snook's home near Oregon City. Ray, radio operator in the 853rd Sqdn. and I spent the evening viewing the video of the Ft. Worth B-24 50th Anniversary. After early breakfast the next morning, we were on our way south down Interstate 5. Our objective for the night was Los Altos, to which we drove via the now famous earthquake highway 880. Bill and Margarette Clarey graciously hosted us with dinner and lodging at their home in Los Altos. After dinner, Bill (492nd VP), Ray and I recounted war stories, looked at wartime memorabilia, and Bill's collection of models and mementos of 35 years service with United Airlines. Early the next morning after a good breakfast, we thanked and bid our hosts adieu; we were on our way south to the freeway battles.

Arriving in beautiful San Diego at dusk on Tuesday, we made our way to Lakeside where we would be domiciled for the next few days.

The Liberator legend began 50 years ago at the Consolidated plant right here in San Diego.

Wednesday was registration day with exhibits, Miramar tour and the welcome party. Optional tours to the Queen Mary, Spruce Goose, Universal Studios, Zoo, Mexico, and Harbor Cruises were available.

Included in the main ballroom along with exhibits and seminars was a ball turret as well as the gallery of Liberator units.

The 2ADA booth was located in the PX area near the pool, manned by Bud and Mike Chamberlain. At the door was a mock-up of the flexible 50 cal. MG complete with computing sight. Comments overheard were, "We never had computing sights on waist guns."

Thursday was THE DAY! Off to Lindbergh Field adjacent to the Convair plant. Cameras and camcorders at the ready, all eyes scanned the eastern sky for the first glimpse of the Lib. The roof of the Convair main building was alive with employees from within. "There she is." B-24 types went wild as the beautiful Lib swept across the field for a soft landing as whirling cameras recorded the event. Abandoning their waiting positions, everyone rushed up to the chain link perimeter fence for a closer look. She was new and shiny with red cowlings. Engines idling smoothly, up taxied the Collings "All American" B-24J, top hatch open, displaying the flag. The gate opened and she was brought in for a hands-on look. Bomb bay doors and side panels were inscribed with honor crew listings.

Everyone remembered how small the inside was. We've gotten bigger, especially around the waistline. How did we ever manage to run between the stanchions in the bomb bay in full flying gear? I went the whole route from camera hatch through the waist around the ball turret through the bomb bay and out. Then I entered by the nose wheel and one more time crawled through to the flight deck past the APU (Putt-Putt). It was tough but I made it.

A symposium about the "Lady Be Good" of Sahara Desert fame was held where family members of the crew were in attendance.

The Aerospace Museum was the site of a well-attended Stage Door Canteen Party. Plenty of food and drink, Forties music and access to the many exhibits. The museum covers the period from the dawn of aviation up through WWII and beyond including the Fokker Triplane, Spirit of St. Louis, Zero, and SBD. Suspended over the open courtyard where the party was held was a Navy PBV.

Action videos of Liberators in combat were being shown continually. You could relive it all once again.

We were treated to a special show at Sea World with killer whales drenching the first ten rows with their performance. Dinner was served as Bob Crosby's band played wartime music.

A memorial service was held at beautiful Balboa Park on Sunday.

It's estimated that 700 B-24 aficionados were in attendance at the Lib Anniversary event.



392nd B.G.

by

John B. Conrad

One of the visitors at the Fort Worth celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 was Lee A. Doolittle of Couer D'Alene, Idaho, who discovered the 2nd ADA and signed on as a member. Lee, who served in the 392nd BG, related an experience which occurred at Wendling on 5 December 1943: "...a B-24 caught fire in the parking area. I think someone was refueling the put-put while it was running, which was a no-no. Our crew arrived with tankers, foam makers and the works, but there was no saving that B-24, it was too hot to handle. An adjacent B-24 looked like it could catch on fire. I got into it, started a couple of engines and moved it to a safer place in the weeds.

This was happening pretty close to the gasoline dump. A gas tanker just outside the dump caught on fire. While we tackled that, about a dozen bombs went off where the B-24 was burning (at that period bombs were stacked on the ground by the aircraft). I was pouring foam into the gas tanker's pumping unit with my back to the explo-

sion. It put me to the ground, hose and all. The tanker truck had big holes in it from the shrapnel... General Johnson came along and pitched right in. We finished our job, but I was pretty shaky for a few days..." On January 20, 1944, Lee was awarded the Soldier's Medal "...for heroism displayed at a bomber station in England, 5 December 1943..."

The 392nd Sacramento area summer picnic was held at the home of Milton and Mariam Henderson. Milton flew 19 missions with the 392nd before being shot down on the mission to Gotha, 24 February 1944. Stan Ralston, an intelligence staff NCO, prepared colorful banners for the occasion. Those in attendance were Bob and Jean Berger, Don and Anne Clover, Tom and Edna Gartner, Myron and Blanche Keilman, Bill and Vi Long, Sterling Fligge, Ed Holmes, Roland Sabourin, Harry White, and Milt and Mariam Henderson.

A beautifully planned and executed rededication ceremony was held Saturday, October 7, 1989 at the 392nd Bomb Group Memorial at Station 118, Wendling, Norfolk, England. The memorial site, originally dedicated in 1945, was enhanced by raising the obelisk, providing better drainage and enlarging the area to provide parking space. The additional space was a generous gift from Mr. & Mrs. Thomas

Scott, owners of the adjacent farm land.

The refurbishment and enlargement of the site was under the capable direction of Carroll W. Cheek, Chairman, and committee men Joseph Bush and Robert E. Lane, with the full support of 392nd BGMA President Lawrence G. Gilbert, directors and members. Dedicated to the 747 airmen who gave their lives and to all those who served with them, 30 heroes of the 392nd Bomb Group and their guests attended the ceremony. These included: Allen, Hank and Lil, Dick Allen; Case, Bill and Mary; Cheek, Carroll and Mabel, Michael Cheek, Jim and Kathleen Cheek Milby, Michael and Susan Cheek Needler; Conrad, John and Wanda; Dye, Charlie and Helen; Ebersole, Howard; Gilbert, Lawrence and Marjy, Lawrence Gilbert Jr., Anne Gilbert Brooks; Griffin, Dick; Gusciora, Al and Margaret, Cheryl Gusciora; Hamill, Bob; Henning, John; Hoover, Dick and Eleanor; Hunsaker, Ben and Gerry; Johnson, Del and Lucille; Kampfe, Roy; Keilman, Myron and Blanche; Larrick, Birdie; Long, J.D. and Emily; Longacre, Harold and Marjorie; Mackey, Oak and Maxine; MacTavish, Leroy and Mary; Malloy, John and Rebecca; Martin, Robert C., Jr.; Roberts, Keith and Pat; Rothrock, Cecil and Mary; Smith, Clyde and Shirley; Urban, Jack; Vaughan, Henry; Whittaker, Joe; and Wilkins, Bob.

This Chrysler Executive's Son Really Gets Around in Air Forces

Submitted by William J. Maguire, Jr.

Reprinted from the Chrysler Tonic, October 12, 1943

Lieut. William J. Maguire, Jr., son of the Works Manager of the Jefferson Plant, is proving himself not only a good soldier but an excellent letter writer, as the following excerpts from a recent letter to his father will reveal. Lieutenant Maguire is now stationed somewhere in England with a Bomber Group. He entered the Army early in 1941 with a Michigan National Guard Field Artillery regiment and was transferred to the Air Corps in 1942, receiving his wings last spring. He writes:

"Time has been flying by very rapidly and it hardly seems possible that three months have passed since I was home last. In that time I have covered an awful lot of miles. Have been all over England and Scotland; all over Northern Africa also. I will mention some of the places I have been in and you can get some idea of the territory I have covered: Marrokosh, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Benghazi, Cairo, the Suez Canal, and a place called Tel-Aviv in Palestine. I had a good look at the route of Rommel's retreat and saw much of the damaged and wrecked equipment from that campaign. After the war, there is a fortune waiting for some enterprising junk dealer in Africa, for the amount of scrap material lying around is enormous, although the British army is gathering as much of it as they possibly can. And some of the cities are a mess!

CITY IS DEVASTATED

"We were located outside Benghazi while down there, a town that had been occupied by the Germans and the British two or three times each, and I believe that there wasn't a single building in that town that had not suffered damage of some kind, either from bombing or gunfire. It was a new and beautiful city, part of the Italian colonial empire built by Mussolini, but at present is nothing more than a ghost town, as all the civilians were driven out some time ago. At present there are quite a few Arabs around, and the Italian civilians were beginning to drift in from the hills and the desert.

"In the course of my travels, I also became entangled in the money exchange problem. I have had to deal with French money, Egyptian, Italian, Palestine, and British Occupational currency, all the time keeping its equivalent value in American money in sight, in order to realize just what I was being charged when I purchased anything. Those 'Wags' would gyp a person out of his gold teeth if you gave them a chance. And believe me, some of the paper money looked like wallpaper; it came in so many sizes and colors. Some of the French Morocco money had been printed in the Philadelphia mint.

"I forgot to mention that my travels have also included the air war over Italy and France, and we did a good job of letting those people know that we had been over. A few days after reaching Africa, we lost my very good friend from the Field Artillery who was my Bombardier. You met him the night he and I arrived in Detroit from El Paso - Pete Tempo was his name. He substituted on another crew on the Ploesti raid, and he was shot down over the



Lieut. William J. Maguire, Jr.

target. That was the most dangerous and daring raid of this war to date, and the results really justified our losses and will shorten the war in this theatre by quite a bit. But I sure did hate to lose Pete - and we are all hoping that he may be a prisoner somewhere today, as the Germans are known to be holding quite a few of our men from that raid. We also lost our radio operator on that raid.

A LONDON HOLIDAY

"I just came back this morning from a two-day holiday in London. In a lot of ways, it is very much like New York, with all the crowds, theatres, shops and the traffic, but the blackout at night doesn't help one bit and if you don't have some idea of where you are going, it is just too bad. There are a lot of good plays on, most of them sold out for weeks ahead, but I was able to see 'Watch on the Rhine' and enjoyed it very much. I also saw a new movie put out by Walt Disney called 'Victory Through Air Power' and it was excellent. It was taken from the book of the same name and mark my words, the picture is bound to create a storm of criticism, but I am inclined to agree very much with the theories put forth.

"Everything in London is jammed. If you wish to go to a show, ride a bus, or eat somewhere, there is a long wait in line. There are no private cars on the streets at all to speak of and taxis are hard to secure. I imagine it is just about the same as Washington. But the real mob scene comes when you ride a train. Returning from London last night, I had to stand in a baggage car for five hours and I had a first-class ticket. That train had fourteen cars on it and it was just as crowded for the whole distance as any Times Square subway during the rush hour. And it is like that on trains over here no matter where a person travels. I must say the British railways are doing a great job. Equipment is in constant use, and I saw a train pull into London last night and before the inbound passengers could get off, the train was loaded already for the trip out. It was like watching a comedy to see those people trying to get on and off at the same time."

Alive and Well

by Clair Rowe (448th)

I was very surprised to see two familiar pictures in the Second Air Division Journal, Spring 1988, page 32. I was the tail gunner on the plane with the hole in the waist and the damaged tail turret. Two people who were even more surprised were Staff Sgts. Patrick Raspante and Horace Gardner. They were the waist gunners who, according to the writer's information, were killed. I am happy to report they are both still alive and well. H. Gardner suffered a broken arm which we presumed was caused by the explosion of the cannon shell twisting the waist gun which he was firing at the time. He also suffered severe frostbite and was hospitalized for over a year.

The mission was flown in the Hamburg area on March 25, 1945 to bomb underground oil tanks. The 448th Bomb Group encountered bad weather over the North Sea and various units became separated. The 713th Squadron joined another group on the way to the target and then left it to strike the assigned target for the 448th. When we left the main force we were attacked by ME262 fighters. Several planes were shot down, including the lead ship. I believe our plane was the only one that was damaged and yet made it back to England. Due to severe damage, our pilot elected to land at the emergency field at Marston.

Our squadron was attacked by the jet fighters just after we dropped our bombs. The first fighter fired on the plane behind and to our left. One engine began smoking and the plane quickly fell out of formation. I got in a few bursts as the attacking fighter made a pass at us. A second jet then began smoking and went into a long glide and was reported to have crashed. A third fighter pressed his attack and fired. I saw the two puffs of smoke from his cannon in the wings, and then my turret was struck and I was blown out backwards into the waist of our plane. At that time, I noticed that both waist windows had been blown out, and there was a large hole in the right waist, and the right waist gunner was lying on the floor. The waist of the plane was filled with smoke from a burning hydraulic line and a box of flares that had been ignited. Sgt. Raspante put out the fire and then I took over the right waist gun. Contrary to your report, I did not shoot down any fighters from the waist position. Our own escort arrived and we were able to get back to England. My injuries were to my right foot, right knee and right eye.

The members of the crew were: Lt. William Holden, pilot; Lt. Harold Bishop, co-pilot; Lt. Ross West, bombardier-navigator; T.Sgt. David Webster, engineer; T.Sgt. Edward Sherman, radio operator; S/Sgt. Walden Walls, nose gunner; S/Sgt. Patrick Raspante, left waist gunner; S/Sgt. Horace Gardner, right waist gunner; and S/Sgt. Clair Rowe, tail gunner.

How We Spent V-E Day

by Ralph Elliott

As printed in the Gilman (Ill.) Star in July 1943



These are the ruins of Cologne

I thought perhaps it might be of some interest to the folks there to hear how several thousand of us in the Eighth Air Force spent V-E Day. (Actually both May 7 and May 8). We had been expecting the end of the war for some time, since our bombing came to an end several days ago. Even then we had to go way down to the Alps to find targets. So we knew the end was coming shortly and were "sweating it out" the same as everyone else.

In the last two and a half years the Eighth has unloaded ton after ton of bombs. In France, after it was liberated, we got to see some of our results. Air fields had been put out of use, refineries burned out, and factories were well wrecked. However, we knew that the devastation still didn't compare with the area along the Rhine River and in the Ruhr Valley.

Then, just before V-E Day, plans came through from higher headquarters to allow us to "tour" the Rhine area with ten ground men per ship as passengers. You can well imagine we were looking forward to it, and it turned out just as planned, only better.

The morning of May 7 found twenty-four skeleton bomber crews — pilot, co-pilot, navigator, engineer and radio operator — plus nearly two hundred and forty officers and enlisted men of our ground personnel, assembled for briefing. Take-off time was 1200 (noon) and as usual we made our times good, thirty seconds between ships off the runway.

I was leading the first three-ship element, and by the time we crossed the coast out of England both of my wing men (Jones & Ercegovac) were in position. They both flew wide on this trip so that they could show their passengers anything they happened to see of special interest.

We crossed the Belgian coast at Ostend at 1000 feet and, as the weather was beautiful, visibility was perfect. It remained so all day. There were still a few old bomb craters visible, but little damage had been done.

Our route took us over Bruges, Brussels, and Ghent and we went over the center of each. We knew by then it was V-E Day

because there were flags on everything; the black, yellow, and red of Belgium, the French Tri-color, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and half a dozen I couldn't recognize. All the big smoke stacks were covered and store fronts were a blaze of color. Where all the flags came from I'll never know; maybe they'd been hidden during the occupation.

Our route took us from Ghent and Brussels across the German border near Luxembourg, on down to Mannheim. At the German border we could see the "dragon's teeth" of the Siegfried Line, and every so often we passed burned out tanks and trucks. We could tell where a fight had taken place from the tank tracks in the fields and the holes where the tanks had been dug in. Some hills had bomb craters on them where medium or fighter bombers had helped out — which side they helped we couldn't know. The country across Belgium is quite flat, but as we got into Germany it began to get hilly and proved to be well wooded. There weren't many good roads with the exception of the famous German Autobahns and those are really good. Most of them are 4-lane highways with a wide grass strip down the middle. They seemed to have been little damaged and we saw plenty of traffic (ours) on them.

The first big German city we saw was Mannheim, one of the Eighth AF main targets. The railroad marshalling yards had been largely repaired but the houses near the yards were a mess. Fifty percent of the city will have to be rebuilt, I should guess. Just south of Mannheim lies the old German university city of Heidelberg. We missed it this trip, but I saw it several weeks ago and it is little damaged.

Next "stop" was Hanau, also badly hit. When you remember that this route covered the main industrial area of Western Germany, you get the feeling the "mess" has only begun and our feeling really proved correct. We flew down through a valley from Hanau to Frankfurt, following an autobahn and a railway, and we were hardly prepared for what we saw as we swung in over the city.

The Main River runs through the center of town, but to get from one side to the other must require a bit of swimming, because all of the bridges were down and not even a footbridge was left. Some were completely demolished, and others had just one span blown out at each end. Very likely the Germans had done that. The main railway station was in the center of the city and was as big as any in Chicago. However the resemblance ended there, because this one had no roof on it. We circled at about 500 feet and it all appeared as a blackened mess of steel girders. All of the rail cars were burned out, and even the repair crews couldn't make it look normal again.

This time the whole city was plastered with craters and nearly every house was badly damaged. It rather amazed us to see a big, modern apartment building still standing and in good condition among all the rubble. However, we saw things like that many times and couldn't help but wonder at it. As we followed the Main River up to where it emptied into the Rhine we saw more evidence of heavy bombing, and, from there on up, the Rhine was filled with sunken barges and river steamers. At one place only the two funnels of some tug were out of the water.

We passed Mainz and Wiesbaden past wrecked bridges and factories and turned north at Bingen where hills rose sharply and almost caught me too low. I banked steeply and headed down the river with hills rising on both sides of us, and I soon had to climb several hundred feet to make the bends in the river. That stretch up to Coblenz was the most beautiful I saw all day. The banks were steep and thickly wooded and on either side were old medieval castles. Some were old ruins covered with vines and bushes, but others were well kept. I couldn't help but wish I could land for a few hours and see some of those places closer.

At Coblenz the hills dropped sharply away again to a nearly level plain with factories on both sides of the river. I had seen the city before, but under not nearly so pleasant circumstances. I remembered a certain bridge at Coblenz and took a good look at where it HAD been. The day we went over at 20,000 feet I never expected to

(continued on page 28)



Frankfort, Germany



Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen where the Allies first crossed the Rhine into Germany

go back — or wanted to. In this whole area we saw the flak gun emplacements, and some of the guns were still there with their muzzles pointed upwards. To tell the truth, it almost gave me chills to remember those guns a few months before when I'd seen the muzzle flashes and counted the black puffs as the shells went off — until they got too thick to count and the smell of the black powder floated up into the bomb bays.

Downstream we flew over several prisoner camps, and the men looked like ants against the bare, sandy ground. There were too many to even guess at but there were surely several thousand of them. They had a few tents for shelter, but most of them looked like all they had were the clothes they wore. We were keeping our eyes open for the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen as I had a photographer riding in the waist, and he wanted a good picture of it. (Capt. Calvin Horn, head of the camera shop, was the photographer.) I dropped down to treetop level as we saw it coming up, and the picture he got is wonderful. The towers of the bridge at both ends are standing, but appear to have been hit many times and have been well blackened by smoke. It gave us a thrill to see the American flag flying off of the east end; the German side of the river, and to realize how great an action put it there.

After a sharp turn to avoid the hills above the east end of the bridge, we leveled out almost over Bonn and could see Cologne in the distance. We could pinpoint ourselves by the outline of the cathedral at Cologne, and in a few minutes we were over the city. The cathedral was pictured in nearly all of the papers back when our troops first took the city. The devastation in the area around there is almost unbelievable. The main railway station stands only a few hundred feet from the cathedral and is completely destroyed. Not a house is left, including the ones just across the street from the cathedral, and yet the cathedral is but slightly damaged. The houses and buildings are just piles of stone, and just pieces of walls are left. Bomb craters are everywhere, and the only paths through the rubble have

been cut by bulldozers. Burned out tanks could be seen in the streets, reminders of the fighting that took place there.

I dropped low again and made a steep turn around the cathedral at about fifty feet for a good camera shot. Then we headed on up to Dusseldorf on the south edge of the Ruhr, better known as "happy valley" or "flak alley." Many a bomber went down over the Ruhr, and the Eighth AF will never forget the place — ever. It just wasn't healthy.

Leaving the Ruhr and more bombed out factories, the navigator (Arnold Thompson) gave me a course to Antwerp, Belgium and for 40 or 50 miles we rode the border of Belgium and Holland. Again we saw flags in all the cities we passed, and when we spotted a celebration going on in some little Belgian town we circled back over it low and shot a bunch of yellow-red flares just to celebrate a bit ourselves. The people all waved and were apparently having a wonderful time. We kinda felt good about it all ourselves.

At Antwerp the streets were crowded, and a big parade was in progress so we helped that along too with most of the flares we had left. Then we headed home past Walcheren Island which you may remember hearing of. The Canadians and Germans had a big fight there and the Germans blew the dykes, flooding the entire island. Some of the houses on higher ground were apparently being lived in, but most were clear under water. It was mainly farm land and fields are visible under the water. The trees are dead from the salt water and a hundred years will probably not see the land used again.

Actually, it is hard to imagine the destruction we saw on that trip. But for the boys who had worked on the ground during the war, as well as the ones of us who have been over Germany before, it was a memorable trip. We all agreed that V-E Day wouldn't soon be forgotten by us, and for me it proved to be all the "celebration" that was needed.

Home? Well, I'm hoping just like several million other guys that we'll be there soon.

"P-51" Don't Write Home About It

by Charles L. Cooper (445th)

Memory eludes me as to the date, mission altitude or the exact bomb load, but that P-51 I can see as though it were yesterday.

We, of course, were at bombing altitude when our bombardier, Kenneth Branson, released our bomb load — however, one bomb failed to fall. It was left dangling by one end in the bomb bay.

I came off the flight deck, down the catwalk from the front to meet and assist our armorer-gunner, Arthur Fetskos, in getting that baby out of the aircraft as quick as possible and drop in the target area. We sure did not want to carry that load back through the heavy flak areas to England swinging around in the bomb bay. Actually there was not a lot I could do to help Fetskos except try to keep the bomb from bumping the catwalk or bulkhead. It was in the upper rear rack and was hanging by just the rear catch which did not release. This put the front very close to the catwalk. Fetskos managed to effect the release and the bomb fell free of the aircraft. Just as it cleared the bomb bay and Fetskos watched it descend, I saw that "P-51." Drafted out of Fetskos' sleeve pocket of his flight coveralls and suspended, momentarily, in mid-air was his Parker "P-51" fountain pen, almost arm's length from his face. When I got Fetskos' attention and he saw his "P-51" just hanging there he reached out to grab it. At that precise moment the "P-51" dove with great speed groundward behind the bomb.

Fetskos was very proud of his "P-51" and so he wrote the Parker company and told them of his sacrifice and how one of their products had joined the war effort. He never heard from the Parker company but they did discontinue the "P-51" pen. (Maybe too many "P-51s" took flight.)

M/Sgt. Arthur Fetskos, USAF Ret. Merritt Island will verify this happening; however, I wonder who would believe this yarn except he and I. But after all, "we were there."

Caterpillar Association Wisconsin Reunion

The Caterpillar Association of the United States will hold its Fifth Wisconsin Reunion on July 27 and 28, 1990, at the Embassy Suites Hotel, 333 Main Street, Green Bay, Wisconsin. The guest speaker will be Stan Seger, whose theme is "The Ups and Downs of a Caterpillar."

For hotel reservations, call: (414) 432-4555

For information, contact:
LTC Johnny Brown, Commander
P.O. Box 1321 • Kenosha, WI 53141
Tel. (414) 658-1559

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

Before you read the following article by Joe Whittaker, get out your Fall 1989 issue of the Journal and look at the cover. Joe flew his missions with the 392nd and was then brought to Ketteringham Hall to be the Division Bombardier. He has been an ardent supporter of the 2nd ADA for many years.

Some Memories of 2AD Low Level Supply Mission of 24 March 1945

by Joseph B. Whittaker

By command of Major General William Kepner, Special Order #74, dated 15 March 1945, the following officers and enlisted men were to proceed to Station Y-47 for the purpose of attending a meeting: Colonel Robert H. Terrill, Lt. Col. Carl B. Barthel, Lt. Col. Joseph B. Whittaker, Major Charles H. Salisbury and Sgt. George H. Munro, all from the Planning Operations Staff.

A few days later we flew to Brussels, Belgium in the Norseman, and went directly to the Place D'Lopra on the square. Security was tight by S.H.A.A.F., as this was the briefing command on a top secret mission. The 2nd Air Division was to drop supplies at low levels to the American and British assault areas in Operation Varsity!!! No, not again!!!

The briefing took a few hours and we returned to our Norseman to fly back to England. Colonel Terrill, prior to boarding, checked his briefcase, then turned to Charles Salisbury asking him if he had the Top Secret Field Order. No, answered Charlie, then Carl and I gave a negative response also. The staff car ride back to the briefing site was fast and the Field Order was recovered.

Planning at Headquarters was meticulous as we were all reminded of the first low level resupply mission of 18 September 1944 for the U.S. Airborne Forces in Holland. We lost 7 aircraft and 61 men, caused by murderous ground fire.

On these missions the supplies were dropped successfully. However, again, extremely heavy ground fire caused the loss of 14 aircraft and 116 men. It was a sad and shocked night in our Operations Room when these losses were reported. The General's briefing by intelligence and operations the following morning was a solemn one. There were no more low level missions flown by 2nd Air Division in WWII.

The B-24 Liberator was a great aircraft for high level strategic bombing accuracy as was shown by 2AD bombing results throughout WWII.

Reflecting back almost fifty years ago, none of us wanted to order our force to fly at an altitude of 300' to 400' over enemy lines. One wishes that the lost Field Order had not been recovered and those low level missions never carried out. It was a privilege to have been part of the Planning Operations Staff at 2AD Headquarters, but there are some rough memories.

Continued Friendship

by John L. Sanders (HQ)

My story could be told by hundreds of 2ADA members. The friendships that were established by the American armed forces and the British people, both military and civilian, were a source of camaraderie and also made cooperation for coordinated military operations much easier. These friendships also eased the homesickness of many a G.I. The genuine friendliness of the British people toward us made our stay "away from home" more bearable and has resulted in our on-going mutual love and respect between the people of our two great nations.

My experience began when I was introduced to two British families by a fellow serviceman, Bill Coburn, who was assigned to the Corps of Engineers. Bill's duties brought him into contact with a Mr. Ralph who was a civil engineer for the city of Norwich, having been wounded at Dunkirk and subsequently mustered out of service. The Ralphs invited Bill to their home and also invited him to bring along some fellow soldiers — that's where I came in.

The Ralphs' close friends and next door neighbors were the Wiltshires. The Ralphs had a daughter about 12 years old and a son around 5 years old. The Wiltshire family consisted of Jim, the father who was an officer in the Royal Navy; Greta, the mother; Juliet, a ten year old; and Nita, five years old. Also, their "Gran," a lovable sweet lady, Mrs. Chandler.

On many of our "days off" we would spend the day with one or both families. They shared their meager fare with us — home baked tarts, tea, biscuits, etc. We, in turn, shared P.X. treats — candy bars, gum, etc. I was married and our daughter was born just before I left for overseas. I didn't get to see her until the war ended and I returned home. I'm sure I bored them with stories of how smart and cute my daughter was, sharing the progress with each letter from home.

One incident which I had forgotten but was reminded of by Nita — one time I came to visit them and there were seven kids present, and, alas, I had brought but one stick of gum. Resorting to the "wisdom of Solomon" I took my pocket knife and evenly divided one stick of "Juicy Fruit" into seven equal parts.

After returning home after the war, we kept in touch by letter for a while. We even had a recording of our daughters — two of them by now — and sent it to them. But, as time passed and we moved and the two British families also moved, we lost contact, assuming that we would never see them again. But fate has a way of making things happen.

My wife, Janice, and I discovered the 2ADA and went to England in 1983. Of course, one of the first things I did when we arrived at Norwich was to check the telephone directory. I found Wiltshire listed and made the call. A young lady answered and I told her my mission. She said, "I have heard of you. The Wiltshires had a son about five years after the war and he is my husband." Jim, the father, had passed away but Greta, the mother, still lived in Norwich as did Nita. Janice and I took a

taxi and went to see Greta and Nita came over also. What a wonderful reunion and rekindling memories and bringing out old photographs!

Juliet, the eldest daughter, was a nurse in London and we talked with her by phone. It was like getting to visit with long lost family.

We visited them on the next reunion. Sadly, Greta, the mother, was in failing health, but we visited her in the nursing home. She passed away a short time later.

Well, to make matters better, this summer Juliet and Nita came to visit us in Texas. What a wonderful time we had! We saw "South Fork" — you know, where they film "Dallas." They shopped in a large western wear store — those English ladies can shop! Since Juliet had been a nurse for over 30 years, we visited a hospital or two, one of which was our Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children. She was impressed with it. We had a Texas barbecue. They got to meet Jeff Gregory of the 467th who did the brisket and Jordan Uttal, who treated us to a brunch at a Dallas Country Club. On Sunday, they attended church with us at our Baptist Church.

After four or five days with us, we drove to San Antonio, a beautiful and fun city. They really enjoyed Mexican food and did more shopping at the Mexican market.

We did the River Walk, saw the Alamo and Spanish missions, more shopping — by now I thought their suitcases were nailed to the floor!

After San Antonio, we put them on the plane to New Orleans, from there to Orlando, Florida and Epcot. Then it was back to New York and on to London.

Both of them have phoned us from England. It was cold and raining and they were homesick for Texas. What charming lovable ladies! So a friendship that began in the dark years of World War II has been rekindled and become a source of happiness.

That's the way it is with us "Yanks & British." A friendship to be continued...

B-24 Memorial Dedication Plans

On Thursday, December 7, 1989, 1100 hours at the United States Air Force Museum, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, dedication of a memorial marker and tree will be made commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 Liberator and the many who produced, supported, crewed, and flew this legendary warplane during World War II.

This brief formal ceremony will take place on the Memorial Park site grounds of the museum at 11:00 A.M. sharp.

The dedication honors will be preceded by a short opening program commencing at 1030 hours inside the museum building theater.

All persons of any group, unit or organization ever associated with the B-24 and its history, including the general public, are cordially invited to attend this one-time, no-host, dedication milestone event.

42nd Annual Business Meeting

Second Air Division Association, 8th USAAF

Saturday, November 4, 1989 • Hyatt Regency Hotel, Hilton Head, SC

A. Call to Order:

Meeting was called to order at 9:35 AM by President C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain. There were over 650 members present, constituting a quorum.

Francis DiMola was appointed parliamentarian.

Mary Frances Elder, Chairperson of the Delegate Committee, stated that this was an official business meeting of the Association, a not-for-profit veterans organization. Mrs. Elder moved that members in attendance be named official delegates to this 42nd Annual Business Meeting. Motion was seconded and carried.

B. Report of the Secretary:

The Secretary read the minutes of the 41st Annual Business Meeting, held June 25, 1988, at Colorado Springs, Colorado. He indicated that the minutes had been published in the 1988 Fall edition of the Association's "Journal" for member review. Further, that copies were distributed to all Group Vice Presidents earlier this week for review at Thursday's Group Business Meetings. The Secretary moved to accept the minutes as read. Motion was seconded and passed.

C. Report of the Treasurer:

The Treasurer gave the Financial Report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1989, and a current update. The report had been given earlier this week to all Group Vice Presidents to review with their Groups. It was moved and seconded to accept the Treasurer's Report. Motion carried.

The Chairman of the Audit Committee, Mr. E. (Bill) Nothstein, presented the Audit Report. He stated that in August, 1989, a thorough and careful review of the Association's books of account was made. The Committee found them in good order, complete, and accurate. The Treasurer was commended for his dedicated work in maintaining these excellent records. It was moved by Mr. Nothstein to accept the audit report. Motion seconded and carried.

D. Report of the Vice-President, Membership, & Chairperson, Conventions:

The Vice President reported:

1. Total Association membership now stands at over 7,500.
2. Summaries of transportation facilities, accommodations, and activity schedules for the 1990 Convention at Norwich, England were reviewed. Details will be sent to all attendees as soon as arrangements are firmed up.
3. The Norwich Convention is completely sold out due to lack of capacity of the various facilities in the Norwich area. Presently, there are 51 couples on the waiting list; those still not signed up, who wish to attend, were urged to send in their deposits and have their names added to the waiting list. It was moved and seconded to accept the report of the Vice-President, Membership, & Chairperson, Conventions. Motion carried.

E. Report of the Newsletter (Journal) Vice-President:

1. The Vice-President thanked the members for submitting articles, and asked that they continue to do so.
2. He asked that Journal articles submitted by the Groups about the Convention be limited to their own activities; one person has been designated, and will prepare an article covering the general activities of the Convention.
3. He stated that he worked for the members; he asked if his handling of the Journal was "on the right track" as far as the members were concerned. A show of hands indicated unanimous approval.

The report of the Vice-President, Newsletter (Journal) was approved.

F. Report of the Association's Memorial Trust Governor:

1. The Capital Fund continues to grow, and be well managed. A value of approximately 287,000 pounds in 1987 took a dip due to the market crash, but regained its value in 1988; currently, it stands well above that level at 347,000 pounds.
2. Refurbishment of the Memorial Library Room has added a great new look to the room, attracting more and more people to notice and use it.
3. By the time of the Association's 1990 Convention, the Branch Library program should be well under way. There are 4 branch libraries involved, located to serve the areas encompassing each of the WWII 2nd Air Division Bomb Wings. A fine plaque at each branch will announce the involvement of the 2nd AD Association in providing books and other materials on the United States, and on the activities of the 2nd Division in World War II.
4. The Association's Governor reported that the 2nd Air Division Association's American Librarian Fund drive is moving ahead very well, and commended the members, and the Group Vice-Presidents on their abilities to instill enthusiasm to get the fund drive "in high gear." The total fund now stands at \$314,000, well along toward the goal of \$500,000.

At this time in the meeting, several Association organizations sent representatives forward to present additional checks for the Fund:

The Heritage League	\$ 500
467th BG	1,000
44th BG	252
445th BG	200
466th BG	400
93rd BG	1000
491st BG	(amount not announced)

5. Mr. Moyer, Treasurer, presented Mr. Eaton, Chairman, Board of Governors, a check for the Memorial Trust in the amount of \$5000, the income from which is to be applied toward the salary of the Memorial's Library Aide.
6. The Association's Governor presented to Mr. Graham Savill, Chairman of the recently formed "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial" in England, a check for \$1,000, to be used by the "Friends" to aid them in funding youth memberships in their organization.
7. Mr. Uttal, 2nd ADA member of the Board of Governors, indicated that after 17 years as representative and Governor, he was resigning the position, and placed in nomination Mr. E. (Bud) Koorndyk, to succeed him. He explained that the Association can recommend the appointment only; the Board of Governors must approve the nomination. Mr. Koorndyk's nomination was seconded, and unanimously approved by the 2nd ADA members in attendance.

The Governor had no further business; his report was approved in total.

G. Report of the President:

The President reported that the Association was in good hands. The organization is operated entirely by volunteers, and contributions of time and effort by all concerned is substantial. He pointed out the great numbers of areas of work involved in making this large organization "go":

1. Ongoing areas of effort: Support of our Memorial Library; activities to search out new members (our growth rate is over 5% per year); editing and publishing a quarterly Journal; the planning and execution of conventions and get-togethers (note: The largeness and complications of our organization demand that 3 years of annual conventions must be in the planning stages simultaneously); public relations, both internal (audio-visual activities) and external (relations with the

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Business Meeting (continued from page 30)

press, TV, and other media to constantly get our "story" publicized, our Association activities, our search for "lost members," and our "last mission" Memorial; and ongoing correspondence (both domestic and international), bookkeeping and financial affairs, and organization procedural work, such as general administration, computer/data processing of records, roster upkeep, etc.

2. Add to all this, our special extra initiatives for 1989: participating in the B-24 anniversary celebrations (Fort Worth and San Diego); the American Librarian fund drive; the establishment of an "awards program," the home release program to promote public awareness of our members and activities in their home media; and our long range planning project, aimed at setting up goals, objectives, alternatives, to chart our Association's future path through the coming decades.

All this we are doing; an ongoing, monumental job, being well done, quietly, without fanfare, by dedicated people. Your Association is truly "in good hands!"

H. Report of the General Committees:

1. Heritage League:

The Heritage League reports a healthy bank balance; an ever increasing membership; and the successful establishment of a quarterly Journal. A major project started this year is the providing of children's books for the Memorial Library in England.

2. Public Relations:

The Director reported good media coverage of this convention, as well as last year's at Colorado Springs. He is pleased with the help from the members in spreading the word of the Association and its activities in their home areas, and indicated that continued effort needs to be expended in this area.

In answer to a question from the floor, he explained that he has press kits available for this purpose, and they are available to members for the asking.

Life Memberships

The Executive Committee has studied this concept in depth over the past several years. The Committee recognizes the benefit to the individual who might enroll; however, the resulting detrimental effects on the Association as a whole has caused the Committee to decide against it. Several reasons are involved:

1. The extra workload of bookkeeping and administration would impose too much burden on an already hard-working staff, all of whom are volunteers.
2. The annual dues notice doubles up as a once-a-year personal, individual contact between the Vice-President, Membership, and each member. This has proven to provide a valuable pipeline to convey personal information (family health, death notices, personal comments, suggestions, etc.)
3. The dues notice also provides an annual reminder, and an easy way, for members to remember our Memorial, and enlarge their dues check to include a Memorial contribution.

2nd Air Division Association Conventions

Have you always wanted to attend one of our Conventions, but have felt you could never afford it?

If so, if you have a burning desire, if you are a loyal 2nd ADA member, if this is your No. 1 dream, write to Evelyn Cohen, explaining why you would like to go.

You may be a lucky winner in a drawing for one of the four all-expense paid trips to our Norwich 1990 Convention, paid for courtesy of your Association. These are for members only (not including spouses), to help those who know a trip to any of our Conventions would be out of financial reach otherwise.

Write her now!

The director moved to have the Public Relations report accepted; it was seconded and motion carried.

3. Report of the Nominating Committee:

The chairman reported that in addition to the slate to be proposed, there were many names of excellent people reviewed by the Committee; these form a valuable cadre for next year's choices.

The Committee presented the following names in nomination:

President, Francis DiMola
Executive Vice-President, Richard Kennedy
Vice-President, Membership & Conventions,
Evelyn Cohen
Vice-President, Journal, Bill Robertie
Treasurer, Dean Moyer
Secretary, David Patterson

In addition, the Committee chose Vice-Presidents from the following Bomb Groups to serve on the Executive Committee for the coming year: 445th, 491st, and 489th. The President brought the nomination for each position to the floor for additional nominees; there being none, the slate was accepted as presented.

The Chairman of the Nominating Committee then presented the name of Jordan Uttal for the position of Honorary President of the Association; a position occupied by only one prior individual. Mr. Uttal was unanimously voted in to this esteemed position.

I. General Business:

1. Old Business: None was presented.

2. New Business:

Mr. Grossman (445th BG) asked that a life membership program be considered. The President informed him that the Executive Committee had just this week studied this proposition in depth, and had again, as last year, decided against it, because of the extra workload it would place on the already hard-working staff, all of whom are volunteers.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, the meeting was adjourned at 11:02 A.M.

David G. Patterson
Secretary



Letters



Dear Bill:

Just received Fall 1989 Journal. Have read the "All American Rolls Out" article about four times which lists all the benefits for a donation but nowhere in the article does it list a telephone number or an address to send a donation to - somebody missed the I.P.

Please call or send telephone number and address to:

Charles L. Gibson
293 Russell Avenue
Suffield, CT 06078
Tel. (203) 668-2319

Charles Gibson

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

The 1989 Summer edition of the Journal surely produced some interesting and lively items. I say lively because it appears to me that several will be certain to generate some response.

May I, as an active member of the 448th BG, take particular exception to a statement in the article "The 448th Speaks." As a member of the Group and an attendee at the recent B-24 Reunion in Fort Worth, let me help correct the record by informing all interested 2nd ADA members that their Association was officially and actively represented at Fort Worth. A splendid booth was set up and manned throughout the event by top Association officers and Executive Committee members. All 2nd ADA members should be pleased to know that their banner also stood erect and proud. Please accept my apologies as a 448th Group member for the misleading statement. I hope it was just an error, caused perhaps, by poor timing. Turning now to an article authored by another member of the 448th, Howard R. Morton, entitled "Some Suggestions From a Member." Certainly we can all agree that Howard or anyone else is entitled to his own opinion and that the Journal provides a forum for the airing of same.

However, I personally find Howard's suggestion concerning Evelyn Cohen's "retirement" from her duties as Reunion planner, manager, etc., improperly presumptuous and completely out-of-bounds. The 2nd AD has a long history of arranging its own affairs, actually going back to those WWII years when many of us were "fortunate" enough to tour much of Fortress Europa, courtesy of the 2nd AD. As Howard noted, Evelyn has done and continues to do a wonderful job with Reunion arrangements and hopefully will continue to do so indefinitely. Bill, I feel that any decision concerning Evelyn's desire to "rest or slow down" should be

Evelyn's decision. I would hope all of us who have enjoyed so many reunions created by Evelyn would endorse this position. Howard, if it ain't broke - don't fix it! Let the 2nd ADA remain an "in house" association.

Howard also suggests he may have an effective way of generating adequate funding for the full-time American Librarian for our Memorial Room in Norwich. I am currently serving as a member of Jordan Uttal's 2nd ADA American Librarian Fund Committee. That committee is actively studying what techniques can best be employed in the raising of funds required to sustain a full-time American Librarian. I'm certain Jordan and the committee would welcome any solid, well thought out suggestions pertaining thereto.

So, Howard, my suggestion to you: send along your plan, in writing and in detail, to Jordan for consideration by the committee.

As a member of the 2nd ADA and the 448th BG, I fully recognize the heritage and strengths that made the 2nd AD and its Groups a documented success during our active service time in WWII and I also recognize that the 2nd ADA has dutifully maintained those treasured achievements in these many years following WWII. Let us all endeavor to keep that unity of purpose alive and healthy. (Amen - Ed.)

Richard M. Kennedy
P.O. Box 337
Malvern, PA 19355

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Thanks for publishing the picture of our crew in the Summer issue of the Journal. We have now located ten of eleven crew members who were on board when we crashed in Sweden after the 20 June '44 raid on Politz. Mrs. Suzanne Young is replacing her husband, Dr. (Lt. Col.) John D. Young, who was with us that day. He recently passed away. We are still looking for T/Sgt. Robert H. Rumery.

I want to thank the two individuals who called me after seeing the article, but unfortunately I have misplaced one name - a young man from Ohio gave us a lead on working through the V.A. Every vet has a V.A. number and your local V.A. office can provide it. They won't tell you where a person lives, but if you write the veteran a letter and enclose it in a stamped envelope with his name only on the front, they will add his address. Send everything to:

V.A. Processing Center
P.O. Box 5020
St. Louis, MO 63115

The other gentleman, Perry Kerr, called me from Texas where he had located Sgt. Eugene Garner in Irving, TX. This fellow is a former member of the 466th and claims he can locate anyone in Texas.

Thanks to both of you for your help.
Ralph Leslie
3301 Rolling Woods Drive
Palm Harbor, FL 34683

+ + + +

Dear Bud [Chamberlain]:

It was a pleasure to meet you at San Diego on 22 Sept. '89, and it was a fortunate meeting because you offered to drive me to the reunion dinner.

Perhaps the best thing, though, was your advising me to write to Tony North concerning our planned trip to England. It is too bad other visitors to Norwich don't know, or have not been advised to write to Tony, because without meeting Tony, their trip is incomplete. With advance notice Tony can prepare, and literally "roll out the red carpet" for visitors. I want to get the word out to anyone who might plan to visit Norwich to write to Tony. Because I had taken your advice, Tony had brought out a collection of photos, including a photo of the "nose art" on "E. Pluribus Aluminum" that we brought back to Bradley Field, Hartford, Conn. which he gave to me. It was a duplicate photo, and I'm sure he would give a photo to anyone who gave him time to prepare for their visit.

Again, anyone who plans to visit Norwich should follow your advice and let our friends there know of their plans. Thank you for advising me to write to them.

John E. Mahoney
Brookfield, WI

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Reading the 2AD Journal, Summer '89, was a first-time experience for me. I was with the 93rd. Finished my tour with the 328th Sq. in April '45.

It was with great humility and amusement that I read Allen's "Loop a B-24." I did my turn(s) in the "Ball" after (and perhaps during) his time. Like his co-pilot, it took experience and thought (?) to like a heavy. I used to rack the "Ball" too but couldn't make a fighter out of it. Strangely, I always wondered why the "Ball" complained so much. After reading Allen and recalling how many other clowns must have done similar things, I can now understand why she used to creak and groan so much. Today we might think she was "stressed-out."

Dave Carpenter

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

After all these years I have found the 2ADA and my old Bomb Group. I talked to Chuck Weiss via amateur radio and he gave me all the information on the Association and the old 93rd BG. Have just received the current Journal and it is excellent.

I am writing to you in the hope that one of your members may have information on the whereabouts of our Navigator, James A. Wright. His WWII address was Memphis, Tenn. and he served with the 409th Sqdn, 93rd BG from Feb. to Aug. 1944.

Calvin Davidson
48973 Plate Road
Oberlin, Ohio 44074

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

I've organized a reunion of the crew I was a co-pilot in. All are living but two. Our bombardier Jack Smith is not in the picture because he was assigned later. I've also enclosed the "Secret Orders" I sent out to the crew members. Thought you might be interested in it. We were in the 392nd Bomb Group and our plane was called the Windy City Belle.

Keep up your fine dedication.

Lorn Matelski

— SECRET —
FOR AUTHORIZED EYES ONLY
HEADQUARTERS
Station 118
APO 558

SOCIAL ORDER #1: 31 July 1989

Expediter Lorn "Swede" Matelski announced today the Flight of U-2 to La Quinta Motor Inn in Memphis, Tennessee, on 20 and 21 October 1989 under the following BATTLE CONDITIONS:

1. Purpose of Mission: Fellowship
2. Target: Cocktails and Solid Fuel
3. Strike Time: 1800 Hours (6:00 P.M.)
2300 ZULU
4. Ignite Engines: Same as 3 —
No Flame-outs
5. Rendezvous Point: Lounge at
La Quinta Motor Inn
6. All high fliers will be expected to be at maximum altitude by 1 hour after strike time.
7. Gliders are not evident due to the lack of landing area at La Quinta Motor Inn.
8. Aircraft can be camouflaged in various types of paints, rouges, beads, mascara, attire — some skimpily.
9. Communication may become garbled.
10. Fuel consumption will be liquid as well as solid.
11. Blind flying will not be permitted, but may be evident upon withdrawal from strike zone.
12. Fighters will not be evident unless some take on too much liquid fuel.
13. Photos are being requested of previous events, family or documentation.

This is an all out effort to celebrate the reunion of John B. Howenstein's Crew after the lapse of 44+ years.

Donald B. Christopher
Lorn Matelski
Mission Commanders

Dear Bill:

Sometimes things happen that seem to grab your mind and restore a portion of your memory. This happened to me and stimulated this letter. I had promptly read my Summer '89 copy of the Journal without recognition of any reported events that directly affected my life and then filed it away.

Yesterday, to find the date of the Hilton Head Island event, I again reviewed that issue. On page 6 was an article by Paul



Homan (448th) entitled "The Low Level Mission of 24 March 1945." For the first time I really looked closely at the crew members' picture. To my surprise, Neil McCluhan's picture was a haunting vision of the past, but why?

On 26 February 1945, I would fly my first mission as an instructor pilot for a newly arrived crew. I no longer was the co-pilot for the Earl Furnace crew (448th BG, 713th BS) but an instructor pilot. Wow! What a thrill for a young man who had turned twenty at the 489th BG in November and would soon be going home to small town Iowa.

I arrived at the briefing room and was introduced to my mission crew. Back came the curtain indicating the where, when and how of our mission. In my limited diary this appears: "I really just about bowed over when I saw Berlin as the target. The target was a railroad station in the north part of town. The target was bombed H2X thru 10/10 clouds with moderate to intense flak over the city. The mission was eight hours long and we carried 4 M-17s and 8 R.D.X. 500 lb. bombs. I flew with a new crew checking them out. The pilot is from Nebraska."

I spent over ten hours with Neil McCluhan and his crew on the 26th of February 1945, so I hope I contributed something to their success. However, it is apparent that Neil's diary is much more complete than mine, so maybe what I don't know won't hurt me. Ha! Perhaps he may have reported it as the second most dangerous mission he was on, not for the target factors, but because he was in the hands of a "Friar" instead of higher authority.

I am certainly sorry that this article appeared after his death so I cannot identify myself to him today!

T.L. Friar
RR #2
Lake Ponderosa U2L90
Montezuma, IA 50171

Dear Ms. Cohen:

The other day I had a long chat with the gentleman who does duty at the Memorial Library in Norwich. I explained my interest in USA and aviation and he gave me the 2nd Air Division brochure and put me in touch with Dennis Duffield at Scarning.

I joined the RAF in 1941 as a cadet pilot and was very fortunate to be sent to Miami, OK for flight training, arriving there in December and leaving in June '42 to return to England. The British Flying Training School was operated by Spartan Aeronautics of Tulsa, and was staffed by American civilians, except for an RAF Wing Commander, Flight Lieutenant and Flight Sergeant. We cadets wore a khaki drill "uniform" and our only piece of RAF uniform was our cap! There were five other BFTSs in the US, in Arizona, Florida and so on, and I believe that each school produced about 2,000 pilots for the RAF — and in later courses (after I had left) a number of American cadets qualified for USAF wings.

We British cadets were shown wonderful hospitality by the people of Miami, OK and in fact we have recently renewed our contacts with Miami and its citizens because we have the BFTS Association which has set up visits both ways across the Atlantic. Next year our Miami friends come here for a tour of UK, and in 1991 we go again to Miami to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of 3 BFTS in 1941. On that occasion we shall make a presentation to the city of Miami, in the form of a display at their museum, to mark and record the bonds which were forged between them and us. Bonds of friendship and of common interest and endeavour.

It has just occurred to me that some of your pilot members may even have trained at BFTS!!

RC Leighton-White
Brecklands
Elmham Road
Beetley
Dereham NR20 4BW
U.K.

Dear Bill:

As author of *Those Brave Crews*, an interesting by-product is the mail received, with one letter needing further exposure.

From Columbus, Texas, Lee Hall writes: "I do not know if you are aware, or if it is included in your book, a plane from the 329th, 93rd Bomb Group was the first plane to shoot down a jet. The gunner was firing at random, and the jet flew across his fire pattern. The gunner was 'Pappy' Latimer of South Carolina; the pilot of the plane was a Captain Lange. Latimer should still be alive, he would be about 72 or 73 now, and he may not even know he was the first to do such."

Bill, since this is the kind of material I seek for a second volume of poetry on WWII AF experiences, I would like to locate "Pappy" and/or all persons who can supply me details about this particular flight and also a thumbnail sketch concerning this lucky-shot guy. Somebody reading the Journal might have such info. Meanwhile I am sending a copy of this to Byrd Lange on the assumption he may be the Captain Lange mentioned.

The book is doing extremely well, appreciative calls coming from as far off as London, England. For the record, the price is \$18.45 inclusive of postage and handling, check to my order. Believe me, I am not only deeply grateful for the expressions from my peers, but wish to thank you, Bill, for your informative write-up in the last issue of the Journal.

Ray Ward
432 Pennsylvania Avenue
Waverly, NY 14892

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

In answer to Jeff Gregory regarding "Families in the Service" (Fall 1989 issue):

I flew 30 missions with the 448th, 715th Sqdn, Oct. '45 to Jan. '45. My brothers: TOM - 1st Sgt. MP, USAAF (ETO); BILL - U.S. Navy Engineer on Sub Patrol, Air Personnel, Ventura (Pac.); BOB - U.S. Navy, Yeoman, Bomber (Pac.); DICK - U.S. Navy (Armed Guard) North Atlantic; GERALD - U.S. Navy Aircraft Carrier Long Island (Pac.); JOHN - U.S. Navy (Pac.) and myself. Sorry, but we had some Purple Hearts involved in our tours.

Keep up the good work, Bill, we do appreciate your efforts.

Francis X. Sheehan
17003 St. George Box 705
Mt. Clemens, MI 48044

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

One morning about 7:00 a.m. I was standing in a chow line at my base station 131 Nuthampsted, England, 398th Bomb Group and all eyes were direct skyward. It was the largest group of B-24s that we had ever seen over our base. It must have been an all out effort. Our B-17s had already left for the day's mission and the morning was unusually clear and cool.

Suddenly I noticed a B-24 dropping back in the formation. It must have been at about 6000 or 8000 feet and then the chutes started popping out. The chow line stopped moving and we counted 9 or 10 parachutes. The plane went on a few thousand yards and the right wing dropped slightly, putting it into a right turn. It then circled in a graceful manner at the edge of our base. We could not see any fire on board and it appeared that all four engines were turning. The crew all came down not too far from our bomb dump, and the plane circled several times before crashing and rocking the countryside with the explosion of a full load of fuel and bombs.

I never heard what happened to the crew or why they bailed out. I suppose that not remembering the date of this accident other than 1945 would preclude anyone being able to shed light on the particulars of this event?

Thomas V. Overturf
President, Arizona Chapter
The Eighth Air Force
Historical Society
3001 S. Hoffman Lane
Tucson, AZ 85730

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Richard Espinosa and I put the painting of "Delectable Doris" on David Tallichet's B-24 for the show at Fort Worth. M.O.S. Murphy and I did the original at Hethel in 1944 and this one is close to it as we could possibly get it.

T-shirts are available for \$18.00 each, including postage and handling, in sizes x-large, large, and medium. Order from:

Darrah - Delectable Doris
P.O. Box 1114
Moreno Valley, CA 92337

They are also available at the March Air Force Museum.

Harry H. Darrah

+ + + +

Dear Pete [Henry]:

Thanks for loaning me the 2ADA tapes I & II, "Remember Them" and "A Village Remembers" and "Eight Candles." Thirty-four people attended a squadron reunion in Salt Lake City September 21-24 and the gang really enjoyed them. We had three war brides, all from Norwich, and many tears flowed, especially from those least expected to be emotional.

It woke up a few slackers that may now join the 2ADA. They say a picture is worth a thousand words. All of the men were from the 463rd Sub Depot attached to the 389th at Hethel and we were there from June '43 until everyone left in '45. Thanks again.

George A. LaPrath

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

I am sending a picture of me - the one on the left with no hat. I can't remember the other boys, I think their last names were Spalt (center) and Freedman (right). We hauled the boys from Seething to Norwich on the old bus. I worked in motor pool as did the other two.

I am always glad to get the Journal, I read it all from cover to cover.

Howard Gipe
420 Lenden
Sutherland, Neb. 69165

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Dear Bill:

Until I recently mentioned the Metfield bomb dump explosion (7-15-44), nothing was ever written. An excellent article and explanation appeared in May '89 Ringmaster's Log of the 491st. I hope the following will stir up some memories and/or explanations.

While flying with the 93rd prior to D-Day, we received instructions on use of poison gas bomb load: impregnated clothes, bomb bays painted yellow (or green) and switch oxygen to constant if paint changed color to green (or yellow) indicating a gas bomb was leaking. Can't recall which color was which! One squadron would be carrying the gas bomb load, but which was undetermined. If gas was used against our invading troops, that bomb load was to be dropped into Germany.

I moved to Metfield as a gunnery instructor after the beach head was secured. Flew an extra mission 6-12-44 because tours were suspended. On the base were painted cards which would indicate poison gas if color changed. Everyone was supposed to be carrying gas masks (not weekend supplies). Many a heart jumped into an open mouth when the dump blew up for fear that gas bombs were in the dump.

Any comments on gas bombs for D-Day or otherwise?

Joe Taddonio
9 Broadway Unit 211
Saugus, MA 01906

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am a Liberator nut, and a great deal of my spare time is spent foraging around the airfields here in Norfolk from where they flew. One of my hobbies is painting the squadron insignia the aircrews wore on their A-2 jackets. I need to enlist the help of the 2nd AD Journal readers, some of whom will know me as I have taken several aircrews back to their bases through Tony North at Norwich Memorial Library. Most squadron insignia are in the books at the Library but some are not. It may be that some squadrons did not have insignia, that's where I need your readers' help.

The Bomb Groups I want to know about are 446th Attlebridge, 389th Hethel, 445th Tibenham, 453rd Old Buckingham, 489th Halesworth and 492nd North Pickenham - a pencil drawing of the patches with colors if possible or better still, a photo which I will gladly pay for or send a return photo of the finished patch. I will do my best to answer every letter sent. I hope to do the whole of the 2nd AD and have them on show at the 1990 reunion. The groups I have done are the 44th, 93rd, 392nd, 446th, 448th, 458th, 467th and 491st. The patches are painted on 5" leather discs (see photos).

Paul J. Wilson
2 Aylmer Tower
Milecross
Norwich NR3 2NZ
England



The 703rd Squadron Tibenham is the only one I know of that group. The 801st patch here was taken from the 788th Squadron Rackheath and changed during their posting to Harrington.



Dear Bill:

After returning from the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 Liberator in Fort Worth, Texas this year, I am convinced that the famous old B-24 Liberator war bird is deserving of all the recognition that it can get. So maybe one more picture of a license plate in the Journal won't hurt.

We drive to most all 2nd Air Division and 8th Air Force Historical Society reunions and that gives my license plate B24-ETO very good exposure.

Herman S. Garner
1245 Fairview Drive
Lexington, NC 27292

Dear Bill:

Earlier this year I joined the 2nd ADA after a friend advised me that the military service magazines report the reunion information. I had not been in contact with any of my former B-24 crew members since September 1944.

As a consequence of my joining the 2nd ADA, I have been able to locate the other officers in my old crew, but have been unable to locate any of the enlisted men. We hope that by publishing the crew picture we could locate the others.

We trained as a crew in Alamogordo, New Mexico and Charleston, South Carolina in November and December of 1943 and January 1944. We picked up a new B-24J at Mitchell Field, New York in early February 1944 and flew to Grottaglie, Italy via Fortaleza, Brazil and Dakar, West Africa. After flying 17 missions in Italy

with the 716th Squadron, 449th Bomb Group of the 15th Air Force we were transferred to the 715th Squadron, 448th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force and arrived in England a few days before "D" Day. We flew 20 missions in England and returned to the United States in September 1944.

W.E. Goad
2490 First Oklahoma Tower
210 West Park Avenue
Oklahoma City, OK 73102

Dear Ms. Cohen:

On behalf of my wife Joan and daughter Sarah, many thanks for your letter, and for making such great efforts to get us a B-24 Liberator badge for our collection. We are very grateful to you for sending us the badge; this will most certainly be pinned in a prominent position in our collection.

And more thanks to you, as we have just received a lovely letter from Mr. Geoff Gregory, president of the 467th Bomb Group. This was thanks to your passing on our letter and newspaper cutting of our badge collection, and he has very kindly sent us 2 badges, one of which is of the 467th Bomb Group. It's really great that you have made this possible for us.

It's really amazing how our collection of badges has taken us "across the world" so to speak. An awful lot of hard work and effort must have been put in by a lot of people to get the 2nd Air Division Association into such a strong position, and with the help of video recordings, etc. of various meetings and reunions, this should all help to keep the memories going for a long time into the future, not forgetting the Norwich Central Library with its Memorial Section to the 2nd Air Division, U.S. 8th Air Force.

Fred, Joan & Sarah Feek
School Bungalow
White Woman Lane
Sprowston
Norwich, Norfolk



Front row (l-r): Robert C. Hagan, navigator; Matt C. Reynolds, bombardier; Wilmer E. Goad, pilot; Donald L. Farrar, co-pilot. Back row (l-r): James C. Flowe, AROG; Anthony A. Raschi, AEG; William D. Crist, AAEG; Samuel Sherkin, ROG; Glenn R. Copeland, AAG; Jack W. Dougan, AG.

28 Missions — The Hard Way

by John S. Davis

Mainz, Germany meant little to me the morning of September 9, 1944. I believe our target was to be the railroad marshalling yards. This was to be my twenty-eighth mission over enemy territory. As we came in on the bomb run, the flak started bursting around us. The plane rocked from the force of the explosions. I remember looking up and seeing an angry black burst directly overhead. I thought, they are really close today and seem to be directly in line with our flight path.

Suddenly there was an explosion and the aircraft started down immediately. It must have been a direct hit. We were going straight down, because I could see the group of planes that we were leading passing overhead and I was on my back. At that moment, I figured the end had come. I didn't know fear, only sadness. As I saw those planes passing overhead it was like saying goodbye to everything. This was the end. I felt sad that I wouldn't be going back to England that day, and that I would never see my family again. It is amazing how calm you can be when certain death seems imminent.

For the next few moments (or was it minutes), I have no recollection of what happened. The only thing I know is that a certain calmness came over the plane. There was something strange, too, because everything was unbelievably quiet and the aircraft had leveled off. It was then that the instinct for survival came to me. That power in man is hard to believe until you have actually experienced it.

My turret was turned and when I used my hydraulic controls, I got no response. I was trapped. In desperation I pushed against the fuselage of the plane and the turret turned. I tumbled out of the turret, forgetting to unfasten my oxygen hose and the various other connections. I hastily unfastened everything and turned around. I couldn't believe my eyes. Where the radio

shack and the bomb bay was supposed to be was nothing but blue sky. The ship had apparently been hit in the bomb bay and the force of the explosion had broken her in half. I was in half an airplane.

Then I spied our two waist gunners, Gabe Latsko and Dale Stensrud, sprawled out on the floor. I stole a quick glance out the waist window, I could have looked out the broken end of course, to get an idea of our altitude. I would guess we were probably around seven thousand feet. I then reached down and pulled the flak vests off the both of them. Flak vests were composed of strips of metal, sewn in a heavy canvas-type fabric that was supposed to offer protection against anti-aircraft fire.

As Gabe and Dale started to struggle to their feet, I spied their chest chutes lying on the floor among a mass of debris. I sometimes wonder what I would have done if I had only found one chute. I handed them their chutes and they attached them to their parachute harnesses. Ordinarily these chutes were not worn in the plane because of their bulkiness. Being in the tail turret, I wore a backpack, so we were all set to jump.

For a moment, I considered moving the debris that covered the escape hatch, but Dale had already started to make his move and it was one that Gabe and I followed. Dale, though he appeared to be wounded badly, simply walked off the end of the plane into space. I never did see his chute open and never saw him again. He was eventually listed as killed in action. I then followed Dale and Gabe came after me. My chute opened OK and so did Gabe's. Gabe and I landed near the anti-aircraft batteries that had shot us down and we were captured immediately by the troops manning the batteries.

Incidentally, while we were assigned to the 489th Bomb Group, we were leading the 448th that day.

Folded Wings

44th

Lyndon C. Allen
Charles J. Brown
Fred J. Clayton
Judge Leo D. Crooks
Ralph I. Lipper
Donald Maule
Eugene T. Simonds
John A. Walsh

93rd

Charles W. Berdo
Capt. Robert A. Hill, Jr.
Robert W. Reese
Edmund R. Teliczan

392nd

Willis L. Greaser
Harold E. Hickok
Thomas J. Lips

445th

John Arrington
Col. William M. Williams
Edgar Lowe

446th

George D. Barbary
Howard L. Phillips
Edward Sayian
Arthur A. Darrigrand
Joyce Estevas (Assoc. Member)

448th

Robert M. Williams
Harold W. Smith
William J. Southern
Thomas S. Tinney

453rd

Donald G. Schultz

458th

Gene F. Gabriel
Donald C. Jamison

466th

James V. Grace
W. Carl Bargmann
Arthur A. Kraft

467th

Ltc. Theodore Madden
Alvin Straub

491st

Shelton L. Cousins (Assoc. Member)
Salvatore T. Cusimmo

492nd

Robert Osborne

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

BILL ROBERTIE

P. O. BOX 627
IPSWICH, MASS. 01938



1/GEN ROBERT P LUKEMAN RET
467TH
5625 MADISON-MCLEAN DR
MCLEAN VA
22101

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