

Vol. 31, No. 2

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Summer 1992

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President's Message

"Musings"

by Richard M. Kennedy



I continue to register a high level of amazement with respect to the vast amount of "business" that flows across my desk as President of the 2nd ADA. While I had a reasonably solid idea that the 2nd ADA was a viable veterans organization, I was considerably off target with my own estimation of activity from both within and outside the membership. The interest generated from all sources cuts across a rather broad spectrum of things people in "our age bracket" think about.

The points covered range from purely nostalgic subjects, those based on the military events that underlie the very existence of the Association, to the employment of modern electronics now utilized in some 2nd ADA administrative procedures. Use of the term "viable" in relation to the 2nd ADA is, in reality, a very definite understatement! "VIBRANT" more accurately portrays the state of the Association and its active membership. Serving two terms as your President has afforded me a remarkable insight into the Association, its purpose, its day-to-day activities, its extraordinary and unequalled Memorial and "the wind beneath its wings," a most dedicated and prestigious membership. At the risk of being a few months premature, I thank you all for affording me the genuine honor and the opportunity to serve. It truly has been, for me, most rewarding. The duties have been diversified and have furnished me with the opportunity to actively participate in several related areas, involving similar organizations. I'm proud to report that the banner of the 2nd ADA waves high and bright, supported firmly by the enormous respect it has earned and maintained these past forty-four years. Each member, each Division and Group officer, past and present, should take great pride in the part each has played in the establishment and continued support of an Association whose reputation and accomplishments stand squarely in the front ranks of WWII organizations. In that very select circle of 8th Army Air Force veterans groups, the 2nd Air Division Association, in my opinion, embodies the spirit and ideals reflecting the true commemoration of the Mighty Eighth's WWII contributions.

So, each of you, wear that 2nd ADA pin with the clear knowledge that the sparkle from our insignia is not only noticed, it is sincerely acknowledged by our peers in veterans organizations far and near.

The mention of far and near brings up thoughts of travel. Las Vegas beckons; I hope your plans are in place. Bobbie and I look forward to spending that valued time with you!!!

Vice President's Message

by John B. Conrad



At the upcoming annual convention at Las Vegas October 4-7, one day, Monday, October 5th has been set aside for individual group activities. Each Group Vice President is asked to arrange a program for the day, in cooperation with any separate group organization, which may provide for

a business meeting, a program, a sightseeing trip, or a combination of these for your group.

Moving any business affairs, including the election or re-election of the Group Vice President to the group activities day, and away from the group mini-reunion, will leave the group dinner and evening free for socializing. Many members have expressed a desire to keep the group dinners free of business affairs. If you have an opinion, please let your Group Vice President know.

Also, your Group Vice President would like to have your thoughts on what else to plan for group activities day. If you would like a nearby sightseeing trip, for example, now is the time to arrange for it.

Several members have written asking for information on future annual conventions. Evelyn Cohen has completed the basic arrangements for the 1993 annual convention to be held at Hilton Head, November 4-7. Only the place and date are available at this time. Many members requested that we go there again because of the excellent facilities and arrangements enjoyed the last time. Your opinion does make a difference; please let us know.

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We Won!



Generals Eisenhower, Spaatz, Doolittle and Kepner

A Faded Photograph

by Aimee Stokes



A good ol' American boy poses for a picture.
His body is covered with flight gear,
His mind is filled with mystical visions of war.
His soul possesses the belief that he shall return.
Behind the good ol' American boy stands his "Choo-Choo Baby."
Her body is covered by cold metal,
Her mind is filled with technical controls and explosive bombs.
Her soul possesses a legacy of successful missions.

A boy and his "Choo-Choo Baby,"
preparing for battle.
The boy depends on her.
She soars with him in her belly through the clouds to unknown lands,
She teaches him the elements of war,
She protects him from being blown from the sky.
She carries him home to the safety of America.

An old man gazes at a good ol' American boy who posed for a picture,
His body is covered by the weakness of aging,
His mind is filled with memories of missions and fallen friends.
His soul possesses the character of a veteran who made history.
Behind the good ol' American boy stood his "Choo-Choo Baby."
Her body is now dismembered,
Her mind is located in the body of an automobile.
But her soul still possesses the legacy of successful missions.

The old man and his "Choo-Choo Baby" prepared for battle.
She soared through the clouds with him in her belly to unknown lands,
She taught him the elements of war,
She protected him from being blown from the sky.
She carried him home to the safety of America.

Ed. Note: Aimee is the granddaughter of Milt Stokes of the 453rd.



B-24 Liberators from the 93rd Bomb Group in practice formation over Norfolk, June 1943.

Heritage League of the Second Air Division Association

by Jeane Stites, President

Fifty years: 1942-1992. Those of us who remember the days of World War II wonder where all those years have gone, and are reminded of our mortality. Who will carry the memories of those brave men into the future?

The Heritage League is celebrating an anniversary as well: 1987-1992. Five years since our incorporation. The Heritage League was established to carry on the principles and ideals of the Second Air Division Association. The first meeting was held in Norwich, England, the site of the 2ADA reunion in 1987. We are poised to actively seek ways and means to perpetuate the memories of the deeds and accomplishments of those who served in East Anglia during WWII.

The children of England have been the recipients of a great legacy. The Second Air Division, to honor and preserve the memory of comrades who did not return from the hostilities of 1942-45, established the Memorial Room of the Norwich Central Library. There, people from around the world can go to learn of the deeds and activities, and see listed the names of the heroes of those days. Our Heritage League has been proud to be a part of the funding of an American librarian in Norwich into the distant future.

Who will carry on in America? We are agreed that the future of our organization lies in the younger generation. We need the fresh ideas and zeal of our young people. The next few years will be especially crucial in our program to sustain and magnify our aim to preserve the memories of those valiant fliers and ground crews of the past who gave so selflessly to the cause of peace and freedom.

It is our hope that we can see a burgeoning membership in this, our fifth anniversary year. I solicit the help of every member: Please try to recruit at least one new member for the Heritage League and sign him or her up before our next annual meeting in Las Vegas in October.

Who will carry on in America? We will! Let's leave our children a rich legacy of pride in the sacrifices of all who served in World War II. Be a part of the exciting years ahead as we work toward the goals of our Heritage League and the Second Air Division of the Mighty Eighth.

My Secret Weapon – The Brick Bomb!

by Ed Wanner (445th)

I heard the jeep's low growl and the squeaking brakes. It all sounded so far away, but I knew it had stopped beside our hut. My reflex reaction was to burrow deeper beneath my five GI blankets. Then, the driver was shaking me by the shoulder, muttering, almost apologetically, "You're flying today, Captain."

With a great effort I swung my feet over the side of the bunk to the icy floor. Mac, Joe, Sandy and Mickey (my co-pilot, bombardier, navigator and radar man) were already stirring. I heard their yawns and groans as they pushed the blankets off and struggled up. We all dressed quickly, pulled on flight suits and headed for the mess hall. The five of us hurried down the dark path with our heads bowed and shoulders hunched against the cold, relentless, English mist.

I wished we weren't on the flight plan for today's mission, but on the other hand, we all wanted to finish our missions — get it over with and go home. What would today's target be? We always hoped for a "milk run," the easiest target with no flak or fighter opposition and a short flight time. Once we really did have one of those. We couldn't even find one hole in the plane afterward. It was doubtful that we would ever draw one like that again, and no use dreamin'. Guessing where we were going was futile since we wouldn't know this carefully guarded secret until the Intelligence Officer pulled back the drape over the large mission map in the briefing room. Then the suspense would end and there would either be groans, silence, or sighs of relief. At least we would know what our target was.

With only a few missions left before my crew would be rotated home, the tension kept increasing. We had heard the tales of crews getting shot down just as they were ending their tour. We didn't know, and probably didn't want to know, the actual statistics. Probably less than one out of four crews would go through combat unscathed. None of us could ever forget the disastrous Kassel Raid that almost wiped out our entire 445th Bomb Group. The Luftwaffe had them cold, when our bombers got off course without fighter escorts. This was the worst single Air Force catastrophe in history! Anger flooded over me just thinking about it. The frustration for some of us, pilots, co-pilots, radio operators, etc. was that we couldn't shoot back. Sure, we all had our jobs to do, but once, just once, I wanted to personally take aim and fire!

After breakfast we all headed for the general briefing and then Mac and I to the pilots', while the rest went to their individual ones. I could hear the engines being run-up on the flight line. The sky has

lightened just enough to reveal the low scud clouds scurrying below the heavy overcast. I shivered, knowing that 300 to 400 feet off the ground, we'd have to go on instruments until we broke out of the "soup" at 8000 feet or higher. Those hundreds and hundreds of planes milling around over a radio buncher in the pre-dawn sky could be nerve wracking. I buried my hands still deeper into my pockets, just thinking about it. After the Intelligence Officer's briefing, we knew we didn't have a "milk run." It was too much to hope for. I don't know if my fists were clenched because of the chilling cold or in anticipation of being over Germany again. Anyway, it was time to study my "flimsy" sheet, which had the secret code names, signals, flare color combinations, assembly altitudes, etc., while we were waiting to load into trucks. For some reason my memory took me back to the sight of several of our B-24s spinning and tumbling down in smoke and flames to crash and explode in Germany. Only sometimes did a few parachutes blossom — I thought to myself, probably never the pilots. If we could just completely destroy those bastards and get everyone home!

It was time to load in the trucks for the ride to the hardstand where our plane was parked. I would not be climbing into that B-24J many more times — one way or the other — we were nearly through with our 30 missions. As I stepped outside the blackout doors, there was a loosened brick along the walk. I had seen it many times before, probably from being hunched over against the chill. It would be hard to say what had ever made me pay attention to it in the first place, but something had — and this time I had to pick it up.

I guess I really knew what I had in mind for that brick. About a quarter of the end of it was broken off and as I got out of the truck where "Asbestos Alice" was parked, I sort of half concealed it in my hand as I walked around the plane doing my pre-flight inspection. Our engineer, Stan, was doing his more thorough pre-flight at the same time. I crawled through the bomb bay doors, careful not to whack my head against the sharp corners that plagued us as we climbed aboard. Finally up on the flight deck and into the cockpit, I wedged the brick just to the left of the pilot's seat. McAnelly, already in the co-pilot seat, looked puzzled for just an instant when he saw what I was doing. But then he just grinned and said nothing.

Something told me that what I was thinking of doing was against a whole bunch of Air Corps Regulations. But there was little time for re-consideration as we taxied our Liberator, took off laboriously with its heavy bomb and fuel load, and climbed

through the clouds to our assembly position above the radio buncher. Finally, my squadron's ten planes plus thirty more from our 445th Group, headed across the North Sea toward Germany's Third Reich.

Black puffs of anti-aircraft fire, always in bursts of four, exploded below us as we approached the Initial Point. We would turn on the bomb run in about five minutes. I was almost glad to see the flak puffs, since they were far enough below to be mostly ineffective, at least for now. Sanderson gave me a small course correction over the intercom and I felt secure in knowing everything was going well. I pushed the mike button and asked the gunners in the waist and tail if there were any squadrons directly below us — there weren't.

Then, there it was, almost directly ahead. Some structures, buildings, factories, a town, or something. *That* would be my target! I slid the side window open and glanced at Mac, who was busy with the radio. The icy blast from that altitude made my eyes water as I sighted over the edge of the window. My bombsight would hardly compete with Joe's, but "what the hell!" A quick look at the number three engine's prop blade, to be certain that the brick would clear it, and it was time. I let it go and shouted, "Bombs Away!" — but, without ever pressing the mike button.

Don't ask how many weeks before, but I had roughly calculated how long it would take the brick to fall 22,000 feet. It would be 30 to 40 seconds. There was no use in looking down to see the results, since the brick would be almost directly under the plane and just a little behind. Also the effects of the brick could never be seen from our altitude — whether it hit in the middle of a field or went through a roof. It was done! This was WAR, and my chance to strike back for those guys in crews that went down.

No, I didn't tell my bombardier. He probably would have laughed, and no wonder. My co-pilot, in his quiet way, probably thought it was a dumb thing to do, and I don't think he ever mentioned it to anyone. I'm not sure why I never told my crew after our missions were finished, but maybe something told me that it wasn't a very good example of military discipline.

Some of my superb crew members of the 2nd Air Division are gone now. I have tried, awkwardly, during these past 40 years to let them know my admiration for them. Notes, cards, and sometimes visits have attempted to keep us all in touch — sometimes with wives or families. To those men who may read this, who once in a while let their minds wander back to those frightening but exciting days of WWII, now they will know one more small detail of the air war over Germany.

Report on the Memorial Trust and Library

by E. Bud Koorndyk

The essence of this latest report on the ongoing activities of our Memorial Library and the Trust that administers the underwriting of the finances connected with its day to day operation will have to do with the work of Dr. Martin Levitt, as our Archivist in residence through August of 1992, and the staff working in the Library on a day to day basis.

From the wonderful article written in our Spring Journal by Dr. Levitt, I can only repeat his request for all memorabilia that we may wish to become a part of a permanent collection at the library, to act now and make our individual arrangements to have it sent to the library. The cheapest means of sending books, pictures, mission reports, etc. is to send it denoting the fact that it is in the book category with no value. The outside of your packaged material should state this fact.

Secondly, any memorabilia that you wish to send to the Duxford Imperial War Museum such as hard items like helmets, uniforms, navigation aids, bombardment items, etc. should also be listed as museum items with no value on the outside of the packaged material. These items can be sent to the following address: Duxford Imperial War Museum; c/o Edward Inman, Director; Duxford Airfield; Cambridge CB2 4QR England.

From correspondence submitted to the Board of Governors by Dr. Martin Levitt, I am informed that Dr. Levitt will have completed his task as an Archivist with all the material now in the library as of the end of August 1992. One of the recommendations made to the Board was that all of the archival collection should be deposited with the Norfolk Record Office. The resolution submitted reads as follows: "The Archival Collection belonging to the Trust be deposited, on loan, with the Norfolk Record Office in such a manner and on such terms as may be agreed between the Trust and the Norfolk Record Office."

The Norfolk Record Office is located in the Norwich Central Library and our archival material would be available to whoever would wish to peruse it, in a secure storage area and in a secure reading area. It would also be in an area which is climatically con-

trolled for the preservation of all important documents. This arrangement has been approved by the Board of Governors as of this report. On behalf of the entire 2nd Air Division Association, I would like to express our thanks to Dr. Martin Levitt for the terrific job done with our archival material since he began his service as a Fulbright Archivist at our library in September of 1991.

Another task that Martin put his back behind the plow on was to assist a local writer, Mrs. Gladys Pattemore, in publishing a booklet called "A Miscellany of Memories." This booklet is a bird's eye view of our English friends' memories of our stay during the days of World War II. (Please see below for a short article that appeared in the local papers announcing this effort.) Copies of this booklet will be available for your purchase in Las Vegas.

An exciting announcement that I should share with all of our members is that the Saudi Arabian Government, in appreciation for support given them in the Desert Storm engagement, has made a donation to the Duxford Imperial War Museum towards the new American Museum building campaign of \$1,000,000.00. Whether I print it out or spell it out, it says one million dollars. What a great catch for Ted Inman and his efforts in this project.

The work at the library itself is going ahead full steam. Phyllis reports that daily activity increases each day and that there have been group activities from the UEA on two different occasions. On one occasion the "Friends of the 2nd" entertained with a wine and cheese reception which was deeply appreciated by our American students and for which I, as the American Governor, would like to express my thanks. This connection with generations that follow is so important to the success of our library in the years to come.

Phyllis also reported to me that she now has two Library Assistants working half time to ensure that there will always be an American presence at the Memorial Room from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM, Monday through Friday. Hours are juggled so that someone is also on duty on Saturday mornings. Her two assistants are

Lesley Fleetwood, whose father served in World War II in Italy; and Kit Thompson, an American who has lived in England for the past 25 years. Both of these women have worked within the Central Library system and are accustomed to library work, which was a real plus for Phyllis.

Between getting ready for the influx of Americans coming over for the 50th Anniversary activities and processing the Greenham Commons book collection, Phyllis has truly had her cup running over. Many thanks to Phyllis on our behalf.

I will be attending the Board of Governors meeting on the 21st of May and much of the time will be spent in looking at the future role of the Fulbright presence at our library and how it should properly dovetail with the operation of our library from the perspective of our Board of Governors and the County Library System that has so enthusiastically supported our wonderful Memorial Room. As in all new ventures, bugs may surface but through a combined effort we strive on to accomplish our goals.

Pattemore Pen Pushers American Project

Gladys Pattemore writes, "Thanks to the interest shown by Mr. Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF, of Fulbright Archivist Dr. Martin Levitt and the overwhelming generosity of Governor E. Bud Koorndyk, a booklet entitled "A Miscellany of Memories" is being published to mark the 50th anniversary. The stories are recalled and written by the Pattemore Pen Pushers who live in and around Suffolk and the book, which is dedicated to the American veterans, will be available for sale at several places of interest included in their itineraries when they visit the area this year. Copies will also be available in the United States for those not able to make the trip. For more information, please contact Gladys Pattemore, Oak Lawn Cottage, Eye, Suffolk IP23 7NN, England.

Dreams Do Come True

by David J. Hastings

a Norfolk schoolboy and present Memorial Trust Governor

1944 seems a long time ago now when we first cycled out to Hethel in Norfolk and the home of the 389th Bomb Group of the 2nd Air Division USAAF. We arrived to find all the aircraft away on a mission, but a friendly crew chief called "Pop Ganness" made us welcome at the dispersal beside the road and promised to introduce us to the crew when they returned and we needed no encouragement to stay. In the mid-afternoon the sky filled with the returning B-24s and they peeled off to land in their own great style. Soon "our Liberator" called "Pugnacious Princess Pat" was taxiing in to the dispersal

and we eagerly watched the crew chief talking to the crew. With no hesitation, the pilot walked over to the fence, lifted me up and said, "Come over and meet my crew and our Liberator." So began a friendship with Lt. Al Dexter that lasted through all their 30 missions, memories that will last forever. After each mission the greeting was the same and with his arms around my shoulder he would walk me around "The Pat" to point out the battle damage. We also spent many happy hours at the base with them and returned their kindness by having them visit our house in Norwich. Sadly we lost touch

when they left, but the hope was always there that we would meet up again one day. Then in 1990, the unbelievable happened. The telephone rang and an American voice said, "David, this is a voice from your past," and yes, it was Al Dexter, who was over in Norwich with his charming wife, Pat. So for the first time I also met the girl whose painting was on the nose of the B-24. What a joy it was for my family to meet this super guy and then in 1991 when over in the USA we met Al's family at Minneapolis-St. Paul. The links were complete once more and a prayer had been answered.

North Sea Bailout – May 29, 1944

by Charles M. Trout (492nd)

We were doing fine until we ran into flak over the target. We were hit pretty bad. The co-pilot was hit, but his flak suit prevented injury.

The #4 engine started throwing oil at about 2 gallons per minute. The engine was still putting out power, til the oil pressure reached 20 PSI and then it was feathered by the co-pilot. I checked the gasoline and it was very low. I transferred the remaining fuel from #4 tank and we were still low on fuel. We thought we could make it to the English coast, but we weren't sure.

The radio operator started to send S.O.S. signals as we knew we were lower on fuel and couldn't make it. We started throwing out everything that was loose or that could be taken loose. While we were doing that, two of the planes from our squadron stayed with us but we were flying too slow for them to stay behind, so they left. Radio operator was still sending S.O.S. signals but couldn't tell if he was being heard, for his receiver was shot out and also the trailing wire, antenna knocked off by flak. Then two P-38's started circling us and stayed with us til they saw there was no hope for us and left.

We knew we would have to ditch or bail out, for our fuel was awful low — about 3 minutes. The crew decided to bail instead of crash. Water was rough with big breakers. Then the pilot heard "Boat in area" when he called "Mayday — Mayday." The rescue boat was below us. We all said a prayer, and I was first to jump. I tried two ways to jump but neither was satisfactory, so I stood up and dove out like diving into water.

When the propeller and slip stream hit me it took my breath and threw me around pretty rough. When I was down low enough for clearance and everything got so quiet, I pulled the rip cord but nothing happened. The chute didn't open. I reached in and pulled the pilot chute out. Everything came out of the pack and I stopped with a sudden jerk, looked up and was very pleased to see that nice white parachute above me. Looked around and saw more chutes, but didn't count them.

Then I saw the plane circle, which made me get a funny feeling for I thought it was going to spin down among us. But the pilot was just getting closer to the rescue boat before leaving the plane and he was the last man out. The plane started to descend slowly on a straight course and #2 went out when the pilot left.

I looked down and seemed to be about 100 feet above water but hit very quickly, a second or two. Don't know how far I went under but came up immediately. When the cold water got through my clothes it took my breath. I struggled for about 10 minutes before I finally got enough breath but breathing was almost impossible due to breaking waves right over the top of me. I unbuckled my chute harness and thought I was rid of it until it started pulling me under. I said another prayer and something made me think of a knife I had in my pocket. I cut everything I could to get free, but could not get down far enough to cut it off of my feet as my strength was gone. I gave up hope when I couldn't see the rescue boat, but it came to me in about 35 or more

minutes. Boy, was I glad to see the boat! They threw me a rope and I hung on and was pulled into a rope ladder. Three Air Sea Rescue men tried to pull me up but couldn't; had to use a hoist. The rescue team told me to save my strength as I didn't have much left, laid me on deck and told me to go below. I had to crawl so they carried me, cut my clothes off and gave me dry ones, but had to dress me. I couldn't help myself at all, shaking like a leaf in a hail storm. I was given a hearty welcome by the survivors already picked up. One handed me a cigarette, which took the salt water taste out of my mouth. When everybody was picked up that could be found, they gave us hot tea and brandy to drink so we would get warmed up, and later hot soup and bread and butter. It sure tasted good. We hadn't eaten for a long time. Headed for shore and when we got there we were led in prayer for the missing crewman by the chaplain. We felt bad about losing him, for he was a great guy.

We stayed there a few days and were treated like kings. When we finally got back to our home base, most of the clothes were gone, divided out, but we got them all back. The best news was that we all would get a week's rest at a Red Cross sponsored rehab center.

I thank God I am alive today.

P.S. A great big thanks to the British Air-Sea Rescue. They deserve a lot of credit. This story was written two weeks after bailout and had to be censored. That is the reason for no names.

Second Time Around – August 16, 1944

by Charles M. Trout (492nd)

After 22 combat missions we were shot down again over the North Sea by friendly fire or so we were told. We were supposed to have a high officer (General) fly with our crew and we were to fly high in back of formation, filling in the diamond so he could see how the group looked on a mission. Why over the North Sea? No bombs on board and no targets to shoot at but the orders were changed at the last minute.

I was sitting in the top turret when I heard a thud and the plane shuddered. I looked all around and saw no other planes as they were all below us. Then I smelled rubber burning and no voices on intercom, so I got down on the flight deck, looked into the bomb bay, and it was full of swirling fire. I tried to use the fire extinguisher, but only a short burst and it was empty. Just at that time there was an explosion and fire flew all over things, setting fire to everything it stuck to, even on me.

I went up on the flight deck and told the pilot we had to abandon the plane immediately. Co-pilot and radio man, Ed Foss, were also told as I went by them. So I had trouble getting my chute harness hooked, turned my back to the fire for it was awful hot and I had to go. Opened bomb

bay doors and there was a plane right under us 60-70 yards, so I had to wait a while for it to move over out of the way. The fire extinguisher fell when the doors opened and just missed #3 & #4 engines on that plane. I couldn't wait any longer, so I jumped and passed out from the heat but the plane moved enough and I cleared it. Bob Mattson had the same problem.

On the way down, after I came to and pulled the rip cord, everything was quiet but pieces of the plane were falling close to me. I heard a noise and here comes a P-47 right at me. Scared me almost to death. He made a few passes by me and dropped one-man life rafts for us to get into, but most of them burst when they hit the water and I saw two crewmen in the water approximately a mile from me so I finally got to them in an hour or so. Two in raft and I hung on. Water was warmer than the first time. The fog had started to move in just before dark. The chance of getting picked up wasn't too good, but I looked up over Ed Foss and there was the Air-Sea Rescue boat. As I reached to the fellow who extended his hand, he looked at me and said, "I know you. I picked you up a few months ago. You cut my finger the other time." We had

a reunion right there. (Would like to see him again.) Headed for shore and the rescue boys worked on us; clean clothes, hot drinks, soup and I suppose dope to stop the pain from burns. Ed Foss was the worst off. Landed on shore and our C.O. met us. That showed us he really cared about the fighting men in his unit. Went to a makeshift hospital for a week to rest and start healing. In about three weeks we were on our way home. My final trip to the U.S.A. was with a boat load of German prisoners — all officers. We stood guard night and day with riot guns — 12 gauge 00 buck shot. Ten days later I saw the Statue of Liberty. What a feeling to be home on our own soil!

To sum it all up at the end of my tour of duty, I say this: Would not have missed it for anything; sorry for the crews and men who lost their lives. I forgive those who made mistakes, and I thank God it was over. I will never get in the Hall of Fame or be nominated for an Oscar, but my name is pasted to a brick on a brick wall someplace. Hope to hear from all my buddies.

May the good Lord take a likin' to you, one and all.



Happy Warrior Happenings

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley (492nd)

EL TORO, CALIFORNIA

On February 29, the Officer's Club, El Toro Marine Base, California was the site of the 11th Annual Southern California Second ADA Reunion Dinner. The following 492nd members were in attendance: Bill and Norma Beasley; Bill, Doug and Maxine Clarey; Carl and Verla Johnson; Jeff and Suzanne Johnson; Bill and Mary Keeler; Gene and Renie Gossett; Harry and Sally Orthman; Tom and Mary Anne Nelson; Bob and Pat Mattson; George Dukes; Willy and Molly Sparks; guests Steve Miller and Thelma & George Chiapeta. Harry Orthman was the M.C. this year and he did a great job! Norma led the Pledge of Allegiance which was followed by the program featuring Ronnie Schell (formerly on the Gomer Pyle Show) who provided the entertainment. The food was excellent and everyone had a good time reminiscing about "the good old days at North Pickenham."

This was Bill and Mary Wheeler's first 2nd ADA, 492nd BG reunion ever, and sadly Bill suffered a fatal heart attack the following Wednesday, March 5.



L to R: Harry Orthman, Carl Johnson, Gene Gossett, Willy Sparks, Bill Beasley, Bill Wheeler, Bob Mattson and Steve Miller. Not pictured: Bill Clarey, George Dukes and Tom Nelson.

GOVERNMENT RELATIONS

H.R. 3627 and S.1931

(from the Mile High Chapter Nugget AFA)

It seems too strange to be true, but there is *no monument* in Washington, D.C. honoring the members of the United States Air Force! There are monuments honoring the Marines, the Navy and the Army, but none for the Air Force. To remedy this,

they are asking members of Congress to co-sponsor legislation authorizing the Air Force Association to construct a memorial on federal land in Washington, D.C. at *no expense to the American taxpayer*, honoring the men and women who serve and who have served in the United States Air Force.

The legislation (H.R. 3627) was introduced in the House by Congressman Earl T. Hutto (D-FL) and in the Senate (S.1931) by Senator Ted Stevens (R-AK).

If you feel this is a worthwhile endeavor, write to your elected representatives, asking them to co-sponsor the legislation, mentioning the bill number *and stressing* the fact that this project is to be completed at no expense to the American taxpayer!

WAC CONVENTION IN DENVER

The Women's Army Corps Veterans Association is holding its National Convention in Denver, August 19-23, 1992 at the Sheraton Denver Tech Center Hotel. More than 1,000 members and their guests are expected to attend this convention, the 50th Anniversary of the Association. For more information contact Shirley J. Curtis at 310 Helena Circle, Littleton, CO 80124. THE 492nd BOMB GROUP WELCOMES YOU TO THE MILE HIGH CITY OF DENVER.



E.W. "BILL" CLAREY MODEL BUILDER EXTRAORDINAIRE "THE NORSEMAN"

Bill Clarey built and donated a model of the Norseman to Allan Cass, Curator of the Glenn Miller Collection at the University of Colorado, Boulder, CO. The Norseman was the plane carrying Glenn Miller when he was lost in 1944. Allan Cass was very pleased to receive the model which will be put on public display. Well done, Bill!

REV. HAROLD R. GEITZ GROUP CHAPLAIN 492nd BOMB GROUP

After months of searching, Rev. Harold Geitz has been located. Through the Lutheran ministers' directory, we discovered he now lives in Branchville, NJ. This is another of the great Lost and Found Stories. The title of this story might be "The Shepherd Has Returned to His Flock." His address is Rev. Harold R. Geitz, RR2, Box 71, Stehr Street, Branchville, NJ 07826. Drop him a note, I think he would enjoy hearing from you.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA OCTOBER 4 - 7, 1992

The spring issue of the Journal had the registration forms for the 2nd ADA reunion in Las Vegas. Hopefully, you have had a chance to fill one out and send it in to Evelyn Cohen. If for some reason you do not have a form, let me know. Let's make this our biggest reunion ever!

HAPPY WARRIOR PATCHES



We have gotten over the hurdles and are proud to announce that we can now offer Happy Warrior Patches. They are 5 inches in diameter and cost \$6.50 each postage paid. If you have not already ordered your patch and want one, write to me, Bill Beasley, 1525 South Garfield Street, Denver, Colorado 80210-3022. Tel. (303) 756-4766.



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

by Hap Chandler



GROUP DECALS

We have just received a shipment of 3 1/2" 491st Bombardment Group Decals. They are in our group green and white colors and just in time for display on your car bumpers, windows, luggage, briefcase, etc. this summer.

The cost is \$2.00 each or a package of 5 for \$7.50. Order from DECALS, P.O. Box 88148, Dunwoody, GA 30356-8148.

ENGLAND REUNION, MAY 15-24

This is being written as we prepare for the 491st England tour beginning at the Green Park Hotel, London, on Friday, May 15. The Green Park is a stone's throw from the wartime Washington Red Cross Club.

On Saturday night we will go to the RAF Club for cocktails prior to attending "Me and My Gal" at the Drury Lane Theatre.

Sunday, May 17th, our first stop is at the American Air Museum, Duxford, for the presentation of a unique 491st memorabilia display, a pair of wooden wings crafted in the North Pickenham shops for USSTAF Headquarters complete with the signatures of the key staff members of that day. Nick Jabbour preserved this singular item of group memorabilia in his den until two years ago when he presented it to the Group. Rumor has it that Nick and Al Hayduk retrieved it via "midnight requisition" while Gen. Spaatz' attention was diverted elsewhere.

Next stop, Cambridge and the annual "Day of Remembrance" ceremony at the Madingley Cemetery, with a wreath honoring our friends. The graves of our comrades are being specially marked for the day.

Monday is North Pickenham day! From our bivouac at the "Duke's Head" Kings Lynn we'll make a reverse liberty run to the Blue Lion and have a picnic with our many friends in the area. Airman 1st Class Ethan F. England, grandson of Willis Greaser, 853rd Squadron, and his grandmother, Lorella, will be joining us for this day. Air-

man England will present a United States flag, recently flown over the US Capital, to the North Pickenham community on behalf of his grandfather.

Tuesday will be a full day in Metfield, the first organized return of the 491st to its initial base location in the United Kingdom. Squadron Leader Puddy, RAF (Rtd), is in charge of arrangements which include a church service honoring airmen who died flying from Metfield. Dee W. McKenzie, 855th Squadron, will unveil a plaque commemorating this occasion. Keith Voorhees, HQ, who met and married his wife in Metfield, reports from California that he and his wife will be with us in Metfield.

Wednesday, we will be visiting the royal estate of Sandringham prior to a gala tea at the home of Keith and Iris Thomas, in Attleborough. Keith and Iris have spent untold hours making the arrangements for our trip. We thank them again and look forward to a festive occasion at their home.

Thursday's highlight is a visit to our own Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library. This will be a nostalgic first time visit for many to the memorial. We are taking memorabilia and books to be permanently added to the 491st collection.

Thursday night we will attend a cocktail reception for the 491st at the Norfolk Club. Later, our farewell banquet will be held at the Ambassador Hotel.

Friday is a "free day" to explore Norfolk. Who knows, we may be having a pint again at the "Blue Lion" or the "Foxes and Hounds." Saturday we will attend the Mildenhall Air Show enroute to London. Our "non-combat" tour of England will conclude on Monday, May 24th.

We are indebted to many whom we have failed to mention for their help in making this pilgrimage a stellar event. Look for a pictorial account in the next Journal.

SECOND ADA MEMBERSHIP

We have a total of 576 members currently on our roster. This is an increase of 298 members since June 1988. Congratulations to our state coordinators and crew members who have been active in rounding up "lost sheep." State American Legion, VFW, DAV newsletters, who accept free ads, have been good sources. Bill Nelson uses the Pennsylvania VFW newspaper to good advantage. Lola Hubbard located husband Lloyd's pilot and a fellow waist gunner recently in a two week span, after 47 years!

SECOND ADA ELECTION

There will be nomination and election of officers of the Second Air Division Association at the Business Meeting in Las Vegas. We will elect our own Group Vice President at our annual reunion dinner. Let me hear from you if you have an interest in running for any of the Association offices or would like to place someone in nomination.

FOLDED WINGS

Late word has been received of the death of Thomas V. Noland, Sr., 2441 Old Bay Road, Biloxi, MS 39531, after an extended illness. Tom served in the 853rd Squadron.

Gas Missions Were Not Milk Runs!!

by Roger L. Garrison (466th)

I was a Crew Chief in the 787th Bomb Squadron in the 466th Bomb Group when we were assigned to deliver gasoline to General Patton's Tank Corps and I made a couple of trips to St. Dizier, France in the Flight Engineer position. On the gas mission of September 29, 1944, according to my personal diary, I flew in a B-24 named "Fearless Knights," which was piloted by Lt. E. Kreick.

After we got across the English Channel we were in very heavy cloud cover and a decision was made to try and get under the weather to lessen the possibility of colliding with the aircraft ahead of us. I think we had taken off at three minute intervals. As we started letting down, I went back through the bomb bay to check the bomb bay tanks and the P-38 drop tanks in the waist which contained the gas for the ground forces; 80 or 90 octane, I believe. I wanted to make sure that the gas fumes were being vented properly and that there were no leaks.

When I had completed the check I stood looking out of the right waist opening. The windows had been fastened open to assure proper air circulation. As we broke through the overcast I saw a house roof go past about twenty feet above eye level about 50 feet off of our wing tip and we were crashing through the tree tops in an orchard.

Somehow we pulled out and climbed to a safe altitude, and as we leveled off, number one engine started blowing smoke and spraying oil, so it was feathered. Whoever the crew members were who pushed the throttles forward and put the turbos into emergency power and hauled back on the yoke certainly demonstrated great presence of mind. When we landed at St. Dizier and surveyed the damage, we could not understand how the aircraft had kept flying. The co-pilot's pitot mast was broken off, the lower camera hatch door was broken, there was damage to the leading edges of the wing and there were hundreds of twigs and leaves from trees on the floor in the back of the aircraft. We left the aircraft in France with the engine out and I hitched a ride back to Attlebridge with Lt. R. Baynes on September 30, 1944.

As a footnote, one of the Crew Chiefs in the 787th was Sgt. Wilbur Haines and he was on a gas mission the day prior to the above account. He was flying in the "Galloping Ghost" piloted by Lt. Marshall Lewis. They had been reported missing and we were told to watch for any sign of them. Our crew spotted where they had crashed and burned a very long path through the woods — just like we almost did.

The 2016th Engineer Aviation Fire Fighting Platoon

by Thomas R. Wholley, Jr. (458th)

I read the Spring 1992 edition of the 2nd ADA Journal with great interest, particularly an article on page 9, "Remembering Howard," by Michael A. LaVere in which he gave a vivid description of the field at Horsham St. Faith. I have never met Michael LaVere but his article stirred memories of the place I called home for eighteen months, from October 1943 to June 1945.

buildings, forming a perimeter around a parade ground. The focal point was a large building, housing the Mess Hall, Red Cross, Chapel, Barbershop, a hall and several offices. It was a wonderful place to be in a home away from home.

Our platoon was housed in a separate building somewhat apart from the main area. On one side of the building the MPs maintained a detention cell area for minor

We provided support for the planes as they left and returned from missions as well as providing fire protection for the entire field. It was a great responsibility and the unit did a great job, receiving a commendation from Division Headquarters.

Our lieutenant, Arthur B. Cunningham, was the official Field Fire Chief, but as Staff Sergeant, I carried out the duties of the NCO Fire Chief. These duties made us very familiar with every nook and cranny of the entire field and we got to know many men from other units.

The platoon went through some very narrow escapes, particularly one involving an incident which occurred when the planes were preparing for takeoff and a bomb load of incendiaries was accidentally exploded, causing the complete destruction of at least five planes. We as the fire fighting crew were on the scene and had nearly extinguished the original fire when we were ordered out of the area, dropping our hand equipment, jumping on our vehicles and dragging our hoses behind us. We reached the tower area, several hundred yards away, and turned around just in time to see a terrific explosion, taking out several planes. No one was injured, including the air crews. I used to wake up nights in a cold sweat over that one.

The 2016th Fire Fighting Platoon supported the 458th BG through every one of its missions, and in March 1945 a tremendous blowout party was held celebrating our 200 missions.

Because we were such a close knit group, we became almost like a family and I never will forget a single one of our men. I have been able to contact only two or three men over the years, but perhaps some of them will see this article and try to contact me. My address is: Thomas R. Wholley, Jr., 90 Rounds Street, New Bedford, MA 02740.



Posing with some of the 2016th Platoon's CARDOX fire fighting equipment. Front Row (L-R): Tom Wholley, Jr., Anthony Attalla. Middle Row: Snedden, Red Nelnis, Lee Raffield, Vanivey. Back Row: Tamirino, Al Staffo.

My outfit was a ground support unit, the 2016th Engineer Aviation Fire Fighting Platoon, attached to the 458th Bomb Group. Fire Fighting Platoons were unique, having only 27 men, consisting of a First Lieutenant, 4 Sergeants, and a Staff Sergeant and 21 men of various ranks.

Fire Fighting Platoons were trained at Bradley Field, Connecticut during the summer of 1943, training in all facets of fire fighting but specializing in Rescue and Crash Fire Fighting methods. When we completed our training we made ready for embarkation to the ETO in late September and arrived at Horsham St. Faith in October, assigned to the 458th BG. None of our equipment arrived until late November, and meanwhile we manned English equipment which was much different from what we were familiar with.

By the time the full Bomb Group had arrived, we were ready. Our equipment had arrived and we were fully aware of all the troubles on the field which we had to protect.

Horsham St. Faith, as described by Michael LaVere, was a beautiful field; in fact, it was referred to as the Randolph Field of Great Britain, a reference to Randolph Field in the States. The air crews were housed in an area somewhat remote from the main area. The non-air crews were billeted in large "H" shaped two story

violations, such as AWOL and the like, nothing serious. One side was located as living quarters for the Fire Fighting Platoon, and one small section contained a boiler room. Across the street was the Administration, a beautiful two story brick building.



This picture shows the main barracks forming a perimeter around the parade grounds. Note the "H" shaped buildings. Way in the background are the airmen's quarters.

Another Mission Completed

by an unknown pilot

Submitted by Richard C. Baynes (466th)

Up at three
And off to chow.
Then to briefing
Where you're told "how".

You sit and wonder
And think and pray
As you worry about where
You must go today.

Will it be Hamburg or Munich?
Or again Gay Paree?
Will it be Leipzig or Politz,
Or maybe BIG B!?

You think of home
And those you love
And pray for courage
From HIM up above.

For wherever you go
You'll no doubt see flak
And you'll need HIS help
To see you back.

Now there's a hush
As the CO rises to speak.
The room is so quiet
You could hear a mouse squeak.

His voice rings out
Quite loud and clear,
"She not a good one today,
But you've nothing to fear."

Then the curtain goes up.
Your target's a little black dot —
It's easy to find —
Right in the center of that big red spot.

Not much to fear?
Can the man be mad?
You've been there before
And you KNOW it's bad!

Not much left now
But to hope and pray
And sweat it out
For the rest of the day.

If you're *lucky*
You may get back.
If the fighters don't hit
And you can dodge the flak.

Now briefing is over
And you're on a truck
Out to your ship
To again test your luck.

Your crew is waiting —
Everything checked okay.
They gather 'round to hear
What you might have to say.

You *can't* say much
But to tell them "Beware,
There'll be plenty of action
In that Jerry air."

You'd better load up
It's about time to go.
The "footlights come on"
For the start of the show.

All over the field
The engines whine
As ships taxi out
To the marshalling line.

Your crew chief is there
Waving his hand
And he'll be sweating you out
Til you're coming in to land.

You get the green light
And give her the gun.
Off down the runway —
You've started today's run.

The sky's full of ships
Going round and round
But they finally head out —
For Germany bound.

You are now a small part
Of a massive formation —
A thing so enormous
It's beyond imagination.

And you feel quite a thrill,
A deep sense of pride.
You're fighting again
For what your forefathers died.

Then it's "land ho",
It won't be long now.
Flak suits come on,
Helmets pulled down to brow.

Miles up ahead
Things start to happen.
Missiles come up,
The air starts to blacken.

There's a barrage over here
And they're tracking over there.
When you look toward your target
You get quite a scare.

You're on your bomb run
And straight up ahead
Out of that black cloud
Drops a ball of red.

It's about that time
Your stomach turns over
And you wish to hell
There was a place to take cover.

For that was one
Of those B-24's —
You pray that the same
Won't happen to yours.

Then there's an explosion
You're bounced in the air.
The ship on your left
Lights up like a flare.

The guy next to you
Goes down in flame
And you hate the hell
Out of those words, "Live in Fame."

She holds steady a second
And some boys bail out,
But there's some go with her
Of that there's no doubt.

It makes you feel sick
For those 88's and 155's
Are taking terrible toll
Of your buddies' lives.

You are in the thick of it
When it's "Bombs Away!"
And you cross your fingers
And hope they don't stray.

For if there's *one* thing
You hate most to do,
It's to miss your target
After all you've gone through.

You're starting to turn now
To get out of the flak,
And you feel quite relieved
As you start to head back.

Now the intercom buzzes
From stem to stern
As the boys look at the target
And watch it burn.

You think you must
Have hit it, all right,
For it looks to be blown up
"Higher 'n a kite."

You're brought back to business
With the sudden alarm
As the co-pilot hollers
And grabs at your arm.

He points to the panel,
Then out at "Number Four",
The oil's going fast
There's darn little more.

So you hit the feathering button,
And do some re-trimmin'
Add some more boost
And try to keep your position.

Then the call comes out
That the Bandits are near.
You really sweat now
From plain old fear.

You get on the radio
And call to beat hell:
"Little friends, help us.
We're not doing well."

You pour the coal to her
And do your best
To keep from lagging
And stay with the rest.

But all the time you keep calling
Trying to make contact
To ask "Little Friends"
To escort you back.

Then somehow, from somewhere
Out of the blue
Comes a lovely P-51
To roost beside you.

He waggles his wings
And gives you a call,
"Got troubles, Big Friend?
Did your engine stall?"

Another Mission Completed

(continued from page 11)

You notice your co-pilot's
Slightly teed off.
He sputters and growls
And ends up with a cough.

Too bad, old boy,
But you shouldn't groan
Some must fly the "heavies"
We can't all fly alone.

(But that P-51
Is certainly a beauty.
Graceful and sleek —
Yet still built for duty.)

It isn't long now
Before England comes into view.
You breathe much easier
Your little friend bids you adieu.

You head straight for home base
Letting down fast —
If you take too long,
Your fuel won't last.

It's "gear down and locked"
You're going in on three
The wind's from your left
It's strong and gusty.

You sweat out your approach
And come in quite high.
Then cut your throttles,
Watch the airspeed die.

She settles down fast
And hits left wheel first.
Not a very good landing,
But you've probably made worse.

At least you still have her
Well under control.
You breathe a sigh of relief
As you complete your roll.

Ode to the Aircraft Mechanics (With apologies to Clemetine)

by C.N. Ball (467th)

Submitted by C.P. "Larry" Kurtz

In Barracks Twenty the beds are many
and they number ninety-nine,
but we never get to sleep there
for we're all out on the line.

In the morning, in the dawning
as our shoes we feebly shine
comes the old familiar whistle
"Get Your Ass Out On The Line."

Are there passes for the masses
when there comes the evening time?
Are you nuts, boy, are you loco?
"Keep Your Ass Out On The Line."

Are you croonin' for some spoonin'
out beneath the pale moonshine?
Hang back up that fancy clothin'
"Get Your Ass Out On The Line."

When this war has passed forever
And the world's once more sublime,
I fear they'll leave us dumbly standing
"With Our Ass Out On The Line."

Flare Launch and Murphy's Law

by P.L. "Pete" Poulos (458th)

After VE Day things got pretty boring around Horsham St. Faith. Finding things to do besides playing baseball or volleyball, which are two of my least favorite sports, was difficult to say the least. So, one day I decided to liven things a wee bit and that was the day I learned that fireplace chimneys do have bends in them.

The navigator and I lived in one of the rooms in a permanent officer's quarters residence at Horsham. Each room had its own fireplace and each room was supplied with a coal scuttle which I guess was used to store the coal we were to use for fuel for heating the room. Frankly, I never learned how to get the coal ignited and neither did Charlie, the navigator. Charlie and I were city boys. Charlie was from Passaic, New Jersey and I was from Newport, Rhode Island. Neither of us had any experience with fireplaces until we got to Horsham.

As mentioned earlier, boredom was rampant after VE Day. It dawned on me one day that wouldn't it be a lark if we could ignite a flare in the fireplace and have it shoot up the chimney and burst into a pyrotechnic display of red smoke. Charlie had reservations about doing this, but since I was senior — I was 20 years old and Charlie was 19 — seniority prevailed and the project was on. The next time we flew to get our hours in, I managed to sneak one of the red-red flares from the ship and brought it back to our room.

As you probably know, a flare shell looks like an oversized shotgun shell. So the first order of business was to disassemble the shell to get at the pyrotechnics. Once the shell casing was cut apart (it was made of cardboard just like a shotgun shell), we had the makings for a chimney flare. We needed a launching pad so the #10 tin can which we called a butt can was brought into play. The can was upended and aligned with the exit from the fireplace going straight to heaven. The black powder from the shell was piled on top of the can and the flare element was carefully placed on top of the pile of gun powder in such a way that, once it was ignited, it would have gone up the chimney and once leaving the top of the chimney it would explode into a marvelous display of red-red smoke.

I didn't have a match at the time, so I asked Charlie to loan me his cigarette lighter which was a Ronson lighter. Ronson lighters were a rare commodity during the war. The only reason Charlie had one was because his father worked for the Ronson Company in Passaic, New Jersey and his dad gave it to him when he went into the service. Charlie was a bit reluctant to let me have his prized possession but I convinced him that for the launching to take place the black powder had to be ignited. So, Charlie gave in to my senior presence, remembering that I was 8 months older than he was.

At this stage, Murphy's Law came into play. We should have dripped a trail of gasoline from the black powder across the floor to a safe distance from the missile. I

never thought about the need for a wick, so I took Charlie's lighter, got close to the black powder and flicked the lighter. At this point things started to go wrong. In this day and age of rocket launches there is such a thing as delay of launch, but that was not the case back in 1945. As soon as the lighter was flicked there was no return. The spark from the lighter ignited the black powder. The flash from the powder burned my hand and I dropped Charlie's lighter in the fireplace. The cartridge went off as planned and in the proper direction, up the chimney.

The black powder ignited the magnesium encased flare component, and the flare was on its way until it hit the baffle in the fireplace. Unlike rocket launches of this day and age, the flare we used did not have a guidance system and could not negotiate the baffle. Right about then we knew we were in deep trouble. The flare ignited by the burning black powder bounced back into the fireplace and started to spin like a whirling Dervish. Fortunately, we had the window open so the red smoke from the flare poured out the window. People passing by our quarters saw the smoke and figured the whole building was going up in smoke. The fire engine was summoned from the flight line and got to the house about the time the flare died. I don't recall what lame excuse we used, but once again I avoided a court martial. The fire engine went back to the flight line and all was well. Well, almost well.

Once things settled down a few minutes after the fire trucks left, Charlie asked me for his lighter. When the black powder ignited I dropped the lighter in the fireplace. The flare which was encased in magnesium must have landed on the lighter and managed to melt Charlie's lighter into an unidentifiable mass of molten metal. Burning magnesium generates a lot of heat!

Charlie was out a precious Ronson lighter, but we did learn that fireplace chimneys do not go straight to heaven.

Cheers and all the best, and be thankful for central heating.

2nd ADA 45th Annual Convention

The 45th Annual Convention of the Second Air Division Association will be held October 4-7, 1992 at the Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada. For further information and a reservation form, please refer to the Spring 1992 Journal, pages 35/36, or contact Evelyn Cohen at the address below. We want to make this our biggest and best reunion ever!

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



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

SHIPDHAM TOWER UPDATE: The owner, Doug Genge, advised in January '92 that the work on the roof has been completed except for the edging around the area where the old gutters used to be. He advised further that at least the rain has to enter horizontally now instead of vertically! They started boarding up the holes in the walls with timber that appeared by magic from a building site owned by Tony Gowan, another ardent supporter of the restoration project who was 8 years old in 1944. Credit must also be given to Steve Adams for enlightening Doug and Tony about the Flying Eightballs. As of 23 Feb. 92 total cash donations towards restoration were \$8000. Send donations payable to "44th B.G. Tower" care of Will Lundy, 3295 No. "H" Street, San Bernardino, CA 92405-2809.

This just in — Doug Genge has had 750 lithographs made, size 16 x 23 in full color, of the painting some of us saw when the 44th contingent from the 2ADA visited Shipdham in 1990. It depicts "Glory Bee" — C+ — flying over the distressed tower in 1989-90. These lithographs, made by the best company in England, were donated by Doug, and Will Lundy will send one to the first 750 people who send \$25.00 or more to him for the Tower project.

Jack Losee, 492nd BG, has a slightly different story to tell about the 20 June 44 mission to Politz, Germany than the one told by my late bombardier, Al Jones. "I was quite surprised by your bombardier's account of the June 20th Politz mission. The 44th Group was the designated 2nd Air Division leader of that mission, except that, during the bomb run, as 2nd Air Division deputy leader, I received a call from the 44th lead stating that they were having trouble synchronizing on the target and to take over the lead. They would try for an alternate target. We proceeded in the lead as the 44th drifted right. What kind of maneuver the 44th instigated is a puzzle to me. I would assume you were in the low squadron and were somehow dragged into the target area. Your bombardier's description of the target area was most accurate but I believe that the lead squadron could not have survived over the target any better than we did that day and have no doubts about the accuracy of my statements. After being severely hit over the target we managed to reach Sweden. I was back in England in five weeks but was never debriefed regarding this mission and could not return to the 492nd Group. It had been terminated. I did, however, return to combat and Germany's defeat with three B-17 groups."

Col. John H. Gibson was Group Commander of the 44th at that time but I do not recall who was the Air Commander of the 44th that day.

Speaking of the 492nd BG, I received a note from Bob Menweg requesting several of the 2ADA rental tapes. He lives nearby in Fords, NJ and returned the tapes to me in person where we chatted over a cup of coffee. Bob went through the Southeast Training Command (as did I — Class 42-J) and graduated with the Class of 43-G. He ended up with the 492nd out of North Pickenham, one of the seven original crews to finish 30 missions before it was disbanded.

Almost a year ago, Lew "Bob" Graham from Caryville, TN sent me an interesting story and I've never had room for it until now. His comment was that the welcome home for our Persian Gulf troops was a little different from his return from England in May '45. His crew flew old battered "T.S. Tessie" home via Iceland and Greenland. The next stop was supposed to be Goose Bay, Labrador but it was weathered in and they were directed to Bangor, ME, also weathered in. Bangor suggested Westover Field, MA, and about this time the engineer, Rocco Cardinello, informed the pilot they were almost out of fuel. The crew decided to head for Westover after being alerted to keep parachutes handy, just in case. Westover was overcrowded with planes and refused permission to land, suggesting they try Bradley Field, CT. Navigator Shelby Turner provided a heading and Bradley advised they too were overcrowded but reluctantly permitted "Tessie" to land. As the crew left the plane, the "Welcoming Committee" arrived — two volunteer ladies with an open-bed truck loaded with snacks and refreshments. They gave "Bob" what he asked for — a half head of lettuce! No bands, no flag waving, no loud cheers — just two ladies in gray, a piece of lettuce and good old U.S.A. soil underfoot. Low key welcome home? Not in "Bob's" estimation. He still cherishes the memory.

I promised you would hear nothing further from me about 66 Sqdn. Crew Chiefs Alba/Whipple and Marsh/Strickland controversy (see 2ADA Journal, Winter 1991 8-Ball column, page 10), but we have a new 2ADA member from the 44th and I think it's only fair to let him have his say. Wayne Harvey was an original member of the 44th BG which was formed from the 2nd Bomb Group from Langley Field, VA. Wayne was NCOIC of the 66th Radio Shop and reports that the crew chiefs in the photo with "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" were indeed Alba and Whipple, with Alba on the right.

When John Nowak sent in the 1992 2ADA dues, Winnie, his wife, told us that John started off this year (New Year's Eve) with the Beijing flu and viral pneumonia. A

subsequent CT SCAN revealed a massive aortic aneurism. After six hours of surgery, three surgeons corrected the problem and he is doing quite well. During his incapacitation, Winnie and John were reading the diary he started in 1942 when John was part of the first contingent to go over and set up weather stations from Burton Underwood on the West Coast, down to Kettering and on up to Norfolk. He was stationed at Watton when he met Winnie and she was nursing in Kings Lynn. She is encouraging him to write a story for the Journal during this long recuperation period. If you wish to send him a card, the address is 2405 Redwood, Anchorage, AK 99508.

Received an invitation from the children and grandchildren of Lois and Art Hand to a 50th Anniversary party to be given in their honor 5 April 92. They live in Paris, IL and our children live in Rock Island, IL. It would have been a great opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, but we won't be doing any traveling until June or later. My wife, Mary, had total (right) knee replacement 27 Feb. 92 and is still using crutches to get around. Heartiest congratulations to Lois and Art on this auspicious occasion. (We will celebrate our 50th 1 May 95.) And many thanks to all the 2ADA members who sent cards and letters to Mary during her recuperation.

We received a letter from Cpl. Mark Willie in Australia who is researching the role and history of the 8th USAAF in WWII. He would like to hear from anyone who would be interested in writing to him about the 44th activities during that period. His address: 1 Lewis Ct., Sunshine 3020, Victoria Australia.

Also received a letter from Edna and Alan Phoenix in Wymondham wanting to know who will be visiting England this year from the 44th. They are particularly interested in hearing about Bob Wadsworth, Dick Thompson and Pete Woodrow Wilson. We do not have any addresses for these men. If any of you know anything about them, please drop me a line or write to Edna and Alan at: Walnut Tree Farm, Deopham, Wymondham, Norfolk NR18 9DN England.

Bob Kruegar (68th Squadron Newsletter Editor) wrote in April advising that Bob Whittington passed away 25 Feb. 92. Our condolences to his family. Bob also advised that he is, hopefully, out of the woods in his battle with cancer and doesn't have to see the MD for another six months. We are pleased with that report.

Dick Bottomley wrote to say that he and wife, Caroline, are going with the 44th group to England next October. He has heard from a friend over there who said

(continued on page 14)

44th Bomb Group

(continued from page 13)

that they are preparing for the FRIENDLY INVASION from the U.S. and are putting up the barrage balloons so the "Island" won't sink. Dick has another interesting adventure coming up this summer — the Bottomley-Noble 150th anniversary. His great-grandfather had a square mile farm near Burlington, WI and cut off one corner to give to the church for a building and cemetery in 1842. They will be having a 2-day celebration and Dick said he will probably meet people he has never heard of. Most of the family had girls, so the family name kinda faded in spots. Dick hasn't helped either — they have six girls! He still has a good supply of 8-Ball T-shirts, sweat-shirts and hats. Write for price and availability to R.E. Bottomley, 4509 Morrice Road, Owosso, MI 48867.

Edward Ayers is interested in finding anyone who knew his brother, 2nd Lt. John T. Ayers, Bombardier, 66th Sqdn., who was KIA on the Ploesti mission 1 Aug. 43. They were flying in "Porky II" and the only survivor was Charles T. Bridges, right waist gunner, who died in 1988. (See Will Lundy's "Roll of Honor and Casualties," page 54.) Ayers would also like to hear from anyone who flew "Sure Shot" in July '43. Bridges was on that crew and he thinks his brother was also. Send information to me or to Ed Ayers, 70 Nottingham Drive, Willingboro, NJ 08046.

Finally, a reminder that the 44th HMG will not have a stateside reunion in 1992 and we'd like to have YOU join us in Las Vegas, October 4-7, if you will not be going to England. From early reports, it looks like we'll have a good turn-out.

American Legion To Create Database of WWII Veterans

The national headquarters of the American Legion veterans organization is seeking to compile a computer data bank of the names of men and women who served in World War II.

The data bank will be used to provide names to media organizations seeking interviews with veterans about war events, according to group spokesman D. Mark Katz. The data gathering began among Legion members and has been extended to war veterans generally, he said.

For a copy of the data bank questionnaire, veterans should write to Katz at the address below, or call (202) 861-2790.

D. Mark Katz
The American Legion
1608 K Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20006

Presidents of 2nd Air Division Association

1947-48	Howard Moore	Headquarters
1948-49	Father Edward Seward	Headquarters
1949-50 (D)	John Cunningham	Headquarters
1950-51	Raymond Strong	Headquarters
1951-52	Raymond Strong	Headquarters
1952-53	Jordan Uttal	Headquarters
1953-54 (D)	Percy Young	Headquarters
1954-55	Fen Marsh	Headquarters
1955-56	Stephen Posner	445th Bomb Group
1956-57 (D)	Richard Clough	389th Bomb Group
1957-58	Stephen Posner	445th Bomb Group
1958-59 (D)	Percy Young	Headquarters
1959-60	Dean Moyer	Headquarters
1960-61 (D)	John Karoly	Headquarters
1961-62	Charles Stine	445th Bomb Group
1962-63 (D)	John Cunningham / Percy Young	Headquarters
1963-64	Jordan Uttal	Headquarters
1964-65	Warren Alberts	Headquarters
1965-66	Warren Alberts	Headquarters
1966-67	Charles Merrill	93rd Bomb Group
1967-68	John Jacobowitz	466th Bomb Group
1968-69	John Jacobowitz	466th Bomb Group
1969-70	Paul Trissel	389th Bomb Group
1970-71 (D)	Kenneth Darney	467th Bomb Group
1971-72	Joe Whittaker	392nd / Headquarters
1972-73	William Robertie	44th Bomb Group
1973-74	William Robertie	44th Bomb Group
1974-75 (D)	William Brooks	466th Bomb Group
1975-76	Goodman Griffin	44th Bomb Group
1976-77	Earl Zimmerman	389th Bomb Group
1977-78	J.D. Long	392nd Bomb Group
1978-79	E.A. Rokicki	458th Bomb Group
1979-80	Pete Henry	44th Bomb Group
1980-81	Dave Patterson	445th Bomb Group
1981-82	Vincent La Russa	467th Bomb Group
1982-83	Andrew Low	453rd Bomb Group
1983-84	Charles Freudenthal	489th Bomb Group
1984-85	J. Fred Thomas	392nd Bomb Group
1985-86	E. Bud Koorndyk	389th Bomb Group
1986-87	Jim Reeves	Headquarters
1987-88	Carl Alexanderson	491st Bomb Group
1988-89	C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain	489th Bomb Group
1989-90	Frank DiMola	445th Bomb Group
1990-91	Dick Kennedy	448th Bomb Group
1991-92	Dick Kennedy	448th Bomb Group

American Librarian Fund Update

by Jordan R. Uttal

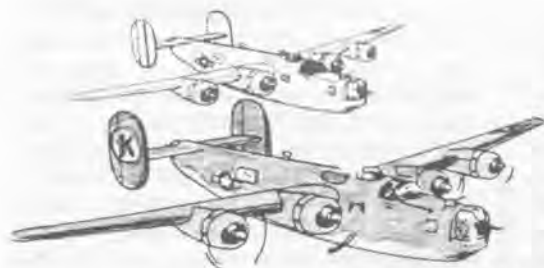
Sorry I missed the last issue of the Journal (Spring 1992) with our further thanks to our membership for your continued support of our Fund Drive. In the Winter issue, I pointed out that the steady decline in interest rates, while beneficial to some segments of our economy, is hurting the amount of income generated by our 2ADA/Fulbright Memorial Award Fund.

On the bright side, however, since last I wrote we have received over 150 checks from members. Almost half of them were from repeat donors. The other half was from new donors!! We can now say that over 2700 of our members have donated to this special Fund.

The large majority of those checks have come from one Group — the 93rd, where a special drive has been made for this purpose. For this we thank the Group Vice President, Floyd Mabee, and especially, the very energetic Dutch Borchering.

In the near future our President, Dick Kennedy, our Board of Governors Representative Bud Koorndyk, and our Oversight Committee Chairman, Bud Chamberlain will be meeting with the Governors and with Fulbright to work out plans for the future. In the meantime, be absolutely assured we will be very grateful for whatever additional support you can provide.

Very best to you all.



by Rick Rokicki

458th Bomb Group

As the old saying goes, it's either "feast or famine." I have recently received several articles from 458th members which merit space of their own in the Journal, and have requested our editor, Bill Robertie, to do his best in finding space for same. Hopefully, he will be able to do so elsewhere in this issue, or in the future. Believe me, I've had the Famine long enough and the Feast is well deserved, so keep in touch and drop me a line.

NEW MEMBERS

We have added 14 new members to our Group. Many thanks go to Trust Librarian, **Phyllis DuBois** who "went around the horn" to get **Clarence Carter's** (NC) name to me. My appreciation to Milt Jay and Duke Trivette in helping me find others mentioned here: **Charles Roof NY**, **Bob Fletcher UT**, **George Schenfield FL**, **Bill Matthews TX**, **Walt Scheiber MD**, **Ben Dankowsky FL**, **Frank Sanborn CT**, **Bernard Hinz WI**, **Jim Simes VA**, **Willard Higdon UT**, **Fred Miller IA**, **Fred Haff** and **Bob Scharf**, both from Colorado. Full address for any of the above, on request.

SQUADRON INSIGNIA, ETC.

I must admit that the number of requests that I received for Squadron "patches" was enough to reorder a limited supply of the four squadron insignias. After fulfilling all requests on file, I find that I still have a few 753rd, 754th, and 755th ones left. If you want one or more of these, let me know as soon as you read this. Please do not send any money. I will send you the insignia you requested and request payment of \$9.50 when I ship it. The last mention of the remaining B-24 key rings went very fast and it was necessary to restock this item again. Still remaining are the die struck, gold electroplated 8th AF lapel/tie-tac pins, Red-White-Red "Tail-feathers," (very few olive drab "circle K" ones left). All above are \$5.50 PP. Now have the B-24 tie-tac, all aircrew wings in the tie bar clasp also. These are \$6.00 PP. About a half-dozen 8th AF cloisonne necklaces are left at \$8.50, PP.

458th BOMB GROUP BLAZER INSIGNIA

Over the past several years I must tell you that I really had little hope that we of the 458th would show enough enthusiasm over a Group "patch." Several attempts by others showed little interest until I showed the photo of Joe Fisher's blazer insignia. Since the response seemed favorable, I began working with a design team from North Carolina and resolved a design that was accepted by all of us. I show here the artist drawing of the design settled upon.



Although seen here in black and white, a description follows. It is a basic dark blue background, gold and silver metallic thread used in the binding, lettering, the B-24 and the golden wings of the 8th Air Force wings. Tail colors of the 458th in red and white. Size is 4 inches wide and 4½ inches high, and will fit nicely under your blazer handkerchief pocket. The unit also will fit very well on your A-2 jacket. The cost is \$10.00 and I have ordered 100 in this, the first order. If there is still a demand, I will reorder as soon as enough money is received to finance the next "run." Please make all checks for any orders out to me and not the 2ADA or Evelyn Cohen, as a few have done in the past. As before, any profits made in these "ventures" will be reinvested in our 458th Group, the latest being a move to upgrade our Memorial at Wright-Patterson Air Museum in Dayton, OH. Duke Trivette is working with the Museum management to see what they will allow.

LAST FLIGHT MEMBERS

Received word from **Roger Hicks** that his navigator, William Haslauer had passed away in December. Roger, as well as several others in the past, have advised either me or the Membership Vice President, Evelyn Cohen, when one of our Group passes on. If you are able to help in this way, it's so much more helpful than finding out next year when the dues statements are sent out and the family advises me a year later. Additionally, the following have made their Last Flight: **Len Armstrong**, **Bard Suverkrop**, **James Peterson** and **Fred Goldfaden**. I have sent condolences to their families.

TAILWINDS

As usual, much mail to answer and it really helps if you include a stamp for the return mailing of any correspondence. Everett Allen, Herman Hetzel, Bill Cunningham and Seymour Grossman have been "carryin' the ball" in this respect and a word here to let them know it's appreciated.

Tom Turner, 491st BG co-pilot, has only one missing bit of information in his mission report. He's trying to get his record straight on his last mission. The 491st was headed for Passau on January 3, 1945. Tom's airplane was delayed in take-off when one of the 500 pounders was discovered hanging by only one shackle. Attempts to jury-rig around the problem caused them to be late in taking off and they couldn't catch up with the rest of their Group. After receiving the "go-ahead" to join the 458th, they bombed the target we were scheduled to hit, but did not find out what that target was. I checked through the records I had and found it to be Neunkirchen and advised him. His other question was: did anyone remember the single green tail with a horizontal white stripe joining our formation? If so, you might want to contact him at 2555 Frontier Road, Auburn, CA 95603.

Recently received letters from **Cynrik DeDecker** of Belgium and **Klass Niemijer** of the Netherlands. Have made copies of the letters and sent them to our members who might be of help, as in the case of where a roster member is mentioned. In every case, I send the crew mentioned the information requested and leave it to their option to respond if they so choose. I do not send addresses of our members without their consent at any time.

Some months ago I received a British publication called "Reunion News" which had an interesting article by **Denis Kirkham**. I recognized the photo that was in question as one I had received some time ago from **Chuck Carter**. I put both of them in touch with each other and I expect we shall soon have another WWII mystery solved.

Cpl. Mark Wyllie of the Royal Australian Air Force would like to correspond with someone from the 458th regarding our wartime activities while flying from Horsham St. Faith. I give his address here for anyone who can oblige: **Cpl. Mark Wyllie**, 1 Lewis Ct., Sunshine 3020, Victoria, Australia.

Certainly looking forward to a big turn-out of our Group at Las Vegas. At this writing, I've been advised we have 55 so far, but I expect that figure will change soon as the deadline grows closer. We will have a large suite set aside for our "get-togethers," so do bring your photo albums, etc. to share with your friends. Sincere best wishes and good health to all, and do your very best to try to make this Convention.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabec

FOLDED WINGS

I try to list in my column 93rd men who have passed on but were not members of the 2nd ADA. I recently received the name of David W. Wright, deceased 9/23/91. I had sent him a third application, and his wife returned the postcard that I sent asking for information.

NEW MEMBERS, 93rd BG

Starting with revision sheet #3-92 dated 3/13/92, the following men have joined. William G. Anderson, Rt. 6, Box 3940, Nacogdoches, TX 75961. K.W. Nudenthal, 1768 Sawgrass Dr., Reynoldsbury, OH 43068 (he is recovering from a stroke, and his wife signed him up). J.M. Bickley, 209 Wyatt-Henry Lane, Brownboro, AL 35741. George F. McNulty, 488 Waycross Pl., Sunny Hills, FL 32428. Col. Miles R. League (Ret.), 236 Glenbrooke Way, Greenville, SC 29615-1299. Edward M. Smith, 3901 Lake Rd. #57, West Sacramento, CA 95691. William Hansen, P.O. Box 16967, So Lake Tahoe, CA 96151-6967. Joseph A. Sassano, 883 Maridian St., Akron, OH 44310. Jeffrey Zinn, Grohman Lane, Plainview, NY 11803. John T. Karler, 2308 Hale Dr., Burlingame, CA 94010. Harry L. Ahlborn, 03560 Starboard Lane, East Jordan, MI 49727. Herbert Bornstein, 921 Grand Blvd., Westbury, NY 11590. Harry J. Albright, P.O. Box 162, Ewen, MI 49925. Associate member, Vesta J. Abbott, 172 So C. St., Timberville, VA 22853.

MUCH NEEDED HELP FROM MEMBERS

We have gained a good number of members this last quarter, but we have lost 8 to Folded Wings, 3 dropped at own request, and 3 dues notice returned. We gained 13 members and 1 Associate and have lost 14. I receive quite a few names and addresses from new member applications, but I don't seem to get much help from the majority of our older members. One case is Ben Kuroki, one of our 93rd men. I have tried to find this gentleman for years, yet I read an article showing one of our members visited with Ben, no address was shown in California, but Ben still isn't a member. I also read an article about the only survivor of "Hot Stuff," the first 93rd B-24 to complete their 25 missions. There were 15 men on their way back to the States, including Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, commander of American Forces in Europe, also Methodist Bishop Adna Wright of Washington. The pilot was Capt. Robert Shannon, and 5 of his crew. On May 3, 1943 about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, only about 20 miles from the Iceland airport, a heavy fog set in and they crashed in the mountain side. S/Sgt. George Anthony

Eisel was the only survivor. This report told about Comrade Roger E. Goodman, publicity chairman, VFW Post No. 684, Memphis, TN presenting Nol membership card for 1944 to S/Sgt. George A. Eisel. I have contacted my only member who lives in Memphis, asking him if he would try to find an address for Eisel for me. I haven't heard from my member as yet; if all else fails I will write to the VFW Post #684. Come on, fellows, give me a little help. I have had a bad winter with a pinched nerve; sitting so much, typing letters hasn't helped. Plus my typewriter broke down again, laid up two weeks for repair, so I bought a new word processor and haven't been able to figure how to work it. My pile of unanswered mail was getting out of control. Had to buy another typewriter on sale, and after my other machine was fixed it still didn't work too well, so I sold it for what the repair cost was. The correction tape didn't work too well, and I need that very much.



INFORMATION REQUESTED

This is a story of an experience that I had between Sept. 42 and Dec. 42 while the 93rd was stationed at Alconbury, while on our first visit to Cambridge. The liberty truck that took us made its first stop at the first two pubs on the edge of Cambridge on Bridge St. We jumped out and headed for one pub, I don't remember the name of that one, we went in and consumed a few mild and bitters. An Englishman by the name of Jeff offered to make a charcoal drawing of me; he put my name "Floyd" on it and signed it, by Jeff 1942. I gave Jeff a tip, don't remember how much, but this drawing sure brings back memories. I believe we later went to the other pub across the alley way, I didn't remember the name of that pub until some years later while looking for it. While in this pub one night I met an English Captain Michael Francis Nolan, a veteran of WWI and WWII, stationed at Cambridge University Senior Training Corps, Quay side Bridge St. We became very good friends and met every time I made it to town. The Capt. watched over me and saw that I always made the liberty run back to Alconbury. He quite often took

me to private parties at English homes, and once took me to the University's Sgts. mess and I was signed up as an honorary member. Quite often before returning to base, we would normally end up at an Indian restaurant, I think it was called "Kismet" on James St., but the Captain would never go and eat with us. I later found out from him that English officers were not permitted to eat with enlisted men. When we were restricted to base for our secret 10 day trip in Dec. 42, I didn't see the Capt. until our return from our 10 day trip three months later from Africa and going to our new base, Hardwick. On my first pass I headed back to Cambridge and met up with my Capt. friend for the last time. I told him that we were going on another trip again, and that evening he broke the rules and we had dinner together. We exchanged a few things and parted. I never did get back to see the Capt. as when I and some of my crew finished our missions we were sent back to England on our way back to the States. That would have been in Aug. 43. We ended up in New York with a 15 day delay en route to Salt Lake City. I did put in for a 15 day extension, and didn't receive it until after the day following the day I should have been on the train to Salt Lake. While sitting in a pub in New York, I saw S/Sgt. James South outside the bar. I went out and got him; we never did make that train that night. I called my home the next morning, and my requested extension came through. I never did see Jim South again, but did find his wife's name in the roster of the 8th AFHS. I wrote to her to see if she was married to the Jim South that I knew who had been in the 93rd BG. She answered back that she was, but Jim had passed away. She sent me some pictures of him in front of a B-29. I sent her an application for Associate membership in the 2nd ADA, and she joined.

In 1972 we attended our first 2nd ADA reunion back to England. I didn't know a soul on that 2nd ADA chartered KLM flight out of Philadelphia; the 2nd ADA had the whole plane. I soon learned that six other 93rd men and wives were sitting all together, and that these fellows were all from one crew. I thought that it was wonderful that they got together like that, and I vowed that I was going to look for my old crew. Since then I have found all but three, have traveled all over the States after each reunion each year, and since five of them have passed away. After that reunion in 1972, we rented a car and headed for Cambridge. I knew that the Captain would be quite old by then. I found that the name of the pub was the Baron of Beef, it hadn't changed since I was there thirty years before, just a different owner. The next day I found the location on the outskirts of Cambridge for the headquarters for the Captain's old regiment. I explained to them that I would like to find the address of the Captain. They sat me down with a cup of coffee and hunted through their old records, and found that he was born June 1, 1887, and his address was 4 Corkston

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Open Letter to the 93rd

(continued from page 16)

Rd., Eltham South East 9, London. After we drove a tour up to Scotland then back to London for our 2nd ADA reunion banquet, I checked and couldn't find any such address, and was told that it must have been bombed out and was changed. If any of you 93rd fellows ever knew this Captain Michael Francis Nolan, I would sure like to hear from you.

This is a list of the six crew members who went to that reunion in England in 1972: Joseph J. Rosacker, pilot; Glenn Tessmer, co-pilot; John Pace, navigator; F.D. "Dusty" Worthen, bombardier; Otis Hair, engineer; and T.C. "Cobb" Gibbs, nose. What a fine group these folks were, and everyone else we have met all these years at the reunions.

93rd BOMB GROUP MAGNETS

I would like to thank Dutch Borchering for the fine job he is doing in collecting donations for the benefit of the Memorial Librarian Fund through the 93rd Bomb Group magnets he is sending out to our members. I truly hope that our members will send your donations to him for these magnets he is sending you; they really make a nice gift. I have sent Dutch one hundred dollars from our 93rd BG Fund.

DONATIONS MADE

I have sent one hundred and fifty dollars to Ray Strong (HQ) from our 93rd BG funds towards the making of the additional bookshelves for the 2nd ADA Memorial Room. He put a notice about these bookshelves in the last Journal, Spring 1992. I feel if each group would make a donations towards this, it would be outstanding.

HARDWICK "AIRFIELD FUND"

While we were at the Topcroft Chapel in July 1990 for our Memorial Service, I wondered if there was a pipe organ in the Chapel, as they were using an electric organ. After the service I noticed there were pipes for an organ and I figured the organ was out of order. Some time later Charles Aton told me he was going to visit Dave and Jean Woodrow. I asked Charlie to find out if the Chapel organ was out of order, and if it was, I felt it would be nice for the 93rd to donate to have it repaired. Some time later Jean wrote to Charlie and informed him that the organ was in good shape, and has a yearly maintenance. In the same letter Jean stated that Dave had started a small trust called the "Airfield Fund" in aid of Topcroft church, seeing we've now got several buildings suitable for fund raising events, he thought it was a good idea to start a fund which would link the Airfield to our Heritage. These funds will be for the upkeep of the village church and charities. On April 9, 1992 I sent a 93rd BG check to David for \$2,000 made out to the "Airfield Fund." Several members were in agreement with this when I told them about it; I hope that you all are.

Hot Pilots

by George Dubina (389th)

SCENE 1

We had a night flight from Lincoln, Nebraska to Grenier Field in Manchester, NH, arriving in the early morning hours. I forget the time; anyhow, the final approach to landing was a bit tricky, especially at the landing point of the runway. There was a hill that was somewhat high, so that one couldn't make what I considered a normal landing approach. I think we had to come in a little high, then cut the throttles, and demonstrate what we had learned in all the flying we had done throughout the United States. In any event, it was a bit tricky and you had to watch out and pay good attention to what was going on between you and the good earth.

SCENE 2

After the usual processing of new arrivals, getting our schedules for the next couple of days orientation and sleeping quarters, a few of us were shooting the breeze about various and sundry things, like "where are the girls," etc., and during a lull in that stirring conversation, I asked the pilot how he liked making his landing — if he found it somewhat tricky. "Yeah, somewhat, but you know what I did?" "No." "I slipped it in." Wow!! I almost fell over. I thought, "Here's a real hot pilot," I'm out of his league. So I changed the subject, as I didn't want anyone to know how inept I was at guiding that 20 ton monster, but then I was taught not to slip any plane, as it is a dangerous maneuver. Cross controlling and all that, especially at about 1 to 200 feet altitude, a quick flip and it's suicide!! I let it go and kept quiet. HOT PILOT...yeah...

SCENE 3

We're at Hethel now, about two or three days getting oriented on procedures on the best way to stay alive in the Big League. And even today the best way is to dodge the bullets coming at you. But I digress a bit laying the groundwork. Here it is: Coming back to our live-in apartment (one room 10X10 ??) 4 bunks and an outside lav, we met the co-pilot of one of our neighboring crews. We exchanged niceties; "Hi, how's

it going?" etc., etc., then we asked about flying missions. How rough is it? Flak bad? Fighters? His reply about flak: Commandant: "Haans, I want you to hit number 4 engine on dot B - Twenty Vour." So, Haans fires. He hits number three. Commandant: "Haans, you dumbkoph, I told you to hit number four!!" Slap...slap...slap. We took it in a humorous vein, thinking, this is no piece of cake. I don't think I slept a wink all night.

SCENE 4

We start our chores, bringing daily greetings to Der Fuehrer and his disciples, and about the time we completed five missions along with the "Hot Pilot" I told you about, what do you know, he began getting sick and lots of anxiety showed in his face. Saw him for a couple of minutes one day and he told me that he couldn't seem to acclimate himself to flying combat missions. Shortly after that, we didn't see him any more. Back to the States, I guess, I don't know. So much for the "Hot Pilot."

The story-telling co-pilot about the same time had difficulty finding a competent pilot with whom to fly. He too disappeared. Guess he went back to the States too. Saw him in Los Angeles some months later after being reassigned on completion of my tour. By accident we both wound up in the same limo, with four civilians. Would you believe it? He started spouting about flying missions over Germany and all its inherent close calls. I held my tongue and again, let it go at that, which I am not doing now.

SCENE 5

This is where I cut out, or as we used to say, "peel off like a big bird," but before I do...did anyone out there ever run into any characters like those two? This article is not in the vein of some of the more heroic exploits usually found in the Journal, but I was curious to know if any of you knew of any like characters. We were all anxious and a bit more so, sometimes downright scared out of our wits, but we stayed with it, helping with the demise of the Third Reich.

446th Bomb Group Annual Reunion

The annual reunion of the 446th Bomb Group, "The Bungay Buckaroos," will be held at the Valley Forge Hilton Hotel, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania on August 28 to 31, 1992. For further information, please contact:

Marvin H. Speidel
708 Dianne Court
Rahway, NJ 07065

Snowbird Alert!

Your Journals are now being sent to both addresses. We find that this is the cheapest and most efficient way to ensure delivery. If you have a temporary or permanent change of address, please notify Evelyn Cohen (address on page 2) and include your group affiliation.

*The secret of popularity
is always to remember
what to forget.*

A black and white photograph of a busy London street corner, likely Piccadilly Circus. The scene is dominated by large, ornate buildings covered in advertisements. On the left, a tall building features a large clock face and a sign for "GUINNESS'S GOOD FOR YOU". Above it, a sign for "ATLAS ASSURANCE" is visible. The central building has a large sign for "BOVRIL" and "SCHWEPPE'S TONIC WATER". To the right, a building displays a large sign for "WRIGLEY'S" and "FOR VIM AND VIGOR". Other signs include "ORDON'S CHIN", "BILE BEANS", and "PATRICK WOMEN". In the foreground, a large, ornate, octagonal monument with a conical top stands in the center of the intersection. The monument has several panels on its sides, possibly depicting historical figures or events. The street is filled with vintage cars, double-decker buses, and pedestrians. The overall atmosphere is one of a bustling, commercial hub.

by Jack Stevens (467th)

For an explanation of the unique 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich, England, and its relationship to the 2nd Air Division Association (2nd ADA), this video goes to the horse's mouth. In this case, that's Jordan R. Uttal, the foremost American authority on the Memorial. Uttal was Photo Officer and Statistical Control Officer at the 8th Air Force's 2nd Air Division Headquarters and, from 1972-1989, a member of the Memorial Board of Governors.

- Provide a Memorial Room in the Norwich Public Library to house the 2nd Air Division Roll of Honor and a library of American books.

- Construct a memorial fountain, outside the Library, incorporating the 2nd Division insignia and a stone from each of the fifty states, and
- Provide income for the purchase of American books.

- Provide income for the purchase of American books.

The video contains poignant cameo bits from two earlier 2nd ADA documentary videos, "Faces of the Second Air Division" and "Eight Candles for Remembrance," and historical media clips about people and events that have helped make the memorial "a fitting tribute to all who perished and to all of us who survived."

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Reflecting on a Reunion

by Gene Hartley (389th)

It's early April as I write this, and already I am anticipating our next Second Air Division Association reunion. It will be the 45th. If you possibly can, you ought to attend. I seldom attend other reunions. Never gone back to a college get-together. The Eighth Air Force, VFW, Legion, have not interested me. Not even a member. I try to understand what it is about this one, the Second Air Division Association.

It's not the war stories, (the half truths or half lies, depending on your point of view), although I do enjoy them. It's not the search for another buddy, although the thrill when you find one is tremendous. It's not the desire to reflect on how lucky I am to be alive, although God knows I'm grateful. It's not a need to re-examine a part of my life once shared with a select company of courageous young men thrown together by happy chance and severe circumstance, though you must know how proud I am to have been a part.

Maybe it's a satisfaction in having been part of a tough job done pretty well. Maybe it's because our business, during that conflict, was conducive to developing a unique camaraderie that could and has survived years of separation and being nearly forgotten. Maybe it's because this organization, unlike so many others, deals with today even while remembering yesterday. Maybe it's because we care, for the living as well as the dead, for future generations as well as our own, for a people in a foreign land who came to mean much as we lived, fought, and lost comrades while on their soil. Maybe it's because this Association is alive.

Whatever it is, and reactions differ between individuals, most of those in attendance seem to like the intangible bond that has surfaced once again in their lives. As I reflect on past reunions while anticipating the next, remembering old friends while looking forward to meeting new, and wishing others of you could have experiences similar to those that so many of us have enjoyed, I will try to describe two major actions that have become an integral part of your Second Air Division reunion. These moments alone make our gathering emotionally unique.

First, and probably most important, the lighting of the candles. This takes place at the final banquet with our nearly 1,000 members, family, and friends of the 2ADA in attendance. In front of the head table is a small table with eight unlit candles. To one side stand eight groups of three men each. These men represent each of the bomb groups, fighter groups, and headquarters of the Second Division of the Eighth Air Force. The lights in the huge banquet hall dim, and the Master of Ceremonies steps to the microphone. As silence throughout the room becomes absolute, he introduces the first group of three individuals from the units they represent with the statement that, "These men will light a candle in honor of those who gave their lives during the AIR OFFENSIVE, EUROPE." The three step forward and one lights the candle. Following a significant pause for remembrance, the Master of Ceremonies introduces a second group of three to light the candle in honor of those who gave their lives, PLOESTI, with a significant pause for remembrance again being observed. The procedure is followed for the NORMANDIE, NORTHERN FRANCE, ARDENNES, RHINELAND, and CENTRAL EUROPE campaigns. Our remembrance is climaxed as the last three men, "Light this candle in memory of those near and dear whom we have lost since we last met."

The ceremony is significant. The moment can be quite powerful.

It is one that can be deeply experienced only by those who are there. Hopefully, this description might bring a sense of participation to you.

Secondly, the in person reports that we hear on the status and progress of our 2ADA LIVING MEMORIAL in Norwich, Norfolk, England. I know, we read of the Memorial in every Journal. We've been solicited for financial support by many individuals in as many different ways. When looking at the big numbers accompanying the financial requests, the actual significance of our Memorial might seem to become secondary. Additionally, the continuing growth of our organization suggests that the positive ramifications of our work are not known to all, that the vast majority of our members, who do not attend the reunions, probably do not fully understand the opportunity the Memorial represents. At the reunion, we are reminded quite simply and forcefully, that:

The SECOND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL is an attractive, functional, beautifully designed room of the Norwich, England Library. The room is, and will continue to be, a constant reminder of the fighting presence of the people of the Second Air Division, 1943-1945. The roll of honor of the over 6400 members of the Division killed in action is there. High on the wall is an attractive, mural size, B-24 action picture. One recent visitor to the Memorial Room wrote, "That smoking Liberator in the mural thunders a quiet message of courage for all who can see, "We flew from your soil, we did our best, and, in an unassuming way, we hope that you will learn of us and our nation." Also gracing the wall, full size replicas of the tail markings of each of the fourteen Bomb Groups that made up the Second Air Division, the five fighter group markings, and the 2nd Air Division Insignia.

Our Memorial Room contains a collection of books that covers every facet of American life. Just outside is a Memorial Fountain containing stones from each of our fifty states. It is a beautiful place. It is a LIVING MEMORIAL, with much of its life being provided by regular income from our membership dues and continuing donations. Through the Memorial Trust, the collection of materials housed in the room is continually being improved and expanded. The appreciation and love expressed by people from Norwich in attendance at our reunions, by letters read from young English people, some of them kids during the war, others born in more recent times, the warm affection expressed by so many areas of East Anglian life, all contribute toward making the quality and significance of our unique MEMORIAL come vibrantly alive.

The candles, the first hand descriptions of the good our MEMORIAL is doing, having dinner with my Group, the emotion of remembering, the feeling of fellowship that prevails throughout, the knowledge that although you are with many that you don't personally know, everyone is a friend, all of the above contributes toward my anticipation of another reunion.

I think we, the Second Air Division Association, are a cross section of our America. Following the time we shared some fifty years ago, we have entered every walk of American life. Background, where each was from, what each did, all of that meant very little those many years ago. And for a few days at our reunion, it will mean even less now than it did then. Once again, we'll all be in it together.

I'm anticipating a great week at our 45th. Hope you make it!



392nd B.G.

by Oak Mackey

Las Vegas, slot machines, blackjack, craps, poker, girls, shows, etc. But best of all, the Second Air Division Association 45th Annual Convention, October 4-7, at the Riviera Hotel, your opportunity for a ton of fun. However, time is of the essence. You should have your reservation form and full payment to Evelyn Cohen by August 1.

Myron Keilman has provided a series of short articles aptly entitled "Lest We Forget." There will be two or three of these articles included in my report in this and future 2nd ADA Journals. I think you will find them very interesting and informative. Major Keilman was the CO of the 579th Squadron. He was in the original cadre which arrived at Wendling in August 1943, and served until the last mission was flown on April 25, 1945. He stayed in the service after the war and retired with the rank of Colonel. His book, "392nd War Stories" is available in the PX items in the 392nd BG Memorial Association Newsletter. At \$20.00 a copy, it's a fantastic bargain.

LEST WE FORGET

by Myron Keilman

On 11 July, 1944, the 2nd Air Division's target was the airfield at Munich if it could be bombed visually. The radar target was the big marshalling yards. The weather was such that all of the division airplanes bombed the marshalling yards. Nineteen B-24s of the 392nd went over the target, dropping 112 1,000 pound bombs. The flak was intense. Two airplanes and crews were lost. Here is General Hodge's message from 2nd Air Division Headquarters:

"Desire returning crews be informed that today's bombing of Munich apparently caused great damage in the built-up area of this important industrial target. Intercepts of German news broadcasts state that the bombardment of the city was intense for a period of over one half hour. This information is corroborated by intercept of German "V" service."

LEST WE FORGET

by Myron Keilman

25 July 1944 was a big troop support effort for the break-out of the Allied armies dug-in in the St. Lo area. The 392nd was briefed for this on the 21st and again on the 22nd but low clouds prevented dropping bombs for fear of striking friendly troops. On the 25th a maximum effort of 48 airplanes dropped 1722 120 and 260 lb. fragmentation bombs in an excellent pattern one mile square. All Eighth Air Force bombing was completed by 1055 hours. At 1100, the Allied armies commenced their major offensive that didn't stop until they reached

the Rhine River and Paris was liberated. Here is the message that Lord Trenchard, Supreme Allied Headquarters, sent:

"My very best congratulations on the great air work in the battle. It has saved thousands of army casualties. It is splendid. I congratulate you. All good wishes to all commands."

The Annual Southern California Reunion Dinner was February 29 at the El Toro Marine Base, and it was the best one yet. All fourteen groups of the 2nd ADA were represented. There were 252 members and wives, plus 39 guests for a total of 291. From the 392nd BG there were 36 members and wives and 4 guests. It was cocktails from 1730 to 1900, then an excellent dinner was served. After dinner entertainment was a real treat and a pleasant surprise. Ronnie Schell, star of TV, movies, radio, etc. presented his Las Vegas night club act. You may remember him as Gomer Pyle's best friend "Duke" and he was Goldie Hawn's boyfriend in "Good Morning World." If you are anywhere near California next year at the time of the El Toro dinner, do yourself a favor and go. You will enjoy it very much.

Elmer G. Jost, P.O. Box 254, West Alton, MO 63386, was the navigator on the Dick Steck crew. He has logs and maps of all the missions he flew and he is willing to share them with any one of you. You can write to him at the address above. Also, his letter related this near tragic, although somewhat amusing story. Seems they were shooting night landings and landed short of the runway and broke the nose wheel off. Elmer was riding in the nose and was trapped unless he could get out through the astro-dome. He just about had it un-bolted and was preparing to go out, when the engineer decided to help, jumped on top of the airplane, kicked the astro-dome in, hitting Elmer so hard on the head it almost knocked him out. He fell to the floor, then got up and with help from the engineer, exited the airplane and they took off running.



Wendling Control Tower (1945)



Hut in the 576th Squadron (1975)



The Plowshare in Beeston (1975)

The photographs you see here were enclosed in the letter from Elmer. The picture of the Wendling control tower was taken in March 1945. The Nissen huts are located in the 576th Squadron area, this picture was taken in 1975. Many of you recognize the Ploughshare Pub located in Beeston, just outside the north gate. This is also a 1975 picture. On April 21, 1945, the 392nd BG's mission was to Salzburg but the mission was called back due to severe weather in the target area. There were no missions until April 25, 1945 and the target was Hallein, the last mission of the war for the 392nd BG. Elmer took this picture of the Salzburg and Hallein road sign while he was in Germany in 1983.

466th Bomb Group

by Elwood Nothstein

It is early spring as I write this, and even though we had more than 110 inches of snow, it wasn't a bad winter. Just as we expected it to warm up, Cathy and Donald Thomson arrived from England to a week of rain and flurries. They flew into Toronto on the 29th of March and we brought them to Spencerport. While with us they saw some of western New York and of course Niagara Falls. Cathy had no trouble driving on the "wrong" side of the road as they traveled into Pennsylvania and Ohio. They returned home on the 11th of April, tired but satisfied with their first trip to the "colonies." Come back again, Cathy and Donald.

In Tony North's "Liberator Album," Volume 3, there is a photo of a 466th aircraft, "Pegasus," using parachutes for brakes (see photo). I have often wondered when this incident occurred. If any of you out there can shed light on this subject, please write. I am interested in the date, crew members, crew chief, etc.



Parachutes deployed from the waist windows of the 466th BG's "Pegasus" help slow the aircraft down on landing after hydraulic failure.

At this juncture I shall assume that Evelyn may still have room available for the reunion in Las Vegas, unless otherwise stated in this Journal. I am looking forward to a good turnout this year. The price is right and air fares are dropping as I write. Let's get some of our members from the area to this meeting.

Bill Robertie, editor of the Journal, is looking for stories to print in future issues. If you have an experience to relate, type it up and mail it to Bill. His address is on page 2 of this issue.

UPDATE ATTLEBRIDGE: The goal of \$12,000 for the 466th Bomb Group Memorial is virtually reached. The Memorial was dedicated on June 12, 1992 at an 11 AM service held on the site. Approximately fifty people from the U.S. were in attendance. Tom Reto (466 Bomb Group Association) and I have reached a tentative agreement which will allow the 466th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division Association to continue to place a wreath on Veterans Day. The 466 BGA will place a wreath on Memorial Day.

The following is Charlie Herbst's account of his crew's fifth mission.

BRUNSWICK, APRIL 8, 1944

Our first mission in a strange ship, for

"Jamaica?" is being test loaded with 2,000 lb. bombs. Funny to fly in someone else's ship but that is the way it goes. The object of the visit — an airfield near the above mentioned town. Seems they are building parts for a lot of airplanes down there that may some day come up and try to get us. It was a very clear day and gave us our first good look at the "Fatherland." After going and wrecking so many of the Fuhrer's airfields he is getting mad at us. Everything went along fine until we got near the target and the outfits ahead of us started to call for help, as the Luftwaffe was up "in full strength." We didn't mind this too much, although it had us worried for a while. The flak was plenty heavy as we made our bomb run and had turned for home when they came after us. They had pulled up ahead of us and were in the sun and high. The nose gunner opened up first and they came at the formation in a pack, both ME-109s and FW-190s. They swept through the formation firing everything they had but not pick-

ing on any ship in particular. On the first pass one of our planes went down but for it we got six of them. They swept on down and came around to get at the Purple Heart Corner (last flight of the group or squadron). The boys on our ships did a good job down there but we were more interested in a bunch that was gathering up in front of us again. They came in and made a sweep at the lead squadron. One of them must have been trying to save gas, for he came in slower than the rest. We poured the lead to him and he went out faster than he came in, blowing up right over our ship. The rest of the group was taking a beating but being in the lead flight we got away very easy, as they only made the initial pass at us and then went after the rear flights. We lost five more behind us but took our toll which at final counting was 25. This was a horrible fascination for us. When we got back to the base we found only one hole in our ship, which was damn good luck. The group lost six ships and a lot of those that got back had wounded on board. The trips are starting to lose the interest we had in them at first; guess all the "glory" has worn off of them and it is now just a "dirty job."

Unusual Battle Damage

by Wayne E. DeCou (489th, 453rd, 458th)

We were one of the lucky crews, as we flew 34 combat missions over Germany and never had any serious battle damage or any crew member injured. We did get some unusual battle damage though, so I'll claim a record for "more unusual enemy battle damage" than any other 8th AF crew. When I say unusual, I don't mean getting shot up by the regular German fighters or flak damage. These could be deadly but it wasn't unusual.

A good example of unusual damage was what almost happened to us when we dropped supplies from low altitude to our troops when we crossed the Rhine River at Wesel. After dropping our supplies it was every plane on its own, so I poured on the coal and headed for the deck but got trapped behind several other B-24s whose pilots weren't nearly as scared as I was, judging by their slow speed. There was no room to go under them, so I banked to the right to get around them. The plane I got behind evidently had a supply container hung up and it came tumbling out when we were right behind and below it. What a place to be! It was another lucky day for us as the chute was tangled up on the plane and the box was held up just long enough for us to get out of the way.

It wasn't but a few seconds later that we ran into our first actual unusual battle damage. It was caused by machine gun fire from about 40 or 50 yards away. I didn't enjoy looking down the barrel of a machine gun and having those bullets exploding only inches away on the flight deck. At least it didn't last long and there was only light damage to the plane as far as flying is concerned, but plenty of extra work for the ground crew to repair.

Our next unusual damage lasted a little longer even though it was only a few seconds from start to finish. We were stuck in what was called the "coffin corner," which was the low plane on the left and rear of the Group. It was almost always the plane that German jets selected as a victim to work over with their 4 - 30mm cannons. First there was a short burst from our tail gunner and real quick a steady pounding from his twin 50's. It seemed like several minutes of this (probably only a few seconds) and then several loud explosions somewhere in the rear of our plane and almost at the same time a ME 262 jet went flashing by us, only a few feet from our right wing. Again not much serious damage as far as flying the plane, but a lot of repair work for the ground crew.

The next unusual damage involved a direct hit by an anti-aircraft projectile. It must have been an 88mm as it was going pretty slow when it made a direct hit about 2/3 of the way back from the front of our left wing and only about 4' from the fuselage. Of course, it was a dud or I probably wouldn't be telling about it, but what makes it so unusual is that it made a gouge in the wing and then slammed into our left vertical stabilizer. If it exploded it was far enough away that it didn't bother us. In fact, we didn't even know that we had received 2 direct hits from one anti-aircraft projectile until we were back on the ground in England. So again, no big problem for us but more work for the ground crew.

If this isn't a record for unusual enemy battle damage, I bet it is pretty close.

The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

Those of you who served in the early days in the 448th under Col. Gerry Mason (deceased) will be happy to know that his widow, Jean T. Mason, still resides at their place where they moved after Col. Mason retired.

Some of you may recall Jean and a son (deceased) came down from their home in Perkose, PA to Valley Forge during the 2nd ADA reunion there in 1976. We were so happy she could come and visit with our 448th. Jean is now 83, drives her car and lives alone. Nearby is a daughter-in-law and two grandsons. She has a daughter 50 who has been in Kenya, but her husband who is in the Diplomatic Corps will soon be in Belgium. Leroy Engdahl recently had a phone call from Jean Mason and they talked for twenty minutes. It was so nice to hear from her. Jean has been an associate member for about sixteen years.

By the time this article is read our 448th will have completed our 10th consecutive annual group reunion at Omaha, Nebraska where our hotel was the beautiful Red Lion Hotel.

At this writing over eleven hundred letters were mailed out to our 448th veterans, announcing our reunion dates May 28, 29 and 30, the site and all details.

I've chosen an early date so as not to conflict with the 2nd ADA reunion and the 8th AFHS reunions, as well as over 100 of our 448th who will be going back to England to visit Seething, Norwich, Duxford, Cambridge and other sites.

Buses will meet us at Heathrow and Gatwick airports to take us to Norwich where we will have hotels set up on September 2nd. Our activities will end on the 8th and buses will take us back to our respective airports on September 9th. Some will stay on for visits on the continent. Paul Homan has done a fantastic job working out all the details with help from Pat Everson of Seething.

Early indications are that we will have a large attendance at Omaha and several first timers. We are in hopes of having a retired 4 star General as our Saturday night banquet speaker and an honor guard from Offutt AFB.

Early word is that Doug Skaggs expects his entire crew in attendance. We hope that becomes a reality as his crew has always been among those having the most crew members in attendance.

We are looking at the great Northwest (Seattle area) for our 1993 448th group reunion, as we've never had a reunion up that way and with all the beautiful area around, it would make an ideal vacation spot combined with our reunion.

Leroy Engdahl has been getting bids and is working closely with the Convention and Visitors Bureau of Seattle and Bellevue just across the lake from Seattle. We hope

to visit Boeing's huge aircraft factory, among other interesting and attractive sites.

Continuing our recognition of 448th veterans who followed the field of education following their military service, because of space limitations in the Journal we are sorry but we must condense these resumes.

Julius Rebels of Elyria, Ohio was a gunner on Frank Gibson's crew. Their crew finished their 30 missions on 2 June, just before "D" Day. Julius graduated from Miami University of Ohio with a B.S. and also had eighteen hours in Administrative Study. He taught in a rural area school from 1949/1954 at Southington, Ohio. He taught Industrial Arts, Conservation Health, Physical Education and coached all sports available in his school. In 1954 he went with North Olmstead school to teach until his retirement in 1977. At the time of his retirement, North Olmstead was the largest three year high school in Ohio with 2400 pupils. As previously reported, Julius was heavily involved in making model airplanes and has made several hundred donations to both the Air Force Museum at Wright/Patterson AFB as well as Lackland AFB, San Antonio, TX.

Thaine A. Clark lives in Hays, Kansas. Thaine returned to his Alma Mater, Kansas State University, and earned a Masters Degree in Agricultural Economics. He taught Vocational Agriculture at three Kansas high schools, the last being at Harp, Kansas, the home of Fort Hays Kansas State College, later University, where an opportunity to teach in the department of Biological Science and Agriculture was presented him. This was to be for one year but he was kept on until he retired 27 years later. Thaine said he didn't make great wages but he is proud of his career in education and we are sure his students were also proud of him.

William E. Ruck was on James Bell's crew and lives in Medford, Oregon. Bill was 22 years old when he was discharged from the service, which made him a pretty young airman. He graduated from Allegheny High School in Pennsylvania. He received an Associate Degree from Boise State University in 1949. He transferred to Southern Oregon State College at Ashland and completed requirements for his Master's Degree while teaching and going to school at night at the University of Oregon at Eugene. He began his work on his Doctorate in 1960 while teaching full time and his family had grown to three. It took him eight years to complete his requirements for his Doctorate in Education. In 1962 he entered full time administration and became principal of the 2300 pupil Medford, Oregon senior high school in 1965. In 1970 he left public education and joined the faculty at Southern Oregon State College. He retired and was granted emeritus status in 1987.

Lloyd A. Drury was bombardier on James Sullivan's (deceased) crew and he became a group bombardier reaching rank of Capt. while at Seething. Lloyd lives in Providence, Utah. He received his B.S. Degree at Southern Idaho College of Education at Albion, Idaho. He received his masters in 1948 at Colorado State College of Education at Greeley, Colorado and his Doctorate in Education at the University of Wyoming at Cheyenne in 1952. Lloyd's teaching career starts with elementary, then high school, then Junior College where he became acting Dean of Men at Sterling Junior College in Colorado. Then he served for years teaching at the senior college level at Southern Idaho College, Brigham Young. He was Associate Professor of Education at the University of Nevada, Reno 1958/1968. He was a member of the Ford Foundation assigned the task of making a study of continuing education in Alaska. Lloyd's endeavors in the field of education are too numerous to mention in the space allowed, but he says his most cherished one is when the class of Kimberly High School in Kimberly, Idaho invited him to their 40th class reunion and recognized him as the teacher having had the greatest influence on their lives.

Anyone else who followed the field of education following their service whom we have not recognized, please send details to Cater Lee, P.O. Box 126, Foley, AL 36536. We still have some to recognize next time.

This has been another lengthy report, but we feel our 448th veterans will enjoy learning more about their buddies.

Good health and best wishes till next time.

Mother Phyllis Speaks

PLEASE could people who will NOT be travelling in groups *let me know in advance* when they plan to come to Norwich. I can help you plan a visit to the Library and to your base. I would be glad to send London-Norwich train schedules, information on accommodation, etc. I will try to make sure that you don't miss anything that may be going on while you are here. Our base contacts are all looking forward to your visits but many of them are gainfully employed and they must plan ahead to be able to welcome you. You will get far more out of your "Return to England" if you heed the words of Mother Phyllis and let us know when you expect to be here. Please, put pen to paper, purchase stamp, place letter in envelope...do I sound desperate enough?

Phyllis DuBois
Librarian, 2nd AD Memorial Room
c/o Norwich Central Library
Bethel Street
Norwich, Norfolk NR2 1NJ
England

489th Notes

by Neal Sorensen

finally was, at 10 minutes to 5!

Those who have been privileged to attend one or more 2nd ADA Reunions have a genuine appreciation of the logistical problems faced and solved by Evelyn Cohen and her volunteers. Rooms are available, buses carry us touring, nineteen break-out meeting rooms are scheduled, plus meals and banquets.

If you have been touched by the hushed Eight Candles for Remembrance ceremony, or if you heard Jim Reeves' tearful eulogy to our fallen comrades at the Cambridge cemetery in England, a glimpse of the love and reverence with which your Executive Committee members approach their elective tasks in our behalf may be yours.

But what of the six or seven thousand current members of the 2nd ADA who have little or no evidence of the planning and work that makes the 2nd ADA function, thrive and grow? Without attending the smoothly run reunions, their only exposure to the organization consists of the annual request for dues and the quarterly reception of the 2nd ADA Journal. Let me try to relate, in part, the scope of my experience in attending the Savannah Executive Committee Meeting.

There were seven segments on the agenda, with fifteen committee reports. The reports were sub-divided into 27 elements. There was also old and new business consisting of 10 subjects for discussion. Two guest speakers were sandwiched into the

agenda. Mrs. Norma Beasley presented a full report on the 2nd ADA Heritage League. Mr. Daniel W. Massey spoke of the proposed 8th Air Force Heritage Center which will be located near Savannah on 15 acres fronting on two major freeways, a marvelous location.

The agenda did not consist of having a report submitted and rubber-stamped. On the contrary, after presentation the presenter was frequently called upon to explain, defend or enlarge on his/her report. Underlying it all there was a reflection of professional give and take, of giving and receiving suggestions or criticisms. Their labors reflected the love and desire your Executive Committee members have to preserve the magnificent achievements of the 2nd Air Division and the members who died in combat.

Your Executive Committee is composed of a group of talented individuals who volunteer long hours for no pay. They pay their own expenses to attend meetings. There are anonymous deeds of kindness done for indigent members which we never hear about. In short, they are the fabric that binds the 2nd ADA into an efficient operation of 8,000 plus air veterans. There is not, to my knowledge, another organization with a membership of over 8,000 (in the United States) that has no paid staff. They do not want or expect pay, but they deserve our admiration, respect and heartfelt thanks.

A LABOR OF LOVE

The privilege was offered to your Group Vice President to attend the Executive Committee Meeting of the 2nd Air Division Association, Eighth Air Force. The meeting was held on January 29th and 30th in Savannah, Georgia. The 50th Anniversary Celebration of the Mighty Eighth Air Force, founded January 2, 1942, was also being observed in Savannah. The 8th Air Force celebration spanned the entire week of January 27th through February 1st.

Fresh from the stimulation of Harry Wagon's marvelous mini-reunion held in Orlando, Florida on the 24th, 25th and 26th of January for 489th Bomb Group veterans, Pat (my wife) and I decided to drive up to Savannah to attend both the meeting of the 2nd ADA and the celebration of the founding of the 8th Air Force Heritage Center (museum). Since the meeting was scheduled during the celebration, I assumed that the sessions scheduled by the 2nd ADA Executive Committee would be perfunctory and brief.

WRONG!!!

The January 29th session began at 9 AM. Lunch was served in the meeting room and the session continued unbroken until 5 PM. Rest breaks were on your own time. Since the meeting continued during your absence, haste was the order of the day. The 30th session began at 9 AM and was to continue until the agenda was completed — which it

2ADA Video Tape Library

by Pete Henry (44th)

One of our tapes, "B-24's Get Back," only runs for seventeen minutes and it did not seem fair to charge members \$5.00 rental, so your "librarian" has combined this tape with "B-24 Liberators in the ETO" and both are now available for the one \$5.00 rental fee.

The tapes were sent to John Hildebran (453rd BG) with the request that he review them. His comments are as follows:

"The tape was real good. 'B-24's Get Back' is very interesting and, after you view it, you could almost fly it all over again.

"Libs in the ETO" is a wonderful history lesson for everyone, not just B-24 guys. It not only gives a good account of how and when the 2AD was formed but its bearing on the other aspects of the ground war. It's too bad that the end is chopped off but, as you said, it seems like only 15 seconds or so. It is a good tape."

To rent these tapes or any others from your 2ADA video library, please contact me at the address below. A complete listing of tapes available appears on page 24 of the Winter 1991 Journal.

H.C. "Pete" Henry
164B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

A New Eighth Air Force Book Is Available

In May 1988 when I was visiting our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, our good friend Tony North told me that a British visitor at the Memorial Room had begun to write a book on 8th Air Force Memorials in England. At his suggestion I communicated with Mr. George H. Fox, and had a very pleasant lunch visit with him in London.

We have remained in touch, and I was very pleased to learn last December that the book was finished. I hastened to send for a copy, found it interesting, absorbing, and a worthy addition to my book collection. In addition, I had the pleasure of showing it to the Executive Committee at their meeting in Savannah in late January, and many of them asked for particulars as to the availability in the United States.

George H. Fox's new book, 8TH AIR FORCE REMEMBERED, is an illustrated guide to the Memorial's memorabilia, and main airfields of the 8th Air Force in England in World War II. Sixty-one main bases of the 122 occupied by the Eighth are covered, and our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room is well covered in print and photos.

Also there are colored and black and white photos of all of our 14 Bomb Group

bases of the 2nd Air Division, our Headquarters Memorial Plaque, four of our five fighter group bases. Our friends at the 3rd SAD are also well represented.

In addition to photos of such memorial plaques and stones as our Groups may have erected, there are photos of remaining control towers, hangars, and other buildings and runways. Also in many cases there are inset maps to help you find your way to the bases by car.

Mr. Fox has given me the names of two sources for this excellent tribute to our 2nd Air Division and the 8th Air Force in general. I have contacted both sources and they have verified that the book is in stock. I refer you to:

Bill Dean Books Ltd.
P.O. Box 89
Whitestone, NY 11357
Tel. (718) 359-6969
Contact Rosemarie

Bill Gaudette Books
2050 E. 17th Street
Tucson, AZ 85719
Tel. 1-800-366-7323
Contact Sharon

I recommend this book highly...

— Jordan R. Uttal

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

From the Southern California perspective, 1992 is shaping up to be a fine year. In spite of all the political allegations, accusations and declarations that are in the wind (doesn't it smell awful), I predict the 2nd ADA will have one of its finest conventions ever at the Las Vegas Riviera Hotel, 4-7 October. I promise you that no wilder stories will be told than are being told in the political arena. Although we poke fun at our political system, there is none finer in the world, so participate and help get out the vote!

Speaking of the Las Vegas Convention, members who do not wish to stay at the Riviera Hotel but want to otherwise participate in the convention can do so by writing Evelyn Cohen for particulars.

We extend a hearty welcome to the following who recently joined the 2nd ADA: Junior Aughenbaugh, Mt. Wolf, PA; Ralph Collins, Ogden, UT; Charles Gallagher, Oxford, PA; Carl McHenry, New Carlisle, OH; Peter Belitos, Lynnfield, MA; Richard Gelvin, Goldsboro, NC; William McRorie, Flint, MI; Dr. Richard Howell, Midland, MI; Richard Kelso, Monmouth, OR; John Napolitano, White Plains, NY; Abraham Schnitzer, Houston, TX; Joseph Salisbury, San Antonio, TX; Fred Becchetti, Fairfax, VA; Lee Garson, Ft. Lauderdale, FL; Charles Huddleston, East Liverpool, OH; Lewis Flagstad, Superior, WI; and Eugene Houseman, Portland, OR.

It is my sad duty to report that Basil (Jerry) Ashcraft, Thomas Madden and T.W. Stiteler have folded their wings. Our heart felt sympathy goes to their loved ones.

The Eleventh Annual Southern California 2nd ADA Dinner was held at the El Toro Marine Corps Officers Club on February 29th. This was perhaps the most successful dinner to date (see report elsewhere in the Journal). Some 310 people attended, and as usual the 445th Bomb Group led all others in attendance with 49. Joan and Dave Patterson came down from Alamo, CA; Carl Rambo from Livermore, CA; Nicholas Maslonik from Oakland, CA. Twyla and Ray Pytel joined us from Elkhorn, WI as did Al and Dorothy Querbach from Hanston, KS. Roy Ellenders, Bob Mead, Art McDermott, Terry Sather, Walter Strawinski, Roger Ward and their wives drove over 100 miles to attend, as did Bob Russell. It was a fine evening, highlighted by the humor of Ronnie Schell. Be sure to plan your 1993 winter vacation so that you can join us next year on the last Saturday in February.

Howard Davis recently sent me a copy of the original roster of non-crew officers but that did include rated staff positions such as Group and Squadron C.O.s, navigators, bombardiers, etc. Howard made penciled amendments of all changes after Westover. This information will be a great deal of help in my efforts to reconstruct 445th records.

Howard also wrote of this experience as Group Communications Officer: The 445th had its own HF/DF station whose call letters were AWI — in a little shack out near the perimeter. The radio operators were tuned to 7BV, the Wing ground station to whom they sent back strike reports. One evening our station (used mostly for DF) received a faint signal, very hard to read. A 445th plane was on the ground in Poland. The pilot sent the message that the crew was OK and to notify their families. While locating the secret number the radio operators were given to verify the source of messages, contact was lost. Howard says, "This story would mean a lot more if I could tell you who the crew was and whether they got back to Tibenham later on. But that's all I know." So, can anyone out there come up with the name of that crew and whether or not they made it back to Tibenham?

Frank DiMola writes that he and Elizabeth drove down to Savannah to attend the 2nd ADA Executive Committee meeting and also to help celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the 8th AAF. The letter was primarily a weather report — bad weather for the entire 3 days in Savannah and rain and snow all the way home. We are glad you made it back home safely, Frank! Frank also reminds us that the 445th led all Groups in dollars contributed to the Memorial Librarian Fund. By the way, those of you who have not yet contributed but would like to do so, please send your checks to Jordan Uttal.

Mrs. Gale S. Daudel, associate member, is seeking help in locating the following men who served with the 1826 S&M Company during WWII: Ralph Martucci, Wayne Fosbrink, Frank Milley, Willard Hargrove, George Weimer, Sam Popovich and ? Thompson. She wishes to share information and photos. Her address is P.O. Box 4, Harper's Ferry, Iowa 52146-0004.

Ray Bence sent in details about his crew (pilot Fromm) and mission experience. "July 25, 1944, Group mission #133, Tact. target #19 (break-out at St. Lo, where our own troops were bombed and Gen. McNair was killed). Lt. Fromm's crew was split and Lt. Zudeck and Mascolo were in the ship off our left wing. Another navigator was on our plane so I was left waist gunner. The ship off our left wing received a direct flak hit, caught fire, broke in two and went down. I saw 2 of the crew bail out of the nose wheel hatch and tail gunner Joe Williams reported several chutes. Rudy Birsic's Group history indicated no 445th A/C lost that day.

"August 16, 1944, Group mission #151 to Dessau, Germany lists 2 A/C lost. Lead ship was hit by flak on the bomb run and collided with deputy lead. Our ship was inadvertently reported as the 2nd ship. I was gunner/toggler in the nose turret. Sept. 12,

1944, Group mission #163 to Hanover, Germany lists 1 A/C lost. Route was up over the North Sea and a turn to the southeast before reaching Heligoland. The 445th proceeded over the Island and had to turn back 180 degrees to join up with the rest of the Wing and the one A/C was shot down by flak. I talked to several of the survivors at Stalag Luft IV. Our crew was at Tibenham about 2½ mos. I completed 13 missions while I was 18 years old and was also on the forced march from Stalag Luft IV." Ray also included a photo taken at Westover but unfortunately the quality is too poor to reproduce in the Journal.

Chuck Huddleson writes: "On my 3rd mission, 18 June 44, I suffered a punctured ear drum and was in a hospital until 4 July 44. I got back on flying status with my original crew (pilot Joe Salisbury) but volunteered to fly extra so Joe and I could return home at the same time. But it wasn't to be. On my return to flight duty, I flew practically all my extra missions as right waist with Lt. French. My original crew ditched while I was in the hospital and only Salisbury, Pease, Drake and Roby survived. My 3rd mission was to Stade, Germany and was both good and bad. We were carrying "frag" bombs and 6 racks didn't release. I had to go out in the bomb bay and trip each one. Results: one farmhouse and one barn. Another heartbreaker was the St. Malo run. We were carrying 5 blockbusters and when the bomb bay doors opened at the I.P., out went the bombs and blew a nice big hole in the ocean floor. The raid to end all raids was the Kassel mission. I was flying with Lt. French and we crashed at a P-47 landing strip at Rheims, France. I got credit for destroying one FW 190 and a possible second but no credit was ever given for the second one."

Richard Gelvin sent not only a copy of his original crew orders (Joe Salisbury, pilot) but also a list of all the missions he flew. Richard only flew 3 missions with Salisbury and was not aboard when Salisbury's crew had to ditch. Richard had been promoted and assigned as a lead navigator. He says he flew one mission with Lucian Farr. I wonder if it was in the "Ramblin Wreck"?

Let's keep plugging along in our efforts to locate 445thers who are not yet members of the 2nd ADA. Bill Beasley, 492nd, suggests you might get help in locating lost crew members by writing to: Alice Hunter, Chief, Field Servicing Div., Department of Veterans Affairs, Records Processing Center, P.O. Box 5020, St. Louis, MO 63115. Give as much information as you can; e.g. full name, rank, serial number, etc.

Next on the menu is the Las Vegas Convention. I hope to see many of you there and by the way, be thinking of nominees for the Group VP position. I feel the 445th needs new blood in the job.

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong



As you are aware, in almost every Journal and Headquarters Newsletter, I have urged each of you to write up your experiences, memories, etc. of your time at 2AD. It is always interesting to see what stands out in other people's minds after 50 years. I recently received the following from Robert Cramer. I, too, remember that we usually had hot water at Horsham. It was a permanent RAF base. For me, at least, things changed when we got to Ketteringham. More often than not it was back to cold showers!

MY FONDEST MEMORY

by Robert Cramer, 315th Sig. Co.

It was a cold and rainy night as we traveled by troop train from Scotland to England. We arrived at Horsham St. Faith (a base on the outskirts of Norwich) on a December morning in 1942. We were cold, hungry and tired because we had just experienced a long and rough trip across the Atlantic Ocean — unescorted — on the Queen Mary.

We had hardly arrived at Horsham and unloaded our luggage when I searched out the latrine. To my surprise, the first thing I noticed was a large white bath tub. Of course this was unheard of in the service; all we ever had were overhead showers in a large room with mostly cold water. I was cold, tired and dirty, and that tub looked so beautiful! I checked the water temperature and it was actually hot. I hadn't had a hot bath since God knows when, so I immediately undressed and slid into that nice, soothing water. It felt so good, and for a brief moment I forgot about being cold and tired and I even forgot about the war and the reason I was over there.

Today I still have that same wonderful feeling every time I slide into a tub of hot soapy water, that I had 50 years ago. I just lie quietly and remember back to that day when we arrived at Horsham St. Faith feeling tired and cold and the wonderful feeling I got when I took that hot bath.

With reference to Jack Nye's article ("The Russians Are Coming") in the Winter issue of the Journal, I had the following note from Joe Whitaker, who, as most of you know, was Division Bombardier and flew his missions with the 392nd before coming to Headquarters:

"Allen 'Jack' Nye's article on the Russian officers' visit brings back memories to me also. My orders came from Gen. Kepner, and I escorted then Major 'Pete' De Severisky, USAAF, and the Russian Colonels and a Major to a visit at Wendling, home of the 392nd Bomb Group, 14th Combat Wing. Gen. Johnson, 14th Wing Commander, and Col. Rendle, 392nd Commander, hosted the visit. They were escorted to Hdqrs. Operations Room briefing, Sqdrn. Hq., flight line, etc. After lunch we visited 14th Combat Wing Hdqrs. at Shipdham. They were highly inquisitive of our bombing equipment and operational procedures. We returned to 2AD Hdqrs. and as I recall, they left the following day. But Pete, prior to winding up the visit, had drinks with a couple of us at the club. I will never forget his last comments: 'Never trust my military countrymen.' Looking back almost 50 years, Pete's statement would certainly be repeated if he were living today. And I agree!"

Our 50th Anniversary Commemoration campaign for money to pay for additional bookshelves in the Memorial Room is coming along. As of mid-April, when I had to submit this article for publication, I had received \$335 from 13 Hq. members. I had hoped for participation from more of you with small \$5, \$10, \$20 or \$25 tax deductible contributions. It's still not too late! It would really be great for us to make a substantial gift toward the bookshelves. So if you just put off sending me that little check, take pen in hand! One person who is going to Las Vegas sent a small check anyway and promised to buy raffle tickets as well. And, of course, anyone going to Las Vegas who would like to send me a small check is encouraged to do so.

Just as I was preparing to mail my column to Bill Robertie, I received the following from Tom Eaton: "You and your colleagues will be pleased to know that the two bookcases are now in place at the Memorial Room. Phyllis and her assistant are now busy sorting the Greenham Commons books so that the shelves will be filled soon. When that is done Phyllis will send you photographs, but in the meantime I thought you would like to know the situation, particularly as the bookcases look so well in the positions chosen and add yet again to the quality of the Memorial Room." So keep those little checks coming and I will reproduce the pictures in the next Hq. Newsletter.

Please, some more of you send me reminiscences, experiences, etc. for future publication in the Journal or the Hq. Newsletter. I wish that there were some other things we could do in remembrance of the 50 years that have gone by since we served together. I would welcome your ideas.

Reflections on Col. Rendle at Wendling, 1944

by Henry C. Vaughan (392nd)

On a night following a period of time that the 392nd had suffered a heavy loss of crews, I was among others that assembled in a large hangar to hear an address from our leader — Col. Rendle.

As we gathered, the makeshift raised speaker platform itself was unoccupied. From the men themselves there was none of the usual conversations, banter or laughter usually found at such a meeting. Just a sense of quiet wonderment about why it was being held.

The more we stood, the quieter it became. The silence became so thick you could almost cut it with a knife.

Finally, up front, a man climbed the few steps and turned facing the assembled men. He was a large man, bareheaded, his black hair and facial features plainly showed his Indian descent. His carriage, demeanor and attire befitted the rank he carried.

Before speaking he seemed to look and search out the face of each man. When he spoke his strong booming voice carried the length and breadth of the building.

"Men of the 392nd, we have took one helluva beating lately" (pause) "We who are left must accept what duty and sacrifices are required of us" (pause) "NOBODY QUIT" "NOBODY QUIT" (pause) "FOR NO REASON" "FOR NO REASON."

He stopped for a few moments to let the impact of his words sink in. There was no cheering or applause from the gathering at this time, just quiet acceptance.

As he commenced again, his face assumed a more somber look.

"Men, I've got some really Bad News from the folks back home." (A grin of sorts spreads over his face). "They have just informed me that we are using too much Toilet Paper over here."

The tension of the meeting changed and a huge ripple of laughter came forth.

Moving down from the platform, Col. Rendle moved through the men, shaking hands with all.

Attention Golfers

The Eleventh Annual 2nd ADA Golf Tournament will be held 5 October 1992 at Sunshine Vista (Nellis Air Force Base) Golf Course.

We will have a shotgun start. The charge will be \$40.00 per participant and will include green fee, half a golf cart, souvenir golf balls and golf prizes. Bus transportation to the course and a light lunch will be provided.

There will be a Men's Handicap Division, a Men's Peoria Division, and a Women's Peoria Division.

If you are interested in playing, please advise the undersigned enclosing a check for \$40.00 (refundable if you are unable to attend the reunion) and advise your handicap or average score. Please give us your Bomb Group and the names of those you would especially like to play with.

Charles L. Walker
1530 S. Pomona B-32
Fullerton, CA 92632
Tel. (714) 526-4248



by Bob Sheehan

All roads lead to Las Vegas in October. Our 467th Group will have our dinner on Sunday night, October 4, 1992. We will have our business meeting at 10:00 AM, Monday, October 5. The Second Air Division Association program will take over with plenty of time to select your own activities. I've been told that you can do just about anything in Las Vegas.

We had such a good meeting in Tucson last year, and it would be good to follow that meeting with another good one in Las Vegas this year. We all look forward to another good visit. Each of you who come will add to the reunion.

The 1993 reunion is still in the planning stage. It will be in the southeastern part of the United States. Keep in touch for the location and time.

I want to add a bit of personal experience to encourage each of

you to locate all members of your crew or your buddies of any unit that you were assigned to.

In 1983 I attended the 467th reunion in Dayton, where a tree was planted and a Memorial Plaque was installed with a very nice ceremony by our own Phil Day. Following the Dayton reunion, I made up my mind to try hard to find ALL of the members of our crew. I did find most of them through telephone information, but it took as many as 20 calls to find the person I was looking for.

I still was four names short, so I wrote the postmaster of the old hometown and told him of what I was doing and why I was doing it. In three weeks time I had letters of response from three postmasters who supplied the name of a brother of the man I was looking for. Then I discovered on the last contact that I had been looking in the wrong part of Texas. I did find them all at that time in 1984, and before long I had been to visit each and every one, either at reunion or at their homes.

This was one of the most satisfying periods of my life. The expense and the time spent became minor when I had renewed friendships after 40 years. I strongly urge all of you not to give up, because the reward of reunion re-establishes the bond that exists between men who have been in combat together. It is a very moving experience; my advice is don't give up until every avenue of contact is exhausted.

A Quick "How To" Guide For Members

Who to contact for the answer to your question or problem.

(See page 2 for addresses of those named below)

by David G. Patterson, Secretary, 2ADA

Lost Buddies, Group Historical Info, British Village Contacts

Help in search for WWII acquaintances; information on those you now have located; info on any Group rosters ("then" as well as "now"); village contacts in England for info about your old base, today and yesteryear.

Ask your Group VP

Journal Data

Questions about articles, people, photos (those already published, or ones you want published in a future issue); extra Journal copies; lead time for submitting data; Journal policy.

Ask Bill Robertie

Membership Policy and Dues

Membership categories; Association membership policy; questions on dues (send dues payments to her); membership cards.

Some notes: (1) Association policy is to provide free dues coverage for those members unable to pay; (2) Dues paid by new members joining after July apply to the rest of that year; (3) Dues are on a calendar basis; statements are sent each year end; please send dues statement back with dues payment.

Ask Evelyn Cohen

Lending Library

Pete is the custodian for our library of combat (and misc.) video cassette tapes that you can borrow for mini-reunions and other get-togethers.

Ask H.C. (Pete) Henry

Second Air Division Memorial in England

Ask about any and all information regarding the Memorial Trust and the Memorial Library, and its supporting programs.

Ask E. (Bud) Koorndyk

Donations: (1) ALWAYS make check payable to "2nd Air Division Assn." (2) Specify on lower left corner of check (or by separate note), designation such as "book(s) in memory of..." (3) To offer a specific book, write first to "Memorial Trust Librarian" in Norwich and ask procedure. (4) Donations to Capital Fund: Send with annual dues to Evelyn Cohen; otherwise send to Dean Moyer (Treasurer).

Other Memorial Library items: To set up an endowment; to make special cash contributions in memory; to inquire re. Roll of Honor: Ask Jordan Uttal.

Association Policies and Procedures

Questions regarding Association Bylaws, Executive Committee policies; organization, plans, history of the Association; suggestions for improvement of the workings of the Association.

Ask Dave Patterson

2nd Air Division Association Heritage League

The Heritage League is a separately chartered organization formed to carry forth the Association concepts after our "last man" 2nd Air Division Association is no more.

Ask League President

A Liberator Returns To East Anglia

A year ago when the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF in Norwich first discussed trying to get a B-24 Liberator in flying condition back to the UK for this very special year, it seemed an impossible task, but now thanks to the Confederate Air Force, the dream has become a reality.

We initially held talks with the Collings Foundation who own the B-24 "All American" and began the long task of finding sponsors willing to help with the huge cost of getting the aircraft to Great Britain. Sadly, all these plans fell through last December, but the Confederate Air Force came to the rescue with their B-24 "Diamond Lil," and we cannot thank them enough for all their kindness and support; they have been really true friends. All the sponsors readily agreed to transfer their support to "Diamond Lil" and the Confederate Air Force also worked hard to obtain sponsors in the USA for this unique flight. We have also talked to the BBC and they are covering the entire flight from Fort Worth to Norwich on both TV and radio, so we will have a camera and radio crew flying with us across the Atlantic. The actual flight will re-trace one of the old wartime northern routes via Canada, Greenland, Iceland and Prestwick before arriving at Norwich Airport on June 8th after hopefully receiving a very moving "flying greeting" from the Royal Air Force as we fly down the UK from Prestwick. During her stay in the UK, this famous plane will be the "guest of honor" at the major air shows including the International Air Tattoo at Boscombe Down, Biggin Hill, North Weald, Woodford and Duxford. Also during her stay at Norwich Airport the aircraft will overfly all the old 2nd Air Division bases as a tribute to the Division and the East Anglian villages. As a business pilot and a crew member I just cannot wait to get started on this long haul across the Atlantic so that once again East Anglia can hear the roar of the Liberator.

— David J. Hastings
Memorial Trust Governor

The Seeds of Friendship

by Patricia Everson

Around fifty years ago the friendly invasion first began
When the U.S. Army Air Force came to help defend our land.
To the children it was exciting as the trucks and jeeps
rolled by
Full of friendly, smiling young men, throwing gum and
calling "Hi."
When they had settled in their base, on their bikes they
started to roam
Asked where the nearest pubs were. "Have you got a big sister
at home?"
Their smart uniforms and 'film star' accents always meant
that they
Had no trouble finding girls to help dance the night away.
Others visited local pubs singing songs and drinking 'warm beer',
The boys would go and warn them, "Look out, the Snowdrops
are here."
The M.P.s would check the bars out, G.I.s hid out the back,
Boys gave them the 'all clear' so back inside they would
all track.

From the bases came home washing, this many mothers used
to do.
And the children took it back clean, talking with Americans
they knew,
Boys had meals in the mess, saw films that were showing on
the base.
Some children brought in fresh hen's eggs, this put a smile on
the face
Of men so tired of eating dried egg powder, *these* they really
would enjoy,
Meanwhile they gave candies, gum and comics to many a
girl and boy.
Several schools were invited to a party and Americans would
come
In their trucks to pick us up and afterwards take us home.

Many kind deeds and cheerful friendships, they shared with
us all,
So when they left us at war's end many were sad and tears
did fall.
Through the years as we grew up we learnt more about those
days,
When so many lost their lives in lots of tragic ways.
Others injured, missing in action, many became prisoners of war
We will never forget them and all the traumatic events we saw.

Many years have passed by since they first came to our shores
Now we are happy to welcome them back, as they return
once more.
We help them make nostalgic visits to see memorials and their
old base
Remembering old friends, and so many experiences that
happened on this place.
The 'children' they befriended have great pleasure seeing them
come back
Enjoy hearing again of the cold and mud and the horrors of
flying thru flak.
Ground crews tell us of the problems they had keeping them
flying.
We help direct them then to Cambridge where their buddies are
still lying.
Those important seeds of friendship, sown in days of hardship
and also fear,
Flourished in the hearts of those children and the men who came
to share
Those grim days of blackouts, bombs, and 'living for today'.
Welcome back to dear old England, we've missed you since you
went away.
Around East Anglia many events are planned for you all to see,
When you join us in your 'second home' for your Golden
Anniversary.

Record Turnout at 2nd ADA Regional Dinner

by Charles McBride (448th)



L-R: Harry Orthman (492nd), Dick Boucher (445th), Ronnie Schell (guest), Fred Thomas (492nd), Charles McBride (448th), Charles Walker (445th).

The Southern California members of the 2nd Air Division Association celebrated their largest and most successful reunion dinner on 29 February when 306 people were in attendance in the Officers Club at El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, California. Chaired by Harry Orthman (492nd BG) and assisted by Charles Walker (445th), Dick Boucher (445th), Fred Thomas (392nd), and Charles McBride (448th), the program began with presentation of the colors by an elite Marine Corps Color Guard, followed by the

Pledge of Allegiance which was led by Mrs. Norma Beasley. The invocation was then given by Chaplain Dudley Johnson and was both inspirational and timely. The Base Commander's Chief of Staff, Colonel J.W. Robben was present with his wife.

Members were encouraged in advance to bring to the reunion any souvenirs or war-time memorabilia and these articles were duly displayed around the dining area. In addition, Mr. Mark Hoage again presented

his private and extensive collection of World War II clothing, flying equipment, and related artifacts so reminiscent of those grim days faced by bomber crews flying from English soil.

Three former presidents of the 2nd ADA were in attendance, Dave Patterson, Fred Thomas, and Bud Chamberlain. Four current and former vice presidents were also present: Bill Clarey (492nd), Bill Beasley (492nd), Oak Mackey (392nd), and Charles Walker (445th). Three members traveled the greatest distance to attend this reunion from the states of Minnesota, Ohio, and Wisconsin. Also, special thanks are in order for the check-in duties performed so efficiently by Val Boucher and her crew of Sally Orthman and Agnes McBride.

The entertainment this year provided a change of pace as well as a pleasant surprise with the introduction of Mr. Ronnie Schell, star of TV, motion pictures, radio, and various commercials. He captured the audience immediately in thirty minutes of continuing laughter and sincere appreciation. Lastly, the reunion committee made a resolution that there would be absolutely *no* appeals for funds of any kind during the evening and takes great pride in stating that this resolution was kept in its entirety.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
Marvin H. Speidel



RIDDLE... Hair thinning on top and what there is of it is streaked with grey; bags under the eyes; three or four chins, belly over the belt, weak knees and fallen arches, a spine that creaks and every move accompanied by moans and groans. What is it? It's a Second Air Division veteran at play, as fit as a fiddle and raring to go — just like in the 40s. Well... almost! And if the description jumps out at you every time you pass a mirror, you should be making plans now to join the rest of us at The Riviera in Las Vegas, October 3rd to 7th. Details elsewhere in this issue.

And speaking of reunions... there is still time to reserve your spot at the 446th Bomb Group get-together at the Valley Forge Hilton, August 28th to 31st, but there are deadlines. Due to the tremendous demand for rooms and facilities in the area, all reservations received after July 24th must be returned. Check with me and do it now. Remember — the motto of all old 446ers is based on The Bible. We're out to raise Cain while we are still Abel.



The accompanying picture is of J.W. (Billy) Mitchell of the Norwich Fire Service in the 40s. He was a sign painter by trade and is believed to have been a regular visitor to the 446th Base at Flixton, walking the 8 miles from his home. On these visits he is presumed to have painted nose art and A2 jackets. If anyone recognizes his face or name and can supply any details or additions to this story, please send anything you remember about him to me for forwarding to Ray Bowden in England who is conducting the USAAF Nose Art Research Project and to Mitchell's daughter who is interested in hearing about him.

A letter from Norm Marshank, 704th Squadron, relates that he thinks he may have been the youngest 446er shot down. He was 19 years and 7 months old when shot down on his 34th mission on October 19, 1944. Any other claims to such a distinction? Another note, this one from Joe Quirk, a gunner on one of the original crews in the 706th Squadron, suggests that his crew with pilot 2/Lt. Samuel Fowlkes was the first 446th crew to be shot down. They were hit by flak on November 18, 1943 over Brest, France while en route to Flixton from Marrakech, North Africa. Joe and 2/Lt. Herman Schafer evaded capture and Joe got to Station 125 for one day before being sent home. He says that there was a shocked silence when he entered the mess hall and then bedlam broke loose as he was welcomed. Bombardier 2/Lt. Harold Kerns was killed when his parachute failed and everyone else, including four ground personnel passengers, became POWs. Their stories are in our Group History, Norm's on page 205 and Joe's on page 29. Copies of the History are still available from Bill Davenport, 13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705-1034.

Also had a most interesting letter from Melvin Howard, tail gunner on one of the original crews of the 706th Squadron. Mel tells

of their crew (pilot Jensen) being assigned to the 446th when it was formed at Clovis, New Mexico and flying there to get used to the new B-24 they had been issued. Later they completed Phase Training 2 and 3 at Denver, Colorado where they decided the plane needed a name. All the crew members put names in a hat and the one drawn resulted in the name "Old Faithful." The bombardier's wife was an artist so she painted a big eagle and bombs as the accompanying nose art. After phase training it was the southern route to England via Lincoln, Nebraska; Florida; Puerto Rico; Belem, Brazil and Dakar, North Africa. There was a 2 week layover in Belem caused when 706th Squadron Commander Milton "Zip" Willis, who was flying with them, washed out the nose wheel on landing and it was necessary to send back to the States for a new one. He took considerable razzing about learning to fly. Back in the air they still weren't sure whether they were headed for Italy, India or England, but after several days in Marrakech waiting for the English weather to clear they were on their way to the UK. After one night at Lands End they arrived at Flixton. On April 27, 1944 on their 25th mission while flying in another plane with "Old Faithful" laid up for repairs, an engine exploded and they came down in a herd of sheep leading to co-pilot Kingsbury's claim of putting lots of mutton on the Group's tables. Mel woke up some 36 hours later in the Base Hospital and stayed there until August 14th, having had a plate put in his head. Eventually, he returned to the States where he was an instructor at Chanute Field, Illinois until his discharge from Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin in October 1945.

As a companion piece to this story, a phone call from Willis Hause, "Old Faithful's" bombardier, seeking information about the 446th reunion at Valley Forge, corroborated the story of the painting of the eagle nose art as it was his wife who did the painting. Further, we (Irwin's crew) flew "Old Faithful" on eight missions during the summer of '44 before she was salvaged from battle damage in August.

The following is Dick Ghore's second mission report. Thanks, Dick, and how about hearing from some of the rest of you?

MISSION NO. 23, BERNBERG - APRIL 11, 1944

Awakened early as usual. The good news was fresh eggs for breakfast. The bad news was that target was to be the Bernberg Airdrome with the secondary target the Aschersleben Airdrome. We boarded our own ship for this one — No. 609, "Lazy Lou" — loaded with six 1,000 lb. bombs (M-44 GP) and, at daybreak, with Lt. Chuck McKenry piloting we lifted off and formed on "Fearless Freddie" at 12,000 feet. The 446th was Lead Group for the Division on this mission and we were soon in No. 6 position of the first section of our Group. As we hit the enemy coast at IJmuiden we drew some medium flak and continued on to the Dummer Lake area where the flak became extremely heavy and accurate. Deputy Division Lead Lt. Minnick was first to get hit when flak pierced the nose of his plane. With oxygen and interphone systems knocked out he turned back aborting the mission. Within minutes, the Division Lead Ship, commanded by Major Willis, was also hit by flak. His ship was riddled and in big trouble, so he wheeled for home with a feathered engine. His ball gunner was saved from injury when his parachute harness buckle was hit by flak. Our "Lazy Lou" took a few hits, none serious, although one pierced the nose turret plexiglass. After the Lead and Deputy Lead ships had aborted, the second section, led by Lt. Mattes in ship no. 498, took charge and led the Group in bombing of the primary target visually through moderate flak. We bombed with the lead ship and took a hit in the side during the bomb run. On the way back we saw one B-24 go down in flames with only two chutes coming out. We later flew through the heavy Dummer Lake flak, this time without incident, and landed safely back at the base to learn that our aborters had made it back also — Major Willis, Lt. Minnick, Lt. Kartovsky and their crew members.

In wrapping up this edition's report, I have the pleasure of informing you that the 446th Reunion announcements in some 15 to 20 military veteran oriented magazines and newspapers have resulted in letters and phone calls from over 30 lost souls who were not aware of either the 2nd Air Division or the 446th Bomb Group Associations. All have been advised of the proper address to contact for membership in either or both organizations, and to date five have registered for the 446th Reunion as first timers. Hopefully all or most of them will join the rest of us for the comradeship existing among us.

Taping the Ties That Bind

An Open Message to the 2nd Air Division

from Lorraine Prytulak Williford (492nd)

This is an appeal to each and every one of you who was with the 2nd Air Division. *Tell us your stories!* Tell your family those anecdotes of your time during that very memorable time of your life. Better yet, write them down to share with others, or allow someone to tape you while you speak. NO story is unimportant or boring. A wise person once said, "When an old man dies, it's like a library burning down." If you tell no one of your experiences, the stories will be gone forever. I realize that, for some of you, many of the events you remember may be painful memories. But those, too, are an important part of history — both your own, and the world's.

When my father and mother were in Alamogordo for his B-24 training, Daddy occasionally "buzzed" their house to let her know he was back. One day, when he came home, he made a startling discovery. "How long has that water tower been there?!" (For those of you who may not remember, the water tower was at the opposite end of town from the airfield.) Apparently, Daddy had been fortunate enough to turn his plane ju-u-u-st before hitting it each time. He *never* buzzed their house again!

My father *loved* to talk of the time he spent in England. It was one of the most vital parts of his life. Although in many ways it carried bittersweet memories, he preferred to talk about little happy things that he experienced while "over there." Although he and my mother were married before he went to England, he had never gotten his own wedding band — they hadn't yet become popular for men at that time. When

he decided that he really wanted one, he bought his own ring — my mother didn't know he wanted one — at a jeweler in Swaffham.

Daddy also enjoyed his times off in London. He loved to talk of the "Buzz-Bomb" raids. He and other "brave" (or was that crazy?) souls, instead of heading for the air raid shelters, would grab folding chairs and head for the roof to watch the "show." "You were okay as long as you could still hear the buzz — when the sound stopped, you'd better run!" (This must be some inherent thing among fliers — my husband sat on rooftops in Riyadh, watching Patriots take out Scuds!)

The preceding were oft-repeated, and always enjoyed stories of both my childhood and my adult years. How I wish he were here now to tell them to me just one more time, or maybe one I have since forgotten about.

Please, gentlemen, do *not* let your stories disappear the way B-24 tire tracks have disappeared from the fields of England. Future generations *will treasure* them! No matter how mundane they may seem to you, they are a part of HISTORY.

MAKING MEMORABLE MEMORIES

Anyone can become an expert at recording or taping oral biographies. The recordings don't have to be perfect, notes Bill Zimmerman, author of *HOW TO TAPE INSTANT ORAL BIOGRAPHIES*. Rather, their value lies in their ability to convey the warmth, beauty, laughter and tears of life. Here are a few tips to make your recording sessions easier.

- Practice using the tape recorder or video camera and be sure to test your equipment before starting.

- Prepare a list of questions to ask. Explore personal values, biographical and historical facts and family anecdotes.

- Begin each tape with an introduction. State the names of the people who will be speaking and the date.

- Use props — old photographs, maps and birth certificates — to prompt memories and to add visual diversity if you're using a video camera.

- Don't be intimidated by tears or silences — you are re-capturing meaningful emotions.

- Make the interviews into a family tradition. Use special family occasions such as Christmas, Hanukkah, weddings or anniversaries to make more recordings.

- Avoid accidental tapeovers by making copies of your recordings. Label all the tapes clearly and be sure to store them in plastic covers in a safe cool place.

Oral biographies can be a source of continuity and family pride. They can provide a sense of identity, as well as teach lessons and even resolve conflicts. What's more, oral biographies can help different generations find common bonds. Children love to hear that their grandparents were rebellious teenagers, and adults feel less isolated knowing their parents faced many of the same problems they face, says Zimmerman. (*Taping Instant Oral Biographies*, Guarionex Press Ltd., Bill Zimmerman, (MO) 201 W. 77th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024.)

Special Contributions for Memorial Room Books

To honor departed friends and family

Almost from the opening in 1963 of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room at the Norwich Central Library, 2ADA members have been contributing funds for the purchase of books to honor specific individuals with whom they may have served, or departed family members or friends.

Each book so purchased has contained a special book plate as shown at far right.

In addition there is a permanently maintained register book always available for reference listing the name of the Donor, the name of the Honoree, the title(s) of the book(s), and the date of the gift.

Periodically in the past, we have, in the pages of the Journal encouraged this method of personally honoring individuals. However, during our recent three year American Librarian Fund Drive, we have neglected this type of reminder. In spite of this, there have been at least a score of such donations.

We encourage all who are interested in giving Special Contributions to purchase books in honor of individuals to send your

checks *made out to 2nd Air Division Association* (minimum \$20.00) to Mr. Geoffrey G. Gregory, 3110 Sheridan Drive, Garland, Texas 75041. With your check, please supply, (typewritten or clearly printed): Name and address of Donor; Name of Honoree with the honoree's Group, Rank, and Military Specialty if applicable; Date of death; Special circumstances; Name and address of anyone else to be notified of your gift.

In due course, a letter will be sent to the donor (and anyone else you have listed) from the Memorial Room acknowledging the gift, including a copy of the bookplate, and giving the name of the book(s) purchased.

For any further information, please communicate with Geoff Gregory at the above address or telephone him at (214) 278-8537. We are sure you will be pleased to have honored a dear departed loved one in this manner.

— Jordan R. Uttal



Presented to
2nd Air Division Memorial Room
Norwich Central Library

by
(NAME OF DONOR AND
RELATIONSHIP TO HONOREE)

In memory of
(NAME OF HONOREE, WITH GROUP,
RANK AND MILITARY SPECIALTY
IF DESIRED)

Date of death

Bunchered Buddies ... or is it Flame Leap?

by Wilbur Clingan (453rd)

Those of you from whom I've heard have expressed a desire for something other than the "Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck" heading. I don't know what prompts your wish for something different. Some haven't remembered the Buncher that enabled us to form up prior to departing on our missions or, perhaps, have remembered it less than fondly. The Buncher did afford us some chancy moments. At the risk of offending Milt Stokes, who I think was first to use the heading, we will try Flame Leap for a while. Surely, you recall that this was the call sign for the 453rd at Old Buckenham.

And while we are speaking of such things, I'm sure many of you recall that the 733rd Squadron provided several personnel for the 492nd BG. Many of our ground echelon personnel went from Old Buckenham to North Pickenham and were later transferred to Rackheath. Among those moving from Old Buck were Maj. Dana Smith, James Cole, Clint Johnson, Thomas Nelson, David Rhame, George Coulborn and Louis Friedam. There were at least a couple of hundred personnel involved in this, and if I'm correct, all were from the 733rd Squadron. Now those of you with better memories and better records than I are invited to (urged to) write an article for the Newsletter to expand and/or correct what I have written here. Larry Kurtz was one of those transferred from the 733rd. He was an A/C mechanic and would like to contact his crew chief with whom he worked from March Field until transferred. Larry only remembers the crew chief as "Curly" — does that jog anyone's memory?

Our time at Old Buckenham wasn't all toil and tears. You must recall that we had an orchestra that played for us on occasion. They played at the Officers' Club and the Aero Club and were called the G I Vers. We had softball, baseball and basketball games within the units stationed at Old Buck, as well as inter-base games with other groups. Some of these teams did exceptionally well. Ping pong was big — I recall getting beat often. Movies (both old and older) were available, as were USO shows. We had Ben Hale and his troops to thank for all of this, as well as the medals and awards that were received.

We are very much indebted to those of the Special Service Unit. Our indebtedness to others is equally great. Those who were assigned to personnel, the medical sections, intelligence, armament, security, weather and those who spent an enormous amount of time and effort on the line repairing what the air crews had damaged deserve recognition and praise. Without the collective effort of each of these, the air crews would never have been able to do what they were supposed to do. Some of you who read this must have stories to tell that we would all

like to hear. Please write and submit your memorable moments to either the Journal, our Newsletter or both.

MAIL CALL: We receive and enjoy letters from many of you. Some of those from whom we have heard recently: **George Holko** who sought information on his brother-in-law, Vince Crupi, about whom we were able to provide some information; he flew with Wells' crew. **Roland Leshner**, bombardier on Joe McCracken's crew. **James "Ham" Jackson** who was with Tepfer's crew in the 732nd; they flew in "Lace." **Bill Hailey** who was with Carl Lessing's crew, recalled a mission on 1 Jan. 45 which etched some unforgettable memories for him. **Dwight Bishop** who is not enthralled about restoring the old windmill; he is supportive of aiding Old Buck's elementary school and providing what help he can to Don Olds' request. **Jim Masterson** who has lived in London for several years now, sent some pictures and plans to join us in Las Vegas. **Les Barton**, who was with an original crew (McBride) with the 732nd Sqdn. **John Best**, also 732nd, with the Ralph Sheringham crew. **Ralph Langley**, who is ill and would appreciate hearing from you; drop him a line at 2001 Michael Dr., Carson City, NV 89703. **Milt Stokes**, who doubts that he will be at Las Vegas. We will continue to hope, though.

We've heard from and met with several others. Among them are: Leon Helfand, Bob Jordan, Don Parcells (a long and interesting letter), Eino Alve, Phil Parsons, Willie Wilson, Bill Garrett, "Swede" Johnson, Max Stout, Tom O'Dwyer. We met with Bill Banias, Alex Wallace and their wives at El Toro. It was their first time at this affair, but we hope not their last. They plan to be at Las Vegas. The Jeskes, Readings, Garretts, Leavenworths and Jeffries were also there.

From England we are in receipt of letters from **Phyllis DuBois** and **Ralph Cross** (Headmaster at Old Buck) singing your praises for your help. **Pat Ramm** has written and called. **Tom Brittan** has written and has sent some marvelous material. There have been others who have written and called, and I am remiss in not mentioning everyone. We very much enjoy your calls and letters, but space is a consideration. Keep them coming, though.

NEW MEMBERS: David Parke, Lt/C Maxie Seale, Roland Leshner, Alan Moore, John Monfort, Robert Rogers, Eugene Farias, Jesse Simmons, William R. Linke. We are delighted that each of you have joined with us. Please let us hear from you.

DECEASED: First let me correct a grievous error of mine. In the last Journal I reported the death of Doris Wangsvick. Doris is very much alive and I am happy to so report. It is never pleasant to report the deaths of our members, but we have learn-

ed that the following have passed away: Joseph Aiello, John Talbot, Jack Jaeger, Harold Erwin and Louis Wust.

SPECIAL ORDERS: Write to the Journal and to the Newsletter. Help to provide material of interest that we can all enjoy. We like to hear from and of you.

Send your dues to Evelyn Cohen for the 2nd AD Association and to Frank Thomas for the 453rd BG Association.

Join with us at Las Vegas. We need and want you there. Our Group dinner will be Sunday, October 4. This will be preceded by our business meeting Sunday afternoon, probably at 2:00 PM. For those of you arriving early, this should not pose a problem. If you arrive in the afternoon, a conflict of a minor sort might arise, as you might find that you are trying to register at the same time we are meeting. Please try to resolve this to the best of your ability. We do hope the turnout at our business meeting is large.

That's all for now. I have taken my Metamucil, my Mylanta, and my teeth are where they spend the evenings, so it is off to bed. Good night and God bless each of you. We have struggled together, shared violent times and developed deep ties with one another. It has been nice spending this time with you.

Fifth Grader Envisions Pilot's Life As a Good Deal

The following letter was printed in the "Aviation Newsletter," a monthly publication of the South Carolina Aeronautics Commission:

BEAUFORT, S.C. — Why I Want To Be a Pilot, by Tommy Tyler, fifth grade, Jefferson School, Beaufort, S.C.

When I grow up I want to be a pilot because it's a fun job and easy to do. That's why there are so many pilots flying around these days. Pilots don't need much school; they just have to learn to read numbers so they can read their instruments. I guess they should be able to read road maps, too, so they can find their way if they get lost.

Pilots should be brave so they won't get scared if it's foggy and they can't see, or if a wing or a motor falls off they should stay calm so they'll know what to do.

Pilots have to have good eyes to see through clouds, and they can't be afraid of thunder and lightning because they are so much closer to them than we are.

The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they know what to do with. This is because most people think that plane flying is dangerous, except pilots don't because they know how easy it is.

I hope I don't get air-sick, because I get car-sick and if I get air-sick, I couldn't be a pilot, and then I would have to go to work.

D.F.C. 47 Years Late

by Robert R. Hayzlett (458th)

Last year, on Tuesday, May 7, 1991 there was a reunion, after nearly half a century, of some of the surviving members of a B-24 Liberator, four engine heavy bomber crew, from combat duty out of England, with the Eighth Air Force during World War Two, in 1944 and 1945. We met at the new home of our former tail turret gunner, Staff Sergeant Brownie G. Harvath and his wife Lorine, in Rio Linda, California which is near McClellan Air Force Base and Sacramento, California. Long ago, we were a Group lead crew with the 458th Group, in the 96th Wing, Second Air Division on the east coast at Horsham St. Faith, near Norwich, England.



M/Gen. Michael D. Pavich, McClellan AFB Commander, presents Brownie Harvath his D.F.C.

Harvath mentioned to his former pilot, Robert Hayzlett, that he, Harvath, was the only crew member out of twelve men who did not receive an award of the Distinguished Flying Cross. He had earned this recognition, and was automatically recommended, after surviving a complete combat tour of thirty missions in the European Theater of Operations in February of 1945.

Harvath's recommendation was automatically placed in official channels at that time in February 1945, along with those of the other members of his crew who had completed their tour. Evidently, due entirely to inadvertence or loss, probably misplacement or clerical error either at Wing or Division Headquarters, Mr. Harvath did not receive his DFC Citation and Recognition. Later, when he separated from the service, he could not find anyone interested enough to take the trouble to correct the error. There was a mass exodus of men in service, anxious to return to their civilian pursuits. These people were just feeling fortunate to be survivors, with their minds only looking forward to the future.

Hayzlett's first step to correct this oversight was to contact his Congressman, John T. Doolittle, 14th District, California, who generously provided invaluable guidance and liaison.

Hayzlett then wrote an inquiry to the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri. The Center responded by explaining that Brownie Harvath's records

were not in their files; that if the record was there on July 12, 1973, it would have been in the area that suffered the most damage in the fire on that date and may have been destroyed. Subsequently, Headquarters Randolph AFB, Texas stated that no alternative records could be located, either. We needed copies of official records, somewhere, to establish Harvath's claim.

Fortunately, both Harvath and Hayzlett had carefully preserved copies of complete records, orders and other official documentation in our private files, proving, finally, that Harvath had flown his full tour in combat of thirty missions, and had not received his DFC.

Hayzlett compiled a duplicate of the combined sets of records and forwarded this complete documentation to Headquarters Air Force Military Personnel Center at Randolph Air Force Base, Texas.

Headquarters Randolph responded, stating that even though the number of missions was a determining factor for the DFC, a written recommendation was required from someone in authority, in Harvath's chain of command. Recommendations that were placed into official channels within two years of the act or achievement, but were not acted on due to loss or inadvertence, may be resubmitted at any time.

Randolph continued: The original submission or a reconstructed copy must be provided, with statements from the recommending and endorsing officials certifying that the original submissions were made within the time limitation, but not acted on due to loss or inadvertence.

So, Harvath and Hayzlett were faced with the formidable task of locating former superiors in the chain of command after nearly half a century. The Squadron, Wing and Division Commanders were, we knew, all deceased.

However, our former Group Commander, Brigadier General James H. Isbell, USAF Retired, happily is alive, enjoying good health and his usual full mental activi-

ty, at home in Anchorage, Alaska. He was found through the membership roster of the 458th Bomb Group. This roster is well maintained through the good services of Rick Rokicki in Glen Burnie, Maryland. The roster is a part of the Second Air Division Association, Eighth Air Force.

General Isbell was pleased to reconstruct a recommendation for Brownie Harvath, noting that the original had been submitted in a timely manner. Next, General Isbell took the time and trouble to give the file to Lt. Col. Jeff Staker, in charge of the Awards and Decorations Office at Pacific Air Forces 11th Air Force Headquarters at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, Alaska, for processing.

Headquarters Elmendorf prepared and submitted a formal Recommendation for Award of Decoration, supported by our copies of all of the official records, and the reconstructed recommendation signed by General Isbell. All of this was sent, on September 10, 1991, to Headquarters Air Force Military Personnel Center, Randolph Air Force Base, Texas, for final approval and issuance of Mr. Harvath's DFC Award.

On January 2, 1992, Headquarters Randolph, Recognition Branch, notified Hayzlett that Brownie Harvath's DFC had been officially awarded.

At long last, nearly half a century later, Harvath finally has the recognition of his DFC, earned so willingly, at great personal risk, in the line of duty, in combat.

The above was written by Robert R. Hayzlett, Lt. Col. USAF Ret., as preliminary information and sent to Vivian Kretz, Protocol at McClellan AFB, CA in early January 1992. It all came to fruition on Friday, March 27, 1992 at McClellan AFB near Sacramento. Hayzlett had been advised by numerous people of the real difficulty he would have, but he persisted and now, 47 years later, the last of his crew received his Distinguished Flying Cross.



(l-r): Dominic Giordano, waist; Brownie Harvath, tail; Robert Hayzlett, pilot; Albert "Bert" Kemp, H2X radar nav.; Carlie Foley, top turret.

London Air Raid

by Roy Hoelke (389th)

Memory may be triggered by various stimuli. One sees a girl, and her appearance reminds one of a long lost love. A touch of a new wooden cabinet brings back memories of the feel of that teak in your old sailboat. Any strong wind worries my wife more than one would expect. I learned that stems from an experience as a child when she was literally blown out of her father's grasp. There are many other examples.

It was during the summer of 1944 during WWII and I was the bombardier on George Dubina's B-24 crew. Our squadron was the 567th of the 389th Bomb Group based at Hethel, Norfolk. This squadron had lost many crews just previous to our assignment.

We were asked to relinquish our lead crew designation and to fly often to make up this deficiency. "To fill the gap as cannon fodder," as I described it.

Combat flying is not only scary but it is tiring, and when this constant flying wearied us, the flight surgeon finally ordered us to take a week's leave in London.

One dark night in London as we walked carefully through the blackout, an air raid alert sounded. You have heard them often in old movies. It was spooky.

An authoritative British voice called, "Gentlemen, you must leave the street and take shelter! Come this way!" He herded us into a doorway and down a dimly lit stairway. It was the entrance to an already crowded London nightclub. When our eyes became accustomed to the light, we beheld

a fascinating sight. Ordinary sofas and easy chairs were arranged in groups in large rooms instead of the usual tables and chairs which I had expected. Dimly through a fog of cigarette smoke I noticed a strange look of apprehension on the faces of the people. The whole setting was like one of those Sherlock Holmes mystery drawing rooms, where a murder has just been committed. I quite involuntarily said, "Where are Holmes and Watson? That's probably brother Mycroft over there." No one laughed.

Smoke from those awful English cigarettes made the atmosphere stifling, and so it was good to get back out on the street again when the all clear sounded.

That seemed to be the end of the adventure and we spent the rest of the leave exploring poor old battered London and those devastated but still hauntingly beautiful Christopher Wren churches. We also saw a display of the V1 flying bomb. An ugly thing, reposing in the showroom of what had been an automobile agency. I realize now that I was looking at the great grandfather of the Russian SCUD missile. Later in the week I discovered "The Olde Curiosity Shoppe" of Charles Dickens fame, and I was able to take a photo there.

When we arrived back at our air base we learned that again our squadron had suffered several crew losses during our absence and so we were again flying on every good flying day. We quickly finished our combat tour and found ourselves back home in time for the Christmas holidays.

Many Montana moons have passed since then. (Montana, my retirement home.)

One day while working for a machine shop in Pomona, California, I found myself in a brilliantly lit part inspection room. Suddenly a powerful and apprehensive feeling came over me. I found myself looking up at the ceiling and those bright lights. I noticed a slight chill and cold draft. I shivered. Maybe I was becoming the victim of some weird disease. My wife was an iron lung polio patient, and, of course that was my first thought! I'm getting that awful disease!

What gave me this strange sensation? I became silent when the feeling persisted and gradually I began to realize that a friend was trying to get my attention. He said, "Roy, you look terrible! What's the matter?" Before I could answer he offered me a strange looking cigarette, one of which he was smoking. "These are English cigarettes, a gift from my father-in-law," he told me. "I married an English girl during the war and brought her home with me. The old boy often sends me gifts like this. Have one?" he asked.

Suddenly I realized that it was the odor of the English cigarette that gave me the fright!

In a short time I had recovered my composure and we enjoyed the retelling of my London Air Raid story.

Now don't tell me that one can't get scared by a cigarette! Maybe not, but its odor can be a very powerful stimulus!

Phew! No one can tell me that I am losing my memory! At least not just yet.

Folded Wings

44th

Harold F. Hess
James E. Martin
John M. McCuslin
Theodore B. Tyndall (life member)
Albert J. Vranja
Robert Whittingham

93rd

George W. Abbott
Jack W. Earnshaw (448th)
Amos L. Golisch (492nd)
Donald C. Newman
Thomas M. O'Grady
David B. Zift

389th

Lewis B. Doggett
Charles W. Ducas
Harold O. Erwin (453rd)
Jack R. Jaeger (453rd)
Robert S. Nicely
Richard W. Reedy
Frank J. Serratore
Robert Whittenberg

392nd

Roy A. Bay
Arthur L. Benson
Robert J. Powers
C.D. Syverson

445th

Thomas J. Madden
T.W. Stiteler

446th

Prescott W. Downer
Edward N. Holgate
Alton B. Melton
Warren J. Stickney
Herbert J. Sturtz

448th

John H. Bretthauer
Clarence R. Johansen
Walter Lukas
Keith R. McFarland
Robert N. Metcalf

453rd

W. Robert Cunningham
James B. Taylor
Louis W. Wust

458th

Leonard W. Armstrong
H. Roger Baynes
Fred Goldfaden
Wm. H. Haslauer
James W. Peterson
Bard Suverkrop

466th

Berten O. Bond
John C. Bushing
Al R. Farnholtz
Leonard Seigel

467th

Julio Florez
Robert L. Held, Jr.
Troy E. Wild

489th

Meyer J. Becker

491st

William K. Herschel
Thomas V. Noland

492nd

Donald Preston

HDQ

W.F. Mulvaney

Assoc. Members

John E. Hall (392nd)

Letters



Dear Bill:

The Journal has accomplished what no other publication could do. And as everyone has said, "We owe it all to you."

I would like to give you three examples:

Many years ago when I visited the graves of my original crew at Cambridge, I was asked if I belonged to the 2nd Air Division Association. When I got back to the States from my vacation, I joined.

I was asked to help find Bill Clarey who was pulled out of the English Channel by Charles Hayes Halliday of the RAF Air Sea Rescue. This was done and Bill was given back his original wings, which he had sent to Halliday, at a ceremony of the reunion held in San Diego. Bill joined and became Vice President of the 492nd Bomb Group.

Now of more recent happenings. I had read in the Winter 1991 issue, your article titled "A Lasting Scar" by Gordon K. Reynolds of the United Kingdom. You printed my letter to him in the Spring 1992 issue. This article has resulted in a plaque being erected, with the names of the two B-24 crews, where they crashed. This will be a part of the tours that go through this estate.

Because of this I received a telephone call from Sgt. James E. Scanlon from Massachusetts. I did not know that there were two survivors from my original crew, as I had been told by the C.O. that there were no survivors. From his telephone call I found out why and exactly what happened.

Three days later, I received a letter from the lead crew I finished with. It was from the best friend I had made at Hardwick, Fred A. Collins Jr., navigator, who stayed in the Air Corps and retired from S.A.C.

After all these years the Journal has brought back two great people. Bill, without your great job of putting it out, none of these things would be happening.

J. Robert Shaffer
1916 Calle Buena Ventura St.
Oceanside, CA 92056

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

May I make a correction for the record to Earl Zimmerman's "Observations" regarding the 389th Green Dragon in the Spring 1992 issue of the Journal.

The artist was T/Sgt. Paschal F. Quackenbush, #37328139, not Pvt. Paschal Quackenbush. Not a major correction, but one due a real artist, who happened to be the Assistant Inspector for the 566th Squadron.

Gordon M. Baker
120 Elatan Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15243-1319

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



Unknown second crew of E.E. Johnson and S.L. "Mike" Mikolajczyk, 93rd BG. Can you identify anyone?

Dear Bill:

As a follow up to Joe Bradley's letter titled "Family Reunion" which appeared on page 33 of the Winter 1991 issue of the Journal, E.E. Johnson and I were assigned to a second crew when we were returned to "flying status." To this day, I've been trying to identify and locate this second crew without success. C.D. Johnson, Joe Bradley and I with our wives, attended the 50th Anniversary Celebration of the formation of the 8th Air Force at Savannah, Georgia recently. After the event, the Johnsons invited my wife and I to spend a few days at their home in Albany, Georgia. While there, I noticed a photo hanging in his den, in which we four survivors are shown with faces that were unfamiliar to me. I asked C.D. about it and he said that the photo was taken at our base (93rd BG, 328th Sq.) and it included our second crew, the one I've been trying to locate. The pilot, E.E. Johnson asked C.D. and Joe to join us (as they were assigned to different crews) for the picture taking.

In the photo enclosed they are (standing, l-r) pilot E.E. Johnson; engineer C.D. Johnson; radio man Joe Bradley; co-pilot Stanley (Mike) Mikolajczyk. The last standing officer and all the kneeling crew members are unknown to us. If anyone recognizes these fellows or they themselves recall this photo, a blank space in our memories would be filled in and possible a reunion would result.

Stanley Mikolajczyk
736 Center Avenue
River Edge, NJ 07661

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I am researching the history of the R.C. Parish Church in Wymondham, Norfolk, England. Through your Journal I am hoping that former personnel and/or their relatives may be able to help me.

The period 1942-45 is well known to many 2nd Air Division veterans. During their time based in East Anglia, the Priest from Wymondham, Fr. John Ketterer, records

that he said Mass at several places close by: Hethel, Deopham, Watton, Old Buckenham, Shipdham, Tibenham and Ellingham, not only for the Irish labourers who built the aerodromes but also for the American servicemen. He also comments that "in addition to the efforts of our small congregation, the generosity of American servicemen has made it possible to purchase the land" (beside the 'stable' church for a permanent church to be built on). With repatriation in 1945, few people may be aware that this project was realised in 1952. Without the land it would not have been possible so quickly. This Church was built as a Memorial Church to the Far East Prisoners of War who lost their lives in Japanese internment camps. Over 25,000 servicemen's names — some American — are recorded in 3 tomes which were handwritten by a former F.E.P.O.W.

No history of the Parish can be complete without its American connection included or thanks properly recorded. If anyone recalls details of people, places, events, has memories they want to share or knows who may be of assistance, please be in touch with me at the address below.

Peter Wiseman
163 Norwich Road
Wymondham
Norfolk, U.K.
NR18 0SJ

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

The letter from Edward Schwarm in the Journal (Winter 1991, page 35) relating the installation of a "nose turret" in a B-24J evoked memories of a similar modification performed on a 330th Squadron B-24D. The dates are hazy, but it was prior to nose-turret equipped B-24H's et al, probably Sept. or Oct. '43. (My first flight in an "H" was 28 Dec. 1943). I remember clearly the installation. Several inches were cut off the bottom of the bombardier glass and a welded cradle holding two .50 cal machine guns was installed. Ammunition chutes led to the guns from

supply boxes on each side of the nose compartment. A canvas boot faired the guns from the slipstream. The guns had a very limited traverse, but were superior to the near useless guns in the nose.

German fighter pilots had learned of the B-24's poor defense from the nose guns and began attacking from 10 to 2 o'clock low, slightly below coverage by the top turret guns. On the plane's first mission, 109's attacked the squadron from 2 o'clock low. The bombardier fired and caused smoke to stream from the first 109. As he flashed by, the bombardier fired at the second fighter coming through. No damage was evident, but there were no more attacks from that quarter, and on subsequent missions fighters were more cautious in making frontal attacks.

Bert F. Alexander
7037 Hwy 26
Mokelumne Hill, CA 95245

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am 33 years old and an associate member of the 2nd ADA. As a hobby I collect, document, and preserve American aviation artifacts. I have accumulated a very nice collection of flight gear and uniforms which I have displayed in my home.

The purpose of this letter is to see if any of our 2nd ADA members could help me identify a squadron patch I have in my collection. It was given to me by a man who said it belonged to his late uncle who flew in B-24s in England in WWII. Unfortunately, he had no more information.

The patch is of terycloth and wool construction and shows a red hand in a red circular border holding a hand of cards. The cards are four Aces and a King. All on a white background. It is 5" in diameter.

Does anyone recognize this patch? I want to put it in a frame with a proper identification and unit history.

I thoroughly enjoy the Journal and save every copy. It has educated this young person and has helped me realize how much you men endured to help preserve this Great Country. Thank you all for everything.

Timothy Kirkup
5 Garfield Avenue
East Islip, NY 11730

+ + + +



Sketch of "mystery" squadron patch. Does anyone recognize it?



David Neale and his grandson lay a wreath at the 93rd BG Memorial at Hardwick Airfield for Remembrance Day.

Dear Bill:

Please find enclosed a photograph taken at Hardwick Airfield, home of the 93rd BG's Memorial, of a group of people comprising members of the Second Air Division Association, Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial, The International Liberator Club and Villagers from all around.

My grandson, age eight, and myself are seen laying a wreath on behalf of all the parties present. Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow, without whom these marvelous occasions would have never taken place, are at the left of the photo.

The occasion was Remembrance Day. We assembled at Topcroft Church for the normal service therein, then we re-assembled at the Memorial for a similar service there. Prayers are offered for those who died during the conflict, a minute's silence is observed in their honour, then the wreath is laid at the foot of the Memorial. Old Glory snaps and flutters in the breeze and in the background, original buildings stand proud and erect, reminding us of the occupants 50 years ago.

I offer this photo as living proof that the friendship that has existed between our two countries since the war is as strong as ever and strengthening, if the increased numbers at Remembrance Day ceremonies are anything to go by.

As Editor of the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial's magazine, "Second Thoughts," I can inform you that we are endeavouring to help in the prevention of establishing a rubbish tip on the old airfield. I have included a piece in the mag on the basis of Mr. Floyd Mabey's appeal in the Journal, and hope the numbers who oppose this desecration will rise and be counted.

The Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial convey their best wishes to you all and hope to see many of you during the coming year. We look forward to your visit and will be here to greet you and help wherever we are able.

David & Pearl Neale
131 Southtown Road
Great Yarmouth
Norfolk NR31 0LA
England

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Back in October 1985, I wrote you a letter, published in the 2nd ADA Journal, concerning the 7 April 1945 Duneberg mission during which an ME-109 crashed into the cockpit of the lead plane in our element. I have always believed that the ME-109 pilot acted as he did after being wounded.

However, I quote you from a book I read recently, "Victory in Europe" (Library of Congress Cat. #85-50176), which states that:

"On 7 April (1945) in a freak act of warfare almost overlooked by historians, German ME-109 fighters undertook a mass suicide mission against American bomber formations over Hanover. Having despaired of challenging the Allied air armadas by conventional tactics, the Luftwaffe recruited 184 volunteer pilots to ram the Flying Fortresses (GMB Note: The media thought that all heavy bombers were Flying Fortresses) in mid-air. In that day's action, 133 ME-109s were lost with the lives of 77 German pilots for the destruction of 23 bombers."

This is the first I have heard about German kamikazis during WWII. I thought the rest of the membership would be interested in knowing what went on that morning.

Gordon M. Baker
120 Elatan Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15243

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am working on a second volume on my book "Strangers In a Strange Land." This book describes the landings and crashes of American aircraft in occupied Europe during World War II.

For my second volume I am intending to include a chapter on American crews who believe they may have seen enemy operated B-17s and B-24s. Anybody who once saw such aircraft demonstrating strange behavior or has some stories behind such enemy operated aircraft would be of great help.

I thank you in advance for your kind cooperation and am looking forward to hearing from you.

Hans-Heiri Stapfer
Bergstrasse 35
CH-8810 Horgen/ZH
Switzerland

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

For those members of our Association who are trying to locate "lost" friends, they might try Phonedisc, which is located in some public libraries. It's a computer listing of many people in the U.S. and it can display names by Eastern or Western U.S., by individual state, city or zip code number and, in many cases it will show the phone number. It will print mailing labels or one-liners without the zip code.

I've found it a very useful tool in locating people I've had no contact with for many years.

E.J. Allen
16636 6th Ave. SW
Seattle, WA 98166

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

This picture of my second crew on "Shoot Luke" was taken after our return to our new base Hardwick after our ten day tour that lasted three months in Africa, Dec. 7, 1942 to March 1943. I have been hunting for these fellows since my first 2nd ADA reunion in 1972; have found all but three, and some have passed away since.



In the picture, left to right, they are: Pilot Capt. John H. Murphy, deceased (1st Pilot). Nav. L/Col. Archie Rantala (Ret.) (2nd Navigator), hasn't joined 2nd ADA yet. Bomb. Capt. Edward F. Janic, deceased (1st Bombardier). 2nd Pilot Capt. George Black, deceased (2nd Co-Pilot). Eng. T/Sgt. Floyd H. Mabey, 93rd Group VP (2nd Engineer). Radio T/Sgt. Wikiam D. Mercer, deceased (1st Radio). Gun S/Sgt. Adam J. Hastak, 2nd ADA member (2nd Gunner). Gun S/Sgt. George Foster, whereabouts unknown (2nd Gunner). Gun S/Sgt. James D. Cowan, deceased (1st Gunner). Gun S/Sgt. Mahlon W. Cressey, whereabouts unknown (1st Gunner).

I have helped many 93rd members in finding several of your crew members over the years, and now I am asking for your help. I need the location of two of the fellows in the crew picture. S/Sgt. Mahlon W. Cressey had two addresses that I have tried, one in Biddeford, Maine and the last in Golden, Colorado. He was one of our original crew. Also looking for S/Sgt. George W. Foster, a replacement gunner. His 1943 address was 1083 Neptune Ave., Akron, Ohio. I have contacted six other fellows in and around Akron, but none were related.



This second picture is of our third co-pilot (after Black took over crew), 1/Lt. Francis Barrett, New Rochelle, NY. After Ploesti, he was given a plane and crew of his own. I don't know what Squadron or plane he flew.

Capt. George Black was given another plane and was transferred to the 330th BS.

Any information, please send me a card.

Floyd H. Mabey
28 Hillside Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801

Dear Bill:

I am an associate member of the 2nd ADA, writing on behalf of a friend of mine, Dominick Montalbano, who is seeking information about his uncle/godfather, Barto J. Montalbano 32692213, S/Sgt. Montalbano was a gunner in the 854th Squadron of the 491st Bomb Group. He was killed in action in December of 1944. All that is known is that the pilot (unknown) survived the war. Dominick would like to know more about his uncle and what he did during the war. Any information about how he was killed would be greatly appreciated.

The only other information that is known is that he was grounded during training at Blythe, California in December of 1943 for dental work and as a result was taken off his assigned crew. He shipped out with another crew after March 1944. He flew at least 18 missions before he was killed. In his letters he mentions his friends John (Denny) DeMarinus (not sure of spelling) and Johnnie Canata are on their way home. I know that this isn't much to go on, but I hope my friends in the 2nd ADA can help.

Anyone with some information can write to Dominick through me, and I will relay the info to him. Thanks a million.

Timothy Kirkup
5 Garfield Avenue
East Islip, NY 11730

Dear Bill:

A friend of mine, Steve Stevenson, just this week made me aware there was alive and well an Eighth Air Force, Second Air Division Association.

I was a gunner in the 389th from December 1943 to April 1944. I was first assigned to the 364th Squadron and later moved to the 365th. Our pilot was Lt. Paul Wilkerson, bombardier Lt. "Sully" Sullivan, navigator Leroy Campbell, and tail gunner Henry Bunting. The rest of our crew were lost on April 24, 1944 coming back from a late afternoon raid on the Ruhr. We crossed the coast near Ipswich and were set afire by a ME-210 night fighter.

Please let me know what information you might have on the four others of our crew. Sure is nice to know someone is still carrying the ball for the dear old Eighth A.F. flying those B-24s.

Martin "Bud" Castle
13611 North 110th Avenue
Sun City, AZ 85351

Dear Bill:

Many times in the Journal I notice letters from members who are trying to find others from their crew. I offer the following aids:

For \$2.00 per name, with serial number, the VA will search their records to see if they have that name or record and if so, whether they are alive or deceased. If alive, they will accept a letter to that person from the searcher, which they will forward to that person. It is then up to that person to contact the searcher. The VA will not give out addresses of the people in their files.

If you have a last known address of a person you want to find, write a letter to the editor of that town or city's newspaper requesting anyone knowing that person's whereabouts to contact you. This worked for two of my crew.

I hope these aids will be helpful to any readers looking for their crew members.

Don Emmel
111 Grandview Drive
Lehigh Acres, FL 33936

Dear Bill:

Last November I was in Merced, CA, and went to the museum at Castle Air Force Base. This base is scheduled to close in 1995, but a local group is being formed to take over and enlarge the museum.

Their B-24 is now finished and on display with the following identification. On tail fin: Black "B" in white circle, 441916. On port waist: RE. On port side nose: "Shady Lady," 4 Nazi fighters, 2 ship outlines, 19 missions. Tail turret has name stenciled on: T/Sgt. Fred Homnick. The paint is camouflage.

At the display of the B-18, a sign proclaims that two B-18's were the first planes assigned to the 93rd BG in 1942.

I hope this information is of interest to some 2nd ADA members.

Dwight Bishop
10125 Black Angus Road
Dewey, AZ 86327

Dear Bill:

I have had very good results from 93rd members identifying crew names from pictures published in the Journal. What I am now looking for are addresses for those in the enclosed photo, which I believe was sent to me by Robert Wright. He and Harvey Jackson are members of the 2nd ADA, and pilot James Goff is deceased. The rest we would like to find.

If anyone can help with addresses for any of these men, please send me a card.

Floyd H. Mabee
93rd Group VP
28 Hillside Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801

+ + + +



Back row (l-r): S/Sgt. Harold "Stump" Erbe, ball gunner; T/Sgt. Earl Lett, engineer; S/Sgt. Harvey "Vegesak" Jackson, top turret; S/Sgt. Rich Buchart, tail gunner; T/Sgt. Robert "Photensite" Wright, radio. Front row (l-r): S/Sgt. Homer Sweatt, waist gunner; 1/Lt. Ralph W. Keck, navigator; Capt. James Goff, pilot; 2/Lt. James "Bones" Cleaton, bombardier; 2/Lt. James "Peep Sight" Piper, co-pilot.

Dear Bill:

I put three B-24s on my garage door and the result was pretty good (photo enclosed).

The names of the planes are "Quivering Box," "Naughty Nan," and "Werewolf." We were the 705th Squadron's original lead ships (446th Bomb Group) in 1943.

The planes were made from a poster and modge podged on to a cut out of plywood.

Eric Sherman
504 Forward Street
La Jolla, CA 92037

+ + + +

Dear Pete (Henry):

I thank you for the notice in the Journal on "Into the Guns of Ploesti." I received many orders from Second Air Division men, many thanking me for telling *their* story of that fateful day. The Norwich Central Library purchased seven of my books for the shelves of their five locations.

The "Eight Balls" lost 11 of 36 as it went in on the deck to shut down one refinery for ten months and another forever. The Eighth Air Force lost 30 of the 102 B-24s dispatched that day.

Some significant anniversaries are coming up later this year. August 1 marks the 48th anniversary of the 44th BG's participation in TIDAL WAVE. June 11 marks the 50th anniversary of the first U.S. bombing attack on Europe, and also the 50th anniversary of the B-24 in combat under U.S. colors, when HALPRO's thirteen planes bombed Ploesti.

Perhaps a reminder of these anniversaries may be of interest to 2nd ADA members.

Signed copies of "Into the Guns of Ploesti" are still available at \$14.45 (PP).

Leroy W. Newby
346 Pineview Drive
Venice, FL 34293

+ + + +



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