



Vol. 30, No. 1

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Spring 1991

Remember Me?

Submitted by Robert R. Starr



Some people call me Old Glory, others call me the Star Spangled Banner, but whatever they call me, I am still your Flag, the Flag of the United States of America... Something has been bothering me, so I thought I might talk it over with you... because it is about you and me.

I remember some time ago people lined up on both sides of the street to watch the parade and naturally I was leading the parade, proudly waving in the breeze. When your daddy saw me coming, he immediately removed his hat and placed it against his heart... remember?

And you, I remember you. Standing there straight as a soldier. You didn't have a hat, but you were giving the right salute. Remember your little sister? Not to be outdone, she was saluting the same as you with her right hand over her heart... remember?

What happened? I'm still the same old Flag. Oh, I have a few more Stars since you were a boy. A lot more blood has been shed since those parades of long ago.

But now I don't feel as proud as I used to. When I come down your street you just stand there with your hands in your pockets and I may get a small glance and then you look away. Then I see the children running around and shouting... they don't seem to know who I am... I saw one man take off his hat and then look around. He didn't see anybody else with theirs off so he quickly put his back on.

Is it a sin to be patriotic anymore? Have you forgotten what I stand for and where I've been... Anzio, Guadalcanal, Korea, and Vietnam.

Take a look at the Memorial Honor Rolls some time of those who never came back to keep this Republic free... One Nation under God... when you salute me, you are actually saluting them again. So, when you see me, stand straight, place your right hand over your heart...

And I'll salute you, by waving back... and I'll know that... Lest you forget, I was with you in the Battles of World War II.

YOU REMEMBER?

Report on the Memorial Trust

by E. (Bud) Koorndyk

The essence of this report will be of a nature of sharing with you, the supporters of our trust, the enthusiasm shown by our wonderful friends in Norwich who so carefully nurture the fond memories of our associations with them during the trying days of World War II and have carried that through in helping us to maintain our wonderful Memorial Library and the trust that administers it.

As I reported at our convention in Norwich last summer, the University of East Anglia had anticipated spending a day at our Memorial Library and at a City Hall reception, with over 100 American students attending the University. Professor Howard Temperly of the University and also a member of our Board of Governors, arranged this day's activities. The upshot of the matter was our learning that the American students had no idea of the role we played in World War II. The library and its educational data astounded them. Isn't it amazing that our students are using a legacy we've established in Norwich to enhance their educational background.

In these times of uncertainty in the financial markets, we can be assured that Tom Eaton, chairman of our trust, and Paul King, vice chairman, have been and are continuing to be abreast of continuing market changes. Our trust fund over in Norwich is in a very sound and stable condition.

The next meeting of the Board of Governors will be held on February the 8th. I will be unable to attend and have so notified my colleagues. However, it is my intention to meet with the body on the 2nd of May.

As you know, our Memorial Library is directly under the County Library System, which is headed by Hillary Hammond, also a member of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. I want to share with you some excerpts from a paper prepared by

(continued on page 3)

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President's Message "The Wind Beneath Their Wings"

by Richard M. Kennedy



Terms like the Persian Gulf, Iraq, the B-52, surface to air missiles, Scuds and Patriots have become all too familiar to the present generation and, as well, to those of us so involved in another war, in another era. However, the intervening forty-eight years, or so, cannot dim the memories so vividly painted and securely framed by way of that lengthy wartime scenario. During those times, we of the 2nd Air Division dealt with designations like East Anglia, Germany, the B-24, anti-aircraft batteries, Buzz Bombs and V-2s. What scores of intervening years have provided are marvelous advances in technology, offensive and defensive, in concert with battle tested support and combat techniques and procedures. I'd like to think that the contributions made by the 8th AAF and, in particular, the 2nd AD, during WWII were an inspiration to our U.S. Air Force during the "War in the Gulf."

Perhaps we can hit the "slow-motion" button and reduce Mach I and II speeds down to where we can deal with the action on a more reasonable level — like WWII velocities. Those rates of motion were, as we knew them, quite a handful when related to the, then, state of the art machines. It's probably all relative. This is so even in terms of the educational avenues available to us as compared to those available to our young people today. The concentrated training afforded the WWII Army Air Forces was so highly accelerated, by necessity, as opposed to the more leisurely, but equally difficult, forms of instruction enjoyed by our modern Air Force trainees. Actually, the enormous amounts of technical data and procedural programs that must be absorbed by these young people is staggering when viewed through WWII eyes. Like many of you, I have had several opportunities in recent years to view and review with our young "warriors" not only the techniques employed by our Air Force, but the weapons and the aircraft as well. My reaction, I'm certain, has been no different than yours. I have an amazed, almost unbelieving at times, genuine admiration for what's being accomplished along with an extreme amount of pride in the U.S. Air Force. I cannot say enough about the effect these young people have had in providing me with a sense of security and, again, pride in today's defenders of liberty and justice.

When talking to these "youngsters," our modern Air Force professionals, one can easily become a "fan" in the strictest sense of the term. They are articulate, confident, fully trained and solidly motivated with respect to carrying out the "mission," whatever it may be. The confidence displayed reflects not only the training received but a sense of complete understanding of the equipment they are using as well as the use to which that equipment will be employed. All in all, it's a well established organization liberally studded with star performers. Further, a singular theme keeps surfacing during my contact with them. They all seem to be fully and sincerely aware of the significant contributions to the evolution of modern air power made by Army Air Force participants in WWII. This should be a source of great pride to all of us to know that what we did was remembered and respected by our modern defense force.

As I reflect on this theme, the Air War in the Gulf is, according to the Generals, proceeding on schedule. The schedule, as I perceive it, resembles the campaign designed by those who directed the activities of our own 2nd AD over occupied Europe but on a more protracted scale. Just as the efforts and goals of the Eighth were to weaken Hitler's military power in a most systematic fashion, we have been witnessing, by way of a real time news media, the unfolding of the USAF taking apart Saddam's war machine. (My personal feeling with respect to the "saturation" coverage approach by the media is that a distinct disservice has been done to our field commanders. Hour by hour or day by day, microscopic accounting of unreviewed battle reports should not be force fed to the public.) However, reasonable timing of combat activity reports can be absorbed by people, particularly after all events have been screened, confirmed and responsibly released.)

You know, a person could ramble on and on in what would be yet another recitation of facts well known by most of us. I guess what I wanted to say was that I am so very proud of those young Air Force people over there in the Gulf and the job they've done. I'm additionally pleased to know that our own 2nd AD has really played an important part in the molding of an Air Force that did gain air supremacy in a brief, but violent, period of time and they did it with careful precision.

Adding it all up, I think we can certainly say that we former members of the 2nd Air Division can look back at the past with as much satisfaction as our successors look forward to the future.

The wind beneath their wings? I take comfort in thinking we might well be. "Keep em flyin'".

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Vice President's Message

by E.W. (Bill) Clarey

Friends, it seems as though this is the time of year to reflect upon our accomplishments, or adversities, whichever is uppermost in our minds.

As for accomplishments, I think that there are several important occurrences that should be mentioned.

First, the "Honor The Villages" program in England was, and always will be, one of the most memorable times experienced by many of us. I hereby wish to give a vote of thanks to all persons, at home and abroad, for all the hard work they did to make this program a success. May there always be an England.

Secondly, kudos to Bob Collings and company, who undertook the task of building a B-24 for us all to cherish and admire. I told Bob that the last one I flew had one hour shown on the log book before I was ordered to take it to the scrap yard in Mississippi to be cut up and scrapped.

Thirdly, there is now something new to look forward to. An Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum is being planned, and will be built near the Savannah, Georgia municipal airport. Since Savannah was the birthplace of the 8th Air Force, this area would be the appropriate place for the museum. Fifteen acres of land have been donated for this purpose. The museum will officially be called "The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center." It will contain archives of all the Bomb Groups as well as memorabilia. Completion of the Center is planned for 1992 or 1993.

Last, but not least, I am sure that you all feel as I do about extending our gratitude to all persons involved in the Middle East crisis.

Report on the Memorial Trust *(continued from page 1)*

Hillary representing his views of the way forward for 1991 to 1996. Bear in mind that these are strictly his views and are not an official statement of the Board at this time. To me it shows the tremendous support given to our Memorial Library by the County Librarian himself.

"The objectives of the 2nd Air Division USAF Memorial Library should be:

(1) To maintain and develop library and archive collections in the geographical area of the 2nd Air Division relating to the role of the 2nd Air Division in the 1939-1945 war.

(2) To maintain and develop library and archive collections in the 2nd Air Division area relating to the study of 'any aspect of, or related to, the United States of America.'

(3) To exploit the stock of these collections through publicity and promotional activities.

(4) To develop links with the University of East Anglia to facilitate the study of the United States of America.

(5) To develop links with schools in the 2nd Air Division area to facilitate the study of the United States of America."

Hillary then goes on to spell out the means of meeting these objectives. My reason for sharing just a portion of this paper is purely to have you experience the feeling of dedication that I have in how our Memorial Library is being administered.

I would like to conclude this report by also saying that the process of obtaining a Fulbright Archivist is in the works and the proper notification of the position has been sent out through the Fulbright Commission. It is imperative that this position be filled as soon as possible. The amount of memorabilia being sent to our library grows each day and will continue to do so as we all grow older.

A further report on the status of the \$500,000 drive for our American Librarian Fund will be submitted by our drive chairman, Jordan Uttal, on another page in this Journal. Jordan is to be commended for offering to serve until this job is completed. My thanks to him as a member of the Board of Governors.

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

By the time this reaches print, the Persian Gulf affair will have progressed beyond the opening salvos. We hope and pray for a speedy resolution and that the loss of life is minimal. It is different from anything we experienced in a view of the armament. The human factor is probably much the same from the standpoint of those in the Gulf area as well as those families and friends who can only wait and wonder and pray. Perhaps from this will grow another 2nd ADA type of organization wherein those who have an active role can convene and honor all who suffer losses.

Our last Journal contained all the information we needed to proceed with making our reservations for Dearborn in July. It would be well if the entire membership of the 453rd BG could be present. We recognize that is not a realistic goal, but it is realistic to hope that we all review our circumstances and seriously consider making the effort to attend. Finances, health and family considerations will all have an effect on our decisions. These reunions are always outstanding and provide pleasant memories for our waning years — not that there aren't a lot of years left. Anyhow, we hope to see a massive turnout. Be there!!!

The 453rd BG Business Meeting will be the afternoon of Thursday, July 4 and will precede our Group Dinner. At the Business Meeting we will elect officers for the coming year — Group Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary-Treasurer, Historian, Public Relations and Special Projects Director. If you wish to be nominated and/or nominate another, please make it known to Bill Garrett. If you have an item(s) you wish to have on the agenda, please make that known to me (Wib Clingan). We can discuss what to do with our mass of historical items that Don Olds has amassed; what to do with whatever remains in our limited treasury when the "last man" is identified; in addition to our primary reunion with the 2nd ADA, what are our wishes concerning regional get-togethers, etc. Just let me know in advance of our meeting what your concerns are and we will discuss them.

Roll Call! We've been fortunate and have heard from several of our members. I'll mention a few at this time, and I'm sure I will unintentionally omit some that I should include. Forgive me; I mentioned our waning years above, and waning memory is an adjunct of those.

We've heard from Clair Miller (ex-732nd Costas' crew and ex-POW). Lloyd and Irene Prang wrote; they suggest some entertainment for our Group dinner. It strikes me as a great idea. Al Walls wrote. He was on Bill

Rutherford's crew and is our S/E Region Chairman. Art Cromarty and George Rundblad each dropped us a line, as did Thurman and Evelyn Yates. Hap Chandler (491st BG) sent a great Christmas card. George Cocker, who wrote "Fallen Eagles" sent a nice note. Bob & Mary Sears and Frank & Bonnie Pickett are well and have sent letters. Tom Birton, a source of much information and knowledge regarding the 453rd, wrote from England. Andy Low and Don Olds wrote. Each of these have done so much for each of us that we are greatly indebted to them. I am in awe of their contributions. Each has and continues to work in our behalf. Pat Ramm of Old Buck has been elected as a member of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, a plum for Pat and for us. Ralph McClure never stops. He has had cataract surgery and by this time a knee replacement as well. Despite this he has contacted John Randall, John Tangorra and John Cooper, all 735th crew chiefs. John Randall got in touch with and visited R.J. Smith. John lives in Michigan; we expect to see him at Dearborn. Harry Winslow (an accomplished vocalist on one song) wrote, as did Dan Lieblick (who was my personal escort in London town).

Notices do get responses: Dan Reading placed some notices in the ex-POW bulletin and in the Air Force Magazine. Leo Frank Walton, ex-POW and ex-732nd Sq. wrote, as did Joseph C. Deeley, also ex-732nd Sq.; and from Terrell, Texas, R.G. Peterson wrote. He is not a former 453rd fellow but is searching for two who were. He lost a relative who was a top turret gunner with a 735th crew. While flying the Gypsy Queen on a mission 8 May 44 the crew went down near Hanover. Peterson is seeking two surviving crew members. I cannot locate them in any rosters I have. If you have any information, please help. The two are: Harold Culnon and Marcus Donoho. If you have an address, put them in touch with: R.G. Peterson, Rt. 4, Box 564, Terrell, Texas 75160.

From Delta, Colorado, Carol Elliott wrote a nice note. She is Jim Munsey's daughter and joined with us at Colorado Springs. She and her husband, Bob, plan to participate in another reunion — Dearborn would be nice.

Folded Wings: Joseph Miele. New Members: Harold Prout, Col. Joe Sonnenreich, Helen Dondero, Mike Kostan, Ken Samuelson, Alex Wallace, Jim Halligan, Charles Ward, Jack McKenzie and John Walker are among our newer members. We extend a warm welcome and hope to meet with them at Dearborn.

389th Notes

by Lloyd E. West

It never ceases to amaze me, the history of WWII that crosses my desk as V.P. of the 389th. I recently received the following letter from a man living in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. It's an interesting, informative bit of history.

"I hope you can help me with an inquiry that I am doing. Via another inquiry I am doing, I was contacted by a man living in Hank, The Netherlands, who has in his possession a watch, issued by the USAAF to aircrews who flew missions over Europe during the Second World War. He told me this watch was given to him by an elderly neighbor who told him that in the summer of 1944, around 1400 hours, an American bomber crashed near the town of Dussen, which lies not far from Hank. The elderly neighbor recalled that the complete crew managed to bail out. The watch was found attached to the radio set, which fell to the ground when the bomber disintegrated in the air. This man took the watch from the radio set and kept it from the Germans. Years later he gave it to the man who contacted me. He asked me if I would be able to trace down the owner of this watch or somebody of his crew, as the man himself has little to do with the watch itself and he figures that the crew member who owned the watch will be much more pleased if he gets his watch returned.

"Well, with this information I started my search. Thanks to the Historical Section of the Dutch Air Force, I came across the possible date, namely the fifth of August. Further research pointed out that on the fifth of August 1944, 13 American bombers crashed in this part of Europe. Of these 13, 3 went down over the North Sea, so 10 are left over. One of these 10 is the plane I am looking for. According to my information there also crashed a bomber of the 389th BG on that same day. Therefore, I want to ask if you have any information on that 389th BG bomber that went down on August 5th, 1944. Maybe you know who the crew was and what happened to them. The objective of that day for the 389th BG bombers was either Brunswick or Goslar A/F. All in Mid-Germany."

If anyone can recall this mission or crash or by chance you yourself were involved in this mission, do let me know. 45 years is a long time to recall incidents. But just maybe...

2ADA Film Library — Revised 1-91

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

Video tapes — VHS — (Order by Roman #)

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II	A Village Remembers		
III	Target for Today The Men Who Flew the Liberators 2ADA Reunion 1973 — Colorado Springs 2AD Memorial Dedication — Norwich 1963		\$3.00
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XII	The Story of Willow Run Preflight Inspection of the B-24 Flying the B-24 (This tape donated to 2ADA by 467 BG in memory of Adam Soccio)		\$3.00
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XVI	The Last Mission — 5 days of Norwich 1987 2ADA convention plus additional camcorder scenes by several members		\$3.00

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"Aerial Gunner"	"Show Biz Goes to War"	
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Folded Wings

44th

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93rd

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Stanley J. Guernsey
Edward F. Reibold

389th

Allen P. Gray
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Russell D. Hayes
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Harry E. Neff, Jr. (also 491st)
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392nd

James M. Housteau

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2ADA American Librarian Fund Progress Report

by Jordan Uttal

AND WE ARE MAKING PROGRESS!!

Due to the letters sent out by the Group Vice Presidents to those who had not contributed, we have added 447 new donors and another \$23,000.00 since the Winter Issue Report. We are now at 96% of target, as compared to 91% in the last report, and 33% of our members have contributed as compared to 25%.

NICE WORK, GUYS AND GALS!!

So, in order to be able to get our Librarian Trust started by our July convention in Dearborn, we need another \$20,000.00!

These 447 new donors sent in contributions ranging from \$5.00 to \$1,000.00. Most of them were under \$50.00.

To those of you who can afford something (among the 5,000 of you who have not contributed) we make this final request for your support. Any amount will be acceptable.

Since June 1988 when we started this drive, I have received close to 3,000 checks. With many of them have come notes expressing strong approval of our Memorial in Norwich and the idea behind this American Librarian Fund Drive. To those of you who have written and to all the members of the Association, I repeat what I said at the Business Meeting at last year's Norwich Convention:

"In my opinion, the creation of the Memorial by the personnel of the 2nd Air Division, the financial support given to it by the 2nd Air Division Association through the years, the nurturing and development of it by the Board of Governors, the Library Staff, the Norfolk County Council and the Friends of the Memorial, and the added help of the Fulbright Commission have made our Memorial one of the most inspiring stories in American Military History and Anglo-American cooperation ever conceived."

BLESS YOU ALL!!!

HOW WE STAND AS OF 22 JANUARY 1991



HERE IS MY DONATION

I enclose \$ _____ for our
LAST MISSION TARGET,
the 2nd Air Division Association
American Librarian Fund.

Please make all checks payable to:
2nd Air Division Association

Mail To:

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Dallas, Texas 75230
Tel. (214) 369-5043

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____

State - Zip _____

Signature _____

Date _____

Group _____

MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY

I need help and I can only get it from you. Unfortunately the articles in the Journal cannot write themselves. They must be written by human hands with a story to tell.

Look at it this way. If you have an experience to relate and it appears in the Journal, future generations will read what you have written. Not only that, but serious scholars doing research will bless you for having taken the time to give them the information they need in their research.

I would like to have everybody here today sit down and immediately start relating an experience. Believe me, it's not that difficult. Trust me.

Once you have finished putting pen to paper, send your experience to me:

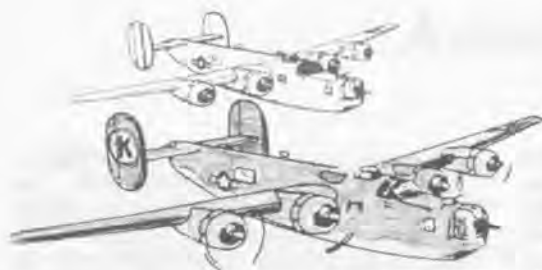
Bill Robertie
P.O. Box 627
Ipswich, MA 01938

If you have and can use a typewriter, that will be much better. Now let's get with it. One experience from everybody here today.

HOW DOES YOUR GROUP STAND?

Group	Number of Donors	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges
458th	340	420	2
93rd	236	289	3
389th	204	285	4
44th	197	220	2
445th	174	220	2
467th	172	210	3
453rd	158	208	—
448th	156	176	1
446th	128	136	1
491st	124	181	3
466th	119	151	6
489th	116	145	—
392nd	110	138	—
HQs	78	103	2
492nd	45	52	—

In addition, we have had 21 checks from 19 donors from various sources.



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND

I do not know the results of what I'm told was the "final campaign" to complete the fundraising objectives of "The Last Mission." You will find that elsewhere in the Journal. I do know, however, how the 458th did up until January 28th. It shows that our Group members sent in an additional 49 checks, making the total now 420 checks, that we had a total of 340 donors and we went over the \$32,000 we hoped to do. More than 53% of us contributed and while we continued to lead all others in the number of donors, we're second in total cash. My most sincere thanks to all who have taken the time and effort to support this truly great cause.

SQUADRON INSIGNIA

These were due in mid-February. Twenty-five (25) of each of the 4 squadrons were contracted for: 752nd, 753rd, 754th and 755th. I already have a "waiting list" and will be sending them out as soon as I receive the shipment. If you recall, I originally ordered 50 each to a squadron, and said if you wanted one, or more, not to hesitate. As you know, they were all gone in fairly short order. Since then, we've added about 200 more 458th members and this supply should cover the new members and the old ones who waited too long to order. I have my "old" waiting list and if you are not on it and want your squadron "patch," don't wait any longer and order it. I must tell you that the cost has increased another dollar and the new price is \$9.50, postpaid. Again, once these regulation sized squadron patches are gone... they're GONE! No further ordering is planned.

NEW 458th GROUP IDENTITY

I now have an improved version of the original 1-3/8" (one and three-eighths inch) die cast vertical stabilizer (tailfin) that I had made for our Norwich Reunion last July. When I received the balance of the original shipment, I took what I had to our Dayton Reunion last September. That was all that was left. Since then, I went to a contractor to have more made and he suggested an "improved" model. I must tell you that after seeing the new vinyl covered tailfin, I ordered a good number for all members who would like to have one of the "red-white-red" units. **ALSO**, I had 50 each made in the original olive drab with the white circle and black "K," and known in the past as "circle K." These were primarily designed for the early members who had this insignia on the vertical stabilizer before the switch to all aluminum aircraft which carried only the red & white tails. In any case, it's your choice. The cost is \$5.50 each, and both for \$10.00. You save with the postage this way. I can't say enough how pleased I am with these and here's your chance to get the latest and finest 458th Group Identity. Remember that as with the original order of the squadron "patches," the "second time around" always costs more. One more thing: everything I offer to our Group members is absolutely 100% guaranteed to please or your money is cheerfully refunded, without question.

LADIES TURN

If you recall, at our original 458th Reunion in Dayton (October '87) I had about a dozen women's 8th Air Force pendant necklaces. They certainly went quickly and I've since had requests if I ever intended to get any more. I recently wrote to the supplier and asked if they were still available, and if so, I would like to order 50 units. A few days ago, the box containing 42 of these 8th AF pendants arrived. Invoice said that's all he had. In any case, the price did NOT go up and if you're interested, I can send you one for \$8.50 postpaid (even with the latest postal increase!)

A-2 FLIGHT JACKETS

Now here's one item that I don't have to sell, but can help you with if you desire a genuine jacket value. I now have two jacket suppliers and having bought one from each, feel qualified to speak "first hand." I have order forms for both of the suppliers. Addresses as follows: **Bradley Associates**, 1704 Gatsby Drive, Montgomery, AL 36106. Tel: 205-265-5323. You can call or write, him or me, I can send you an order form. The second supplier is **George Hoidra**, 4206 Weldon Drive, Temple Hills, MD 20748-4917. Tel: 301-423-0036. Since there is a difference in prices, I will send both order blanks upon request. Please don't forget to include a stamp for return. As mentioned many previous times, I have envelopes for replies, but would appreciate return postage stamp. If you choose to go direct to the manufacturer, I feel there is one bit of advice I should offer, and there's no charge for this. I have found that in both cases (mine and my 35-year-old son), the A-2 jacket fits most comfortably if ordered one size larger than your suit size. This means if you wear a size 42 suit, you would do well to order a 44, etc. I found that age has a tendency to change one's "shape, size & fit." However, if you have read this through so far, I may as well mention that I now have the 8th AF shoulder patch as worn on the A-2, in stock. Cost is \$4.00, and again the postage is included. Your local tailor shop, seat cover or boat tarp shop can sew both the squadron patch and the 8th AF patch for about ten dollars. That's what it cost me here at the local auto trim shop.

TAILWINDS

The following have joined the 2ADA/458th since my last column in the Winter Journal. If you recognize a familiar name and wish the address, drop me a note and I'll be happy to oblige (again, don't forget a return stamp). **Franklin Foutch, Charles Deegan, Walt Freisen, Bob Shea, Bob Thomas, Dee J. Butler, Wm. Morrison, Ray Hemrich, Ralph Mosher, Bob Feist, Jim Charlton, Verlon Freeman, Harold Hall, Harry Stubbs, Cal Hebenstreit, Ed McLean, Joe Kania, Gabe Losada, Eugene Plankey.** Many thanks to the many that helped, especially **Gene Young, Duke Trivette, B.P. Hebert, Gus Gagel and Elmer Larson**, who gave me names to follow up on. Our continued growth depends upon our present members' help to give me a source to work from, and I deeply appreciate your help. A new and up-to-date 458th roster will be available for those who desire one. Cost is still \$4.50 pp.

As I write this, I have only one remaining copy of Martin Bowman's "Fields of Little America" left. I had Ingrahm Distributors of New York round up all copies still in the USA. They came up with 13, not another copy remains (for sale) anywhere. If you have any knowledge in this field and can help me get any copies, I would appreciate all the help I can get. There is a possibility that Martin may yet come up with a few copies; if so, he promised he would send them to me. Originally published in 1977, then again reprinted in 1983. The 1988 reprinting was only in a stiff paperback and the last publication features a 752nd aircraft (7V) Serial #129303, olive drab with our red & white vertical tail colors. If you have any intention of purchasing a future copy of F.O.L.A. please let me hear from you. Do not send any money. If available, I will ship with a billing invoice, about twenty dollars.

Appreciate all those who have sent postage stamps when writing for information, etc. Every little bit helps, especially **Harold McNeely** who sent me a check for a 458th roster and more than doubled the roster cost. In response to those who inquired as to whether Service plaques, Altimeter clocks and B-24 solid pewter desk models were still available, the answer is yes. I have a new supply of materials and a new engraving shop that offered to meet the same engraving costs as I used to get, so there's no reason not to continue. UPS costs have risen from 46 cents in the East to over \$1.00 in the West. The last time I advertised this service in the Journal was the Winter 1989 issue, Vol. 28, No. 4. If you are a new member and don't know or have not seen PX page #15, drop me a note and I will send you a Xerox copy of the page. One change on that page is that I have now sent a total of \$3400.00 to the Association Treasurer, Dean Moyer and/or Jordan Uttal who administers the American Librarian Fund.

Have recently sent 458th Sympathy cards to families of the following: **John Kleineck, Lloyd Chapman and M.M. Griffith** who have made their "last flight" in 1990.

Jinx Ship

by John White
(Written in 1944)

In the summer of 1944 John White was a 448th BG airplane commander whose crew by June 22 had put thirteen missions of their mandatory number behind them. Now one of the dreads of any crew seasoned in combat was to be assigned an aircraft with a "jinx" reputation. B-24 (last three numbers 758) was one such machine and the following account by John displays how she lived up to that reputation:

We had an experience these last two days [June 22-24] that I shall never forget to my dying day. It was extremely interesting and terrifying at the same time. We were briefed for an afternoon raid on one of the airfields south of Paris, and the ship we were assigned to fly was #758, one of the "jinx" ships on the field [Seething]. Today a couple of the boys remarked how glad they were we got rid of it!

There was a good deal of flak at the target but we managed to drop the bombs OK after having a great deal of trouble with the #1 and #4 superchargers. I don't think we received many hits at all over Paris from the flak. About five minutes after we left the target we really hit it; we flew over some batteries and they opened up with perfect tracking fire. The fellows in the crew later said they counted 10-12 bursts that hit right under us. We could hear them very plainly and feel them rocking the ship.

I knew right away that we must have suffered some severe battle damage, so I called the boys to look her over. In the waist and tail they reported holes torn all over the thing, while Paladino said the engines were hit. Bush said the tail looked like a sieve and that a piece had hit him on the foot. Part of the interphone was shot out and we had what Vic said amounted to about 50 holes in the bomb bay. He also told me gas was leaking in there, so I had him open the doors and when I looked around, I just about fainted — gas was just pouring from the wing-tanks into the bomb bay and waist. About this time our control cables broke and I had to set up the A-5 to fly the aircraft. The servo-units in the tail had been hit as well so the A-5 wasn't working very well. Dick knew we were in deep trouble, so he gave me a heading to the beach head, our original intentions being to land there on an ALG. However, fire broke out in #1 and we had very poor control of the ship, so I decided it was time to leave it. It was just a question of whether we should bail out over enemy territory or wait and take a chance on making the beach-head. There was not any question in my mind that she was going to blow. Looms gave me a position so I called some P-47s who came over and gave us excellent cover all through the experience. I called all the boys in turrets out of their positions and told the entire crew to stand by to bail out. Bob was flying and working his head off to keep the plane on an even keel. Everybody was anxious to leave, but I was amazed at how calm they were — our training had obviously stood us in good stead.

All this time gas was pouring out, so Vic took a big piece of cloth, walked out onto the catwalk and tried to plug the hole. We were at 21,000 feet and despite this, he went out there without gloves or oxygen! He froze his hands, which did not do him any good whatsoever. It took a lot of guts to do that and I am going to recommend him for a decoration for that. We started losing height and were just about to bail out when more 'Ack Ack' opened up on us. We found out later that it was British but at the time thought it might be Jerries, so we went on a little further. Only when we were sure we were over our own lines did I tell the boys to leave. Dick said he would let me know when the last man left the ship and then he would go; he duly did so and jumped, and then I told Bob to go. We shook hands and I witnessed his safe departure. Just before I jumped I headed the ship out to sea and then I pulled the A-5 release, thinking that the ship would nose down and hit in the channel. However it blew up a few minutes after I jumped and struck the ground about 200 yards from where some 9th Air Force Engineers were cutting out a landing strip for their fighters. (The next day a medical Capt. took us round to the spot and the ship was really a mess, all we saw being very small pieces. We could not identify wings, engines, fuselage or anything.)

I delayed my jump for a few seconds — possibly as long as a minute — and found the sensation of falling was very pleasant. I tried to control my body but it was quite hard. When I finally pulled the rip-cord, the chute opened with a severe jolt and the first thing I remember is looking up and seeing the canopy. A few seconds later I noticed that I still had the rip-cord and I was very surprised at that. I remember thinking how I would razz the boys who dropped theirs.

Another thing that surprised me was how clearly my mind functioned through the ordeal. It seemed to work perfectly with absolutely no excitement or fear; it must be the training that does it. After the chute opened it seemed as if I would never reach the ground. The only way I knew I was falling was the fact that I had to keep clearing my ears. I also noticed that it was very quiet all the way down. In fact, it was the most intense lack of noise that I had ever experienced and was very pleasant and delightful.

As I neared the ground I heard rifle and machine-gun fire and later on I found out it was directed at me and the crew! I hit the ground with a severe jolt while facing the wrong direction: my head contacted the ground and I was knocked out cold. In fact, I hit so hard that I can still feel the effects two days later. I haven't any idea how long I was out, but when I woke up I was bleeding and was surrounded by American soldiers. I do remember my first words were, "Thank God you're Yanks." We hit within 4 miles of the front line and I was afraid the Jerries would get me. The fellows who picked me up were from an Artillery outfit and it so happened some of them were at Camp Shelby at the same time I was two years before. They

sent me up to a Clearing unit of the Medical Corps and there I met Bob and Bush. The former said he had counted 10 chutes, which was a tremendous load off my mind. I had heard a few minutes before that one of the officers had sprained his ankle, and I'm pretty sure now that it was Looms. We've tried to find out where he was taken, but so far without success. Everybody treated us wonderfully. When Bob and I met, there was a news-reel camera-man there to take our picture and I can assure everybody that the smiles on our faces were genuine.

The Medics were from the 104th Medic Bn attached to the 29th Division, and acted as a clearing unit while operating near the front line. The Division had seen fighting since D-Day and these boys had been through hell. The Bn is commanded by Lt. Col. Arthur N. Erickson and they treated us as if we were kings; they have the highest respect for the boys in the Air Forces.

Of course everybody wanted to hear our story and we had hundreds of questions to ask them in turn. They were in a good position to give us a clear picture of the fighting, and seemed awfully eager to tell it to us. They've treated a lot of Germans, Poles, Czechs, Russians, and even Japs! I was surprised by the fact that the Germans have so many other nationalities fighting for them. They told the Russian boys that Russia had surrendered, and the way they made them fight was to stand over them with a gun and make them. The Bn has had a great deal of trouble with snipers all through the campaign: I guess the Japs have been teaching them this.

The next day one of the Captains took us on a tour of the beach-head and it was a tremendously impressive sight. I could never hope to put into words what we saw. How the boys landed is to me a miracle. We saw the flooded fields, hills with tremendous pill-boxes and tunnels catcombed all through them. The Captain said they were a mile deep. We saw boats sunk on the beach, and graves of men killed on the landings. We saw landing strips literally hewn out of the woods, roads being cut where there had been nothing but trees and rocks. To see how completely organized the entire operation seemed to be gave one a feeling of absolute confidence in our Army, for a change.

In contrast we saw the beautiful French countryside with its large hedge-rows along every road and highway and large herds of dairy cattle grazing in the fields as if there was no war. The expression on the French people's faces as we drove by seemed that of a liberated population. Overall it was an impressive sight, one which I will never forget.

We took a C-47 back to England and there was an NBC broadcaster at the field. When he found out who we were he had us talk over the radio a bit. It seems everybody on the beach had seen us bail out, and in fact one person made a broadcast of it as we left the ship: this had been heard back at Seething. This, very crudely put, but expressing the facts of the story, is what will probably be my most unforgettable experience.

America, Our Homeland

Words & Music by George E. Cocker

Dear Bill,

I now live within a five mile range of four of your former 8th bases from which more than two thousand of your airmen flew on their last missions. We remember them with lasting gratitude.

Just before Christmas I received a copy of your Fall 1990 Journal. I thought the article "The All American Liberator", a moving testament of what a young American girl felt as she tried to understand what it was that her grandfather did in WWII, why he did it, and the significance of this restored bomber to him and his surviving comrades. It will be for her and her like to carry on the ideals and spirit that inspired many generations of Americans.

I have composed some verses which I hope reflect something of that spirit. Maybe someone with pianistic ability would like to try them out.

George E. Cocker
"Guilt Cross Villa,"
Market Place,
Kenninghall
Norfolk, U.K.
NR16 2AH

America, our homeland...
We pledge ourselves to you...
Great land of wide horizons...
To you we will be true...
Beneath our flag, the Stars and Stripes...
In unity we stand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
Bold guardian of the free...
Though tyranny should threaten...
We will cherish liberty...
With hope and firm endeavour...
Hold high bright freedom's brand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
We sing in praise of you...
The courage of our forebears...
Their trust affirm anew...
Defenders of our heritage...
Their vision to expand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
Entrusted to our care...
Endowed by generations...
Whose legacy we share...
Preserve of Nature's bounty...
Our duty you command...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
Our faith, our hope, our pride...
On battlefields far distant...
For you our brethren died...
Their sacred trust we honor...
Nor flinch from stern demand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
For you we will endure...
In triumph, or in peril...
Our strength for evermore...
All trials and tribulations...
Our nation will withstand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land.

"America, Our Homeland.."

Andante marziale G. E. Cocker.

mf A... mer-i-ca, our home-land, We pledge our selves to
you; Great land of wide horizon...s, To you we will be
cresc.
mp true; Beneath our flag the Stars and Stripes In 4 Un-ity we
cresc. stand; A-mer-i-ca. our coun try: God bless our na-tive land.
f rall.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

FOLDED WINGS: 93rd men not members of the 2nd ADA. Warren Boerner, waist gunner on "Duration Baby," notified me that his pilot, Ross Baker, and radio operator, Sam Gotwalt, passed away within eight days of each other in 1988.

INFORMATION NEEDED: Can anyone please tell me the name of the 93rd, 330th plane 41-23678? Pilot Capt. Alexander Simpson, POW; Lt. Nicholas N. Cox, copilot, POW; 2/Lt. Carl N. Garrett, POW; and T/Sgt. Arthur B. Cox Jr. escaped and returned. This was the 93rd's first plane shot down Oct. 9, 1942 on mission to Lille, France. I also would like the address of any of these men that survived; they aren't members of the 2nd ADA.

INFORMATION NEEDED: 2/Lt. Ivan D. Canfield, 409th BS, would like a photograph of his crew and plane if possible. He was copilot on "Jose Carioca," pilot 1/Lt. Nicholas Stampolis, that went down over Ploesti, 1 Aug. 43. Please send to me as I would like a picture also; I will send copy to requestor.

INFORMATION NEEDED: I need pictures of 93rd planes and crews that flew Ploesti, 1 Aug. 43. I am trying to help Michael D. Hill, who has completed a soft cover book, "The Desert Rats" on the 98th BG on the 1 Aug. 43 Ploesti mission; and is now starting another book on the 93rd for that mission. I have received his book and found it very good, loaded with pictures. Hill requested the names and numbers of all 93rd planes involved, plus names of all the crews. I have a Summary and Historical Narrative that gives all names, plane numbers but not all the plane names. I have tried to complete this summary with plane names for some years. This is very unusual for an official report to show plane names; have never seen any other.

With the help of Alva J. (Jake) Geron in answering my last request for the five planes without names, he assured me that his plane was "Death Dealer" 42-40611; this Summary showed that 1/Lt. William E. Meehan flew that plane, so I still need the name of Meehan's plane #42-40804 804X.

I found another error in this Summary that showed plane #611B, that now turns out to be 41-23711 711B, "Jerks Natural," Pilot 1/Lt. Cleveland D. Hickman. Received letter from William Stein telling me that he and his crew flew with Hickman on "Jerks Natural." Then I knew they had the wrong number recorded. Received letter from Kent Jaquith that Howard W. Freese flew plane 41-24259, "Jack Frost" and Roy C. Harms flew plane 42-40781, "Hells Angels." Kent

also sent me a drawn formation of 93rd planes that Walt Stewart, who flew "Utah Man," had drawn about a month after the mission, to the best of his knowledge, while still down on the desert in his tent.

I'm sorry, but I can't find the name that sent me the name of 1/Lt. Claude A. Turner's plane that was interned in Turkey after the mission; it was "Vulgar Virgin," plane 42-40608 608M. When letter is found, I will give credit for information; these fellows were a great help.

That leaves two planes not named in this Summary, 1/Lt. Miles R. League, plane 42-40610 610Y; it was shown to be "Death Dealer." Also 1/Lt. William E. Meehan Jr. plane 42-40804 804X. Anyone that can help with the names of these planes, please contact me. I also have a copy of all Pilot Sortie Reports for Ploesti, and they verify all the plane numbers now. George Jr., son of my second pilot Capt. George Black (on "Shoot Luke") gave me these copies of Sortie Reports and many more. Thank you all, fellows, without your help I couldn't continue with some of the other projects I want to complete.

At many of our 2nd ADA reunions I notice some of you 93rd members showing piles of curled up old pictures; please share them with me. I want you to know that I have made provisions that all information and pictures I have will go to our 2nd ADA Memorial Library. I have already taken a good many copies to them. I'll have you also know that I don't throw anything away. I know that I have these things, sometimes it just takes me a while to find them.

EMBLEMS: I still can't give you a full report on the sales of emblems. In a welcome letter I send to all new members, I advise them of what we have available for them: the Roster, Squadron Leader names and addresses, emblems, and "The Story of the 93rd B.G." All I can tell you at this time is that we have emblems left, 1 of the Group of 200, 4 of the 328th of 115, 20 of the 329th of 100, 32 of the 330th of 100, and 2 of the 409th of 100. I will not order any more when these are gone; might have to sell the 329th and 330th to a dealer at a discount.

THE STORY OF THE 93rd B.G. (H): I have sold 48 copies of the last 100 copies ordered. I believe I told you that I have to sell 60 copies before we realize any profit on this last 100 ordered. They are still \$30, postage included. When the postage goes up, we will have to charge postage. When I get a chance, I will contact the USAF Museum at Wright Patterson, to see if they want some for their bookstore.

A-2 JACKETS: After our donation for the "All American" of \$1,000 and \$1,000 plus \$1,000 from our Memorial Fund to the American Librarian Fund, we still have \$2,619.35 in our account. \$70 of that is from seven \$10 checks I received from the sale of the A-2 jackets sold through me. I know that I had sent out a lot more applications than that for the jacket, most from other groups.

I didn't count on that. So anyone that now wants an application for the jacket, please send a stamp with your request; I'm a long way from being a rich man. Thank you to some of my 93rd men that did send a stamp; I just didn't count on all the requests from other Groups asking for applications.

THE BOTTOM LINE ON WHAT I

HAVE DONE IN 1990: I have received and answered 165 plus letters this past year, not counting notes and letters that went with orders of books and emblems. I have sent 67 membership applications for 1990, plus 52 second applications. I signed up 72 members and sent a letter of welcome with information available to members. 35 members had been dropped for non-payment of 1990 dues — 21 were reinstated, 12 members deceased, 8 dropped at own request. At the end of 1990 we had 672 members.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND:

Since my first letter to all 93rd members I sent out Jan. 1990 asking for donations and pledges for the Last Mission, only 25% of the 2nd ADA members had donated or pledged. I might add the 93rd was 26%. It was decided by the 2nd ADA Executive Committee to make one more plea to members that hadn't donated or pledged. I sent out 526 letters to 93rd members before Thanksgiving for a final plea to meet the minimum of the \$50,000 still needed from members of the Association who have not contributed or pledged. I'm pleased to report that I have received several letters from members since, noting that they had sent checks.

ADDRESSES: I would like to remind all of you that I spend about six months at my New Jersey address, from May through October at 28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07890, Tel. 201-366-5916; and six months at my Florida address, November through April at 11524 Zimmerman Road, Port Richey, FL 34668, Tel. 813-862-2309. I failed to make note of the change in my last report, and that sure caused a problem. Also, I want to thank all of you that sent Dot and I Holiday Greetings; I'm sorry that it was impossible to answer all.

MEMORIAL UNVEILING: I have received a letter from G.K. Renolds, 2 Malborough, Broad, Lowestoft, Suffolk, NR 323 BT U.K. informing me that at the crash site at Henham Park, March 29, 1944, two 93rd planes collided in the air during a severe thunderstorm; crews were from the 328th and 330th BS. They are erecting a Memorial and expect the unveiling sometime in late 1991 or 92. I sent them a list of the crew names killed. Anyone that might be in England at that time and would like to attend the unveiling, let me know and I will send you a copy of the news release giving all details, so that you may contact Mr. Renolds. They would very much like a representative of the 93rd present for the unveiling. One of the planes was loaded with 2000 lb. bombs, and really played havoc when they exploded after the planes collided.

Stories of War Fill the Air

by James E. Needham

Recognition registered through their eyes. Heads had turned grey, white or bald, and bodies had grown pudgy or limp and disguised the friend of long ago. But his eyes gave him away.

After 45 years, airmen of the 458th Heavy Bombardment Group reunited at the Holiday Inn in Moraine, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 20-23. Some had been to reunions over the years. Others came together for the first time since they walked away from each other on returning from the war in Europe in 1945.

"Hey, Jim," I heard. I turned around and walked into the strong and prolonged embrace of my crew's armorer gunner. We squeezed each other for a minute or so. Released, I turned and fell into the hug of the pilot.

Standing off to my left, I saw a white-haired man, and his brown eyes peered into mine. "Shupp," I said, and a broad grin creased his face and we shook hands, renewing a relationship that crossed almost a half century. Gordon Shupp was the crew's co-pilot. Both he and the pilot, Lt. William Everett, hailed from northeastern Pennsylvania.

As young men in our late teens or early 20s we formed a crew in Savannah, Ga., in August 1944. It was called replacement training where gunners, pilots, navigators and bombardiers worked together to become a crew that could take a plane through flak-infested skies over Germany and hope to survive the daring attacks of Luftwaffe fighter pilots.

Then we remembered.

Some remembered stories others had forgotten so completely that they swore the stories were imagined. Some of the details of half-remembered stories struck responsive chords and triggered more details.

New friends developed quickly. A question about a foggy notion of some development brought about determination in a stranger to piece together what he remembered to help you settle your mind.

A navigator I had never laid eyes on before was talking to me in the hotel lobby about the scarcity of navigators toward the end of the war. I remembered that our pilot had selected one of the gunners to train as a gee-box navigator to fill in for ours when he was sent off to the lead squadron. Our pilot had wandered over to listen, and the mention of gee box prompted him to ask, "What's a gee box?" He insisted he had never heard of one. The navigator explained in detail the function of the box, where it worked and where it didn't. Although the pilot could not remember the gee box or the selecting of a gunner for training with it, he bowed to the details of the story.

When Lt. Thomas Walsh, the navigator, transferred to the lead squadron, our crew had to have someone who could plot our way to the assembly areas where planes of the squadrons formed and joined others to



Staff Sgt. James Needham takes a day off for a bicycle tour of the English countryside in a respite from missions over Germany.

build the group. Groups formed wings and wings formed divisions and divisions formed the 8th Air Force for the day's assault on Germany.

Sgt. Klare Kunkle won the honors. He trotted off to a couple of classroom sessions and then had one or two flights with a navigator to get the process down pat.

Then the big day came, and wouldn't you know it — a problem, a big foggy problem developed. Ceiling was zero as fog reached from the ground to cloud formations and prevented assembly offshore from Norfolk, England. Assembly areas were designated over France, and it was the job of the navigators to get their planes to the distant points of rendezvous.

The pilot called for a gee box fix from the novice navigator. Kunkle took his readings and reported it to the pilot. Great, we were right on.

A short while later the pilot called for another fix just to keep on top of it. The reading this time was out of bounds. Try again, came the order. And again the reading was off. We never did get another accurate reading.

The pilot called for the radio operator to get a fix on radio broadcasts from the continent. That too proved fruitless.

As luck would have it, the pilot was able to get a fix with his radio on Cherbourg, and from there we flew south and soon into a bright sunny sky. Bombers were all over the place. All kinds of group insignia flashed from the tail assemblies of B-24s and B-17s.

B-24s formed squadrons and groups and B-17s did the same, and off we flew to bomb what scheduled targets we could find or targets of opportunity.

Our crew in the B-24 Briney Marlin settled down, flew to a target, dropped bombs and returned to Horsham St. Faith, our base on the northern city limits of Norwich, the seat of Norfolk County, without incident. At debriefing we learned that we had been the only crew from the base that bombed a target that fog-bound day.

As far as Kunkle was concerned that was the end of his career as a navigator. He refused to have anything more to do with a gee box.

That's the way I remember it. It could be different, for over the 45 years memories lapse and do strange things with facts. But nobody on the crew argues with that version.

After gunnery school at Fort Myers, Fla., and time spent at home on a delay on route, I reported to Westover Field outside Chicopee Falls, Mass., for crew assignment. I don't remember joining the crew there. I do remember joining Everett's crew in Savannah.

How it happened I never knew or had forgotten. At the reunion Frank Birmingham told me that his brother Bob had been assigned to the crew. But the crew thought it unwise to have brothers fly into the teeth of the Third Reich on the same plane.

(continued on page 12)

Stories of War Fill the Air (continued from page 11)

I had been assigned as nose gunner on Lt. Roger Hick's crew and was transferred to Everett's. That set up the formation of the two buddy crews.

Sgt. Robert Schauseil hailed from Providence, R.I., the same as I did. His mother and mine had been friends before we came along. Although we had not known each other, we became fast friends through gunnery school, replacement training and for a time at Horsham St. Faith.

Not only did the Birmingham brothers and my Providence buddy cement the two crews, but the engineer-gunners were close friends.

Both crews were assigned to the 458th Bomb Group but to different squadrons.

We began operations in late December 1944. Our crew flew its first mission the day before Christmas in the all-out air effort in what became known as the Battle of the Bulge in southern Belgium.

Usually we flew two days and had two days off before we flew again. Then one day in January, we heard our buddy crew didn't return from a mission to Harburg, the port of Hamburg, Germany.

Later we found out that their plane had been shot up so badly that it fell from formation and limped to Sweden where the crew members, we were told, crash landed and were interned.

At the reunion, the real story came out. During the long haul from Hamburg to Sweden their plane gradually lost altitude. By the time it reached Sweden and its last drops of gasoline, it was down to 500 feet. The pilot ordered the crew to bail out.

On opening the bomb bays and rear escape hatch, the crew looked down and saw trees flashing by. Out they jumped while the pilot held the plane level to the last moment.

Thinking everyone had left, Hicks put the plane on automatic pilot and bailed out. He told us that as his chute snapped out, he looked to see how far down the ground was. Then he hit, wrenching his back.

Back in the plane two gunners, Sgts. Robert Betz and Milton Bennett, had been delayed and when they prepared to jump realized they were too low. They huddled down in the waist and waited.

They felt the plane level off, gain altitude and then settle down and glided onto a farmer's field. Betz suffered a bruise on one of his legs. Bennett and Betz got out of the scrape with the least injuries of all.

Schauseil somewhere over Germany had left his tail turret and was walking toward the waist when something pushed his flak helmet forward over his eyes. He put his gloved hand to the back of his head and looked at the glove's palm and saw it wet with blood. Flak had burst through the plane, slipped under his helmet and slit the back of his head. That earned him a Purple Heart.

The crew of the Briney Marlin kept plugging away, knocking off one mission at a time. Some were more frightening than

others. Twice we came limping back with No. 1 engine out and feathered. Twice our little friends, the pursuit pilots, dropped their planes' gear and flaps to keep down to our speed and escorted us to French airspace. Then we were on our own to limp back to Horsham St. Faith.

It was April and after 30 missions, we went on flak leave to a huge hotel in Southport, England, where we wine and dined and did other things at government expense. We had five missions to go. When we got back to base, we learned that our faithful warbird had had it. It was in a mid-air collision and crash landed in France. Later I learned it had been recovered, but we never saw it again.

We flew our last mission on a brand new model M, and then the war ended. We had flown 31 accredited missions. That left four to go but no one to fly against.

At the reunion both crews became close again as they had before the Harburg raid. At the formal dinner Saturday night, both crews voted to combine and admitted a new member, Tom Walsh. He was a maintenance crewman, but his name was the same as our navigator so we adopted him.

My son, John, attended with me. He's a private pilot and was a hit with Everett, our crew's pilot. They spent a lot of time together talking about flying. Everett nominated John as an honorary crew member, and he was proposed as a radioman, but he pointed out that he knew nothing about radio but a lot about flying. Why not make him an engineer since both crews' engineers died some years ago?

Who would have thought 45 years ago your yet-unborn son would be a part of your air crew?

When we landed at Bradley Field after flying from Scotland to the Azores to Gander, Newfoundland, we walked away from each other, not realizing we might not see each other again.

In the years after our dispersal, I thought little of the guys. I did tell my son about our exploits and adventures but didn't think much about them. But the older I got, the more I thought of them.

The reunion brought this all together.

Four of us got together at the reunion. We had located Kunkle in Florida, but for one reason or another, he didn't make the reunion, although he had promised he would try. Of the others, John F. O'Malley, the engineer, was killed, we heard, in a mine accident in West Virginia. Edward Quarford, Hick's engineer, was reported killed in a construction cave-in. Strange, I thought, such close friends having similar deaths.

Flight Officer Louis Rosenman, the bombardier, had been transferred from our crew on arrival in England. I never knew what happened to him. But at the reunion, Everett said Rosenman was killed in the war. For the rest of our crew, we haven't been able to trace Gilbert Bake, the radio operator; John Bradley, the nose gunner; or Tom Walsh, the navigator.

A Belated Tribute

by Walter "Bud" Lawrence

Reminiscence sometimes provokes action that should have been taken years ago. The facts regarding that memory, however, were not known to me until recently; therefore I now have no excuse but to try to rectify my negligence.

When I returned home in 1945 and asked my mother how she learned that I was a Prisoner of War, she immediately went to her letter box and pulled out a QSL card from an Amateur Radio Operator (Ham). The card indicated that on such and such a date I was listed as a Prisoner of War and he had received that information from a German broadcast which also gave her as next of kin. The card was signed "Dad Mac Mannis." For some reason, that name was indelibly imprinted in my memory.

In 1983, I attended the 8th Air Force Historical Society Convention in Houston, Texas, and was perusing the various displays of historical interest. There was one display in a room along the balcony that didn't look very impressive from the sign above the door, but to my surprise, as I entered the room and began to look around, my eyes fell upon the name, "Dad Mac Mannis." My memory was immediately triggered to that QSL card my mother received some 38 years previously. The room was full of mementos of "Dad" and "Mom" Mac Mannis's collection of pictures, memorabilia and correspondence, received from those to whom they had sent QSL cards, informing them that their loved one who was listed as Missing in Action was alive but a Prisoner of War. This collection was being displayed and preserved by his daughter, as "Dad" at the age of 84, was called to his reward in 1974.

Between 1941 and 1945, "Dad" and "Mom" Mac Mannis, with the permission of the U.S. Government, operated a short wave listening post at West Palm Beach, Florida. (Amateur Radio Operators could not transmit during the war.) They intercepted over 33,456 short wave messages concerning Prisoner of War Camps and Prisoners in Germany, Italy, Rumania, Japan and the Japanese occupied South Pacific Islands. They listened to Axis Sally, Tokyo Rose and other broadcasts. They in turn relayed that information to the next of kin in the U.S., Canada, England, etc. They sent over 25,000 QSL postcards during this time, without remuneration.

This was only one of their efforts to relieve suffering. After World War II, they moved to Los Angeles, where they collected tons of clothing, etc. which was renovated and sent to Holland, Belgium, the Navajo Indians, the Philippines and to the people of the Texas City Disaster.

He was a life member of the VFW. The "Dad" Mac Mannis Bataan VFW Post of Glendale, CA was named in his honor. General Lim, commander of the National Volunteers of the Philippines made him an honorary Brigadier General of the N.V.P.

I have just recently received the above information and trust that in some small way, this can be a belated tribute from those of us whose loved ones received a ray of hope, and encouragement, from the cards and other efforts of "Dad" and "Mom" Mac Mannis.

This incident was just another of many that whetted my interest in Amateur Radio and prompted me to study for my own (Ham) station license.

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

Wayne Allen writes that he and wife Betty thoroughly enjoyed the reunion day at Tibenham. I quote: "... The lady that did the laundry for seven of us... was at the dinner at the base. Her name was 'Slot Cooper.' Her daughter, who was under five years old in 1944, was with her. Slot is 81 years old and rode the gliders that afternoon. She did my laundry, and Captains Howard Ekhart, Ralph Crandell, Marr (could have meant Arnie Mars) and I believe Jacobi and Max Jones. Yes, Chuck, if there is not another 2nd ADA reunion, we sure would be ready for a 445th Group reunion in England in 5 years." Amen, Wayne!

John and Dede Knox sent a copy of the letter they received from Alison Frost, Youth Librarian, Norwich Central Library, thanking them for the beautiful Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls the Knoxes donated to the children's library during the 2nd ADA reunion this past summer. Dede says pictures were enclosed of children playing with the dolls. John and Dede went on to the Kassel dedication — appropriate since John was shot down on that awful mission.

We received a clever and most welcome note from Alan Seyler, "Thank U 4 UR very welcome letter on behalf of R Memorial in Norwich. The keeper of R budget, after reading UR memo, advised that we can offer 2 send a small token, so that my name can appear on the list. 14 years N2 retirement it's sort of touch and go with inflation rocking the boat, but I put in a little time loading cars at R local supermarket so I can do things like this. Very pleasant hearing from U, trust U had a good Thanksgiving and R looking forward 2 Christmas and New Year's." I appreciate the note, but it seems to me you have been reading too many personalized license plates, Alan!

Gene and Marge Buszta write that Gene has been on the phone with Frank Olive from Farmington Hills, MI. That makes six 445th members in the Detroit area that he has been in touch with. He is also attempting to contact Frank Hofmeister in Sebawaing, MI. Good work, Gene, we can expect a great turnout in Dearborn this summer.

We were saddened to learn that Samuel Anzalone folded his wings 16 Nov. 90. We are very pleased that his wife Taimi will continue as an associate member of the Association. Our condolences to the Anzalone family.

I have had two lengthy phone conversations with John LaMar, son of John A. LaMar who was KIA over Brunswick on 20 Feb. 44. Although assigned to the Gordon Brown crew, his dad was flying with the Stanley Neal crew the day he went down. If you knew John or know anything about that raid, please write to me.

Tom Newton says he often wonders who the 2nd Louie was who had a small Hillybilly music group and was from Texas. He says he played some guitar with the group and that was probably why he was picked to serve on the post-war party that shut Tibenham down. As it was, Tom got to enjoy a "Trolley Mission" up the Rhine River at 300 ft. altitude.

Ralph Crandell reports that the "All American" B-24 was in Toledo for several days this past summer and that he and his wife Jan took their grandsons to see and

climb all over it. He says, "I went back the next day to see it take off and then buzz the field. I wasn't the only man there crying. What memories." Ralph also included two pictures I'll share with you:



M/Sgt. Albert G. Ellwein (left), crew chief and M/Sgt. Howard "Bulldog" Leverton, crew chief.

Ralph says Ellwein and Leverton were two of the best crew chiefs but recalled having to bust Ellwein to private for a while but later got him back to M/Sgt.



January 10, 1945. Crew and ground crew of "Bunnie" being congratulated by Lt. Col. Carl Fleming, Deputy Group CO, upon successful completion of 100 missions for Bunnie.

Ralph correctly recalls that the "Bunnie" was the first B-24 to complete 100 missions (I was told it was the first in the E.T.O.) I recall having a heck of a time getting another crew to put the 99th mission on the bird so my crew could finish our tour on the Bunnie's 100th.

Howard Reichley reminded me that some of you may have questions about the Croix De Guerre award. So here is the citation in English:

FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE WITH PALM, awarded by Decision No. 332, 17 September 1946, by the President of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, with the following citation.

"A splendid unit, animated by the finest spirit of courage and tenacity. It distinguished itself brilliantly in air operations over occupied territories and Germany from 1 December 1943 to 1 February 1945. It made 225 combat missions and dropped over 13,000 tons of bombs on vital German centers, in spite of sharp enemy resistance, which cost it 97 planes as against 142 enemy planes shot down or damaged. By its sacrifices, its tireless devotion, and its excellent crew work, it made a great contribution to

the liberation of the French territory."

This 13 x 18 inch "Diploma" with your name imprinted is available only to members of the American Order of the French Croix De Guerre for \$25. It is in four colors ready to display in a minimum 16 x 20 inch frame with blue border. The "Diploma" is issued only to verified members, by the Association in Paris. It takes about 3 months to deliver.

Membership requirements: All 445th veterans who served with the Group at any time between 1 Dec. 43 and 1 Feb. 45 are eligible for association membership. Send registration fee of \$5 plus \$5 annual dues to: American Order of the French Croix De Guerre, 1133 Broadway, Room 504, New York, NY 10010. Individuals are not entitled to wear the medal or ribbon as it is a Group award. If you would like this beautiful certificate with your name on it, follow the above instructions.

As of 1 Jan. 91, 445th membership in the 2nd ADA had climbed to 575, counting 10 associate members. 42 are listed as having served in at least one other group or headquarters at some time during their stay in the E.T.O. Don Whitefield, Edward Appel, Edgar Clark and Robert Touby are recorded as having served with three other outfits — seems like these fellows had trouble holding steady employment!

As of 10 Jan. 91, I had received 7 needlepoint covers for kneeling pads for the All Saints Church in Tibenham. I have also received phone calls from 4 ladies assuring me theirs are almost finished and will soon be in the mail. No doubt the other 11 or 12 promised will be following soon. Those received to date are gorgeous and represent many hours of dedicated effort. As you recall, 23 ladies attending the reunion volunteered to make these kneeling pad covers as a token of appreciation for all the work the Tibenham ladies did to make our reunion so memorable. By the way, many of these volunteers are needlepointing for the first time. Theodore Kaye set a fine example: knowing nothing (or less) about needlepoint, he checked three or four books out of the local library, studied them carefully, developed his design and then proceeded to make an outstanding cover. What dedication and determination — the Tibenham ladies will love it!

Don Pryor writes that a memorial service for his former classmate, Stewart J. Ross, was held in Boston on 1 Dec. 1991. Mrs. Gaffaney advised that her husband Richard J. Gaffaney folded his wings 26 Nov. 1989. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to each of these families.

William Boyanowski says that he was a tail gunner on John Adams crew from 4 Mar. 45 to 25 May 45. He goes on to say that he was most likely the youngest member of the 445th — he was 18 years, 9 months when assigned to the Group and 19 years, 6 days old when he flew back to the States with the Group. Anyone challenge him?

Our good and loyal friend John Lynes has had a long hospital stay and I'm certain he and Meg would appreciate a card from any or all of you.

I'll look forward to seeing many of you in Dearborn, MI, 3-6 July 1991 at our 44th Annual Reunion. Until then, stay well and happy.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



Readers, this is the way it is: The day before Christmas, I received a nice note from the Journal editor Bill Robertie, pointing out to all his correspondents (Group Vice Presidents) that now was the time to get with it and furnish him with the stuff of which the Journal is made.

Of course all this came after putting to bed our group publication, "Beachbell Echo." It is such a nice feeling to get this stuff out of the way and transfer the responsibility to the printer, the mail service, the post office and then to you readers.

Well, as stated in the Winter issue, I am hanging up the eye-shade marked "Bungay Bull" with this issue. The next correspondent will be the new Group Vice President chosen at the Dearborn Reunion in July. As

you know, I selected a nominating committee who would examine those hundreds of resumes received from candidates for this illustrious job, and in their wisdom, nominate one or more candidates. So if you have someone who you think would like to be the 446th BG Second Air Division Group Vice President, get me the resume and I will see it gets to the nominating committee.

With this swan song, we look back on some of the outstanding events of our relationship with the Bungay Bull and the 2ADA Journal. Incidentally, the name "Bungay Bull" was passed along from my predecessor, Vere McCarty.

Probably one of the most thrilling events was our publication of the news events of 6 June 1944, which referred to the 446th BG as

being the lead group for the Eighth Air Force over the invasion beaches. Well, this really created a to-do with a bunch of other people who also claimed to have been number one. It is really too bad that they felt that this poor group, who had only this event as a claim to fame, did not deserve this one plum.

However, it was nice to know that others read the Bungay Bull. Of course the other great series that was covered in many issues was "what color was Fearless Feddy," our forming ship. And then of course the other 446th claim which no one else had denied was that we were the only group to shoot our CO down. This was well covered in our group history which was published by the 446th Bomb Group Association in 1989 and a series of excerpts from it appeared in the Bungay Bull. We are very thankful that Ted Smith, who was Colonel Crawford's pilot on that fateful mission, saw our article and contributed his own story.

And the 446th received a marvelous publicity boost from Marquis Childs' series of articles. Any one of them would certainly make one realize that the 446th BG was The Greatest. And our guys still are!!!

So with that, it's au revoir, merci, or maa salaama, shukran, good bye, thank you.

Keep tuned to Beachbell!!!

Instrument of Terror

by Robert H. Ottman

Following my tour I was assigned to the 2nd Combat Wing Hq. in Combat Ops., planning and implementing the missions prescribed by Hq. 2nd AD.

And then came Kassel, Sept. 27, 1944, a day I'll never forget. I had worked the mission the night before, actually in the early morning hours of the 27th, and had also taken the "Jug" (P-47) up to monitor the formation assembly. We did this to kick a little butt on the stragglers, but flying the Jug was always a bonus after having flown in the Lib. Returning to Hethel, I hit the sack and as was the norm, arose later that afternoon to view the results as they were posted. As the 389th and 453rd proceeded to land and their observations of bombing results came through intelligence, it was apparent that the 445th was in some real trouble. I took the Jug and flew down to Old Tib and watched the remnants of what was a proud group return. The shock of what had happened to the Group was incomprehensible to all of us from the Group Commander on down.

The next few days followed with a major critique of the mission, with every General and Colonel from both 8th AF and 2AD Hqs, listening to the testimony of the bomber survivors and the Fighter Jocks who participated in the "shootout." In spite of all the analysis by the experts, it still boiled down to the simple fact, and the unfortunate one, that the 445th was at the wrong place at the wrong time — sad but true!

It was then that a guy by the name of Capt. John Driscoll, 2CBW Armament Officer suggested that due to the fact that most fighter attacks seemed to come from the rear

and low and in formation, at least on the Kassel mission, that possibly a "gattling type cannon" might deter or scatter the fighters attacking from the rear. Naturally, it had to be tested, so after a period of several weeks, Capt. Driscoll, known as "Clue," devised this instrument of terror, and placed it in the tail turret position of one of the war weary B-24s parked at Hethel. These old birds were without armament, had seen better days and were expendable. In a weak moment at the bar one evening, I agreed with "Clue" that the weapon had some potential and that I would be more than willing to fly this accident waiting for a place to happen. Not surprisingly, we couldn't find any volunteers to fill the co-pilot's position, so Clue agreed to assume the responsibility although he had never been there before. The takeoff was uneventful, other than we couldn't get #4 started, so proceeded to get a windmill start going down the runway. It kicked in at about 60 mph and this instrument of destruction was airborne. The takeoff might sound a bit ridiculous to some, but for those of us who were graduates of the CIS at Smyrna it was standing operation procedure, as two and three engine operation was more the norm. The test was to be conducted over the North Sea as there was no assurance the rear end of the aircraft might not blow off and Gen. Timberlake had made it quite clear that he didn't want a bunch of crap falling all over East Anglia! The procedure for the test was simple: Clue was to crawl back to the tail gunner's position and with a countdown from 10 to Zero, he would fire the cannon. The countdown itself went without a hitch;

Clue had no trouble counting backwards, but at Zero, there was a loud explosion, the entire aircraft pitched and shook and I immediately tightened the Mae West and cinched the chute to the maximum. At the same time I started calling for Clue, realistically believing that he along with the cannon and tail end of the bird were gently floating down for a cold dip in the North Sea. I made a few more frantic calls and after what seemed like an eternity, I was relieved to hear a weak voice say, "Bob, let's go back to the base, I've had a problem, the cannon blew off the mount and hit me in the chest" — or at least it was something like that. Clue's perseverance didn't end with the first failure, as he later conned Willie Williams into conducting further airborne tests on the weapon, but I don't believe it was ever perfected in time to see action.

Let me wrap up this story by saying that "Clue" retired as a Colonel, changed his name to Sean O'Driscoll and owns a castle in Ireland. I didn't know this until a few years ago while in Las Vegas attending the 40th Anniversary of the Air Force Association. I was chatting with Gloria and Jim Stewart and Gloria asked me if I had ever visited Clue at his castle in Ireland. She informed me that she and Jimmy had been there and that Ramsey Potts had also been Clue's guest on a couple of occasions. Possible the illustrious Sean O'Driscoll (John Driscoll) has attended previous Norwich functions and the most recent Kassel ceremony in Germany; I hope so.

Missives from the 492nd

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley

Two issues of the 492nd Bomb Group "HAPPY WARRIOR" have now been published and distributed. The positive comments and contributions I have received from both the 492nd Bomb Group members and other members of the 2nd ADA has been overwhelming. I have noted an increase in the membership of the 492nd Bomb Group which is very gratifying, and hopefully this increase in membership will continue to increase by leaps and bounds. Help in recruiting new members to this Bomb Group is greatly appreciated, so if you know a former member of the 492nd please send me his name and I will get in touch with him.

On November 11, 1990, "Remembrance Day" in England, "Veterans Day" in America, a quartz clock, made by Sunbeam with a 1 1/4" gold oak frame surrounding the face, was dedicated by Canon Green to the townspeople of North Pickenham/Swaffham, England. The brass plaque at the base of the face reads as follows: "To the North Pickenham/Swaffham Parish from the 492nd Bomb Group - July 29, 1990." Canon Green was assisted by Lorraine Williford, daughter of Don Prytulak, now deceased. The clock is hung on the back wall of the sanctuary. It is hoped that every time a church-goer looks at the clock, he will be reminded of the 492nd Bomb Group. Lorraine's father, Don Prytulak, a pilot of the 859th Bomb Squadron, died one year ago on November 10, 1989. Lorraine's presentation speech is as follows:

"As the daughter of a 492nd Bomb Group pilot, and the wife of an American Air Force Pilot now stationed in England, I am honored to be able to represent the 492nd Bomb Group on this 'Remembrance Sunday.' This is also the American Veterans Day, during which we honor all of our veterans, living and dead. In spite of the horrors of war, and the terrible losses experienced by the 492nd Bomb Group between May and August of 1944, my father always looked back on his time here in East Anglia as some of the most vital and enjoyable parts of his 22-year Air Force career. The people of North Pickenham and Swaffham were spoken of with great fondness... and often. I'm sure this is true of every member of the 492nd Bomb Group. My father cannot be with us today in person to thank you for making him and all the members of the 492nd feel very welcome on foreign soil during very trying times, as he lost his battle with cancer one year ago yesterday. However, he is with us in spirit, as are all of the other members of the 492nd Bomb Group... both living and dead. Bill Clarey, the former Vice President of the 492nd Bomb Group and now Executive Vice President of the 2nd Air Division Association, wanted me to thank all of you again for welcoming us into your village



Lorraine Williford presents the clock to Canon Green. The clock shows the exact time of the presentation.

and your homes this past summer... as you also did so long ago. It was a truly wonderful experience that will not be forgotten. Before I officially present this gift to the North Pickenham Church, and the people of this village, please allow me to read a few words by Emerson:

*To laugh often and much,
To win the respect of intelligent people
and the affection of children...
To leave the world a bit better...
To know even one life had breathed easier
Because you had lived
That is to have succeeded.*

Today we remember many fine people of whom we can definitely say, they have succeeded.

On behalf of the 492nd Bomb Group, I would like to present this clock to Reverend Green and the North Pickenham Church... with gratitude for all that this village and its wonderful people have meant, and will continue to mean to us. Thank you."

On Sunday, July 29, 1990 when the idea of the clock was thought of and approved by the visiting members of the group, there were approximately 70 youth from Germany attending the service. They were staying at the North Pickenham Camp which is located on a portion of the old Air Base. Forty-five years have made many changes, that's for sure.

We are most appreciative of the efforts of both Bill Clarey, who made the arrangements for purchasing and shipping the clock; and to Lorraine Williford for the presentation. Lorraine's husband, Major Cliff Williford, has been sent to the Gulf and our thoughts and prayers for his safety are extended to them.

"Off We Go"

by Jack Tredway (458th)

We used to fly the heavy bombers, B-24, Over Europe in the Second World War. There were ten men and boys in a crew, Each one of us knew what we had to do. We never went out that we didn't get flak, From which some good guys never got back. Some mornings they would call before it got light, We knew it was going to be a long flight, Into Germany for hours our group would go, Those big old 24's were awfully slow. Our eyes were always looking for friendly fighters, They made our hearts beat a little quieter. We would drone on for hours on end, Hoping in a short time to hit the initial point bend. Straight ahead level as a group we flew, Knowing that flak was going to hit quite a few. Bomb bays would open, the 24 would slow, We were ready to deliver a knockout blow. The words we were waiting for came over the intercom, "Bombs away," and we were heading for home. The fighters are waiting as we make our turn, They want to see the old B-24's burn. Gunners are ready with their 50 caliber guns, We'd shoot down a few and the rest would run. As we head out toward the Channel and North Sea, We were lucky the whole crew would agree. Open water the Zuider Zee, What a beautiful sight to see. Coming on to the English coast, We know things could have been a lot worse. As we circle the field, landing wheels down, We're anxious to hear the thud as they hit the ground. Ground crews waiting as we come to a stop, They are the ones who made this a successful hop. Ground crews happy as the flyers come out, They know what this flying is all about. This mission over, one less to fly, Get to interrogation and tell why we didn't die. Get our shot of whiskey and head for the sack, Say a little prayer for the ones who didn't get back.

492nd Fortunes of War

FORTUNES OF WAR: A History of the 492nd Bomb Group on Daylight Operations, May 11, 1944 to August 5, 1944

Author Allan G. Blue has generously offered to send copies of his book to a library of your choice. He needs to have the following: the name of the library; the contact person; the address; and the number of copies to be donated. This must be accompanied by your check for postage in the amount of \$1 for one copy; \$2 for 2-6 copies; \$3 for 7-12 copies. NOTE: These are copies to a *single address*. If you want to send one copy to each of 3 different libraries, it will be \$1 for each copy. Please contact him as follows:

Allan G. Blue
Box 201 • Bendersville, PA 17306

The 466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

The past year, 1990, has been good to the 466th Bomb Group, and I hope 1991 will be even better. Our membership is getting close to 400, but our deletions by death are taking their toll. The most recent of these were William E. Foreman, Jr.; John C. Jennison, Jr.; and John Woolnough. All of these men will be missed and long remembered by those of us who knew them.

Lawrence J. Baker, 229 Allynd Blvd., Chardon, OH 44024 is trying to locate Richard Lester (pilot) or other members of his crew who served in the 466th in the early months of 1945. Also, John C. Jennison III, 2755 Burning Tree Drive, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33308, wants to get in touch with persons who served with his father. John C. Jennison, Jr. was group operations officer during part of his tour with the 466th.

For several years, the 466th Bomb Group Association has been conducting a dialogue with the Broadlands Council. The object is to place a permanent memorial (monument) to all who served in the 466th Bomb Group during World War II. Land for the monument has been donated by Mr. Bernard Matthews, with the provision that the monument can never be removed or dismantled. Plans have been drawn and submitted for cost estimate to an artisan in England. A letter and a pledge form will be included in a future issue of the *Attlebridge Notes*. Anyone wishing to contribute early may send funds to: Russell D. McNair, 26 Dorset Drive, Kenilworth, NJ 07033. Designate your contribution for the Memorial Fund.

The following account was taken from the diary of Stephen Fecho, T/Sgt., Engineer-Gunner, 785th Bomb Sqdn., 466th Bomb Group. It details the 13th mission of Lt. R.D. Johnson's crew on 21 June 1944, aboard #42-95268, later named "Penthouse for Ten."

"Briefing started at 01:30. The Lt. pulled back the curtain and showed us the target. There were a lot of 'oohs,' 'ahs' and 'wows,' for our target was aircraft installations just outside of Berlin, Germany. Our secondary target was a large RR station inside of Berlin, in case we couldn't bomb the primary target visually. We all hoped we could get the primary target, as there was too much flak in Berlin. The Lt. briefed us on the route, flak batteries and target.

"We were told where to go in case we had to bail out. South of Berlin, try to get to Czechoslovakia. North of Berlin, head for the northern parts and get a Swedish boat to Sweden. After briefing was over, the Catholic Chaplain told the Catholic boys to stay a while, and when the others had left we all knelt and said a prayer. We then went to our lockers, got our A-3 bag and chute, and got a truck to take us to our plane. We got there at 02:30. The weather was pretty bad. There was light drizzle; the clouds were heavy and only 200 ft. above the ground. We were hoping they would scrub this mission. I checked my guns in the airplane. Everything was in good condition. We had fifty-two 100 lb. incendiary bombs aboard. 36 planes from our group were going on this mission. We

were flying right wing of the slot position in the high right section. We would be almost last to take off, so we didn't start our engines until takeoff time, 04:45 — we were given a bar of candy and some gum. The planes took off at 25 second intervals. We took off at 05:05 and headed into the overcast. We broke through at about 1300 feet. The sky above was clear. The clouds were visible above us except out in the distance. The morning sun was just breaking through. Below us as far as the eye could see, lay thick dark clouds. We headed for our forming area, on the coast, east of Norwich. We were to form at 11,000 ft. and were glad of that as we wouldn't have to put on our oxygen masks. After filling out my forms and seeing that everything on the ship was okay, I went into the top turret. I hooked up my mike and headset, also my heated suit as it was starting to get a little cold. The free air temperature gage showed -10C. I got my flak suit and put on one piece on each side of me and sat on the other. After forming for 2 hours, we started to head out for our target at 06:45. The sun was pretty high now. We headed due east over the North Sea. When we were about 15 minutes out we loaded our guns and test fired. They were all working OK.

"All the way over the North Sea until we hit Germany, the clouds were thick and heavy, but snowy white. Nowhere was there an opening so we can see the water. The trip from England to Germany was made in a slow climb, so when we hit the German coast we were at 20,000 ft. I had put on my oxygen mask at 14,000 ft. We entered Germany at Cuxhaven and headed southeast. No sooner have we hit the coast, than we were greeted by flak. It was heavy and off to the right a little, so we went around it. All along the way they threw flak at us, but most of it was too far to the right or left, although a few came pretty close. Our route was plotted so as to not go over any flak batteries whenever possible and the lead navigator did a good job in following the route. From the coast to about Magdeburg, the weather was clear, except for a few scattered clouds. The towns of Hamburg, Bremen and Brunswick had smoke screens over them. We turned east of Magdeburg. There were clouds in that direction but they were broken in many places. When we were southeast of Berlin, we turned north and about 12 miles south of Berlin, we turned west. The clouds covered our primary target, so we headed north into Berlin. Flak was coming up on all sides of us while we were on our bomb run. We opened the bomb bay doors at 09:55; below us I could see the city. The bombardier yelled bombs away at 10:08. We then made a sharp turn to the left, as there was quite a bit of flak ahead of us. They started to track us and then we were among it. It was bursting below, at our level and above us just right off our wing tips. I'd watch them burst and then duck my head between my guns. I wasn't as scared as I used to be of flak. There were bombers as far as I could see. There were supposed to be 1500 targets in and around Berlin. Someone called over the

interphone and said 3 ME-109s at 8 o'clock, low. I swung my turret in that direction. They were pulling away, but they came in for another attack. They came within 600 yards of us; I shot a few bursts at them but they were too low for my turret. The waist and tail gunners also got a few bursts at them. I didn't hit them, but it made them pull away. They tried a third attack; then out of nowhere came five P-51s. The last I saw of the ME-109s was when they dove into a cloud bank with the P-51s hot on their tail. I had been so engrossed in watching the enemy fighters that I had completely forgotten about the flak, which was still bursting pretty heavily and accurately around us.

We finally got out of their range. In the distance, in all directions, they were shooting it up at other formations. On our way to Berlin we were escorted by P-47s. Over the target we had P-51s and now on our way back we were being escorted by P-38s. We headed northeast from our own target. The flak came up all the way to the German coast but we stayed pretty well clear of it. We didn't see any more fighters; we saw quite a few bombers heading for Sweden. They were probably pretty damaged from all the flak. Later on in the day I found out 23 bombers had gone to Sweden. We seemed to have gotten through it without any damage. We passed the east of Hamburg and headed straight into the peninsula beneath Denmark. We turned east and passed over the German coast at 11:25, near the town of Heide. We were at 23,000 ft. now, and when we were about 20 minutes out we started to let down slowly. The clouds below us were thick and heavy, but broken in some places. I took off my oxygen mask at 15,000 ft. The time was 12:30 and we were nearing the English coast. When we hit the English coast at 12:45, I got down from my turret. There was a break in the clouds so the formation circled around it, letting down and then going through it. We broke through at 500 ft. We were 9th to peel off and we made a perfect landing. We hit the ground at 13:10. Two planes were still on the runway ahead of us and another close behind us. We taxied to our revetment and breathed a sigh of relief when the props stopped. We looked the plane over and she was undamaged. We took a truck back to the lockers and changed our clothes, then we went to operations briefing room for interrogation. We had some coffee and sandwiches and also a double shot of scotch whiskey. We learned we had lost one plane from our group and he headed for Sweden. It was now about 14:45 so we grabbed a truck and headed for our hut and then we hit the good old sack."

The crew of the Penthouse for Ten were: pilot, R.D. Johnson; co-pilot H.O. Graf; navigator E.S. Stiteler; Bombardier W. Thompson, engineer/top turret S. Fecho; radioman W.R. Tasker; ball turret A.D. Malorni; nose turret J.W. Lewis; waist gunner R.B. Knight; tail turret J.W. Wooten.

Stephen Fecho would like to hear from or be put in touch with any of his crew. His address is 654 North 13th Street, Reading, PA 19604.

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

It is time for me to prepare an article for the Journal. And this is a good time for me to remind each of you that I am running out of material. So, if you don't respond with some articles about your experiences at 2AD Headquarters, or something related to it, my columns will get shorter and shorter.

Response to the last HQ newsletter covering our day at Ketteringham last July 29th was favorable, and I hope to put out another letter soon, maybe even before you receive the Spring Journal. But for this issue of the Journal, I am reaching into my unanswered mail. Some months ago, I received a letter from Clem Kowalczyk. Clem and I go back a long way together. We were both from Indiana — he was from LaPorte and I was from South Bend. We were drafted on the same day, I think, and inducted at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in August 1941, thinking that we would be back home in August 1942! We were sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, for basic training. After Pearl Harbor, Clem was sent to Field Artillery OCS and I was sent to Air Corps Administration OCS. We didn't see or hear from each other until June 1944 when Clem arrived at Ketteringham Hall. He had completed 30 missions with the 446th (he had transferred from Artillery to the Air Corps) and had been selected to come to Division Headquarters as Assistant Division Navigator. Following are some excerpts from his letter:

Before Ketteringham, "While at the 446th at Bungay, a review of my Form 5 and 66-1 shows: (1) My crew flew the required 30 combat missions during the period 31 December 1943 to May 30, 1944 and included: 21 sorties (13 targets) in Germany, namely; Berlin (5 sorties), Braunschweig (4),

Frankfurt (2), and 1 each to Friedrichshafen, Bernburg, Oberpfaffenhofen, Gutersloh, Hamm, Mannheim, Munster, Konz-karathous, Tutow, and Rotenburg. (2) Combat hours for the 30 sorties totaled 255:00, or an average of 8.50 per sortie. Had 210.65 combat hours during the period 1 Mar. to 30 May 1944... Enough said!"

At Ketteringham, "At Second Air Division HQ I considered myself fortunate to meet many, many wonderful human beings. Also, truly 'lucked out' in my two assignments while serving there. First, with old buddy Carl Barthel (Div. Navigator), serving as Ass't Div. Navigator. Second, served as Division Control Navigator — my boss Robert 'Bob' Terrill."

"Vivid Memories: reporting to the Operations Center in the Hall (past armed security guards) to my station. My responsibility was to draw up the Navigation portion of the Field Order to our 2AD units scheduled for next morning missions. Was surprised at the great interest in my cited tasks shown by such pilots as Jimmy Doolittle and General Kepner (they would peer over my shoulder as I performed my tasks) and 2AD Group Commanders, occasional RAF brass, and others. Typically I would report in the evening and work through the night, as long as necessary, to give the 'troops' the most current 'poop' available. Enjoyed unstinted cooperation from the other members of the Operations team."

More from Clem: "Scanning the official photographs of 2AD reunions #1 and #2, both held at Chicago's Hotel Sherman on October 2, 1948 (48 in attendance) and October 15, 1949 (ca 40 in attendance) including at both reunions, Ray Strong, Howie

and Gladys Moore, Jordan and Joyce Uttal, Percy Young, Henry and Shirley Dietch, Mr. & Mrs. Mike Vydarney, General Kepner, Fritz, Henry & Gert Brandt and Irene and yours truly. Also at reunion #1 were Doris Lundgren, W. Giff Newlon, Rudy Sherman, Bert Bertagnoli, Mr. & Mrs. John Cunningham, and Harry Cody. Also at reunion #2 'Brothers' Jim Reeves and Charles Salisbury, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Cody, and 'Chappie' Seward, inter alia."

"Anecdote — Irene tells me that the following dialogue took place at the 2nd reunion (probably after some considerable libation). Clem: 'When I pass on to that great corral in the sky, I would like (1) to be cremated, and (2) my ashes be borne aloft in a plane which should circle above the short-stop position at Comiskey Park — and all the while the celebrant, 'Chappie,' should be intoning the Hindu mantra — 'Luke,' 'Luke,' 'Luke' (for Luke Appling — one of my all time favorites). Chappie, after due consideration, responded, 'Why Wait!!'"

The "anecdote" above will be enjoyed especially by those who knew Clem and Chappie 40+ years ago. If I remember correctly, it was at the 1949 reunion that the WACs first became affiliated with the 2AD Association — but it was after the picture referred to by Clem was taken. Also, Clem did not name everyone present at the reunions. These kinds of reminiscences need to be documented for posterity. Especially you who served at Headquarters need to write up your own experiences. Surely you have some memories that you have been planning to put down on paper. Now is the time!

That's all for now. Hope to see all of you in Dearborn.

Where Is The Mop on the B-24

by Pfc. Julius E. Ingram

TUNE — "Who Broke the Lock on the Henhouse Door"

(1)

In this school, we must know
All about planes
And what makes them go,
But there's one thing we don't know
Where they keep the mop on the B-24.

(2)

We mop the barracks.
We mop through a phase.
We mop latrines 'till we're in a daze
Still there's one thing we don't know
Where they keep the mop on the B-24.

(3)

They have supercharger buckets
And prop wash too,
Generator brushes for the whole darn crew
Automatic pilots and bomb bay doors
But we can't find the mop on the B-24s.

(4)

Roll down your sleeves
Pull down your cap
We won't ever fight the Jap.
For when the battle begins to roar
We'll be looking for the mop on the B-24.

(5)

The pilot bailed out,
The co-pilot too.
The gunners took a powder
And so would you.
But there sat the engineer on the floor
Still looking for the mop on the B-24.

(6)

I've asked the instructors
They don't know.
I've even looked it up in the big T.O.
I've looked everywhere, but I'll look
some more,
'Cause there has to be a mop on the B-24.

(CHORUS)

Where is the mop?
I don't know.
I've looked high, and I've looked low,
Still there's one thing we don't know
Where the hell's the mop on the B-24.

Change of Address

When you move, please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else 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.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip Code _____

Group _____

IF THIS IS A PERMANENT CHANGE,
PLEASE MARK HERE _____

IF THIS IS A TEMPORARY CHANGE
(Snow Birds) MARK HERE _____

This mail will be sent to you 1st class and there will be no need for further notification. Snowbirds will receive Journals at both addresses.



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Paul Gregg wrote last August to advise that they have finally found the last living member of their crew. William D. Barnhizer was the other waist gunner along with Paul on their crew and William lives in Fountain Valley, CA. The crew held a reunion at the Excalibur Hotel in Las Vegas, October 8, 9, 10.

Forrest S. Clark is still trying to locate Earl J. Parrish. The last address we had for Earl is 425 2nd St. N., St. Petersburg, FL 33701, but mail to that address was returned. Forrest also sent an address for John W. Gibboney, 7512 Kings Drive, Colony Cove, Ellenton, FL 34222. If anyone has information about Parrish, please write to Forrest at 703 Duffer Lane, Kissimmee, FL 34759. (As a duffer - golfer - I gotta get down and visit Duffer Lane sometime.)

As of this writing, I have not seen the Winter 1990 Journal, so do not know if my note inquiring about Murray Wolfson appears in it. The inquiry did appear in the Winter 1990 44th (HMG) "Logbook" and Frank Castelli wrote 29 Dec. to say that he remembers Murray in the 506th Sqdn. while he was there. They flew the 24 Mar. 45 low level mission to Wesel, Germany and Anibal Diaz, left waist gunner was killed when his chest pack spilled open and went out the open ball turret well, dragging Diaz with it. (See Will Lundy's "44th B.G. - Roll of Honor" page 355.) Frank's letter has been forwarded to his son. If anyone has any more information about Murray Wolfson, please send it to Pete Henry.

A letter was received from John Wilds in Mundesley, Norfolk, describing a holiday visit to Gairloch, Scotland where they visited a B-24 crash site (R.D. Ketchum, pilot, crashed 13 June 45.) John sent along some photos which appear to be very good and reproducible but there is insufficient space to include them in this issue. More space should be available in the next Journal.

R.E. Bottomley reminds us that he still has 8-Ball hats and T-shirts for sale. Write to him at 4509 S. Morrice Road, Owosso, MI 48867-9758 for sizes and prices.

It has been some time since I reported that a copy of the 44th BG Roster of 2ADA members is available. Anticipating a postal increase on or about 1 Feb. 91, please send \$4.00 to Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831.

And finally, many thanks to all of you who sent Season's Greetings to Mary and me this year. They are appreciated and we hope that you won't wait until Dec. 1991 to write again.

One of these days, we're going to identify correctly the two men standing beside "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" shown in the photograph on page 21 of the Fall 1990 Journal. The photo first appeared in the Spring 1990 "Logbook" of the 44th HMG. Mike Curtin, Crew Chief, replied to my inquiry that they are Fred Marsh on the left and M.C. Strickland on the right. Tom Cardwell wrote in October advising that he knew both men quite well and that M/Sgt. Charles W. Whipple is on the left and M/Sgt. Charles Alba is on the right. Tom said that he started out with both men at Barksdale Field in 1942 and Ussel P. Harvel's "Liberators Over Europe" also identifies them as Whipple and Alba but in reverse. Speaking of Mike Curtin, Will Lundy sent along a picture of Sgts. Mike Curtin, Kun Gong, and (?) Strickland plus another photo of then Capt. Bill Aldridge. (Photos are from Col. Wm. Cameron's collection. Col. Cameron was 67 Sqdn. & Group Commander.)



Sgts. Curtin, Gong and Strickland, 67th Squadron



Capt. Bill Aldridge, 67th Squadron

WWII Bombardier Receives Distinguished Flying Cross

by David Cox, Managing Editor
The Cherokee Villager
Cherokee Village, Hardy, Arkansas

It came 46 years late, but the day seemed appropriate just the same.

January 17, 1991. It was the day U.S. forces led a massive air strike to gain control of the skies over Iraq in the first stage of Operation Desert Storm. And it was the day Albert E. Jones received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his service in World War II.



Don Floyd from Senator Dale Bumpers' Arkansas office presented the medal at a ceremony at Shady Oaks Nursing Home in Thayer, where Jones has resided since mid-December. Jones and wife Peggy have been residents of Cherokee Village 14 years.

The citation reads: "First Lieutenant Albert E. Jones distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a Bombardier, 66th Bombardment Squadron, 44th Bombardment Group, from 11 June 1944 to 25 February 1945. Lieutenant Jones exhibited outstanding airmanship and courage on a number of aerial missions against the enemy in the European Theater of Operations. The professional competence, aerial skill, and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Jones reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force."

Jones flew 31 missions during his 3½ years in the war. He has a Certificate of Valor — receiving the Air Medal five times, and he received a Citation for Meritorious Achievement from General Leon Johnson.

Floyd said he could only guess why the Distinguished Flying Cross was so long in coming. "He was first recommended for this in 1945, because he has flown the necessary number of bombing missions," Floyd explained. "He was discharged as the war was winding down and he was anxious to get home."

(continued on page 31)



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

Our Group is very fortunate in learning about some 900 pictures taken of the base and planes during WWII by PFC Joe Mason of the 392nd Photo Section. It is our understanding that the pictures were obtained from Mrs. Mason by Rodney Tate of Estill Springs, TN, who sent them to the 390th BG Memorial Air Museum at Framingham, Suffolk. One of the museum's founding members, Ian L. Hawkins, author of *Courage, Honor, Victory, The 95th BG Anthology* and *Munster: The Way It Was*, advised various members of the 392nd BG that prints would be made available if desired. Last July while attending the 2nd ADA reunion at Norwich, a committee composed of James V. Goar, J. Fred Thomas and the writer selected 350 pictures to be duplicated, including 77 pictures made available by the 2nd AD Library.

Of those received to date nearly all aircraft have been identified through the aircraft records developed and maintained by Quintin R. Wedgeworth. Two that haven't been identified are close-ups of nose art, one of a girl facing toward the rear and the other of a girl facing forward. If anyone can identify these planes, the serial number and the squadron is needed.



If you maintained or flew missions in either of these planes, please write to Quintin Wedgeworth, Route 1, Box 300A, Weiser, ID 83672. If possible, please give the Serial Number and Squadron.

There appears to be some confusion as to the number and types of libraries being sponsored in England. The first was the 2nd AD Memorial Library in Norwich. This library has established branch libraries in the vicinity of each combat bomb wing, the one at East Dereham being in commemoration of the 14th Combat Wing which was made up of the 44th, 392nd and 492nd Bomb Groups. The 2nd AD Memorial Library is funded by income from contributions made over the years. Recently, the 2nd ADA established a separate fund, known as the "American Librarian Fund," the income from which will be used to employ an American librarian in the 2nd AD Memorial Library in Norwich.

During the past year, the 392nd BGMA elected to establish school libraries at the Beeston School (age 6-11) and at the Litcham School (age 12-16). These schools serve



the Wendling area. Initial appropriations by the 392nd BGMA provide for shelves, display cabinets and certain books.

LEST WE FORGET: by Myron Keilman

The 392nd Bombardment Group fielded a football team in the Fall of 1944. The crusaders played seven games. They won two, tied three and lost two. The team was coached by Special Services Officer 1/Lt. Joe Siegfried, a former assistant to the famous Alonzo Stagg of the College of the Pacific. Joe also played as a running back. Captain Dick Couch, center and team captain, played every minute of every game. There were 31 392nd men on the squad, rankings from PFC to Captain. A football banquet for the squad was held on 6 Dec. 44. Motion pictures "Football Highlights" were shown. Joe Siegfried died in June 1989, a retired Colonel in the Air Force Reserve.

2nd ADA Amateur Radio Net

Submitted by Bob Jordan

The 2nd Air Division Association Ham Net is actively moving along with on-the-air meetings each Tuesday morning on 40 meters and then on 15 meters. This gives most of us a chance to talk directly to each other on at least one of the frequencies regardless of our distances and skip distances apart.

We have about 12-15 on the air each week. The format is informal "barnyard," that is, each participant talks in sequence with Ed Schwarm, Bill Holmes, or anyone else who is available acting as net control. Separate one-on-one QSOs are often held after the scheduled net. We welcome all 2nd ADAers as well as friends of the 2nd ADA. The conversations cover everything from the schedule of the All American, to antennas for 40 meters, to plans for the next reunion.

The high spot of this season was the 2nd ADA reunion in Norwich, and especially the great ham net dinner arranged by Bill Holmes and his wife Shelagh. Ten of the net regulars were there, many with XYLS, making a total of 17. It was great having eyeball QSOs with the gang and their XYLS. Thanks, Bill and Shelagh, for that super party.



2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Operators at Norwich Hotel, July 25, 1990. Front row (l-r): Dan Boyle, 389th; Ed Schwarm, 44th; Earl Zimmerman, 389th; Bob Jordan, 453rd; Pat Burns, 392nd. Back row (l-r): John O'Grady, 93rd; Charlie Weiss, 93rd; Bill Holmes, UK Net Control; Cal Davidson, 93rd; Art Hand, 44th.

For more information on joining the 2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Net, please contact: Edward G. Schwarm, 251 Regency Drive, Marstons Mills, MA 02648. Tel. (508) 428-0556.

8th Air Force Tour Diary

Submitted by Warren Boerner
Records & Comments by Ed Appleman

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1944

First mission over Pas de Calais. Target was the rocket site just outside of Calais. Encountered flak over target and on coast just before we started back. We caught about 15 or 20 bursts around us but the rest of the formation behind us caught the most of it. Flak pierced a fuel cell in our right wing, put a hole right under the navigator and one through the nose wheel door. 3 hours, 30 minutes. Fifty-two 100# bombs.

MONDAY, MAY 1

Mission No. 2. We were scheduled to go to a point called St. Pol, just a short distance past Calais which was the MPI of our first raid. However, the formation got screwed up because of a very costly experiment tried this morning, and our wave of six planes which was to have gone over the target second had to turn back just over the coast of France because of poor visibility. We did not drop our bombs and did not receive any flak. It has not been definitely determined whether or not we are to get credit for this mission. While we were waiting to take off, Lts. Rueckert and Schreiner buckled a landing gear, cracked up and burned. Five men got it, including Lt. Garner, the navigator, but the others were killed by the flames, gas and bomb explosions. I hope I don't see any more like that. 3 hours.

SATURDAY, MAY 6

Mission No. 2. The last one did not count. We raided Syrocuse, a small place just southeast of St. Pol, France. Bombing was by P.F.F. through an overcast and the results could not be seen. We carried eight 1000 lb. G.P.'s. This was the first mission for some time in which no fighters and no flak was seen. Construction works was the target. 4 hours, 30 minutes.

SUNDAY, MAY 7

Mission No. 3. We were on a wholesale raid today, practically all of Germany being hit by different groups. Our target was Munster, Germany and bombing again was by P.F.F. through 10/10 overcast. About 200 planes were in the formation. No fighters were seen, but flak was terrifically heavy although not too accurate. Navigational error took us across one end of "Happy Valley" where flak was heaviest. Very little damage resulted. Troisi recieved small frostbite blister on ear and Blier almost received the same on feet and legs when part of his suit went out. I wasn't any too warm myself and had to continually move my hands and feet to keep up the circulation. 27 to go. 4 hours, 40 minutes.

MONDAY, MAY 8

Mission No. 4. Lots of excitement today. It began when we took off and saw a B-24 explode and burn at a nearby field. We raided an airdrome just outside of Brunswick, Germany carrying fifty-two 100 lb. incen-



Crew of "Duration Baby." Top (l-r): Joe Troisi, left waist; Joe Blier, tail; Ed "Cotton" Appleman, nose; Warren Boerner, right waist; Sam Gotwalt, radio; C.D. Reed, engineer. Bottom (l-r): Lu Lawler, bombardier; Larry Dawson, navigator; C.D. "Kit" Kittridge, co-pilot; Ross Baker, pilot.

diary bombs, P.F.F. We saw plenty of flak and plenty of fighters, ME 109s and FW 190s, but were not hit by flak and did not have a fighter attack, although the formation behind us was attacked and Blier saw two fighters burn. Boerner and Troisi saw two fighters go down out of control and Kit and I saw a 190 go down just to our right. We had fighter cover of P-51s, P-47s and P-38s. We flew our own new ship today on its first mission. It's really a nice ship. When we were coming back we saw a B-17 ditch in the channel and over our own field a crew, with the exception of one gunner, bailed out of a B-24. The gunner was injured and couldn't get out so rode it down. It crashed and burned, but before it caught fire, the gunner walked away from it. Lucky boy! We're alerted again tomorrow, this will be 4 in 4 days. 26 to go. 5 hours, 30 minutes.

TUESDAY, MAY 9

Mission No. 5. We raided Liege, Belgium, an important rail yard for the Germany supply line, and blew it all to hell. We carried eight 1000 lb. G.P.'s and bombed visually with good visibility. Flak was encountered at Lille on the way in, over the target and at Antwerp on the way out. It was fairly heavy but we received no damage. No enemy fighters. Escort was P-47s and P-51s, about 30 of them. One B-24 ahead of us was set on fire by flak over the target and the crew of nine bailed out. It went down in flames, spinning at first and then falling end over end into an orchard. Another crew of eight was seen to bail out but we didn't see the ship go down. One

B-24 followed us as far as the French coast on engines 1 & 3, then we lost sight of it. Another was seen to ditch in the channel and its position was given to air-sea rescue. 25 to go. 4 hours, 30 minutes.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

(Scrubbed over England.)

THURSDAY, MAY 11

Mission No. 6, air medal mission. We went to Mulhouse, France, just above the Swiss border, to bomb out a marshalling yard and roundhouse. We encountered flak going in to the target and pretty heavy over the target. We ran into fighters on the way in and a P-47 shot down an FW-190 just ahead of us. Fighter cover was good, over and back. The target was hit pretty hard. No damage to the ship. 24 to go. 8 hours, 30 minutes.

FRIDAY, MAY 12

Mission No. 7. We raided the oil refinery near Leipzig. This one was pretty rough. We had flak in two places on the way to the target and fighters also, which our escort took care of. The bomb run was really rough, about 100 guns which really threw up the flak. One shell burst right under my turret and I thought I was shot in the ass. We saw one B-24 go down in flames before we reached the I.P. and saw several "scarecrow" rockets. Several of the targets were refineries near ours and we really saw some lovely fires. On the way back our fighter escort left us for about 20 or 30 minutes and we got hit by two JU-88s. We

(continued on page 21)

Tour Diary (continued from page 20)

had two stragglers behind us; one of them was blown up and the other chased down on the deck. Two engines started cutting out on us and we started falling back for the 88s. They caught us again though and we pulled back into formation, P-38s picked us up then and we had escort from there on in. We had a flak hole in the left wing de-icer and one through the co-pilot's window. 23 to go. 7 hours, 30 minutes.

FRIDAY, MAY 19

Mission No. 8. We raided Brunswick and baby, it was really rough this time. We carried eight 1000 lb. bombs. Flak was moderate at four different places on the way in and there were 160 guns at the target that really raised hell. Our M.P.I. was an airport just outside of Brunswick and the cloud covering prevented our seeing the target on the first run. We did two 360° circles over Brunswick with flak popping around us all the time and the third time across we dropped on Brunswick itself. The other half of the group dropped on the airfield and both targets were very well plastered. We had fighter attacks all the way in and out from the target 30-45 minutes. They were en masse head-on attacks of 60-70 109s and the only time they attacked us directly was just before the target. Mostly their attacks on us were just spray and then hit someone else. When they attacked us my left gun jammed but I got in bursts at three with my right gun. Sam and Reed were looking out the bomb bay and said the last one was smoking as he went by. We got flak holes in tail and wing. A P-47 blew up just behind us and Blier saw two B-24s go down and only saw one chute open. Baker and I saw one go down in flames but couldn't tell what it was. 22 to go. 6 hours, 30 minutes.

TUESDAY, MAY 23

Mission No. 9. We raided the airdrome at Orlean, France carrying twelve 500 lb. bombs and hit dispersal areas, hangars and ammunition dumps. The group just ahead of us hit the ammunition dump on the far side of the field and things were really popping when we got there. Our bombs hit on M.P.I. which was hangars and workshops at the edge of the field. Flak was encountered going into target but was light to moderate. No enemy fighters were seen. One B-24 went down to our right. The tail just broke off and he went straight down and exploded. We saw no one get out. Ho Hum! Very dull. Dawson rode nose turret for Reily - leader. 21 to go. 6 hours.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24

Mission No. 10. We raided Creil Airdrome, carrying eight 1000 lb. bombs. Flak was encountered almost all the way in and out and over the primary target, which was just on the edge of Paris, it was intense. Two of the planes in the front of our formation screwed up the works when they dropped far short of the primary and six others including us dropped on them. The rest of the planes didn't drop but turned off and hit

the secondary, which was Creil. The primary and secondary were both well hit, buildings destroyed and large fires started. On the way back just off the French coast a P-47 was hit by flak and exploded but the pilot got out OK. Fighter support was very poor until just before we left the coast coming back. Conditions were ideal for fighter attacks but none were seen. 20 to go. 5 hrs.

SUNDAY, MAY 28

Mission No. 11. We raided a chemical plant about four miles out of Meresburg, Germany, near the Polish border, carrying 12 x 500 lb. The plant produced a great deal of synthetic oil and one-third of Germany's ammonia and was hit at the request of the Russian government. Flak was pretty heavy all the way in and out. One B-24 went down over Dummor Lake in slow wide circles and burned. We only saw three chutes come out. Another one ditched about two miles off the French coast and all the men got out. The target was hit hard and was obscured up to 10,000 ft. by black smoke and fire. Fighter cover was excellent and no fighters hit us. 19 to go. 7 hours, 15 min.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31

Mission No. 12. What a deal! We were briefed to hit an aero-engine plant at Metz, France. We got into France about 50 miles and weather didn't permit our bombing so we turned around and came back. One section got hit by fighters and one section by flak, but we didn't see either one of them. We received credit for the mission which makes twelve, our first Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal. We can stand a lot of these. Led No. 2 element, 1st Section. 18 to go. 3 hours, 30 minutes.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3

Mission No. 12 B (13). We raided infantry and artillery implacements just outside of Le Treport, France. We carried 12 x 500 lb. and bombed without seeing any fighters and practically no flak. We were flying lead in the second element and hit the smoke bombs from the bomb bay of the lead ship. They contain an acid mixture and filled the inside of the ship with smoke and covered my turret, Dean's and the pilot's windows so that they had to leave formation and fly back with their heads out the windows. Boerner got scared, thought the ship was on fire and was almost ready to jump. Coming in for the landing he was sitting on a box at the waist window asleep and when Kit dumped full flaps for the landing, it threw Boerner forward and he hit his head on the ball turret platform, knocked him colder than a frozen turkey. Blier and I picked him up and shook him, he came out of it but didn't know what had happened. These are OK but I'm afraid if we keep going on short ones, they'll raise the number again. 17 to go. 4 hours.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6 (D-DAY)

Mission No. 14 and the day that everyone has been waiting for. They ran four missions today but we didn't have to go on but one of them. We carried 12 x 500 lb. and hit bridges near Caen, France where the boys

were making their landing. The channel was full of Allied boats of all kinds and we could see them just off the French coast making their landings. They had good fighter cover and we had none, but I imagine they needed it. We saw no flak and no fighters. Made two runs on the target and still didn't get our bombs away, but everyone else did. For some reason we didn't get our bomb bay open in time. I hope those boys on the ground had it as easy as we did. Dawson flew night mission with Devon before Baker's morning mission. 16 to go. 6 hours, 35 minutes.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8

Mission No. 15. Our primary target was Lavelle airfield and we carried 123 x 20 lb. fragmentation bombs. Our target was covered by clouds and we spent about two hours circling around over France just as if it were a bombing range, looking for a target. We hit the dock installations at Granville and the bombs were right on the nose. As we started back across the Channel, fighters hit a group of B-24s behind us but never did get up to us. All ships except ours and one other ran short of gas and landed in Southern England. We caught flak going into the French coast and very light flak over the target. All we got was one small hole in the left wing. 15 to go. 8 hrs.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20

Mission No. 16. We raided Autheas, France which is one of the spots where the Germans have been launching their pilotless planes. It was our first P.F.F. mission with the 389th and we flew deputy lead. We carried 10 x 100 lb. and two smoke bombs. The target was pretty well hit as well as we could tell and no ships were lost. There wasn't a great deal of flak but it was damned accurate and we picked up a couple of holes, one through Lawler's window. Capt. Pritchard pulled a good one flying No. 3 position just as "Bake" took over the lead. 14 to go. 4 hours. 389th D.L. (wing)

THURSDAY, JULY 6

Mission No. 17. We raided Kiel, Germany, where the Germans are putting together subs in assembly line method. We carried 2 x 500 lb. bombs and 2 smoke bombs. We flew deputy lead and were routed out over the North Sea and across part of Denmark. Flak was pretty heavy and fairly accurate but we didn't see any fighter opposition. We couldn't see the results as there was a slight cloud cover. Nothing of any importance happened. Fighter cover was P-51s. 13 to go. 6 hrs, 55 min. 491st D.L. (wing)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12

Mission No. 18, second Oak Leaf Cluster. We carried 2 x 500 lb. and 2 smoke bombs. Our target was the city of Munich, Germany, and the entire 8th Air Force was assigned to it. This was the second day for the same target. Yesterday Cox's crew in our barracks went down on a mission to Munich. Very little flak was seen going in or coming out but over the target itself, flak was intense. No fighters were encountered

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Tour Diary (continued from page 21)

and no ships were lost from our formation. 12 to go. 8 hrs, 45 min. 491st D.L. (wing)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19

Mission No. 19. We carried 2 x 500 lb. G.P.'s and two smoke bombs. Our target was the railroad marshalling yard at Strasburg on the Southern French-German border. Nothing unusual happened except that we took over the lead at the I.P. and had a perfect bomb run until a group from the 445th crowded us off and it threw Lawler's bombs off to the left. Flak was moderate over the target and no ships were lost. Division lead on bomb run. 11 to go. 6 hours, 20 minutes. 446th W.L.

THURSDAY, JULY 20

Mission No. 20. We carried 2 x 500 lb. G.P.'s and two smoke bombs. We were leading the 93rd and our target was an aero-engine plant near Gotha, Germany. Flak was pretty light going into the target and over the target there was no flak. After we left the target area, we lost No. 1 engine, turned lead over to the deputy lead and straggled back by ourselves. This was the first time in 8 months we had to feather an engine. Lawler really hit the target on the nose today, the bombs completely covered the M.P.I. No ships were lost from our formation. 10 to go. 6 hrs, 50 min. 93rd W.L.

FRIDAY, JULY 21

Mission No. 21. We carried the usual P.F.F. bomb load and our target was Munich. We led the 93rd. At Scarbrucken most of the groups turned back but ours and the 448th went on through solid soup. Flak was intense and a lot of our ships were shot up. The formation was split up after bombs away but got together again. Then we hit 80 miles of solid fog and when we came out of it, only our two wing men were still with us. We didn't pick up the rest of them until we were almost back into France. Our fighter support was good and no enemy fighters were seen. Two ships went into Switzerland and two crash-landed in Southern England. We had 25 holes in the plane. Blier bruised. 9 to go. 7 hours, 45 minutes. 93rd W.L.

SATURDAY, JULY 29

Mission No. 22. We carried the usual P.F.F. bomb load and raided Bremen, Germany, second largest city in the Reich. The trip was almost entirely over water and was uneventful except that it was pretty cool. Flak at the target was very intense but not too accurate. Cloud cover was 10/10 and we bombed P.F.F. Mickey and Lawler said we had a good run so the results should have been pretty good. We led the 93rd; Bertelson was deputy lead and flew right on top of us. Escort was good (P-51s) and no fighters were encountered. 8 to go. 6 hours, 15 minutes. 93rd W.L.

MONDAY, JULY 31

Mission No. 23. The usual bomb load and our target was Ludwigshaven, Germany. A chemical plant which Lawler hit by taking



PFF Crew. Top (l-r): Larry Dawson, navigator; Lu Lawler, bombardier; C.D. "Kitt" Kitt-ridge, co-pilot; Ross Baker, pilot; Lewis Smith, Dead Rec. Navigator; John Conlin, Mickey Operator. **Bottom (l-r):** Sam Gotwalt, radio; Warren Boerner, right waist; Joe Blier, tail; C.D. Reed, engineer; Ed "Cotton" Appleman, nose; Joe Troisi, left waist.

over at the last minute from Mickey, (break in clouds). Flak was intense and accurate. It was really rough and Sam and Joe had narrow escapes. A large piece came right by Sam's head, in one side and out the other. Another large piece hit right under Joe and tore a big jagged hole in the bottom of the ship. We caught several pieces in the engines, wings, etc. but they didn't hurt much. We were leading the 93rd and the 2nd Div. Capt. Lamb's crew didn't come back, but all got out safely. Several ships and men were shot up, including Bertelson. 7 to go. 6 hrs, 45 min. 93rd Div. L.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

Mission No. 24. We carried 10 incendiary bombs and raided the airfield at Rastack, Germany. Our V.H.F. burned up after take-off and we had to come back in and replace it. We went in over the North Sea, passed just north of the target and turned right around and made our bomb run. Lawler scored another bullseye, he couldn't see our M.P.I. because it had already been hit, but he picked some shops and hit them on the nose. Flak over the target was mediocre and not very accurate. Fighter cover was good but we didn't see any Jerries. Some formation in front of us got hit by them. We had no losses from our formation. 6 to go. 7 hours. 93rd W.L.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

Mission No. 25. We carried 2 x 500 lb. bombs and hit Kiel, Germany again, this time it was a trifle rough. We had a Colonel riding with us who screwed up the works from start to finish. Flak was intense and accurate. We got hit pretty hard just before bombs away; Dawson got a chunk through his left hand. A piece hit me on the left foot, a piece went into the ammunition can and a piece came through the turret dome. We picked up holes in the wings, fuselage and tail. Today, out of 23 ships, we only had 4 ready to fly. A waist gunner was car-

ried out of his ship just ahead of Dawson and died on the way to the hospital. The whole group was pretty well shot up. Dawson won't be with us for about 6 weeks as his hand and arm will be in a cast that long. Fighter cover was good and we didn't see any fighters. We didn't see any planes go down, but lost part of the formation over the target and never did pick it all up again. Anguish landed in Southern England with his hydraulic system shot away. 5 to go. 6 hrs, 40 min. 446th W.L.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15

Mission No. 26. We raided Wittenhauffen airfield, about 30 miles from Bremen, Germany. We carried the usual P.F.F. bomb load and led the 93rd. We were briefed for intense and accurate flak and went out over the North Sea and then back into the target. On the way across we had to release a smoke bomb which started going off in the bomb bay. Bombing was visual except for a cloud right over the target which interfered with Lawler's synchronization point, but he hit the side of the target anyway. We had a pleasant disappointment in that there was no flak. The formation directly ahead of us lost 4 planes from fighters but we weren't hit by them, although I thought I saw a couple playing around out in front of us. We didn't lose any from our formation. 4 to go. 4 hours, 45 minutes. 93rd W.L.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

Mission No. 27. We were assigned an aero-engine factory between Rostock and Hannover last night and this morning when we got to briefing, the target had been changed to Berlin. We took off at 10:30 and got as far as Helgoland when we met the B-17s coming back out because of bad weather over Germany. We did 360s over Helgoland and up as far as the Island of Silt waiting for a decision as to whether to go on to Berlin, and were finally recalled.

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We drew flak over both places and received credit for the mission without dropping bombs. "Smitty" finished up on this one. 3 to go. 5 hours, 35 minutes. 93rd W.L.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Mission No. 28. We were awakened at 2:45 a.m., ate breakfast here and then went by truck to the 489th where we picked up a P.F.F. ship. Our target was the oil refinery at Heide, Germany, and there was no flak over the target. Bombing was visual with just enough clouds to interfere with picking up the target and we didn't drop the first time over. The two groups behind us dropped and missed and we made a second run. Lawler hit the target right on the nose. We landed at Halesworth, came back by truck. 2 to go. 5 hours, 50 minutes. 93rd W.L.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Mission No. 29. We hit the city of Kassel, Germany, and our target was factories in the city. We bombed P.F.F. and the results are not yet known. The whole 8th Air Force had this same target and we led the 2nd Division. Flak was pretty heavy over the target, but it was barrage type and not too accurate. We also drew flak at the Rhine and at the I.P. The bomb run was slightly messed up when the 446th forged in ahead of us over the target and forced us off to the left. We didn't lose any planes or men in our group. 1 to go. 7 hours. 93rd Div. L.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Mission No. 30. We went back to Kassel, Germany again and were leading the 93rd. Flak was light going in but pretty rough over the target. However, it wasn't too accurate and we weren't hit. Fighter cover was very good and no enemy planes hit us, but there were plenty in the area. The 445th which was following us was hit by about 150 fighters and lost 28 of the 34 planes they had. The 6 planes which came back had 20 dead men aboard, so today an order came out to use 10 man crews again and a full ammunition load instead of the 150 x 200 rds per gun that we have been carrying. We lost no planes and had no casualties — lucky kids. **That's all bub, there ain't no more.** 6 hours, 30 minutes. 93rd Grp. Ld.

8th Annual Midwest Region Reunion

The 8th Annual Midwest Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association will be held at Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri, **September 3, 4, 5, 1991** (Sept. 3 early arrival for golfers). More information and registration material can be had by calling:

Marty Borrok
Toll Free 1-800-253-5028

The 8th Air Force Heritage Center

by Barkev A. Hovsepien

Now, with most of us in our twilight years, it is time for our energies to be directed towards promoting The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center. We are approaching the day when ground will be broken for the memorial to the courage, valor, and dedication of those 8th AFers who have since carried on a great legacy. The Eighth Air Force became the greatest air armada of any country in any war, and will not likely ever be duplicated. This proud organization continues to function in active service today with its units having served in every conflict the United States has faced since World War II. Without a doubt it remains the most powerful air striking force in the world.

The need exists to recognize for all time the remarkable achievements of this organization and its people. It is now time for a permanent place in the United States for the 8th Air Force people. (There are many memorials and museums dedicated to the 8th Air Force in the U.S., as well as Duxford American Museum and the Second Air Division Memorial Library in England. These are all fine but, recognize a partial form of the traditions and deeds of The Mighty 8th.)

Here are some of the features planned for the Heritage Center:

- Display historical items and memorabilia and establish its own memorials
- Consolidate the historical records and documents of all 8th AF units by use of laser and computer imaging technology
- Provide a research center for historians and their families to learn about the activities of their loved ones
- Describe in an exciting fashion the story of the 8th Air Force through a state-of-the-art audio visual presentation.
- Most importantly, provide an educational experience for all people...not the story of war, but of men and women dedicated to their nation and opportunities that exist for the younger people today.
- Provide a national treasure attraction and a visitor tourist destination.

Savannah is the birthplace of the Eighth Air Force and that is why the Heritage Foundation was established to locate the Heritage Center entrance just off the heavily traveled I-95 that extends from New England to the vacation lands of Florida. It has been estimated that over half of the 8th Air Force veterans and their families live within proximity of I-95 corridor between the Northeast and Southeast United States. One million vacationing vehicles will pass this point each month. The people of Savannah are committed to this project and are providing the twenty acres for the home of the 8th AF by a long term, minimum cost lease.

Education is the cornerstone of the living Heritage Center. Young Americans in their formative years need to be convinced that they do have control of their future. The

planners hope to motivate the youngsters by example and hands-on experience; and additionally, to become productive and positive in pursuing a lifestyle that is interesting and rewarding. They will also endeavor to instill a sense of pride and interest in America by teaching the theory of flight, history of flight, air pioneer recognition, modeling and vintage aircraft. This educational program is not designed in any way to glorify war or to dramatize the 8th Air Force.

Starting with the 500 book collection donated by John H. Woolnough (466th BG) in early 1990, the 8AFMMF (8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation) has begun to collect as many WWII books as possible, especially those books published during and after 1990. The original collection includes about 180 books on the 8th Air Force. This collection is destined to be placed in The Mighty Eighth Heritage Center in Savannah when it is equipped and staffed to maintain a library. In the interim, book donations may be made to 8AF Book Collection, c/o Sherman Small, 347 Wildwood Drive, Orange, CT 06477.

The Heritage Center facility will include a Great Room for audio visual presentation of the dramatic air operations of the 8th Air Force in World War II. There will be displays of various units from the 8th US Army Air Forces. Recognition of individuals and units with plaques and citations will be shown. The library and historical archives will be available for serious researchers and for family use. A real WWII (English design) replica of a control tower will be equipped to be an operational facility. Aircraft that are historic will be donated by the Air Force for display. A gift shop and theater will show WWII and up-to-date films and videos.

Most of the funds will come from those individuals who served in the 8th Air Force. They are a nationwide group of veterans who are looking forward to this project. Many of them are part of organized groups that meet each year in reunion, although there are thousands who have had no contact with the 8th Air Force Historical Society, Second Air Division Association or Groups since leaving the service. Other sources of funds are expected to come from industrial leaders, companies, other veterans organizations and the general public. Certain foundations have an interest in worthy educational projects and patriotic ventures. After construction, continued maintenance funding will be required. Income will be from the Foundation, the Gift Shop, Endowments, Members and Friends.

Plans are being formulated to provide extensive recognition for donors from as little as \$25.00 in a Donor Recognition Book that can be viewed by all, to a Recognition Wall with appropriately sized plaques based on the size of the contribution. There will be a provision for the naming of rooms or a special gallery or exhibit based on those who make extraordinary contributions.



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

by Hap Chandler

SECOND AIR DIVISION MEMBERSHIP

The 491st has recruited 126 new members in 1990. Although this was our best recruiting year recently, we are still 190 short of our goal of 600 members. Our latest Second ADA roster contains 454 names; 37 of this number are officially credited to other groups in which they served prior to joining the Ringmasters. Be sure you list first the group with which you prefer affiliation.

SECOND AIR DIVISION DUES

You will have received a dues notice for 1991 by the time you read this. Please remit promptly, as we lost seventeen of our members due to non-payment in 1989. If you have a financial hardship, a short note to Evelyn will continue you on the rolls.

DEARBORN REUNION

We look forward to being the guest of our "Michiganders" in Dearborn in coordination with the Second Air Division Reunion, July 3-7, 1991. George Risko, Louis Bur and Ralph Cox are planning a rousing day for us prior to the Second ADA reunion, right on!

FOLDED WINGS

Dwight Turner, who brought his grandson and six members of his crew to our Dayton reunion, died in his Columbus, Ga. home on November 6th. Dwight worked in squadron and group operations after completing his combat tour. Those attending the Hilton Head reunion will remember the memorabilia display of Dwight's grandson, Mark Turner. We will miss Dwight along with his family and crew.

PROFILE:

RALPH SAUNDERS, SUPER RINGMASTER

Major General Ralph S. Saunders has commanded the Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service since July 1, 1974.

General Saunders was born in Roanoke, Virginia on June 24, 1922. He enlisted in the Virginia National Guard in 1939, graduated from Aviation Cadet Training in 1943, and was commissioned in 1944.

During World War II General Saunders flew 35 combat missions as a flight officer in B-24s with the 491 Bombardment Group, England. During the Korean War, he flew 70 combat C-119 missions while TDY from Sewart AFB, Tennessee. He also commanded a squadron in the Sewart 314 Troop Carrier Wing until 1955.

General Saunders served in Europe from 1956 to 1959, participating in the Lebanon Crisis Airlift in 1958; then was assigned to



Front row (l-r): Nelson W. Pascoe, gunner; Lawrence Niebauer, engineer; James Christian, gunner; Dean M. Sorrell, gunner; Lawrence W. Japs, gunner. Back row (l-r): Capt. Irving F. Joseph, pilot; F/O Ralph S. Saunders, co-pilot; 2nd Lt. Arthur G. Opp, Jr., navigator; F/O Dominic J. Notte, bombardier.

HQ USAF in the Directorate of Operations until 1962.

From 1962 through 1966 he served as Director of Combat Operations, Det 1, 315 Air Division and then commander, 817 Troop Carrier Squadron. He later commanded the 6002 Standardization and Evaluation Group, Okinawa. He logged 278 Southeast Asia combat missions in the C-123 and the C-130.

Completing National War College in 1967, he became Deputy Commander for Operations, 436 Military Airlift Wing. He

commanded the Airlift Control Element for the 400 C-141 mission "Eagle Thrust," deploying the 101 Airborne Division to Bien Hoa. In 1968 he was reassigned to HQ Military Aircraft Command as Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations.

In 1970, as Commander, 9 Weather Reconnaissance Wing, he qualified in the B-57F, flying at more than 50,000 feet. From 1971 to July 1974, he was the Commander of the 60 MAW and then the Vice Commander of the 22 Air Force. Next he was assigned to Scott AFB as Commander, Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service. He was the first ARRS commander to participate in a "combat pickup." General Saunders was credited with saving an F-100 pilot's life following an actual aircraft crash during a Red Flag exercise.

He is a command pilot with more than 11,000 flying hours. His military awards and decorations include the Legion of Merit with 1 oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal with 12 oak leaf clusters, Air Force Commendation Medal with 2 oak leaf clusters, Army Commendation Medal with 1 oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Unit Citation, Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with 2 oak leaf clusters, and the Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation.

General Saunders was promoted to the grade of major general on April 24, 1974, with date of rank July 1, 1971.

He is married to the former Dorris Jean Peeler of Levelland, Texas. They have two sons, Ralph Scott, Jr. and James Lawrence; and a daughter, Janice Gayle.



Major General Ralph S. Saunders



by Bob Salzarulo

THE WAR IS OVER! We should congratulate ALL of our Allied Military Forces, but especially, our very own U.S. Military: the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, Reserves and National Guard. The personnel assigned these Forces performed with courage, honor and professionalism. To single out any one individual for praise would do an injustice to all who participated in the "mother of wars." However, I would be remiss if I didn't give accolades to the brilliant leadership of President Bush who brought the Congress together, formed the coalition of nations, forged the objectives, and kept the unity despite pressures from within as well as outside sources. Also, it is impossible to find enough superlatives to describe the strategy devised and the execution thereof by the Allied Command. Unfortunately, the toughest part of this conflict is yet to be addressed. Hopefully, the United Nations will reassert itself for the purpose for which it was intended, the prevention of aggression and the establishment of international law.

I would hope that the people and the Congress place the Persian Gulf episode in the proper context in future budget considerations. It's the best insurance one can buy.

B-24 Holds the Record

A couple of teenagers were talking recently about an "old fashioned" fighter plane they had seen. A veteran flier, eavesdropping on the conversation, assumed they were discussing an early biplane until they identified the ship — as an F-4.

The old timer figured the kids must have gotten hold of the information that several hundred Lockheed P-38s, converted to reconnaissance use, carried that designation in WWII. But no, they really meant the relatively modern Phantom.

The incident underscores the compressed lifespan of some aircraft. The F-4 did, indeed, have its origins in the 1950s, the A model entering Navy service before either of the lads in question were born.

But consider some of the other "old timers" which pre-dated it and still manage to get airborne from time to time.

The classic, of course, is the Gooney Bird. Born in 1935 as the commercial DC-3, some pilots claim it remains the most airworthy ship ever to fly. Nobody seems to know how many copies still are in use, but there's a good chance some still will be flying when aviation is 100 years old.

The durable P-51 of WWII is another exception to the rule of planned obsolescence. North America began designing it in 1940, it continued to fly during the Korean War and aerobatic pilots still prize it for show work.

For length of military service, of course, the B-52 probably holds some sort of record. Conceived in the latter days of WWII, the Stratofortress entered SAC service in 1955 and remains AF's basic workhorse bomber. The trick is to find a B-52 which hasn't been rebuilt several times since it entered the inventory.

In terms of numbers produced, however, the B-52 hardly makes a dent in the record of the B-24 of WWII. Although the Liberator was in production less than five years, it was produced in more copies than any other American aircraft. A total of 18,188 were built vs a mere 12,677 for the rival B-17. The B-17 lasted a bit longer, but when SAC was born in 1946, only a few hundred remained and these were phased out quickly.

If you're shook by hearing kids refer to the "ancient" F-4, wait until some youngster wonders what ever became of the old F-15. It's all relative.

Veteran Recalls German Air Battle at Monument Dedication

Reprinted in part from an article by Herb Moering of Wisconsin's *Walworth County Week*, November 11, 1990

Veteran's Day may be a bit more special for Ray Pytel, a former WWII airman who took part this summer in a memorial dedication to one of the fiercest air battles in history over Bad Hersfeld, Germany. The former co-pilot in the 445th Bomb Group of the U.S. 8th Air Force called it, "Just One More Mission - Germany!"

Date: July 31, 1990. Target: Bad Hersfeld, Germany. Purpose: To consolidate friendship in the dedication of a memorial for the airmen who gave their lives Sept. 27, 1944 on the Kassel Mission.

The dedication commemorated the 10-minute dogfight of 46 years ago, in what was the costliest engagement in American air history. Sixty planes were destroyed, resulting in death for 118 Americans and 25 Germans, seven of them civilians in a hospital destroyed by the debris of a German fighter. Pytel was among 21 Americans from the ill-fated Kassel Mission attending the ceremony, where they met four of the seven living German fighter pilots who attacked the 35 Liberator bombers that had strayed away from the Kassel rail yards target and crucial fighter cover.

In recollecting the air battle of long ago, Pytel said, "We were five miles up and no place to hide." Deep in Germany they found themselves attacked by wave after wave of specially equipped Focke-Wolfe 190s and Messerschmidt 109s, led by one of the Luftwaffe's most illustrious generals, Adolph "Dolfo" Galland.

"Within three minutes, 25 B-24s went down and five more were crippled so badly that they crashed on the way home to England," Pytel recounted. "Of the estimated 150 German fighters, 29 were shot down, including the one flown by Gen. Galland."

Pytel was one of nine men on his B-24 which dropped their bombs on an alternative target and headed home. In the attack, he said, "You could see planes all over the sky, limping, dropping out of formation with parachutes all over." [Another crew member] said it all seemed to be in slow motion. "I saw one plane with its wing shot off and the wing fell on another B-24, knocking it out of the sky." The flier related he could see planes crashing into the ground, or limping on two or three engines, or on fire.

Of the remaining 10 Liberators, only four returned to home base. Two crashed in France, one in Belgium, and one in England. Two of the Libs made emergency landings at a field near Dover. For Pytel, his plane was given an immediate OK to land, which meant no one else had arrived ahead of them. There was no one except the four planes. Pytel reports that their ship suffered no casualties, but the other three carried 13 dead. Besides those killed, Pytel said another 121 American airmen were captured, many by civilians who took out some of their suffering on their prisoners.

But among the flyers a certain camaraderie developed during the air war, which seemed to carry over to when the former enemies met again on the borders of Germany. Deep in the Hesse State Forest, a beautiful monument comprised of three huge Norwegian granite stones stands. Each contains a bronze plaque listing all 136 American and German airmen who died and the circumstances of the battle. It was donations from surviving American flyers that covered half the cost of the monument and paid for the plaques.

About 500 people gathered to dedicate the memorial. Pytel calls this his personal "Mission beyond Armistice," a gesture of permanent peace, goodwill and friendship between the German and American people. The monuments were unveiled with great humility and reverence, following beautiful and moving music by the Men's Choir of Friedlos, Germany and the German Air Force Band from Muenster, plus speeches by the Burgermeister, local politicians and the German and American airmen. Four combat veterans from both sides who survived the Kassel Mission uncovered the monuments as a German Air Force trumpeter played "Taps." Wreaths were laid by the German Fighter Group West and by three American next-of-kin whose fathers and brothers were killed in the battle. Then at the deeply emotional moment, the former enemies and survivors of the battle shook hands, formed a circle of friendship and raised their joined hands to the sky.

In his debriefing report, Pytel said: "The mission was a total success. All targets hit as planned." A rededication of the memorial has been suggested for Sept. 27, 1992, the 50th anniversary of the air battle.

An "Easy" Mission?

by Frank Kyle

February 9, 1945... that was a day the men of Old Buckenham would just as soon forget. It was the 213th mission for the Group. The target was supposed to be the oil plant at Rothensee, but it was "socked in" by clouds, so the railroad marshalling yards at Magdeburg were bombed instead. No fighters were reported, and flak was described as "light."

As the 453rd headed back to "Old Buck" the usual groups of ground crew took their places along the flight line "to sweat the planes in."

"Here they come!" (Funny, you could always hear them, first.) All eyes turned upward to see the formation roar over the control tower and peel off to start the landing pattern.

"Yeah, those are our guys." (There's that familiar white diagonal on black.)

"Did somebody get a count?"

"Any red flares? No? Good! What's the count?"



"Thirty four! I counted thirty four over head just now. Thirty five went out this morning and I didn't hear of any aborts."

"So who's missing?"

"Dunno! But we'll find out soon. Cap'n Long said a 732nd crew went into the Channel on the way back... heard it from Operations."

"Yeah? Who?"

"Dunno, I said!"

The first 453rd Lib touched down, followed closely by a second, third and fourth. Oh boy! He came in a little too close, and the pilot had to fight his plane to keep her steady, due to propwash. The next three B-24s landed one behind the other and taxied to their squadron areas.

"Jeez! Lookit these two... Ohmygod that lower plane's gonna get rammed! Pleasegodno!!! Awwwww #@!!!"

In full view of horrified ground crews, the two B-24s collided with a sickening crunch. The lower plane, piloted by Lt. Rollins, nosed down sharply, its vertical stabilizer torn away. The other Lib, piloted by Lt. Glass, struggled to stay airborne.

Boom! Rollins' plane smashed hard into the turf, agonizingly short of the runway. It burst into flames immediately as ground crews sprinted from all directions to rescue the crew. Fire trucks and ambulances



rushed up from the control tower to assist in pulling the crew from the wreck, despite the flames and exploding ammunition. Captain Long, 732nd Engineering Officer, arrived on the scene and directed rescue efforts. But, they were too late!

All eleven men aboard Lt. Rollins' plane had been killed in the crash. The quick reaction by the ground crews was to no avail. To make things even harder to take, Rollins' crew was on their last mission! They had completed their 35th mission on this day! They would have been rotated home.

It took all of Lt. Glass' strength to stay aloft as he circled the field to land his damaged plane.

To make matters even worse on this jinxed day, it was learned that a 732nd crew had indeed ditched in the North Sea. Lt. Johnson was the pilot. Three of his men drowned when their B-24 sank like a rock when it had to be ditched.

So, the "men of Old Buckenham" lost 14 good men on a day when they encountered "no fighters and little flak." Captain Long summed things up when he stood looking at the broken bodies of Lt. Rollins' crew laid out in a field, barely 500 yards from the main runway:

"Dammit! What rotten luck!!!"

An "easy" mission? No! There were no "easy" missions.



Radio "Operator"

by Joe Kroboth

There probably have been many times when members of a bomber crew wondered how the plane would be landed if both the pilot and co-pilot were unable to function. This condition almost came about for us on our 27th mission over Germany.

Our objective was to bomb a jet airfield outside of Essen. Flak was to be intensive. This turned out to be the case. A shell burst near our plane and a piece grazed the goggles of Lt. Clyde Christian, our pilot, causing particles to lodge in his eyes which restricted his vision in addition to being very painful. At the same time a piece entered the back shoulder of the co-pilot, Lt. Robert Kinnard. I, the radio operator, was gazing into a newly made hole in the panel inches in front of my nose.

Since it was my job to patch up the co-pilot's wound I asked several quick questions, but the pilot was having his difficulties and told me to use my best judgment. Sometimes through ignorance of the subject it is hard to make the right decision during an emergency.

The first question was whether to remove the co-pilot's electric suit to get at the wound or to cut a hole in it. In the first case it seemed too cold to expose him in the frigid atmosphere, and in the second case I wasn't sure whether or not I would start some fireworks by cutting into the suit.

I decided to cut into the suit and soon had an opening without incident. Then being all thumbs in the cold I made a bandage and taped it over the wound, using plenty of tape. In trying to talk to the co-pilot over the intercom all I could hear was some mumbling as he apparently was in shock. It seemed to me he was asking for morphine to ease his pain.

The pilot's eyes by now were in a very bad condition and some doubt was expressed as to how long his vision would hold out. Since I had heard that morphine could impair a person's judgment, I held back on it for the co-pilot in case he might be called on to land the plane (if he could).

As it turned out the pilot made a good landing and an ambulance immediately transported the officers to the hospital. That evening I went to the hospital and was told Lt. Christian's eyes were doing nicely but Lt. Kinnard had been sent to another hospital off the base. A medical officer came up and in a gruff voice asked me if I had bandaged up the co-pilot. Expecting the worst, I managed a weak "yes, sir." To my relief he said I had done a "good bandaging job." He then turned around and left the room before I could ask any questions.

I have never heard any more concerning Lt. Kinnard and have often wondered whether he considered me a "good guy" for doing a "good bandaging job" on him or thought of me as a "sadist" who wouldn't give him morphine to ease his pain on that long trip back to Hethel.



Dear Bill:

The recent visit of the "All American" Liberator to the state of South Carolina was received with great enthusiasm by many of those who spent much of their youth with the Liberator. A great time was had by all, especially during the extended wait for the plane to arrive in Columbia. As a result of bad weather, the plane was late: about 2 hours behind its ETA. However the time was not wasted, as an impromptu reunion happened. Most of us had never been to any of the 2ADA reunions or even knew anyone at the gathering. However, we were bonded by a common experience which was very evident. As a result, it has been suggested that we have a statewide meeting of all B-24 people each year. By limiting it to the state of SC (or any who choose to come) we hope it would bring out those of us who have not attended a national reunion because of time, distance or other circumstances.

I would like to ask that anyone interested in forming an organization of B-24 people in South Carolina for the purpose of having an annual reunion, contact me. I could also use suggestions or help in compiling a mailing list of B-24 people in SC.

Leo Pearson
1608 Chukker Creek Rd.
Aiken, SC 29803



Dear Bill:

I've just read the Fall 1990 issue of the 2ADA Journal and found it fascinating.

I have been trying to locate anyone who knew Henry Schreier, 98th Bomb Group, tail gunner on Snow White. Henry thought he was the only survivor of his plane after it and another B-24 collided coming off the target over Munich on September 12, 1944. Henry became a German POW and took part in the the forced Death March in the winter of 1945. He was liberated by the British Third Army. Henry died in 1986.

I am a member of the Confederate Air Force and active in the Oral History Program of that group. I wonder if there are any members of the 2AD who would like to become interviewers both at home and at the group reunions for the CAF. There are no costs involved, except a bit of postage. If anyone is interested, please write me.

I'll be glad to send further information to people interested in helping interview, or who want to grant interviews, for the CAF Library. We are interested in as many interviews as possible with men involved with airpower between 1939 and 1945.

Margaret Cawood
1419 Quamasia
McAllen, TX 78504



Dear Bill:

Even though this might be considered "old news," I think it is rather unique. At the 1988 Colorado Springs Reunion we were able to get our *entire living combat crew* together, even though they represented both coasts of the U.S.

At the Thursday Night Group Dinner, Frank DiMola asked who had 2 of their crew there, then 3, etc. We waited with great anticipation, then 8 of us stood up. It was a

great thrill and probably one of the top crew attendances. Enclosed is a photo of our crew in 1944, and one of us at the reunion in 1988. Lineup is the same; Ben Schlosser's picture is inserted as he was present at dinner but absent for photographing. The empty chair is for Willard Randolph (deceased).

Elmer M. Fischer
3510 Margo Lane
Willow Grove, PA 19090



Top row (l-r): Ben Schlosser, engineer and top turret gunner; Bernie Fishman, pilot; Bill Tierney, co-pilot; Roland Parrot, navigator; John Magee, bombardier (detached from our crew just before leaving for overseas);

Hobart Bowlby, nose gunner. Bottom row (l-r): Marvin Sawyer, radio operator; Elmer Fischer, tail gunner; Willard Randolph (deceased), left waist gunner; John Lynes, right waist gunner.



Dear Bill:

Having read the article "Reunion of the Mighty 8th Finds Few Who Recall Its Deeds" on page 23 of the Winter Journal, I feel I must comment on same.

Admittedly for a long time after WWII, most people just wanted to get back to a more normal way of life and rebuild their careers and families, the British as well as the USA personnel.

Slowly, as is the British way, your "friendly invasion" became part of our history and our heritage, and things began to happen. Control towers and buildings were reclaimed and where possible restored or preserved, and the movement is still going on; not only through us old or young who remember you, but our children and theirs are now participating. Some schools include your stay in their lessons, with field trips when possible.

We as ordinary working, quiet dwelling people have not forgotten by any means; and even new settlers to the area become involved and adopt the vets. Regular annual venues hold 40's nights where music, uniforms and 40's dress is the norm, and believe me, the USA is well represented in dress and spirit. More so too if the venue is an old hangar or building. We have quite a few well restored towers and museums devoted to your deeds and lives whilst "over here," as well as the official memorials.

One continual detriment to efforts to keep your spirit alive is the attitude met in some quarters by what we term "The Big Brass." It seems they want to keep it all to themselves; lower ranks are allowed to participate up to a point, but not beyond. This has led to nullifications, disillusionment, and many splinter groups doing their own thing, instead of concerted effort.

The last reunion was a classic. Though much more free time was allowed for all to meet (and believe me we did plenty of that), for the main events only the selected few were allowed admission. I personally, on hearing that the drop in expected numbers had left a huge gap, enquired if others willing to pay their way, which would help cover some of the costs, could attend the official banquets, etc. Yet despite being members of various groups, including The Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, permission was refused.

Many people have met with the same attitude, and openly state they have withdrawn membership of some groups because of this and now "go it alone" or in small groups; especially the younger set who are very keen and active, but are constantly being pushed aside and their suggestions dismissed.

Here follows an item taken from an article in our local paper of the "Military Vehicle Association" Bill Purchase. He is very active in preservation of both British and American memorabilia.

HOW WAR LIVES ON

It seems ironic that in this day and age two groups have to fall out over a building to be used to commemorate a former airfield and the allied servicemen who flew from East Anglia during World War II.

It's a pity no one has been able to resolve this situation.

The council, in accepting the larger financial offer, may deprive the genuine enthusiast from creating such a museum as

Seething and Thorpe Abbots have, to name but two.

Myself, having participated in various World War II commemorative events, I hoped the fighting was over!

The above stemmed from two differing offers for an old control tower being made to two separate groups with differing ideas as to how and what should be done. Again the "Brass" had its way, and in doing so have lost those who were willing to do the work in their free time for as little money as possible, dipping into their own pockets if need be, as others have done before them. As I see it, until those officials running the show are willing to accept that although not "name figures," the enthusiasts are a sturdy, willing crowd, with often the energy and vigor of youth to offer. Though not monied they pay in sheer hard labour, a labour of love.

Maybe to America the feudal system in Britain died with the War; don't believe it. It still exists, to our detriment and that of those who fought and when needed gave their lives for us. Let's hope that by the time of the 1992 Reunion a more enlightened approach is in operation. Anyone who can make it over will not lack a welcome.

Maureen Cope
67 Woodcock Close
Norwich
NR3 3TB

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Dear Bill:

Leroy Engdahl, former vice president of the 448th Bomb Group, suggested I write you and tell you of a gathering of 448th BG veterans last summer.

Leroy was to visit his daughter in this area and so we discussed the possibility of getting some of the 448th veterans together. He furnished me with a list of the known 448th veterans in the state of Washington. I sent a letter to them in which I invited them to a social hour and dinner to be held at the Elks Lodge in Puyallup, Washington on July 28th. The list had 23 members of the 2nd ADA and 5 others who were 448th veterans but not members of the 2nd ADA.

In the process we found one more 448th veteran, which resulted in a new member for 2nd ADA. Sorry to say we also found one veteran who was deceased.

We had our gathering with 13 veterans and with their wives and families had 30 people present for dinner. We had quite a session of swapping stories, old buddies meeting that hadn't met in years, and looked at pictures and scrap books. Also had a video on a B-24 operation.

We gave a good sales pitch about joining the 448th BG and the 2nd ADA at their annual reunions and hope it will result in more attendance. Everyone seemed to have a good time and felt we should try it again, and since they enjoyed it so much, I think we will try it again.

Just a final note to say that I enjoy the 2nd ADA Journal very much.

Richard B. Kimball, Sr.
5711 183rd Ave East, #1
Sumner, WA 98390

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Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a picture of Carlton Kleeman's crew sometime in the summer of 1944. We arrived at the 445th in April or May of 1944 and I flew several missions as co-pilot on Kleeman's crew. Then his crew became a lead crew and I picked up my own crew of spare parts. The only crew members that flew with me long enough to remember were the co-pilot whose last name was Libby and the bombardier/nose gunner who dropped a load of bombs on the IP instead of the target. Maybe they will remember me by my airplane shown in the enclosed picture.

In addition to crew members, I would like to hear from some of my cadet classmates that ended up in the Second Air Division. I was in Class 43-1.

Arnold J. Nass
7014 Woodland Drive
Dallas, TX 75225



Top (l-r): Tabit, Breishaber, Nass, Kleeman, Neighbor. Bottom (l-r): Chostner, Collins, Payton, Knox, Wallace.

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Dear Evelyn:

I am writing to you for information on World War II 8th Army Air Force Reunions.

My father was in the 579th BS, 392nd BG, England, from July to October 1944. His name is Howard Davis and was a B-24 pilot. He passed away suddenly, leaving sparse information on his experiences in the war. I am hoping to make contact with someone who knew him so we are able to pass on information to his grandchildren. If you can help in some way, it would be greatly appreciated.

Cynthia Davis Sweitzer
40 Upper Hibernia Rd.
Marcella, NJ 07866

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Dear Bill:

In doing some late-in-life housecleaning, I ran across what I think is a most unusual photograph, showing what I believe were all of the Second Air Division, Group, Station and Unit Ordnance Officers serving in England in January of 1945. This was taken at the close of a special conference held at 2AD Headquarters.

Unfortunately, it does not include the hundreds of other Ordnance Officers and thousands of dedicated enlisted men who wrestled all kinds of bombs in all kinds of weather, usually while air crews were tucked

in the sack. They didn't fly the missions, but without them, none would have been possible.

On another tangent, I have just seen the "Memphis Belle" film and looked at a tape of the original film of that name made during the War. While I appreciate the recognition given to the ordnance crews in both films, I am sure you and others have noticed that the new version shows nice little modern aircraft tractors pulling bomb trailers. The original film has the real thing, the special purpose trucks with a hoist, that were familiar to all of us.

Aside from the obvious super sound insulation of the B-17s used in the new production, so that you never heard the engines (but did hear flak), and that there were no B-24s, and it was overdramatized, I thought it a fairly good recreation of the atmosphere we remember.

I certainly appreciate the great work you are doing with the Journal.

Philip E. Balcomb
104 Geneva Drive
Tell City, Indiana 47586



Ordnance Officers of 2nd Air Division, January 1945. Kneeling (l-r): Lt. Prince, Capt. Rove, Capt. Danahey, Capt. Llemkowitz. Standing (l-r): C.W.O. Jones, Capt. Nathanson, Capt. Stevens, Capt. Hoff, Capt. Martak, Lt. Yaxis, Capt. Ellison, Capt. Auger, Capt. Larson, Capt. Brown, Capt. Neiman, Capt. Dooley, Capt. Teufel, Capt. Sidner, Maj. Wilcox, Lt. Whittle, Capt. Geske, Maj. Cooke, Capt. Mulkey, Lt. Arnold, Capt. Barker, Capt. Stokes, Capt. Balcomb, Capt. Poriss, Capt. Ruddell.

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Dear Bill:

Recently I saw a documentary on the Discovery Channel on TV (I think it was in Oct. or Nov.) They disclosed a lot of supposed to be facts about desertion of the air crews of both the R.A.F. and the 8th Air Force. This seemed to have caused great concern among our great all powerful leaders. In fact it caused enough worry that a verbal order, NOT A WRITTEN order was given to our fighter escort pilots to shoot down any bomber heading toward a neutral country without enough visible evidence to warrant such action. Now I had my doubts about such orders until I remembered Jimmy Dolittle was in charge shortly after we got our Fighter Escort; that made sense, it's very probable!!!

It's also possible that I'm one of the last ones to hear to these acts but I do know that had I been aware of such orders back in '43 and '44 they would have had to put me in chains to get me aboard one of those bombers, knowing I may be shot down by one of our own fighters. NO WAY JOSE!!!

In fact, on my 32nd and last mission, we were shot up pretty bad over Munich, one engine out, shortly after lost another, lost the formation, no navigator, ten tenths weather, totally lost and still we voted to a man to try to get back to England rather than Switz. We ended up crashing on Lands End, out of gas.

This TV documentary obtained part of their information from an Allied double agent who had interviewed most of the men returning from Switz. According to him, most of these men bragged about ducking the war. I find it hard to believe that crap, no doubt there were a few bad apples but they made no effort to identify or separate the good and the bad. I got the impression they were faulting the 8th Air Force and the R.A.F. They gave the idea we were all trying to desert. It was quite a program; hope I wasn't the only one who saw it.

J.L. Mosier
403 Crane Street
Flat River, MO 63601

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Dear Bill:

Regarding the Fall 1990 Journal, I must comment on the Ed Chu story on the B-24 at Edinburg, NY. Being originally from Ballston Spa on the other side of Saratoga County, I knew of the plane. From the summer of 1954 I have a few color slides of the bird, which had been badly vandalized even then.

I remember walking from one wingtip to the other as well as getting inside. When I discovered the Confederate Air Force in 1968, my thoughts immediately went to the plane, and I wrote my old high school buddy to see if it was still there. Unhappily, a scrap dealer from Schenectady had cut it up for salvage in 1966. With the work being done today, there's no doubt it could have been saved. And a rare bird it would have been too, as its tail number of 44-51866 makes it a B-24M-30FO, the 63rd from the last production plane produced by Ford at Willow Run. How amazing it is we can claim today 3 flying B-24s when for so long there were none.

Richard Bagg
33 Creekside Drive
Rochester, NY 14622

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Dear Bill:

This picture of the Warren G. Cook crew was taken while we were in training at Charleston Army Air Force Base, SC. We left for overseas about one month later aboard the Queen Elizabeth, eventually ending up at Horsham St. Faith assigned to the 458th BG, 754th BS. We flew as a nine man crew, James Bradley being reassigned.

We flew our first mission 6 July 1944 to Kiel, Germany, losing #3 engine to flak over the target. After being initiated, our luck held and we went on to finish our 35 missions 10 Dec. 1944. We flew most of our missions in "Hells Angels" 41-29596-R,

therefore displaying that name on our A-2 jackets. I later learned that it was destroyed in a mid-air over Felmingham, England with "Open Post" 23 Feb. 45.

The only crew members that I have had contact with since the war are Raymond Metz and Warren Cook, and that was many years ago. Therefore if you could print this picture maybe it would open up some avenues toward getting in contact with some of the crew.

Charles R. Ferrell
425 N. Antler St.
Gladwin, MI 48624

Dear Evelyn:

I recently saw the motion picture, "Memphis Belle." In that picture the claim was made that the crew of the Memphis Belle was the first 8th Air Force crew to finish their combat tour of twenty-five missions.

Let it be known by all that the crew of Jerks Natural of the 93rd Bomb Group finished their combat tour of 25 missions on 5 April, six weeks before the Memphis Belle achievement on 16 May 43. I know this to be a fact as I was the navigator on Jerks Natural. The crew was originally under the command of Lt. John L. Jerstad, who later was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. However, we finished our 25 with Lt. Darrell Simms in command. He was originally the co-pilot.

Rollin C. Reineck
1127 Lauoa Street
Kailua, HI 96734



Standing (l-r): Lt. George A. Grodt, co-pilot; Lt. Warren G. Cook, pilot; Lt. Donald E. Finlayson, navigator; Lt. James T. Bradley, bombardier. Kneeling (l-r): S/Sgt. Charles R. Ferrell, nose gunner; T/Sgt. Raymond Metz, radio operator; S/Sgt. Walter M. Austin, waist gunner; T/Sgt. Maurice M. Summerall, engineer; S/Sgt. Jesse E. Boston, tail gunner; S/Sgt. Henry Arias, ball gunner.

Dear Evelyn:

I enclose a check for one year's dues, plus information form for membership application in the Second Air Division Association.

As indicated on the form, my connections are a little complex. Our crew flew its first ten missions with the 458th Group, I can't remember whether 754th or 758th Squadron; then we were transferred to the 44th Group, 68th Squadron at Shipdham for the rest of our tour. I don't know the addresses of any of our crew; I lost touch decades ago. However, what I recall is:

Elvin L. Barnhart, pilot, Oxnard, CA. / Myself, co-pilot. / John Foley, navigator, Kansas City / Gordon C. Woodland, bombardier, Philadelphia, PA / Kenneth Wait, engineer / Kenneth Dagley, radio, Lowell, MA / Don Ocker, asst. engineer, Carlisle, PA (deceased) / Bob Rosenberg, asst. radio / Bob Bostwick, gunner, Long Island, NY.

There was also a ball turret gunner whose name I can't recall; he was shifted from our

crew when we went to the 44th, which didn't have ball turrets.

I flew 35 missions, most of them with this crew. Barnhart was an excellent pilot, so several times I was replaced by a newly arrived crew commander, who was always taken on his first mission with an experienced crew (with the 44th; I flew our first one with the 458th). Consequently, while I did two or three missions as replacement on other crews, Barney finished his tour before I did, and I flew my last two missions as first pilot with our regular crew. I checked out a newcomer named Almoina on my 34th mission; I don't remember who I had for copilot on the 35th.

Harry C. Stubbs
12 Thompson Lane
Milton, MA 02186

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the men listed above, please send information to
Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

Dear Bill:

I was taken aghast at the President's Message on the inside cover of the Winter 1990 Journal.

They always said Gerald Ford played too much football without a helmet, but this message might make one think Richard Kennedy spent too much time in a German prison camp. The words sound as though they might have come from Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

He has launched a tirade against Group vice presidents. He says, "Anything less than full Group adherence to basic Association policy is totally unacceptable." He even goes on to berate a couple of Group vice presidents who have "a deliberate tendency to persuade their Group members to place the overall interests of the Group ahead of the best interests of the Association."

In effect, Mr. Kennedy is espousing thought control. It's either adopt their line or else. Mr. Kennedy ought to pause and consider, for perhaps it is this very philosophy and stance that has resulted in the explosion of Group associations in the first place. If I were a Group vice president and were to read Mr. Kennedy's message, I'd be inclined to urge my Group's secession from 2AD.

My views were made public at the 1988 2AD reunion at Colorado Springs and were printed on page 4 of the Winter 1988 Journal. And from Mr. Kennedy's message, it looks as though nothing has changed. The 2AD are still ignoring the very thing the Groups like to rally around — the B-24. The Collings Foundation has a B-24. The 2nd Air Division, which by rights ought to have one, does not.

Mr. Kennedy's opinions seem to be taking us even more the other way.

Fred Breuninger
5021 Lake Harbor Rd.
Muskegon, MI 49441

(We print this opinion because we are aware of 2 or 3 other letters like it which misunderstood our president's sincere desire to promote unity of thinking among the members on matters decided upon by an overwhelming majority of the leadership and supported by the members at the annual meeting.)

Dear Bill:

My father, George Kesely, was a member of the 445th "Boys Howdy." He passed away on December 2, 1990.

The reason I'm writing is about my father and his crew. In my 40 years of life with my father, I can only remember seeing him crying three times.

First being when my grandfather passed away, second being when he walked my sister down the aisle. Third being last summer, when his crew came to see him. Stories that were told, the love and fellowship that these men had was still there. It shows that 40 plus years can't stop real friendship.

War is hell, but the friendship that these men had and still have will live on forever in my father's family's hearts. And we will cherish the crew of the 445th "Boys Howdy" forever!

George Kesely
8140 Jefferson
Munster, IN 46321

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Dear Bill:

I read an article in the Fall 1990 issue of the Journal by Sgt. Joe Ramirez of the 467th, who as crew chief of the Witchcraft was cited for a superb performance of duty in the maintenance of this bird, which apparently set a record for missions without an abort. He also mentioned the "Perils of Pauline" which he also crewed which flew some 32 missions without an abort prior to being shot down on her 32nd mission.

My interest in this article, and those of my 445th crew who may have seen the article most certainly revives some memories of where "Pauline" got her start. As a replacement crew, who had received their training at Casper, we were one of five crews that received the distinction of flying a brand new, shiny B-24 just off the assembly line at Topeka... at least we picked it up at Topeka. We flew this beautiful machine to Morrison Field, Fla. and had the nose art drawn by a young airman from Winifred, Mont. for something like 24 bucks - not a bad deal! The name was derived from a current movie or play that was prominent at that time and for no better reason we felt the name was more than appropriate for the occasion, such as a combat tour in Europe. We flew the southern route and for a variety of reasons it took us nearly three weeks to arrive in England. Little did we know that upon our arrival, Pauline would be taken away from us and replaced with a ship modified to meet the needs of the combat missions during that period.

At this point, I'm glad to know she had a good life, performed well, and holds a prestigious position in the history of the 8th AF. I would rather that she got shot down in glory than succumb to the graveyard of combat aircraft at Davis Monthan.

Robert H. Ottman

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Dear Bill:

It was a real surprise to open the Fall issue of the Journal and see the picture of Klang's crew (466th BG) sent in by Patrick O'Carrol. Their aircraft, "What's Cookin' Doc?" was originally assigned to us, A.B. Dolliver's crew, in Pueblo, CO in 1944 as part of the 855th BS, 491st BG and we're the ones that named it. We flew it to Metfield in May '44 and did our first six missions in it before being transferred to the 329th BS, 93rd BG for G-H training as a lead crew. I talked with

O'Carrol (who flew ball turret as did I) and was pleased to learn that they did thirteen missions in it before the war ended and they flew it back to the U.S. in June '45. We finished our tour on January 13, 1945.

If anyone has information on my crew members, I'd appreciate it. Hughes and Waldron are the only ones I know about.

George E. McLean
6605 Gillen Street
Metairie, LA 70003



Front row (r-l): J.R. Holdren, M.D. West, G.E. McLean, R. Koustrup, W.D. Waldron. Rear (r-l): A.B. Dolliver, R.L. Forney, R.L. Hughes, E.E. Williams. Not Shown: R.J. Pompa.

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Jones Receives Distinguished Flying Cross (from page 18)

"The necessary paperwork was not completed by his squadron leader and his wing commander," he added.

Jones' war records had been stored in St. Louis until early last year, when Pat Williams, an aide to Bumpers, began the effort to trace down Jones' military superiors for their signatures. Jones said he is "lucky" they are all still living and could be located.

Mrs. Jones remembers her feelings during the war. "I was so afraid he wouldn't come home. Our first baby was born while he was over there."

After the war, Jones taught U.S. history and coached in Michigan for 31 years. Having coached football, baseball, basketball and golf with never a losing season, Jones is in the Michigan High School Coaches' Hall of Fame.

Commenting on the Mideast war, Jones said, "War at any time is bad when you can avoid it. But I don't know what Bush could have done other than what he did. The faster we can get it over with, the better."

Jones is now fighting a different battle. A cancer patient, he was moved to Shady Oaks because "he needs skilled nursing care," his wife said. Holding back tears, she stated how proud she was of her husband. And she is not alone.

In a letter delivered by Floyd, Senator Bumpers wrote, "I know you will wear [the medal] proudly, and it symbolizes how proud this nation is of you."

The ceremony was organized by Bob Patterson, adjutant of American Legion Post 346 in Cherokee Village.

Editors Note: We regret to report that Mr. Jones has recently passed on.

Dateline - 4 August 1944 453rd HDQ Near Attleborough, England

by James H. (Ham) Jackson

The early morning silence was broken by the intrusion of the bearer of the wake-up call. "Briefing in 1 hour," he whispered in my ear with sadistic glee. After powdered eggs and cold greasy sausage, I staggered over to the pre-briefing shack. A quick glance at the route map brought me up short. It appeared that we were headed for Big B. A closer look proved me wrong by 100 miles. The target was an airplane engine works in Schwerin. Next stop was full briefing where the same idea hit the other crews. My crew (Tepfer) was leading the Lo-left. After the time hack, we left for the hardstand where "Miss Lace" sat silently in all her splendor ready to carry us into harm's way. The green light blinked and we headed for buncher 6. The dawn broke bright and clear and CAVU forever. Formation went beautifully and we lined out in bomber stream over the North Sea. We gave Helgoland a wide berth and made landfall over Denmark, passed close by Flensburg and out into the Baltic. Jerry was going bananas — what are these crazy Yanks up to now? When we turned south, Jerry thought we were headed for Berlin — wrong! About 50 miles into Germany we turned west (total Kraut confusion) and now we are on our bomb run with picture perfect bomb strike. We did a 90° right off the target and headed for the Baltic. Group lead did not give us a 90° left and right to allow stragglers to catch up. This did give me cause to be uneasy, but we did lose 10 minutes on the bomb run and fighters were reported in the area. This was just too easy and it was about time for the other shoe to drop. Then, FU-BAR, Big Time! Just as I pressed my throat mike to give Tepfer the two minute warning for 90° left, the sky rained airplanes. Every man for himself. Group lead turned early and without warning. I lost complete confidence in his leadership at this point. It took all of 20 minutes to get calmed down and back into decent formation. By this time we were closing in on Flensburg and the Kraut gunners let us know they had our track. This wasn't my big worry. We kept drifting left and 15 miles south of the bomber stream. Now I knew what lead was up to. He was going to cut the next corner and to hell with the safety of the troops. Lead made no move to correct course and Helgoland was dead ahead (any dummy could see this, I even saw it). Tepfer warned lead three times and when we got no response, we broke formation and took up position wide right of lead. The sky turned black with flak exactly where we would have been. Lead now had one plane with him, his deputy lead. We were now leading the group and heading for old Buck. We started our decent early and hit our ETA right on the button. Guess who was waiting for us at the hardstand? The old man was somewhat pissed, wanting answers and somebody's blood.

The big brass that had led the mission who were his I & I buddies just had a screw up and some poor bastard was going to pay.

Our debriefing was not the usual variety of debriefing. After the expected ranting and raving, the C.O. demanded, just who is the SOB responsible for this GD screw up? Since I ordered the break, I said, I'm the SOB that ordered the screw up. The old man's mouth flew open at my response and the crew promptly fainted knowing that I took no flak from anybody, especially when I am tired, hot and thirsty. They had visions of Leavenworth. Okay son, let's have your story while you are still alive and it had better be good. He listened to my story without interrupting. Mister, I need some verification. I asked him to call engineering for battle damage report on lead squadron and compare with the other squadrons. The C.O. left the room and friend, you could slice the silence with a knife. It seemed like an eternity before the old man reappeared at the door. He waved and dismissed us. Well, that's the way it was — and you were there. Just another day in the ETO.

P.S. Oh yes, I nearly forgot — ten days later, Tepfer was a Captain and me, I was a brand new First Louie.

Rooms Still Available for 2nd ADA Reunion at Dearborn, Michigan

Rooms are still available for the upcoming 2nd ADA Reunion at Dearborn, Michigan, July 4-6, 1991. Call or write for details:

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

Fourth Annual Reunion of Americans Interned In Sweden

The Association of Americans Interned In Sweden (1943-1945) will hold their Fourth Annual Reunion with the Second Air Division Association at Dearborn, Michigan, July 4-7, 1991. Early reservations are suggested. Contact:

Jim McMahon
P.O. Box 4954
Santa Rosa, CA 95404
Tel. (707) 525-9707

Thank A Veteran

Submitted by Gene Tinnin

For two years I had displayed on the rear of my R.V. a bumper sticker which reads, "If you love your freedom thank a Veteran." It went apparently unnoticed until one day at a rest stop last winter a young lady custodial employee, who was obviously mentally retarded, came up to me, did a curtsy and said, "Sir, I saw your sign and I want to thank you." This kind of gesture made more than a day for this Veteran.

In the future, should we do less than the thoughtful young lady at the roadside? I think not!

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