



Vol. 32, No. 3

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Fall 1993

Norwich Revisited The 2nd Air Division Memorial Rededicated

by Jordan R. Uttal, Honorary President, 2ADA

The decision of your Executive Committee to hold its 1993 mid-year meeting in Norwich afforded 20 of your past and present leaders to mark the 30th anniversary of the opening of our now widely acclaimed, unique Memorial with the respect, admiration and affection which it so richly deserves.

The Association was represented by Executive Committee members, and attendance was also encouraged among all Group Vice Presidents, Past Presidents, and Committee Chairmen (all at their own expense). Our delegation of 20 included eight Group VPs, nine Past Presidents, and four Committee Chairmen. Many of them are current Executive Committee voting members. Families of the 20 members raised the total 2ADA attendance to 52.

One day after our arrival on the 11th of June, thanks to the hospitality of Robin and Tom Eaton, we had the pleasure of meeting with many of the members of the Board of Governors, Library officials, and other local friends. On Sunday, 13 June, we were thrilled to attend a highly emotional Service of Remembrance and Rededication conducted by Reverend Canon David Sharp at the Church of St. Peter Mancroft. The inspiring Order of Service included the participation of John Conrad and Bud Koorndyk. The church was filled with Governors, local officials, members of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, and their families. Tea was served after the Service in the court of the Library, where we again had the pleasure of mingling with friends of long standing. So, in two brief days after our arrival we had the opportunity of exchanging ideas, information and pleasantries with many of the Governors and local supporters.

As an added act of devotion we journeyed on Monday to the American Cemetery at Madingley (Cambridge) where another ceremony of respect was conducted by John Conrad, Bud Chamberlain, and Dick Kennedy. The tears were impossible to hold back, but they were bittersweet as we looked out over the graves. From Madingley we proceeded to Duxford, where the personable and well informed Director of the Imperial War Museum, Ted Inman (a Governor of the Trust) gave us a splendid lunch, an interesting tour of the vast museum complex, and information on the efforts being made to create an American Wing.

(continued on page 18)

THE MEMORIAL TRUST OF THE 2nd AIR DIVISION U.S.A.A.F

Warmly welcomes the Members of the Executive of the
Second Air Division Association 8th Air Force

to

NORWICH



on the occasion of the 30th Anniversary
of the opening of the
SECOND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL
in the Central Library, Norwich.

JUNE 12th - 18th 1993
Hotel Nelson.

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



JOURNAL



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THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION traces its initial meeting to 1948 in Chicago, Illinois. It was organized as a nonprofit corporation in the State of Illinois on January 10, 1950. Members of the original Board of Directors were Second Air Division veterans Marilyn Fritz, Howard W. Moore, Jordan R. Uttal and Percy C. Young. The association's purpose is to advocate and support an adequate, effective and efficient Army, Navy and Air Force at all times; to perpetuate the friendships and memories of service together in the Second Air Division, 8th Air Force in England during World War II; to support financially, and in any other way, the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division as represented by the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room of the Norwich Central Library; and to undertake such other activities as may from time to time be deemed appropriate by the membership.

REGULAR (Voting) MEMBERSHIP in the association is limited to those personnel, military and civilian, American or British, who at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during World War II and any person who served with any bomb group or fighter group or any other unit of the Second Air Division assigned or attached. Provisions are also made for Associate (Non-Voting) memberships.

Address all JOURNAL-related communications to:
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Please submit material for publication to the editor by the 15th of January, April, July or October.

President's Message

by John B. Conrad

The front cover of the last issue (Summer 1993) of the 2nd ADA JOURNAL was appropriately dedicated to the opening of the 2nd AD Memorial Library in Norwich, England, 30 years ago. It listed many of the people, both English and American, who were instrumental in establishing and bringing the Library up to its present state. It is impossible to list all who have had a part in guiding the development of the Library, but it does appear in order to note that Colin Sleath, Norfolk County Librarian, also at times served as Librarian of the Memorial Library between appointments of other Librarians listed on the cover page.

To further mark and honor this 30th anniversary of our Library, the mid-term meeting of the 2nd ADA Executive Committee was held in Norwich. Members of the Executive Committee, Group Vice Presidents and Past Presidents closely connected with the development of the Library were in attendance.

Three principal events involving your Executive Committee took place during this celebration. The first was a rededication of the Library held at the St. Peter Mancroft Church 30 years to the day, June 13, from the original dedication. This was followed by a tea and reception held in the courtyard at the Library, attended by several hundred friends.

The second event was the meeting of the Executive Committee which took place on June 15. Moving through a crowded agenda, some of the matters acted upon included: (a) a gift to the Memorial Library at this time of 6,000 pounds and gifts of a like amount to be made in 1994 and 1995 to help defray the costs of furnishing reception and information services to American and other visitors; (b) finalization of our 1993 convention plans at Hilton Head November 4-7, and scheduling our 1994 convention at Crown Center, Kansas City, Missouri, May 26-31; (c) approved a report updating the Roll of Honor (those killed while serving in the 2nd AD) by adding 280 more names to the present 6,394; (d) received interim reports on the 8th AF Heritage Center, Savannah; the WWII Control Tower, Dayton; and the Pima Air Museum, Tucson, as potential stateside memorials to be considered for support by the 2nd ADA; (e) accepted Officer and Committee Chairman's reports on Friends of the 2nd AD Memorial Library, Heritage League, Nominations, Awards, Membership and other activities.

The third event was attending a meeting of the Memorial Library's Board of Governors on June 17. A report on this meeting is included in the article in this issue written by Bud Koorn-dyk, who is the 2nd ADA representative on the Board. In a letter received since then from Tom C. Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors, he writes: "I personally am most grateful to you and your colleagues for the generous financial support you have given us, not only over the years but in particular at the present time when we would undoubtedly have had to cut back on our services to the public because our income was no longer adequate to meet all needs."

On another subject: Work on the 2nd ADA History Book continues to make progress. Turner Publishing Company advises that several hundred biographies have been processed and that a second brochure has been mailed. If you have not sent in your biography and your "then" and "now" pictures, DO IT NOW! There is no obligation and no charge unless your biography exceeds 150 words. You are also urged to send in articles and pictures (which will be returned) that may be used in another section of the book. We hope to make this a very complete history of our Association and its members, and it will be if everyone submits his material.



Vice President's Message

by Floyd H. Mabey



I would like to thank everyone for their calls and get-well cards. Had my first attack in November, and another one in May, the

day before we planned to return to our New Jersey address; this was delayed until the 7th of June. Very sorry, but because of doctor's orders, I had to cancel my trip to the 2nd ADA Executive Committee meeting in England, as well as the 2nd ADA Midwest Area Regional at Springfield, Illinois. I hope to make the 50th Anniversary of Ploesti at Dayton, Ohio, 1 August 1993 and our 2nd ADA Hilton Head Convention in November.

I am very pleased that all Group Vice Presidents are now being invited to attend the Executive Committee meetings. I truly believe their input will be very beneficial.

In 1972 I attended my first 2nd ADA reunion in England with six other 93rd men from my crew, at which time I decided that I would, and have since devoted my time to the 2nd ADA.

As I write this report I am feeling very well. Doing a lot of things I'm not supposed to be doing. The question arises, do I continue to be so active? By the time you read this report I'm sure I will have made up my mind.

As You Read Your Journal

Your Group Report

The page to which most of us automatically turn. Our Group VPs do a great job.

A Message from Keith Thomas7

The Chairman of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich brings us up to date on all the good work the Friends are doing to maintain our Memorial and increase the exposure of 2ADA.

Memory's Tricky: We Agreed Only On The Camaraderie13

When these old 466th buddies from the same crew got together this summer, they couldn't agree on anything — except that they had a great time getting together again.

Remarks on the Occasion of the 2AD Memorial 30th Anniversary . . . 17

Bud Chamberlain addresses attending members and friends of 2ADA at the Cambridge American Military Cemetery.

Heavenly Daze25

The big Lib was a good ship, and had fought her way all over Europe. But when she went on the loose with a full load of bombs over England, some friendly Spits had to bring her down. . .

2AD History Book32

Order Now — don't miss out what is expected to be the most complete history of our Association and its members.

Enjoy your Journal. It's good reading!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

New Journal Policy

Dear Members:

I am glad to see so many "new writers" in our ranks! Due to limited space and to accommodate so many interesting stories, I hereby advise that, from now on, articles submitted for publication in the 2ADA JOURNAL, including Group VP reports, will be limited in length to one *printed page* in the magazine. As a guideline, this corresponds to roughly 1600 words, *less if photos or artwork are to be included.*

Except for certain material of unique historical significance, excitement, or universal interest, articles submitted which exceed this limit will be either edited for length or returned to the author for rewriting.

We think that in most instances this will be the best policy to help ensure equitable coverage for all, and we appreciate your understanding and cooperation. We do, however, strongly encourage all members to continue or begin sending in your stories and letters. We can never hear from too many of you!

Many thanks,

Bill Robertie, Editor

Report on the Memorial Trust

by E. Bud Koorndyk (2ADA Representative, Board of Governors)

My report on the annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the 2nd ADA Memorial Trust should prove to be most informative, as the meeting was delayed from the usual month of May until Thursday, June the 17th, to coincide with the 30th Anniversary of the dedication of the library.

A rededication service was held at St. Peter Mancroft on Sunday the 13th of June, attended by a small contingent of the 2nd ADA consisting of a quorum of Executive Committee members, Group VPs and Past Presidents who elected to participate in this celebration. The service at St. Peter Mancroft was well attended by many of our English friends, and the message of rededication was presented by Rev. Canon David Sharp, with the Old Testament reading by John Conrad, President of the 2nd ADA, and the New Testament reading by Governor, E. Bud Koorndyk.

After the service concluded, an open invitation was given to all guests to enjoy refreshments prepared by our English friends in the courtyard area of the library. This gave us all an opportunity to meet with old friends and supporters of the library, as well as to make new friends as we seem to do each time we return to Norwich.

Because a quorum of Executive Committee members was present, we did hold an Executive Committee meeting on Tuesday, June 15. All Executive Committee members were presented with a dossier of papers and agenda matters which would be forthcoming at the Board of Governors meeting to be held on Thursday, June 17th.

The most important of these reports had to do with the draft accounts of Income and Expenditures for the year ending April 1993. In the month of March 1993 I had received from Tom Eaton an estimated report which showed a projected deficit of some 5,700 pounds. This figure in the final report was reduced to a deficit of 1,490 pounds, mainly due to the increased donations to the Special Endowment Capital Fund for books, and also donations by our members for book purchases themselves.

The total amount of monies, as reported in the annual report, in the Special Endowment Capital Fund now stands at 19,900 pounds. As the corpus continues to build up and the income from same increased to enable it to buy more books for the library, it enables the Memorial Trust to use some of its allocated funds on the proposed budget for 1994, for books and for other urgent needs. Consequently, I would ask all Group VPs to seriously consider making a contribution on behalf of their individual Bomb Groups to this Special Endowment Fund. To ensure that your Bomb Group would maintain a special listing into perpetuity in the Annual Report, this initial gift should be no less than 500 pounds. Any lesser amounts donated at a subsequent time would be added to this corpus.

I reiterate that only the income generated

by the corpus of the Special Endowment Fund is used to purchase the books for the library.

The following approved motions were made at the Executive Committee meeting on Tuesday, the 15th of June and presented at the Board of Governors meeting held on Thursday, the 17th of June.

(a) That a gift be made from the 2nd ADA to the Memorial Trust of 6,000 pounds, to be used towards the ongoing expenses and deficit for the year 1993.

(b) That the Board of Governors be informed that a similar gift of 6,000 pounds for the years 1994 and 1995 would be forthcoming, to be used towards the ongoing expenses of the Memorial Trust in helping to meet the costs of maintaining the present staff at the library, and to help in meeting some of the costs of entertaining American visitors to the library through the year 1995.

(c) In appreciation of the dedicated services of the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Tom C. Eaton, a special contribution of 500 pounds be given in his honor to the Special Endowment Fund of the Memorial Trust.

(d) In appreciation for the dedicated services of our retired English aide to the library, Mr. Tony North, a special contribution of 500 pounds be given in his honor to the Special Endowment Fund of the Memorial Trust.

An interesting aspect at the Board of Governors meeting had to do with the presentation of the Annual Report for 1993 and its reflection on the growth of its Fund Assets from 334,151 pounds in 1992 to 397,898 pounds in 1993; this in spite of the fact that England, like the USA, has experienced a drop in its investment portfolio and the interest it generates. This bodes well for the work our Governors are doing on behalf of our Memorial Trust and its investment portfolio.

A short report by Colin Sleath, Principal Librarian for the Norfolk Library, had to do with the renovation of the courtyard area of the library itself. This entire area will have a

roof placed over it, and our memorial fountain will be removed and replaced with a new memorial. This project comes about due to leaks occurring in the courtyard area, which in turn affects materials of a historical nature in the storage area underneath.

A proposed memorial to replace our fountain was presented by Tom Nash, the architect, and will be shared with all at a later date.

Much of the time spent at the Board of Governors meeting involved discussion of the future of the library, its staffing, operation, and correlating it with what we had envisioned our 2nd ADA/FMLA would accomplish.

Hillary Hammond, Chief Executive of the Board of Governors, Director of Arts and Libraries for the Norwich County Council and a tremendous supporter of our Memorial Library, freely expressed his opinions of what he envisioned the staffing requirements for the library should consist. Bud Chamberlain, Chairman of the Oversight Committee of our 2nd ADA/FMLA Fund was given the opportunity to present his viewpoints on this delicate matter and a lively discussion followed.

At the present time, our 2nd ADA/FMLA Fund is not in a position to furnish enough income from the corpus of some \$602,000 to support the salary of an "American presence" and as the net result, does give us an opportunity to make a further study as to the direction this Fund should go in.

One point that I did make clear to the Board of Governors was that because of a commitment made to our membership at the beginning of our fund drive, the corpus of the fund would always remain in Trust in the U.S.A. and only the income would be given to supply an "American presence." This concept was clearly understood by the Board of Governors and agreed upon.

Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors, closed the meeting with a sincere thanks to all of the six additional 2nd ADA members who accompanied me to the meeting, and for all the input given by same.

Upcoming 2ADA Conventions

1993

November 4-7, Hilton Head Island, S.C.

1994

May 28-31, Kansas City, Missouri

1995

May — Norwich, England —
decision to be finalized at Hilton Head.
Celebration of VE Day.

1996

Stateside Convention — To Be Announced.

Now Hear This

DUES

Statements for 1994 will be mailed Oct/Nov/Dec. If you do not receive a statement it is because you do not owe dues. Many of you have paid for more than one year.

We would appreciate receiving your payment prior to Jan. 1, 1994 so that we do not have to send you second or third notices.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send same only to:

Evelyn Cohen

06-410 Delaire Landing Rd

Philadelphia, PA 19114

Bonds That Outlasted The War

From the *Eastern Evening News*, Tuesday, June 8, 1993

Next Sunday, June 13, a special service of rededication takes place at St. Peter Mancroft Church, Norwich. It will celebrate the opening of the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Room — and a friendship that has lasted over 50 years.

Exactly 30 years ago, on June 13, 1963, the Memorial Room was officially opened in Norwich Central Library and a Book of Remembrance was dedicated to the Americans who died during the last war.

The room and the rededication service will not only commemorate the 6400 Americans who died during World War II — the majority flying from bases in Norfolk and Suffolk — but also the thousands of Americans who survived and returned to their homeland.

The links of friendship that were established during those war years, 1942 to 1945, between the people of East Anglia and the servicemen of the United States of America, continue to be maintained through the work of the Memorial Trust.

The use of the Memorial Library has increased over the last 30 years. It is not only a record of all the USAAF bases that



Library assistant Lesley Fleetwood and the Book of Remembrance in the Memorial Room. In the background is a hint of the collection of war memorabilia.

existed in the region, the men who went to war from them and the aeroplanes and crews that were part of them, it is also a part of East Anglia's history.

But just as the lives of many men and women from this part of the world have been intertwined with those of many

Americans, so this history of America has been brought to the Memorial Library.

Although the library was founded as a memorial to the men who died in the last war, its other aim was to create an idea for the people of East Anglia of what the American nation was like and to give information to every generation thereafter.

The library has books and publications on almost every important event in the United States from 1949 to the present day, and some prior to that.

Whether you are interested in Hollywood film-making, John F. Kennedy (or any other American president for that matter) or information on great American writers, you will probably find the information you need in the Memorial Library.

The library can be used by all, not only Americans, and the librarians are only too happy to give advice to those of all ages interested in information.

It is also on the tourist map for all Americans visiting Norfolk. Each year hundreds visit the library, look at the colours of their old units, and remember the old times and their old comrades.

“The Crucial Years”

From the *Eastern Evening News*, Monday, June 28, 1993

Americans are helping their Second Air Division USAAF Memorial Library in Norwich to be ready for “the crucial years.”

That's how the library's governors see the time surrounding the 50th anniversary of the ending of the war in 1995, a time when the number of Americans returning to East Anglia will increase.

Tom Eaton, chairman of the governors since 1975, who has been telling me about the latest news of the library, says, “It's the biggest public American library in Britain. There are others in universities. But we are unique, a point of reference for people all over this country.”

He said the service of remembrance and rededication held recently at St. Peter Mancroft by the Memorial Trust was much more than an observance of the 30th anniversary.

Many of the Americans there felt it would be the last time they would come to Britain because of age, and they wanted to tie up loose ends and take action which would reflect their appreciation of what had been done in Norwich.

On behalf of the 2nd Air Division Association in the United States, they gave the library 6,000 pounds. The association will give the same sum in 1994 and again in 1995 in anticipation of the costs to the library and staff of furnishing reception and information services to Americans and others during those years.

It has also given 500 pounds in honour of Tom Eaton to a special endowment fund which he set up. This generates income to buy books in memory of individuals — donors, relations or friends. Each book has

a special bookplate. A similar sum was given in honour of Tony North, a former library aide.

The Americans are meeting the expense of adding to the roll of honour 280 more names of those who died.

New Rank for Tom

For Tom Eaton, the 30th anniversary of the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Room brought an honour from America's Deep South.

Jim Reeves, former president of the 2nd Air Division Association, used his capacity as a Son of Georgia to hand to Mr. Eaton, “a fine gentleman,” a scroll announcing his appointment as lieutenant-colonel aide de camp, governor's staff,

State of Georgia.

It was a touch typical of the easy relationships which have developed over the years between the Eaton family and America as a result of the library's presence.



Tom Eaton and the scroll which proclaims his new rank.



389th Green Dragon Flares

by Gene Hartley

IN MEMORIAM

Lloyd West wrote this column for nine years under the heading "Notes from the 389th." He thoroughly enjoyed his years as our Vice President. In fact, writing this column might have been the only exception to that enjoyment. But he did the job with his rare combination of dedication to the Group and devotion to the men of the Group that all of us appreciated so very deeply.

Lloyd folded his wings a few weeks ago. The Big "C."

We owe him so very much.

We elected Lloyd as our Vice President at Palm Springs in 1984. From that day, he was a tireless worker in searching out new members for our 389th BG. We nearly doubled in size during his tenure in office.

Probably the highlight of Lloyd's service to our Group was his planning of a 389th stand-alone reunion at Dayton on October 4, 1986. It was at this reunion that we dedicated our Memorial Plaque at the Dayton Museum. Over 100 of us were there as Colonel H. Ben Walsh offered the dedicatory remarks.

We are grateful for the man and his family, for the time he gave to our Group's best interests, for the depth and sincerity of his feelings for us. Our prayers are with Clara and the other members of the West family.

I now remind you of the concept of this quarterly JOURNAL column. The B-24, painted yellow and green, used to assist the 389th in forming prior to leaving England for the continent, was called the Green Dragon. Flares flew from the Green Dragon. They flew from many other sources at our base, conveying any number of different meanings. From this Green Dragon (column) will come flares of interest, information, and nostalgia. For instance:

FLARES FROM OUR REUNION IN THE CATSKILLS, N.Y.

A fine gathering! Plenty of time to reminisce, listen to and tell war stories, renew old friendships, and make new friends.

We did have a tragic accident. On one of our afternoons, many of our people decided to play golf. A typical New York thunderstorm sent the players scurrying for the safety of the clubhouse. Safety? A huge plate glass window imploded into the clubhouse. Clark Robinson and Ed Teevan were both cut by flying glass. Ed's cuts were on the arm, and he was released that afternoon. Clark had some facial cuts, was confined to the hospital, and underwent surgery. Clark reported about June 25, as follows, "Most of the swelling has gone down. All the stitches are out. All the pain in my face has subsided. There were multiple fractures to the orbital bone, but none of them seem to be interfering with eye muscle movement. The wired cheekbone has not created any infection. My left eyelid doesn't work. It does not blink when the right eye blinks. There is no smile on the left side of my face. The doctor says it may take a year, but the nerves will probably resurrect themselves and I'll regain facial mobility. If not, plastic surgery will be indicated." What more can be said? Nothing that really conveys our feelings for Clark and Bea.

As so often happens, some of us are at the registration table. A gentleman walks up, comments that he was in the 389th years ago in England, and we have another new member. A good feeling.

FLARES FROM THE MAIL

I do get fascinating mail. A gentleman by the name of Paul Vasconi is very interested in WWII aviation. He recently served as

"the logistics coordinator for a public exhibition of WWII aircraft" including the All American. A visiting veteran showed him some photos from Hethel, including a shot of the B-24J Martha R. That happens to be the first name and last name initial of his fiancée. They are intrigued. He has made 14 x 17 re-copies of the photo. He wants to know about the plane and crew. I wrote that (1) the plane returned to the ZOI, and (2) I would mention his search for crew info in our JOURNAL column in the hopes that a crew member or other knowledgeable person might write to him. If you know anything about the MARTHA R, write to Paul Vasconi, 4670 Babcock St., NE, Suite 1, Palm Bay, FL 32905.

A Miss Donna Graver writes as follows:

"Please could you help me in my query? I am looking for a gentleman whom my grandfather became friendly with during the Second World War. He hasn't heard from him since then and would like to get in contact with him (that's if he is still alive.)"

Donna's grandfather remembers his friend as Mr. Al Fromme, a Tech Sergeant rear gunner with the 389th BG. Last known address, Dairy Farm, MI. If anyone can help, write Donna Graver, 18 Wheatley Rd., Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3UQ, England.

FLARE FROM A FLORIDA GOLF COURSE

This flare from Robert A. Correll.

"Here is a check for 2ADA dues for Sam Trippi, who wants to join. (He has.) It is ironic how I met Sam and found out he was at Hethel with the 389th BG and 565th Squadron.

"I've known Sam for a couple of years, as he has a winter home here in FL in the same park where I live. One day last month, we were on the first tee at the golf course, and I heard him mention the 389th and Hethel. You can imagine how my ears perked up.

"I gave him some of my old JOURNALS and Newsletters and talked him into joining. Please send his membership to his Ohio address."

A FLARE REGARDING HILTON HEAD

At the 2ADA reunion at Hilton Head, we will hold our annual business meeting, hear from our nominating committee, consider some worthwhile projects for our group, and decide where to have our next stand-alone reunion. If you have a suggestion, and/or are willing to help with the planning, please be in touch.

Hope to see you there.



A Message From Keith Thomas, Chairman The Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial

(Ed. Note: Keith, and many of the Officers and Members of "The Friends" were out in force at the 30th Anniversary Rededication Service at St. Peter Mancroft on 13 June '93.)

As Chairman of the "Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial" here in Norwich, I would like to take this opportunity of pointing out that in assisting in keeping the Memorial Room alive, we see our objectives as:

(1) To raise funds for the purchase of and the updating of books.

(2) To maintain contact with the bases and the Memorial Trust, and to assist with contact between the bases and the American 2nd Air Division veterans.

(3) To maintain a register of local guides for 2nd Air Division veterans visiting their old bases in addition to obtaining local accommodation.

(4) To raise public awareness of the Memorial Room relative to why it is there and how to use its vast assortment of information.

(5) To work with the Heritage League to obtain pen pals, and to enlist the younger generation to join us. We are currently looking at ways to inform schools in and around the old bases.

(6) To provide the Memorial Room with a set of taped recordings of local people's experiences during the period of the 2nd Air Division's occupation in Norfolk.

Recent activities of the "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial" include:

The development of an exhibition tent (see photo below) of 2nd Air Division memorabilia by David Neale, our Secretary/News Editor. We are currently attending charity, car, and air shows in Norfolk selling related items and encouraging the public to join the "Friends."



We have recently produced T shirts and sweatshirts bearing the 2nd Air Division insignia.

Personally, I had the pleasure of laying the wreath for the 2nd Air Division Association at the Memorial Day Service at Madingley on Sunday, 23 May, together with other Members laying wreaths for their respective base units (see photo above).

Our future objectives include obtaining further media exposure by way of aviation magazines. We are finding that an increasing number of members are joining from outside our region, for example: Newcastle, Nottingham, Birmingham, London and other areas. There is a great interest in the 8th Air Force, especially the 2nd Air Division.

We also plan to arrange interviews with our local BBC Radio, and the Eastern Daily Group of newspapers. We are planning a "Thanksgiving Dinner" with a speaker for later this year.

The Memorial Room deserves support and development. We, the "Friends," are an ideal vehicle to assist the Trust in pursuing this aim. We have the potential to maintain contacts between Norfolk and the American people to nourish this important link for future generations.

I will be glad to hear from any 2nd Air Division veteran at any time. I am delighted to have the support and assistance of a splendid group of Officers and Members; as well as the Board of Governors Friends Liaison Officer, David Hastings; and the 2ADA Friends Liaison Officer, Jordan Uttal. Sincere good wishes from East Anglia.

Keith Thomas
Cannells Farm, Bow St., Great Ellingham
Attleborough, Norfolk
England NR17 1JA

Folded Wings

44th

Conrad M. Menzel
John V. Patton

93rd

Nune Borshoff
Robert H. Harms, Sr.
George H. Kelly
Harry Magoon

389th

John Driscoll (Sean O'Driscoll)
Roy Jonasson
Edward L. Mattox
Benjamin C. Schaefer
Merle H. Ver Berg
Lloyd E. West

445th

Harry A. Hodges

446th

Angelo J. Indre
Clemens F. Kowalczyk

448th

Louis T. Camden
Robert J. Dyer
Richard Hambleton

453rd

Gus E. Dragoni

458th

Arthur Lee Goodwin
Harold P. Kittleband

466th

Ronald J. Arbaugh
John D. Englert
Carl W. Falk
W. Robert Wagner
George W. Whitmer

489th

Frederick A. Meyer

491st

Robert O. Bornholtz
Jackson F. Chapman
John T. Keen
Roy A. Lancaster

492nd

John Ceasar

HDQ

Daniel H. Bollinger
Frances Gross Henkin

489th Bomb Group: Tribute to a Professional

by Neal Sorensen, 489th Group VP

What is it that causes the mind to sweep back more than 50 years in remembrance of a Master Sergeant under whose brief tutelage I learned so much of the fiber of American character? Perhaps it was the coincidence of watching "Casablanca" with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, Peter Lorre and a host of bygone stars that took me back to my first permanent Army Air Corps assignment at Big Springs Bombardier School in 1942.

Private Sorensen was my rank at that time, and as rank has its privileges, mine was that of picking up cigarette butts and oversized stones in our various areas. By chance, good fortune found me in an area near the flight line when a wind driven dust storm of late November set in with full fury. Seeking refuge in the nearest building, my amazed eyes fell upon an assemblage of more non-commissioned rank that ever would terrify a raw recruit. Two Tech. Sergeants, four Staff Sergeants, two Buck Sergeants, two Corporals, and one PFC!!! And there, surrounded by two or three of the Sergeants, was Master Sergeant George Rodine, head NCO in the Office of the Station Technical Inspector.

My awe was interrupted by a Tech. Sergeant who inquired rather gruffly, "Aren't you supposed to be on duty elsewhere?" Thinking of no logical answer, I answered his question with a question, "Do you need any typists in this office?" I had struck GOLD! One call to the Orderly Room and I was now a clerk-typist.

Two or three days after my baptism as clerk-typist, one of the Corporals asked me for a cigarette. He was tall, slightly bent from a wound suffered at Pearl Harbor, and wearing the scruffiest fatigues of anyone in that well-groomed office. After two or three more mooches, I heard the Corporal being called in a stern voice by Sergeant Rodine. "Aren't you ashamed, Corporal, to be bumming cigarettes from Private Sorensen? You make more money than he does — it's only three days since you were paid — did you blow it in a dice game?"

The Corporal was badly shaken, but he rallied his courage and said, "When I was in the hospital at Pearl Harbor, someone took all of my clothes. I had to sign a Statement of Charges to pay for them, so I only get \$8.00 per month to spend." Sergeant Rodine looked at him questioning for a long moment. "Come to my desk," he said kindly. "I think we can do something about that!!!"

Within the week, the Corporal had full restitution of all funds that had been withheld, plus a new wardrobe. Within two months he was proudly wearing Buck Sergeant stripes, walked taller, and looked nearly as spit-and-polish as his gaunt frame would allow.

Since Big Springs was a new base, there had been no NCO Club available for NCOs to entertain guests. Sgt. Rodine attacked this problem with his usual verve and knowledge of regulations. A building became available;

lumber for the bar, tables and booths appeared promptly. Being somewhat handy with saw and hammer, I relieved the humdrum of office work by volunteering to help. The night the club was to open, we were putting on finishing touches about 5:30 in the afternoon. Sgt. Rodine, ever wanting to reward effort, said apologetically, "After 6:00 the club will be officially open. I'm sorry you can't stay."

The converse of his concern for reward was quickly manifested several months later. One of the Tech. Sergeants in charge of the NCO finances stole some of the receipts. In the subsequent Court Martial, the culprit was stripped of his rank and sentenced to prison. Such was the code of justice in Sgt. Rodine's life.

In his concern for flying safety, Sgt. Rodine was fearless in facing up to high ranking officers. A new shipment of landing gear pins in the training planes proved defective. This resulted in three landing gear failures in one afternoon. In the absence of higher officers from the office, Sgt. Rodine called Operations and grounded all training flights. A training officer challenged the decision: "You have no authority to ground all of our aircraft; they haven't all had that new pin installed." The Sgt. said quietly, "You are correct, Sir, I don't have that authority." He then quoted text and verse from regulations to the effect that equipment failure in a pattern made the grounding of ALL equipment mandatory. The training officer protested long and loudly, but finally left with the request, "Please get all of your inspectors on the problem immediately." "They have been, Sir, right after the flights were cancelled."

My most insightful experience with this wonderful man came about on a lazy Sunday afternoon. My buddy had flown home the day earlier to be with his dying father, so it seemed appropriate to me to write to my parents. Suddenly Sgt. Rodine walked in the door with a grave look on his face. "Sorensen," he said, "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. If you want to go home this afternoon, I can take care of the paperwork for you." Having said this, he handed me a telegram. It was from my buddy and simply said, "Father died last night." I looked up into his sympathetic face and said, "Thank you very much, Sergeant; this telegram is from my buddy. It was his father who died." "Well, then," he said with a relieved look on his face, "take my car and drive into town so you can send the family some flowers!"

Perhaps it was "Casablanca" that evoked those memories, for it was at the Big Springs Base Theater that I had first viewed that epic film. I left shortly for flight training, but this remarkable man, Sgt. George Rodine, had gifted me with some of my great character lessons and insights which highlighted the six months of my life as a Private, U.S. Air Corps.

It's a Small, Small World, After All!

by Jack D. Pelton (445th), Original Pilot of the "Briney Marlin"

It was August 16, 1944, over Dessau, Germany that some lucky flak gunner found the "Sweetest Rose of Texas" at about 20,000 feet, just after bombs away. This wasn't our regularly assigned B-24; our war weary old bird was hangar-bound back at Tibenham and we had been assigned Arnold Nass' "The Rose," as it was affectionately known by its crew. Whoever the gunner was, he really peppered our big-gas bird with 88mm shells until he got lucky and severely damaged our flight control system with a hit that affected our elevator trim tabs in such a way that the elevators were thrown into a full nose up position. The result was a full hammer head stall out of formation.

After dropping rapidly to about 15,000 feet before recovering control of the "Rose," we surveyed our situation to determine our next move. The plane looked like a flying sieve. It had about 150 flak holes, radio knocked out, and severe damage to the flight control system; so bad, in fact, that my co-pilot and I could only maintain level flight by bracing our knees against the wheel and "stiff-arming" it with both arms. Fortunately, we still had all four fans running, although No. 3 had a flak hole in the reduction gear housing and had lost all of its oil. Thanks to Mr. Pratt & Mr. Whitney, who made a superb engine, it continued running, without oil, all the way back to England!

Needless to say, we made it back to England with an escort of P-51s, Jugs (Thunderbolts), and a covey of P-38s for top cover and set the old girl down on the crash landing strip at Manston (or was it called Woodbridge?) We were afraid we might have flat tires from flak damage around the wheel wells, so I "gently" dropped her in from about 100 feet with a 30 degree crab. But you know the B-24; she behaved like the lady she was and rolled to a stop in about 1500 feet or so. Best part of it all was, Ray Pytel, my flight engineer, didn't even say "boo" about the heavy landing. He just got out and kissed the ground like the rest of us.

* * * * *

The scene now changes to Hawthorne Municipal Airport in the Los Angeles area of Southern California. It is late May of 1993 and I have gone to Hawthorne Airport to see the "All American" B-24 and that restored four engine primary trainer, the "909" B-17. I also was responsible for the Second Air Division Association recruiting booth that day.

I noticed a man and his wife carefully examining our display of 1944 Group locations and airfield layouts in England which was designed to attract the curious. I approached the couple and asked if they were interested in what they saw, and did they have any questions. He answered,

"No, I vass on de odder end." I said, "What do you mean, de odder end?" He replied, "I vass a flak gunner mit de Cherman ground forces in central Chermany." Not only was he a flak gunner, it turned out that he was directing fire over Dessau on August 16, 1944!!! He even remembered knocking 2 or 3 Liberators out of the sky on that fateful day. I asked him how they could have been so damned accurate with those 88s. He told me that they had optics so superior that he could see the waist gunners firing. He was only 14 years old and had been "recruited" into the Hitler Jugend Corps when there were no mature men left to man the flak guns.

Well, we had an interesting conversation and came to the conclusion that it was highly likely that he had actually been responsible, perhaps directly, for our near demise in the skies over Dessau on August 16, 1944.

It is, indeed, a small, small world, after all!!

* * * * *

P.S. to Arnold Nass, who is probably reading this right now: Sorry we took such poor care of your favorite "Rose." Two weeks after that mission (our 25th), we sat on the Rose's wing and listened to the Glenn Miller Band playing in our repair hangar at Tibenham!

"Wing and a Prayer" Documentary Now Complete

After nearly two years in the making, *Wing and a Prayer: The Saga of Utah Man* was completed in July 1993 and aired in Utah on August 1st on Brigham Young University's PBS affiliate, KBYU.

Writer/Director Mike Sanches and Producer Susie Barker wish to take this opportunity to thank the many members of the Second Air Division and others who contributed interviews, time, and personal memorabilia to the program's production.

August 1, 1993 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the most highly decorated military mission in American history: an allied aerial assault against Hitler's oil refineries deep in enemy territory at Ploesti, Romania. *Wing and a Prayer: The Saga of Utah Man* is the story of, and a tribute to, the more than 1,700 men who flew this mission, told from the point of view of Utah native Walter T. Stewart. Flying a B-24 Liberator named Utah Man, Lt. Stewart and his crew staked their faith, friendship, and courage against Ploesti's perhaps impregnable defenses. Tirelessly researched by documentary filmmaker Mike Sanches, *Wing and a Prayer: The Saga of Utah Man* is above all a thrilling story of duty and

sacrifice — one that the passage of fifty years has not dimmed in the minds and hearts of its participants.

Early reviews of the 58-minute documentary are positive and praise the documentary for its near seamless literary and visual style; telling this gripping story of dedication and daring. Among those contacted for their reaction to the finished program were Retired General Jacob E. Smart, Ploesti Mission Planner, and *Ploesti* co-author Carroll Stewart. Of the program Smart writes, "You have produced a vivid, realistic account of a unique major military operation. You have thus preserved for living and future generations a record of skill, determination, courage, faith, heroism, and self-sacrifice that has earned an honored place in history for the 1600 young American airmen who fought and won the Battle of Ploesti on 1 August 1943."

Asked his feelings about *Wing and a Prayer: The Saga of Utah Man*, Writer/Director Mike Sanches said, "I'm currently experiencing a mix of feelings ranging from exhaustion to elation. It's been a long haul for all of us, and I don't think we could have done it without the love and support

of Producer/sister Susie Barker and the many individuals who have believed in us and the project from the beginning. We hope the Ploesti veterans, their families, and the nation learn from and enjoy what we've done. They [the veterans] did the hard part. We just told the story to the best of our ability."

As for future plans and projects, Sanches and Barker aren't saying much, right now, except that they do have two or three projects cooking (some of which also deal with other World War II stories). In the meantime, they'll be busy returning the countless items used in the *Wing and a Prayer* production to the owners.

At the time of this writing, pricing and availability of program copies was yet to be determined, as Sanches and Barker are still occupied with the many details of possible PBS network acquisition of the program. People interested in obtaining copies of the finished program should contact Wing and a Prayer Productions, 155 South 100 East, Bountiful, Utah 84010, or call (801) 298-5669 or (801) 533-0724.



392nd B.G.

by Oak Mackey

In the Summer 1993 edition of the 2ADA JOURNAL, I reported that the Ploughshare Pub in Beeston near our WWII airbase was closed. Not so anymore; it re-opened June 1st under new management. It was my privilege and pleasure to have a pint of ale and fish and chips for lunch there on June 10th, and it was delicious. Dennis Duffield, 392nd BG Base Contact, drove Maxine and me all around the base that day. We went the length of the east-west runway, between the turkey barns setting alongside the edge of the runway, around the north perimeter taxiway, then to the old Headquarters building. It is occupied by a John Deere farm equipment dealer. We went to the combat officers' mess to view the mural depicting formations of B-24s flying under the spread wings of an eagle, and to the 576th Squadron site, to see the six, or so, Nissen huts still standing there.

At the Memorial Monument, we noticed the grass was recently mown, and the hedge neatly trimmed. The caretakers seem to be doing an excellent job of maintaining the grounds. If you go there, be sure to let Dennis Duffield know in advance and he will be pleased and happy to show you around.

Did you go to Albuquerque last May 20-24 for the stand-alone Convention of the 392nd BG Memorial Association? It was a good party, an outstanding party, a great party. Hosts Charley Dye and Bob Vickers are to be congratulated for the superb job they did in programming this stellar event! From Thursday, May 20th until Tuesday, May 25th, there was something going on all day, every day. Ernest Barber trucked all the Group memorabilia all the way from Georgia and displayed it in the Hospitality Room, including a VCR for viewing the many tapes now in our library. The hospitality room bar was well stocked and always open for business. There were symposiums scheduled and well attended on three days. The tours to "Old Town" and the Atomic Museum were interesting and informative. Where else are displayed copies of the atomic bombs dropped on Japan in 1945? It was a great convention, attended by 266 (my count) 392nd folk. That's nearly half the entire membership of the 392nd BG Memorial Association.

The Second Air Division Association's 46th Annual Convention is November 4-7, 1993 at Hilton Head Island, SC, Hyatt Regency Hotel. Friday, November 5th has been designated "Group Day." Each group has planned various activities for this day. For the 392nd 2ADA members, there will be a business meeting at 0900 on November 5th for the purpose of electing a Group Vice President. In that regard, I am willing to

serve another term. If you choose to elect someone else, I will be most happy to turn the office over to him.

Other agenda items may be submitted by any member. Please pass them on to me before the meeting, if practical, or any item may be introduced at the meeting. This meeting will be in conjunction with the meeting of the 392nd BG Memorial Association, which will be chaired by the very able Col. Lawrence G. Gilbert, President of the 392nd BG Memorial Association. Items on his agenda will likely be passed on to you in the 392nd BGMA News.

In the afternoon, there are tentative plans for a P.O.W. Symposium. Those of you who did time in a Hitler Cross-bar Hotel, and are planning to attend the convention, be ready to relate your story, for the rest of us would dearly love to hear your experiences. This will not be a formal event at all; more of a bull session with a moderator to keep things on track and rolling. We think this will be an interesting and informative way to spend about two hours, though we plan no time limit.

Mainly for the ladies, Evelyn Cohen has scheduled a Boat Cruise, Lunch, and Shopping Tour. It departs the hotel at 0930, November 5th, for a two hour boat ride, then shopping in Harbour Town, lunch, then more shopping at an outlet mall. Return to the hotel will be by bus. It costs \$42.00 per person.

Here's another "Shoot-Down" story as told to Richard Hoffman, 392nd BG, while he was a P.O.W. at Stalag 17B:

Date: 8-17-43. Target: Schweinfurt. Type AC: B-17. Crew Member: George (Red) Doyle. "It was our ninth mission. After waiting five hours, we took off and headed over the English Channel. We got hit by fighters while still over the sea. I guess the whole German Air Force was up that day. I flew as tail gunner, and looking back the boys started to drop out of formation. As I watched the chutes coming out, a lump formed in my throat. As we entered Germany we got hit by flak, number two engine was on fire, then number three. Our bombardier was hit by a 20mm pulling his chute as he left the ship and got hung up on the ball turret. The ball gunner tried to shake him loose, but in vain. The signal came to bail out and we all went out the waist door. Nine of us survived the jump. I hit a mountain and busted my leg. The waist gunner was shot in both legs. The ball gunner landed in trees and broke his back. After five months in a Jerry hospital, we finally were sent to Stalag 17B."

*"Never hurry and don't worry. You're here for just a short visit."
So don't forget to stop and smell the flowers along the way."*

— Walter Hagen, winner of the U.S. Open in 1914 & 1919

Lest We Forget

by Myron Keilman, CO, 579th Sq.

On 24 December 1943, the 2nd Bombardment Division flew its first mission against the V-1 missile (Buzz Bomb) launching sites. We were briefed that if these sites were not destroyed PDQ, London and vicinity would be leveled. The 392nd flew 28 B-24s. They flew in four boxes at altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. The weather was clear. No enemy opposition was experienced. 84% of the bombs struck the assigned aiming points. Excellent!

On 31 December 1943, the 392nd dispatched 27 airplanes in two sections to bomb the German airfield at St. Jean D'Angle, 75 miles north of Bordeaux, France. 73% percent of the 310 500-pound bombs struck the aiming point. 25 to 30 enemy fighters attacked. One aircraft and crew were lost.

On 7 January 1944, Col. "Bull" Rendle received the following message from General Hodges, Commander of 2nd Bombardment Division (later the 2nd Air Division):

"The results obtained by 2nd Bombardment units participating in the missions of 24 and 31 December 1943 indicate a high quality of combat skill and efficiency. Continuation of such efficiency will hasten the ultimate victory for which we are striving. My heartiest congratulations to you and your command on a job well done."

Diamond Lil Tape

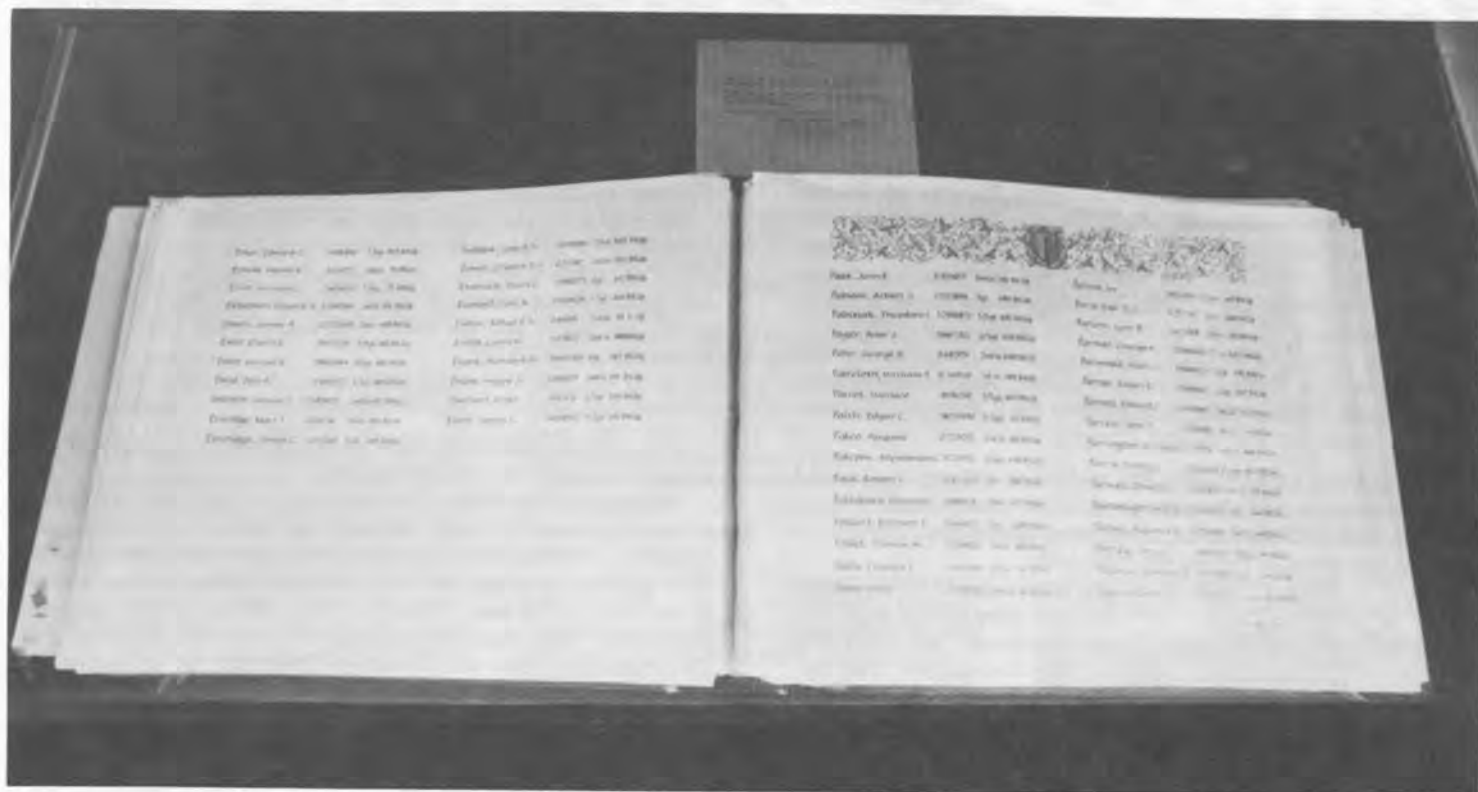
Under the heading "2ADA Video Library Update" in the Summer 1993 JOURNAL (page 19) was an item about "Diamond Lil - Flight Across Atlantic and Tour of Norwich." David Hastings also had an article about Diamond Lil in the same issue on page 6.

We now have 28 copies of this tape available on a first come, first served basis. When these are gone, there will be no more. Purchase price including postage is \$37.50. Order from:

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

The 2nd Air Division Roll of Honor

by Jordan R. Uttal, Honorary President, 2ADA



Every day from 1963 to date, the Roll of Honor display case is opened, and a page of the Roll is turned.

In the early 1950s, our late Commanding General, Lt. Gen. William E. Kepner, requested from Air Force Headquarters that a list be compiled of all 2nd Air Division personnel who had been killed in action, or in line of combat related duty. Air Force Statistical Control Section complied, and in 1957 the American Ambassador to Great Britain, John Hay Whitney, presented to the Lord Mayor of

Norwich, Mr. T.C. Eaton, a beautifully inscribed Roll of Honor containing just over 6,000 names.

This volume was solemnly presented to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room on the date of its dedication, 13 June 1963. It was carried reverently by two brothers of our fallen comrades in a dignified procession from St. Peter Mancroft Church across to the Memorial Room, just after the memorable services in the Church, which some 135 of us were privileged to attend.

A separate display case at one end of the room contains this tribute to our fallen. It is located under the flags of the United States, the 8th Air Force, and the 2nd Air Division. Every day from 1963 to date the case is opened, and a page of the Roll is turned. A separate photocopy of the Roll of Honor is available nearby for ready reference by any interested visitor.

From 1963 to approximately 1980, requested additions to the Roll of Honor received from family and friends were verified and held on file by the Norwich Central Library Principal Librarian, Colin Sleath. We are indebted to him for his many years of assistance in this effort, as well as in all phases of the activities of the Memorial Room librarians.

In 1980 (or thereabouts) when the Army Records Office in St. Louis, Missouri was destroyed by fire, the 2nd Air Division Association was asked to take over responsibility for future additions and verifications of the names submitted to us. By

1987, with the help of Colin, the Group Vice Presidents, and other interested individuals, we were able to identify and verify with the Department of Defense several hundred names of our lost comrades, raising the total to 6,394. All new names were added in separate pages, using the same attractive calligraphy, showing name, rank, serial number and Group, exactly as on the original pages.

Since 1988, more names have been accumulated. With the further assistance of the Group Vice Presidents, extra special efforts from Phyllis DuBois, our current Trust Librarian, and the Department of Defense, we were able to present to the Board of Governors on 17 June 1993 a further list of 280 verified names of 2nd Air Division personnel killed in action, or in combat related line of duty between the dates of their original assignment to 2nd Air Division units and 27 April 1945, the date of our last mission.

Each Group Vice President has a breakdown of the names of all members of his Group who are on the master Roll of Honor. Also, in each Group memorabilia niche in the Memorial Room there is a similar list for inspection.

These 280 additional names of our fallen comrades raise the total to 6,674!!!

We continue to salute each of them with respect and gratitude individually, and their 14 Bombardment Groups and 5 Fighter Groups who fought so well to preserve our freedom.



Roll of Honor Display at the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial, Central Library, Norwich, England.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
Marvin H. Speidel



The garden is on its last legs, the lawn no longer demands so much of my time, the swim club has closed, and the shades of autumn are beginning to tint the trees. It must be time to get out the old suitcases and start packing. One must be packed for the flight to the Rockies and the 446th Bomb Group reunion in Denver, October 6th to 10th; and the second one must be readied for the drive down the East Coast to Hilton Head, SC and the 2nd Air Division Association convention, November 4th through 7th. Hope to see you all at one or the other, maybe both. If you have not yet made plans, check with Frank Bigos (446th BG), 2135 So. Adams Street, Denver, CO 80210-4901 and/or Evelyn Cohen (2nd ADA), Apt. 06-410 Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114 to see if there is still room.

"THE D-DAY LEADERS": Bill McMahon tells me he has had numerous requests over the years for a 446th Group decal. Well — the wait is over, for Bill has located a decal source that does quality work at a fair price.



The actual size is 4" diameter, and they have a silver B-24 with the "Buckaroo" tail colors on a sky-blue background. The surrounding border is 446th yellow and contains the words, "The D-Day Leaders." These decals are highly attractive, and will be perfect for your car bumpers, windows, luggage, etc. Cost of decals is \$2.00 each, 3 for \$5.00,

or 5 for \$7.50. Make checks payable to 446th BG Florida Chapter, and mail to Bill McMahon at 5126 SW 3rd Ave., Cape Coral, Florida, 33914.

A BUCK A BOMB RUN: Just had a thought — all right, you guys, in spite of all your doubts, I still get one every once in a while. As a way of providing continuing support to the 446th BG Museum Fund drive, how about sending \$1.00 for every mission you flew to Marv Anderson, 8411 E. Albion Pl., Tucson, AZ 85715. If all, or most of us do this, whether we have contributed before or have completed our pledges, this could bring us a lot closer to hitting our target. The hangar is up, the B-24 is inside, bright and shiny with our yellow and black tail colors, and everything is go. Start making long range plans now for May 14th to 17th, 1994 in Tucson. This will be one fabulous party for a grand lady and her great bunch of guys. Plan on being there in '94 and let's all "Buck a Bomb Run" NOW.

Had a note from Vere McCarty, via Bill Davenport, reminding me that Irv Day, Paul Halecki and Dave Sweeney, as well as T.G. Brown (now deceased), all attended the dedication of the 2nd ADA Memorial Room at the Norwich Central Library on June 13, 1963. Might be something to celebrate in Denver in recognition of the Library's 30th Anniversary.

The 446th was up front on D-Day, and a recent news release tells of their being up front again. Scheduled as panelists at the "D-Day Symposium" of the 8th Air Force Historical Society at the O'Hare Hyatt Regency in Chicago on Saturday, October 2, 1993 will be Colonel J.J. Brogger, mission command pilot on the first D-Day mission and 446th CO, and lead navigator Major Mike Paczan. This might be a stop on the way to Denver if you are driving.

On a less cheerful note, I am saddened to report that a recent phone call from his son informed me of the passing of Angelo Indre, who was the radioman on Captain Charlie Irwin's crew in the 706th

Squadron. Ange, as radio, and I, as engineer, shared space on the flight deck on 30 missions. He spelled me in the top turret on two occasions — the first when we got clobbered over Calais and flak severed all controls to #4, causing it to run wild with no possibility to feather, forcing co-pilot Jim Bell to fly the rest of the mission on his side with both feet jammed on the rudder pedals to overcome the torque while I had to assist Irwin. The other occasion was when we came home to "bandits in the area" and I was needed for the landing check list. Then too, there were some good times in London at the Winston Hotel and in Southport at the Palace Hotel Flak Home, and a few pub nights of "mild and bitter" and/or newsprint-blackened fish and chips. I could not have wished for a better buddy.

The shock of this news made me realize more than ever how vulnerable we all are, and the importance of making time for attendance at reunions with those we shared so much with. If you have any doubts about becoming more active in the affairs and reunions of the 2nd ADA and the 446th BG, ask yourself one question — *If not now, WHEN???*

To continue with Dick Ghere's contribution to this column, herewith is one of his mission reports.

"Mission #7, Frankfurt, Germany, Feb. 4, 1944. Awakened early as usual, dressed in cold barracks and rushed off for a quick breakfast. We wondered if this mission would really come off, as the three previous missions had been scrubbed because of bad weather (Frankfurt, Emden and a Noball). At the briefing we discovered that the primary target was the Frankfurt rail center and industrial area. The secondary target was the city of Frankfurt, to be bombed on pathfinder if cloudy. Takeoff was at 0905 hours, and all went well until we neared the target. Most of the B-24 and B-17 formations were poor — ours wasn't too bad. We came in off course and flew right into the feared flak of Coblenz. All of our ships were hit, as it was impossible to fly around the barrage. Our two pathfinder ships aborted, so we dropped our twelve 500 lb. bombs on two mysterious smoke bombs — on or near the target at 1213 hours. We picked up four flak holes in "Shiflus Skunk." "Snuffy" was hit in the stomach (a six-inch gash). Then there was a second hole below the pilots' compartment and a third bit of flak came up into the bottom of the tail turret, miraculously missing Sgt. Joe Shaffer. A fourth hit was just behind the bomb bay. We returned to home base at 1504 hours. The mission was pretty rough — lots of flak and extremely cold temperatures. We had good fighter protection and fortunately saw no enemy fighters. They would have had a picnic with our stragglers. We saw one B-17 go down on the bomb run. Five chutes opened. Returned to Flixton Air Base at 1505 hours. Went to interrogation and had coffee and sandwiches."

In closing, I would like to alert you to a suggestion that has been received concerning the possibility of a Northeast/Middle Atlantic 446th Bomb Group reunion sometime in 1994. This would be primarily for New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the Middle Atlantic states, but all would be welcome, especially those who might drive in to make it part of their vacation experience. In investigating said suggestion, a resort area in east central New York State has been located which would be just about in the middle of the states involved, should this come to pass. They offer an all-inclusive package from dinner Thursday through lunch Sunday, to include room, 3 breakfasts, 3 lunches, a cocktail hour with hors d'oeuvres and banquet, shows with different acts and dancing every evening, a guided tour and memorial service at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point with an outlet center shopping stop on the way back to the hotel, and all the usual recreational facilities such as swimming, golf, tennis, games, etc. Cost would be approximately \$325.00 per person and would cover everything including taxes and dining room and chambermaid gratuities, with items of a personal nature your own responsibility. In order to even consider such an undertaking, I will need an expression of your interest in attending. I would appreciate receiving your non-binding intention to attend via a note or postcard to my address on page 2 of the JOURNAL, or a call to (908) 388-2843. Even carrier pigeon messages are acceptable. Let me hear from you, and stay well till I see you at the next reunion.

Memory's Tricky: We Agreed Only On The Camaraderie

by Si Liberman (466th)

The last time I saw Dick Lester, my pilot, he was a self-assured, chain-smoking, 24-year-old Californian.

Waist gunner Larry Baker was a recently married, pencil-thin, 20-year-old six-footer from Missouri who would laugh at the slightest provocation.

The war had ended in Europe five weeks earlier, and we parted company after returning from England and depositing our four-engine B-24 Liberator bomber at Bradley Field, Conn.

Early on, there were some Christmas card exchanges, then nothing for more than four decades.

Until this summer.

The occasion was the four-day 50th anniversary reunion of the 466th Bombardment Group in Colorado Springs, Colo. It brought the three of us together for the first time since that joyous day in June 1945.

Efforts to learn the whereabouts of and re-establish contacts with the other six crew members had been unsuccessful. So there we were — three surviving, happy warriors amidst an ancient army of paunchy, gray-haired World War II veterans and their wives — 210 in all who had come to renew acquaintances and relive their glory days.

Between two banquets, dedication of a 466th plaque at the U.S. Air Force Academy in memory of 333 crewmen killed in action during the group's 231 combat missions, a tour of the area, trip to the Cripple Creek gambling mecca and some fancy dining, camaraderie prevailed — camaraderie and spontaneous laughter, as memories clashed.

Soon it became apparent that memories are fickle. Like some wines, they can be altered or enhanced with age. Off the bat, there was disagreement over the number of combat missions we had flown.

Baker's memory appeared to be as fertile as his 49-year marriage to Peggy, a cheerful nurse — a marriage that has spawned four children, 12 grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. "Fifteen," said the retired architect who makes his home in Chardon, Ohio, and also has a passion for growing dahlias and flying his own single-engine Cessna Cardinal plane.

"No sir," Lester insisted. "It was 13."

My vote was with Lester, an addicted fisherman who retired a decade ago as a San Diego parks system supervisor. He has about eight more inches around the waist, gave up smoking years ago, lives with June, his wife of 53 years, in Port Angeles, Wash., and they have a married son and a 16-year-old poodle.

"I'll never forget Grenier Field, New Hampshire," I reminisced. "Twenty-six below zero, waist deep in snow and we had to guard the plane at night before taking off for England."

"It was Bangor, Maine, not New Hampshire," ex-pilot Lester interrupted.

"Right," Baker echoed. "Bangor."

"And remember sweating out the snow and ice on the runway when we landed at Goose Bay, Labrador?"

Lester: "That was in Greenland, Blue West One."

Baker abstained, admitting a memory lapse.

Another stop en route overseas was Iceland, we all agreed, but couldn't reach a

consensus on how long bad weather had grounded us there.

"Three days," said Lester, "and that's where the ground crew stole our liquor — about 10 bottles."

"More than three days," Baker said.

"It was a week, and it seemed like the weather changed every 20 minutes — rain, snow, then sunshine," I countered.

Neither could we reach a consensus on what knocked out one of the engines during a bombing mission.

"Enemy fire," Lester declared. "They hit an oil line."

Baker and I recalled the near-disaster and praised Lester's cool ability in getting us back on three engines to Attlebridge, our base near Norwich. However, we wouldn't have bet one day's pension on what rendered the engine inoperable.

Baker: "And what about Brussels? While returning from one mission, I remember flying so low I could see the cobblestone streets."

"I don't think we went over Brussels," Lester said. "I do remember, though, coming in at 1,500 feet and dropping our bombs in the channel after being unable to find the target because of lousy visibility."

That episode scared Baker and me.

"Remember bombing that German naval base in Helgoland?" I asked.

Of course, Lester and Baker didn't.

The closest any crew member came to being injured was over Perleberg, Germany. A piece of enemy flak became embedded in the sole of the tail gunner's shoe.

"Yes," Lester recalled, "he was a substitute tail gunner, a guy flying his last mission. After we landed the guy left the plane, and you never saw him again."

"No, I think he was our tail gunner, Frank Penkalsky," Baker maintained.

Frankly, I've always thought it was Joe Kramer, our nose gunner, but I withheld comment.

At one point, the conflicting recollections prompted this reaction from Baker: "Are you guys sure we were on the same plane and in the same war?"

A two-day pass landed us in London on V-E Day. Celebrating masses poured into the city; vehicular traffic was snarled and trains were halted. Servicemen's passes were extended two days.

"Only problem was I had run out of money, and ended up sleeping in St. James Park," I reminisced.

"Should've told me," Lester volunteered. "I had money and could've helped out."

Now he tells me.

Well, we'll probably never agree on all the wartime experiences we shared, but we all agreed on one thing:

We had a helluva good time getting together again, and so did our wives.



World War II air crew mates at a reunion in Colorado Springs this summer are (above, from left) radio gunner Si Liberman, pilot Dick Lester, and waist gunner Larry Baker. In 1945 photo (below) taken in England, Liberman is kneeling second from left, Lester is standing third from left (with cigarette), and Baker is standing second from left.

Flame Leap

by Wilbur L. Clingan (453rd Group VP)

What can I say? Those of you unable to join with us at Spokane were missed. Those who were able to be there participated in the best stateside reunion that Diana and I have been to. From the remarks of other attendees, we are not alone in that opinion. Those at Fairchild AFB could not have treated us more kindly nor with more consideration. Col. Essex, Capt. Willis, and each member of the 453rd Ops Gp were genuinely warm hosts. They did create a couple of problems — one, those present at our next reunion will expect it to be as good. There is no way that it can be. And, two, they gave us a beautiful, large, framed picture of a refueling operation between a KC-135 and a B-52. Now we need to find an appropriate place for it to be held. We need to thank Dan and Muriel Reading for their efforts in making this a reunion to talk of for many a moon. Now what, Dan?

At our business meeting we voted to contribute \$500.00 to the Women in the Military monument that is to be constructed in Washington, D.C. We also agreed to continue to help the Primary School at Old Buck. This was discussed in the Summer 1993 issue of the JOURNAL. It was also covered in the March 1993 Newsletter. Remember, this is purely voluntary — whether to send a check to Frank Thomas and in what amount is strictly your option. We do hope that enough of you will do so and that we can make a meaningful contribution to the children at Old Buck.

For some reason, our ranks are growing thinner. Some of us have not written of our time with the 453rd. Willie Wilson and Bill Garrett think we should do so. It is their goal to compile a compendium of information

and, to this end, want you to write of your time with the 453rd. *Liberator Men of Old Buck* (Andy Low) and *In Search of Peace* (Mike Benarcik) are outstanding, each in its own way. Not to compete with these in any way but as an adjunct, Willie suggests that each of us write of our part in the 453rd's history. To this end, look for a tear sheet in the next Newsletter, fill it out promptly, and mail it to your regional rep. Begin now to gather your memories and info — put them down on paper and be ready. This will be discussed at Hilton Head and in the next Newsletter.

NEW MEMBERS: We are delighted to have the following join with us: Robert Allen, 735th Sq., Rancho Santa Margarita, CA; James Booker, 734th, Wilmington, DE; Walter H. Brown, 732nd, Orlando, FL; Estelle Brown, (Associate), Orlando, FL; and (we hope) Frank Sullins, Yuma, AZ.

FOLDED WINGS: Fred Gonzalez, a member of Ray Sears' crew and original member of the 453rd; and Ralph Langley, Carson City, Nev. after a long illness.

The 2nd Air Division Association annual reunion is scheduled for November 4-7, 1993 at Hilton Head, SC. With health permitting and the good Lord willing, Diana and I will be there. It is our hope that you will, too. We expect to have a suite that will provide us with a place to socialize, chat, look at the videotapes you bring, etc. Evelyn Cohen reports that the 453rd has 566 2nd ADA members. We hope all are at Hilton Head.

We've heard from Kyle Clay, Sissonville, WV, who was with us in the 732nd Squa-

dron. He hopes to join with us soon. Ken Nellis, 45 Perry Ave., Latham, NY, is seeking info about his father. Write to Ken with any information you have. His father was crew chief of "Male Call" (42-52154). Tommy Owens, who flew with K.W. Morris' crew, is still coaching and battling some health problems. He would like information on the 7 July 44 mission to Halle, Germany. Write to him at 1029 Rodney Dr., Nashville, TN 37205. If you have info on a 453rd plane lost on 13 Sept. 44, write to Hans Hauprich, Bruchhausenstr. 15, D-5500 Trier 1, Germany. Patrick Baumann, 5, rue du Colonel Cade, 68320 Holtzwihr, France would like to hear about a 453rd plane which crashed near Ensisheim, France on 12 July '44. He thinks the serial number was 42-52629. Bob Harper has had a stroke but is recovering nicely. Bob was kind enough to let us donate a couple of his prints to the 453rd Ops Gp at Spokane. Thanks, Bob. John Randall wrote. He and Harry Godges have been writing. John suggests that we post notices in senior centers, supermarkets, etc., that we are seeking former 453rd people. An excellent idea. Harry sent a picture of "DUMBO" to Delbert Mann and had a nice letter in return.

REMEMBER? S/Sgt. G. McCarthy, 734th, was the first crew member to complete a tour (May 44). He flew with Mitchell's crew and had two enemy A/C to his credit. Lt. Chandler, 732nd, was next; and S/Sgt. McClain, 734th, was the third. Lt. Baer was awarded a DFC by Generals Timberlake, Potts and Stewart 5½ hours after landing "ZEUS" without any injury to his crew after the plane was shot up coming back from Oldenburg.

That's all. Thanks for your time. We like to visit with you.

Was It Really Fifty Years Ago?

by John F. Best (453rd)

We were 19, 20, and 21 years old. Old enough to be at Old Buck but too young to be afraid or to understand fully the dangers of war or the seriousness of our jobs. We knew little of the geography of Germany and had never heard of Castrop-Rauxel in the Ruhr Valley, but in early November of 1944 we flew our Liberator over that city and bombed an oil refinery. We were introduced to war and to flak which left several holes in our plane and a rather impressive hole in the upper arm of our flight engineer, Otto Scharmacher. Our tail gunner Charlie Hisky also got hit that day and our innocence was gone. Otto didn't fly with us again until February 23, 1945. We visited much of Germany in the following five months — more cities we had never heard of — Gelsenkirchen, Minden, Rheine, Bingen, Altenbeken, Bebra, Hanau, Junkerauth, Bitberg, Neunkirchen, Euskirchen, Zweibrücken, Ehmen, Reutlingen, Salzuflen, Giebelstadt, Arnberg, Paderborn, Wetzlar, Gardelegen, Achmer, Neuberg and Wesel. We saw some that we had heard of, too — Berlin, Hamburg, Dortmund, Hamm, Magdeburg, Nuremberg. A geography lesson and a lesson in war — its reality and its harshness.

When you are nineteen, it's frightening to be flying a mission to bomb a place called Junkerauth and it's the day before Christmas Eve and you see one of your bombers explode directly in front of you and only one man is seen bailing out. It's frightening when you are on the flight line ready to take off on another mission and it's two days after Christmas and you watch as the lead plane tries to take off but immediately after becoming airborne the Liberator crashes and explodes and you know that you have lost some good friends. We lost some more good friends when a Liberator went down in front of us on a March 3 mission to Magdeburg and only three chutes came out of that plane and we saw a P-51 go down in heavy flak. Speaking of P-51s — they were beautiful to see. Along with P-47s and P-38s, they made the most welcome sight as they protected us on our missions. I still say a prayer of thanksgiving for those fighter pilots who flew cover for our bigger, slower Libs.

On March 22 we bombed an airfield at Giebelstadt. When we returned to Old Buck, we heard that Bartelt's crew was shot down by the Russians a few days ago and only eight of the men bailed out — hard to

believe! Our last combat mission, #35, was different. We carried supplies for British paratroops and dropped in a field just outside Wesel on March 24. We were close to the ground when we dropped the supplies and most of the enemy fire came from rooftop machine gunners. Most of the Germans we saw were not shooting, they were running.

In the Summer edition of the JOURNAL Don Parcells of the 453rd BG wrote of his return to Old Buck 10 years ago. I, too, returned to Old Buck a few years ago, and I stood where the runways were and I wept. I wept for the men who couldn't return because they never left. I wept as I remembered the men, the very young men, who were there with me in 1944 and 1945 and who flew so many times from that field to bomb targets in Germany. I wept aloud when I recalled a Liberator exploding on takeoff with our bombardier aboard. His name was Carroll Archibald, and he died that morning, December 27, 1944.

We were still 19, 20, and 21 when we finished our tour, but we were much, much older and much more aware of the horror that is war.

Our Memorial American Presence (An Odyssey)

by C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain, Chairman, 2ADA/FMLA Oversight Committee

Five years ago we embarked, like Jason, on an ambitious and worthwhile journey. Our golden fleece, however, was, and is, to assure a full time American presence at the 2AD Memorial Room at the Norwich Central Library. We appealed to you for the resources to make that journey, and you responded magnificently. As a matter of fact, the trip is well under way and will continue for some time to come. But, "Where are we?" you reasonably ask. Certainly, a full status report to you is long past due. However, the situation has been so fluid that making meaningful progress commentary has been difficult at best. Things are still that way, somewhat, although signs appear promising and beg to be shared.

First of all, recall that our agent for implementing assignment of the American presence is the prestigious Fulbright Commission. Through our formal agreement with this body, the American presence endowment is called the 2nd Air Division Association/Fulbright Memorial Library Award (2ADA/FMLA). Fulbright provides a means of assuring proper stewardship of our funds through an American financial institution in the United States and, at the appropriate time, will provide a ready vehicle for identifying quality

American professionals for assignment to the Memorial Room. Interest of our Association is represented by an eight (8) member 2ADA Oversight Committee. Since the agreement was signed, much has been achieved but more needs doing. Two key issues have retarded program implementation. One is diving interest rates, and the other is evolving Memorial Room staff requirements.

In the first case, the nominal \$500,000 target for our fund was based on then existing interest rates for conservative investments of 8% to 9%. In fact, the initial corpus was \$550,000, but interest rates had dropped to 6%, yielding about \$34,000 in year one. With exchange rates approaching \$2.00 per pound sterling, this would have met about half the perceived requirement for a Fulbright scholar. By the August, 1992 reinvestment point, interest rates dropped to 3.75%, and again six months later to 3.00% where it continues to hover at this writing. Even the lower price for sterling is inadequate to make up the difference to reach the anticipated 25-30,000 pound requirement. So, we continue to reinvest earnings in the corpus to build the fund to its useful level. Also, Fulbright seeks conservative but more pro-

ductive investment instruments.

As for the staffing issue, at the outset, following Bertha Chandler's departure, 2AD Memorial Room personnel requirements were seen to be an American librarian and a library aide. Since then, the 2AD Memorial Trust envisions a third position to assist with a growing call for outreach activity into the community. This has complicated the selection process, but ongoing discussions with 2AD Trust and Fulbright representatives appear promising. We are looking for resolution by the November, 1993 Executive Committee meeting in Hilton Head and possible selection of a 2ADA/FMLA assignment as early as September, 1995. This also would be the earliest possible date, since the Fulbright selection process requires about two years lead time.

Meanwhile, as most of you know, our Memorial Library continues to be in the very capable hands of Phyllis DuBois. She has been at its helm throughout the reinvigoration of friendly returning veterans for the current 8th Air Force golden anniversary years. Take time to thank her for her able support as we continue to press on in search of our "golden fleece."

Another Perspective

by Forrest S. Clark (44th)

It is not often in this life that one has the chance to meet someone one has bombed. I got that chance.

Fifty years ago, November 18, 1943, I was a crew member of a Liberator on a mission to a small town near Oslo, in Nazi-occupied Norway. Fifty years later I met a Norwegian from the town who lived through that bombing. He could look up and see our bombers.

Oscar Kaalstad of Winter Springs, Florida, told me he remembered our planes coming over his town, the village of Kjeller, where the Germans had an airfield and an aircraft production plant. We did not know each other until we met by chance 50 years later.

He said he remembers the bombs falling and the destruction of the German aircraft hangars as well.

I was in one of those bombers, a radio operator and gunner in the 44th Bomb Group, 67th Squadron. The target was an important Nazi airdrome outside the capital city of Oslo. We had to fly 700 miles over the North Sea to reach enemy occupied Norway.

Kaalstad said he was a 16 year old high school student in November 1943 attending school on the day of the bombing in a school not far from the airfield. He said it was the custom of the Germans to hold drills about 11 a.m. and the Norwegians got accustomed to this practice. He said the students became so used to the drills that they would welcome the opportunity to break away from classes to go to the

shelters.

This particular day, 18 November, he said they heard the air raid alarms go off and headed for the shelter in an underground bunker type area a few hundred yards from the school. Once inside he said he heard the explosions begin as the bombs fell and saw dust and smoke seep into the shelter. It was apparent, he said, that this was the real thing, a real air raid.

He said the shelter was underground in a movie theater where the school children were directed to go.

Kaalstad said his father was in Oslo that day but his mother and a brother were at home. He said his mother was most concerned about him at the time. Kaalstad said the Norwegians had expected the American bombers would come some time, but it was a surprise when they did. He said many Norwegians knew that this was a good sign that the American and British bombers could reach Norway and destroy the enemy facilities. Like most Norwegians he said they wanted the war to end and to regain their freedom.

He said his mother would come outside and, crying, look up to the bombers and say, "Those are my boys up there."

The Norwegians had undergone almost three years of cruel Nazi occupation by this time and yet there had been few allied bombing raids on Norway. There was an active Norwegian resistance movement. It may be that the resistance through the underground had alerted the 8th Air Force commands to time the bombing for the 11

o'clock hour to coincide with the German drills, he speculated.

Later assessment of bomb damage showed that the target areas had been effectively destroyed. Kaalstad said some of the remaining scars of the bombing are still visible around Kjeller. I could see the flashes of bombs as they exploded against the white landscape, the tiny cars of the German troops racing about and then the bursts of flak.

I was able to locate Kaalstad through a Scandinavian American organization in central Florida. He is a member of the Hagar Viking Club of Central Florida composed of Norwegian, Swedish and Danish families. The group seeks to preserve and to observe the culture and customs of the Scandinavian countries.

He said he felt sure that should I or any other American Air Force veteran return to Norway, he would be welcomed as "a hero" by the people.

The air raid bolstered the morale of the many anti-Nazi Norwegians, he said, and for that they were grateful and are so even to this day a half century later.

(Note: The 8th Air Force squadrons on that mission encountered considerable German fighter opposition and at least three aircraft and crews from the 44th Bomb Group were lost on the mission. The mission came two days after a mission to Rhukan, Norway, site of the Norsk Hydro heavy water plant.)



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

SHIPDHAM TOWER — Steve Adams called Will Lundy from England 23 June to bring us up to date on things over there and the restoration plans. Carroll Creek of the 392nd BG (was with the 66th Squadron of the 44th BG for a short time but flew no combat missions with 44th) had an opportunity to visit Shipdham and talk with Doug Genge and Steve Adams. Carroll was impressed with the work that has already been done and sees big possibilities for using the Tower as a museum. They discussed the need to establish the Tower in a Trust to assure that it would remain a museum far into the future. Doug told Steve that he hopes to get started on the exterior walls again shortly now that the weather is finally improving. "Flaming" June has not proved favorable up until now, but the rain has decreased and it is warming up a bit. Will advised Doug that we have over \$11,000 in the Tower Fund, but he prefers to use his own money at present.

Speaking of Steve Adams, he is spending a considerable amount of his time working on the 66th Squadron History, using his own money. He has written to several 66th Squadron personnel requesting information, etc. Will Lundy sent him a list of all 44th BG missions by date, target, etc. He also sent Steve a copy of the 66th Squadron history copied off of microfilm along with 66th combat logs with crew names, etc. Steve requests 66th Squadron members to send him copies of individual diaries, stories from WWII days, photos of 66th crews, and anything else we think Steve could use. It is suggested that you send copies of anything you want to keep for posterity. Steve's address is 28 Bassingham Rd., Norwich NR23 2QT, England.

Two letters have been received from a young man named Gregoire in Belgium, inquiring about a mission flown 28 Jan 45 in a 66th Squadron B-24 named "TALLY HO II" - G+. The plane was flown by Roblee A. Perrault and his crew of ten men. Perrault crash-landed his plane 20 miles from Belgium (Gregoire states it was between Boneffe and Folix-Les-Caves — near Eghezee), the victim of flak. All ten men returned, but Wade Peters and Jules Descamps are the only ones known to be members of the 2ADA. After receiving the first letter, I sent Gregoire a copy of this mission as written up in Will Lundy's "44th Bomb Group — Roll of Honor and Casualties," pages 344, 345 and 346. I will send copies of both letters to Peters and Descamps. If anyone else has information

about this mission, please write to Gregoire — 9 Paradis Street — 1350 ORP BELGIUM. In his second letter, Gregoire sent a photograph taken at the time. He is hoping to find another one that was taken inside the plane. The farm where one of the crew used the telephone is still there, and the farmer, Paul Bouvier, still lives there.



Crash of Tally Ho II in Belgium with local family.

Donald K. Morrison, Associate Member, 93rd BG, wrote in June inquiring about B-24 "Big Fat Butterfly" that flew with the 66th Squadron. He said that his grandfather flew it over to England, arriving about January 5 or 6, 1944. He would like to know if the plane was taken away from his grandfather and sent to the 44th. Anyone who has information about "Big Fat Butterfly," when it arrived in England and where it went, please send word to Donald Morrison — 1375 West Comet Road, Clinton, OH 44216.

Plans for a 50th Anniversary Memorial to the Oslo-Kjeller, Norway mission of 18 Nov 43 are being considered. If you were a member of any of the participating Bomb Groups (44th, 93rd, 392nd, 389th), please contact Forrest S. Clark at 813-427-0371. Should a member be interested, there will

be a reunion trip to Norway later this year and a memorial made to those who did not survive this mission.

Bert Carlberg (67th SQ) was in London in early '93 and took a side trip to Norwich and Shipdham. He rented a car to drive to Shipdham and, in spite of driving on the left side of the road, he found our old airfield and took some pictures of the control tower and nearby areas. (See photo of top of tower which has been re-cemented and waterproofed.) While on the old airport grounds he had an interesting experience. Approaching a fork in the road near the three original hangars and not knowing which way to turn, he attempted to make a turn in the middle of the fork. Apparently, a tree had been cut down right where he was turning but not exactly to ground level. His right wheel went over the stump and sank into a pothole on the other side, leaving him suspended. Even with front wheel drive, he found that he was stuck and could not move. Fortunately, he found some young construction workers in one of the hangars and, with their help plus a fork lift truck, he managed to get out of there. When he got back to London later that night, he treated himself to a couple of doubles.

The 44th Bomb Group initial activity on Group Day (5 Nov 93) at the 2ADA Convention at Hilton Head Island will be a Cruise, Lunch/Shopping Excursion on Colibogue Sound to Harbortown. The Group Dinner will be held in the Hyatt Regency Hotel that evening, followed by a Business Meeting. The primary subject for discussion will be to try and establish some structure for what remains of the 44th Bomb Group after the demise of the 44th Heritage Memorial Group and set some plans as to how we will communicate and facilitate future reunions (national, regional, whatever). Also to be considered is a Newsletter to replace the 44th Logbook, which is to be discontinued after one more issue in 1993 and one in 1994.



Top of Shipdham Tower which has been re-cemented and waterproofed. (Photo by Bert Carlberg, 67th Squadron)

Remarks on the Occasion of the 2AD Memorial 30th Anniversary at the Cambridge American Military Cemetery Madingley, England • June 14, 1993

by C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain



Bud Chamberlain delivers the invocation during services at the American Cemetery at Madingley near Cambridge.

LIFE

Mr. President, friends and family.

Philosopher Kahlil Gibran wrote an insightful little book entitled "The Prophet." In it he said, "If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life."

All that you see here, today, in all of its peaceful serenity, is not about death. It's about life. For, if no one was left on earth, this hallowed place would have no meaning.

Certainly, those resting here died. But they did so for a purpose — that those of us who survived, along with our families, could live peaceably and in freedom.

Keeping faith with that principle is up to us. If we don't, all of our comrades resting here will have sacrificed in vain and hosts of new people will pay the price in future years for our lack of vigilance.

Unfortunately, until all of us — all of us in the world — become the heart and mind of God, peace and freedom will be constantly threatened.

Meanwhile, the only answer is respectable strength in the hands of free people.

Obviously, this message needs little emphasis for those of us who were there. But for the message to live, it must span succeeding generations.

Thankfully, we can surely see that happening now. It lives, first of all, through our living 2AD Memorial and those who administer it at the Norwich Central Library; secondly, it lives through our Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial throughout East Anglia; and, third, but not least, it lives in our Heritage League in the U.S. We pray for continuance of this living energy.

For a moment, let's think about our Appalachians in the Eastern U.S. How many of us have had the privilege of driving through the Blue Ridge Mountains and other parts of this colorful area?

In the course of those travels, you may have seen along the roadside beautiful examples of hand stitchery in the form of patchwork quilts. As we all know, a patchwork quilt is a collection of cloth scraps of different shapes, hues and textures all sewn together in a harmonious pattern on a common background. How like us they are — each piece so different, yet somehow coming together in contrast and blend to form a composite attractive to eye — each piece depending on the others and a common base to hold them together.

Our association and our families, and, in a broader sense, all who rest here today, and their families, share a common quilt.

Now, our generation approaches a new adventure. In a few years, we will be memories — living memories, we hope. We struggle to pass the word to those we leave behind. We are pleased to hear that it is getting through. For example, it was expressed clearly and well by an articulate eleven year old young lady in 1987, after attending our Norwich convention that year.

In blank verse she said:

*When you bow your heads, what do you think about?
Do you think about their families who can never know
where their loved ones are lost.*

*To leave a loved one protected only by the Lord who had to
watch the men in the sky flying the B-24s.*

*The people must live without that person filling the space
in their hearts.*

*Grandchildren not knowing their real blue-blooded
grandparent must then turn to history books.*

*BUT! the ones who survived tell us many stories of men
they knew who they want us to remember and spread
to new generations.*

*I am glad my grandfather and the people I have met are alive.
If not, many words may not have been said and life
not brought into the world.*

— Cherokee Beaver, Age 11

God Bless.



Retirement of the Colors at Madingley

Norwich Revisited (from page 1)

The ExCom meeting on the 15th was an all-day affair which followed and completed the extensive agenda. It was productive. (For further details on the meeting, please read the President's Message by John Conrad, page 3.) The following day was free, but it was graciously climaxed that evening by the Norfolk County Council's reception in our honor. Our friend Hilary Hammond, Director of Arts and Libraries for the County, steered us through the Council Chambers, described its operation, and then led us into the reception. Here we met and visited with the new Chairman of the Libraries and Recreation Committee, and two of his fellow Councillors. We also renewed contact with the Chief Executive of the Council, who has been a part of our Norwich gatherings since 1975. Other guests were our friends from the Board of Governors and other county and city officials. It was an enjoyable evening for which we are most grateful.

Thursday the 17th started with a meeting of the Board of Governors to which the Association officers were invited. Here, too, we saw an example of conscientious effort during the session which lasted from 10:30 until after 5:00 PM. Needless to say, our representatives at the meeting received an attentive audience.

That evening, we American visitors gave a dinner party for 40 British guests, the Governors, county officials and other friends. The evening focused on our dedication to the 2nd Air Division Memorial. In addition to Canon Sharp's moving invocation, which remembered our fallen, we heard from John Conrad, Bud Koorndyk, Jim Reeves, Tom Eaton who thanked us for our additional support, and Anne Barne, one of the original founder Governors who is still active on the Board. She expressed reluctance, at first, to participate, but she was very pleased, as we all were, with the standing ovation she received. We also were given a message from another founder Governor, retired, Lady Beryl Mayhew, who could not attend.

It is interesting and stimulating to remember General Kepner's words in his letter of May 1945, just after V.E. Day, in which he solicited funds for the creation of the Memorial. He said, "This Memorial will be a shrine to which the families and loved ones of these gallant comrades, and indeed, many of us can return in the years to come. It will be in every way worthy of the men whose memory it perpetuates, and of the cause for which they gave their lives."

In the opinion of many who have observed the development of the 2nd Air Division Memorial since 1963, it has grown far past the original concept of the Founders, far past a worthy tribute to the 6,674 brave young men whose names are inscribed on the Roll of Honor. The Memorial reflects other facets:

It is also a tribute to the tens of thousands of combat crew personnel who survived their repeated exposures to the same fate as those who died...

It is also a tribute to all who served — all who made it possible for the crews to perform their hazardous duties...

It is also a tribute to the loved ones of those who served — the families who

endured the agony of separation, the grief of bereavement, and the joys of reunion with the survivors...

It is also a tribute to the ever growing bonds of friendship between the citizens of East Anglia and the personnel of the 2nd Air Division.



Tom and Robin Eaton at luncheon at Hotel Norwich.



Original Trust Governor and still active — Mrs. Michael Barne



The Lord Mayor Roy Durant enjoys tea in the library court



Friends enjoy tea in the library court after church services



Drinks at Ro

Welcome Home Yank

by Richard M. Kennedy, 2ADA Past President

(Editor's Note: The following address was delivered to attending members and friends of the Second Air Division Association on June 14, 1993, at Cambridge American Military Cemetery, Madingley, England.)

* * * * *

General Andy, Honorary President Jordan, President John, Trust Governor "Bud" K, fellow members of the 2nd Air Division Association, Eighth Army Air Force and Friends.

Truly, I did not expect to be standing here this morning delivering these few words. However, I am humbly but extremely proud to have been asked to stand in for Griff Griffin. Griff's unexpected illness forced him to cancel a scheduled appearance here today.

This beautiful but, at the same time, somber place cannot fail to move all who might venture to visit, particularly those, like us, who shared with Comrades resting here the embattled skies and the dark and uncertain days that embraced our times here on the airfields of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Today we pause at this hauntingly beautiful site to pay our grateful respects to nearly 6700 gallant 2nd Air Division airmen who, while engaged in violent action in those same embattled skies, on their particular day failed to return to the warm and friendly airfields of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Last night as we all glimpsed, so briefly, the very touching print "Welcome Home Yank," I'm certain that each of us, in his or her own fashion, experienced personally the pride we all feel when we reach into that deep well of nostalgia known as the times of the Second Air Division.

Welcome Home Yank reminds us of our own Mike Benarcik, a decent man who answered his country's call and a man whose life epitomized the phrase "a gentleman, among gentlemen." I respectfully dedicate my time at this podium to the fond memories we all have of citizen soldier Benarcik and pass along our heartfelt appreciation to his sister, Catherine, for so kindly sharing this experience with us.

Therefore, to our fallen but eternally honored Comrades; would that we here today might be permitted to deliver to each of you a personal "Welcome Home Yank."

However, in place of that earthly greeting, may we bestow upon you our fervent desire that you continue to rest here in honored and everlasting peace!!

We, your friends, are so grateful. May God bless you all.



After services at St. Peter Mancroft



the library court after services.



Drinks at Robin & Tom Eaton's



The American Cemetery and Memorial, Cambridge

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

First of all, if you haven't sent in your reservation for Hilton Head, do it at once. Send it to Evelyn Cohen. Her address is on the inside front cover of this JOURNAL. If you need more information, call Evelyn at 1-800-248-3992. There probably won't be too many more of these reunions, so now is the time to come visit with your old friends.

In the last HQ Newsletter, I enclosed a form which asked each of you to write a few lines about what you did after the war, what you did during the war, and about some interesting incident during the war. I have received about two dozen of these forms filled with very interesting information. I plan to publish a couple of them in each JOURNAL and also in the HQ Newsletter. Here are the first ones:

Howard Baum worked in the Unit and Station Personnel Section at 2AD HQ. After the war, he says, "I worked at Hershey Sports Arena and Park after I returned from the service. In 1957, I transferred to Milton Hershey School where I was in charge of the Supply Center which involved feeding and clothing the students of the school. The school was established in 1909 for poor white orphan boys. As time went by and the need to change the deed of trust became evident, the will was changed to admit boys and girls of all races. I retired in July 1982, having completed 47 years, including pre-war employment... At Horsham, I was in charge of Service Records. When we moved to Ketteringham Hall our department became Station Personnel, but we still maintained the handling of the payroll and service records... I had several nice trips to Scotland, having been befriended by a member of the RAF Works Flight. He was a perfect host, and contrary to the name Scotsman, I couldn't pay for anything while I was with him. I was his guest and my money wasn't any good. I have maintained correspondence with him and his wife ever since I was discharged."

William W. Humphries worked in the A-1 Section. He says, "Have worked in the same small town bank for the past 50 years, serving as president for 20 years, chairman of the board for 5 years. Am now retired... One thing that is interesting to me about my job at 2AD HQ is how I got there in the first place. I was originally assigned to HQ 44th Bomb Group as Assistant Personnel Officer. I was not particularly pleased with my job but did the best I could. One day the Group Personnel Officer was on a pass and I was left in charge of the section. John Cunningham, Exec. Officer of Div. A-1, called to ask if we had a lieutenant with personnel experience who was available and could serve as Division Classification Officer. I said I could think of only one. Me. The next day I was on my way to Horsham St. Faith and I never looked back..." Under the part about a most interesting experience, Bill wrote, "Nothing of note that is printable."

Lawrence C. Geschke worked in Statis-

tical Control. Quoting from his sheet, "Graduated college, taught school, worked 32 years as an engineer for the Houston Lighting and Power Co. Married, one daughter, Past Master of Masonic Lodge. Do woodwork, carve wood, make models (airplanes & boats), paint and draw... Draftsman in Statistical Control making charts of missions of the 2nd Division for the General and his staff. Laying out Table of Organizations of 2nd Air Division. Name Plates and routine drafting jobs, maps and charts... Left Ketteringham just before noon on a bicycle for Norwich. Fog settled in after 2 or 3 miles. Turned on my lights and kept on going till I got to a fork in the road — one to Market Square and the other to the east side of town. I then heard a bunch of horns tooting. I had led 2 buses, one truck, and 3 taxis through the fog to town. It was a great feeling. I had a 3-speed bike and rode at about 15 mph with it."

Arthur Bernstein worked in A-2 and in the Public Relations Office. He says, "Stayed married for 50 and a half years (& rolling). 3 children, 4 grandchildren, and 3 and one half great ditto. Wound up (somehow) in the refrigeration industry and ultimately as Pres/CEO Advance Equipment Co. until Co. acquired by (Swedish) Stal AB. After 2 year stint as VP/Gen. Mgr. (in US) retired. Finally in Fla. doing nothing and loving it... After 50 years, it doesn't seem like it to me. But at the time, the Air Force thought public and press relations were important. Initially, our given mission was to sell the Air Force objectives to the home front to gain support (if necessary against the other branches) and, that done to set up as a separate service after the war... Got a 10 day TDY to attend a PRO conference in liberated Paris. Conference lasted 2 hours the first morning, followed by a 9 and a half day government paid holiday."

Those of you who have put off sending in your sheet, please get it filled out now. We all want to read about you! Everyone likes to hear from and about their old friends. I have only had two from WACs. So you gals need to send in yours as well.

As you know, I have published some letters from Danny Bollinger, who was a proud member of the 987th MP Co and Provost Sgt at MP HQ. Here are some excerpts from a letter from Danny dated Feb. 20, 1993. He died from a heart attack on April 19th.

"As I have followed the JOURNAL for several years, it seems that the credits for HQ have fallen short, compared to the Bomb Groups. Of course, the bombing mission experiences are most important and I am sure that we all read each article and can visualize our being aboard each ship. But, for every one on a combat mission they used to say that some 8 to 11 gave backup in some task or another."

"Although I was a Provost Sgt at MP HQ and wrote up arrest reports and some Court Martial specifications, I do not know

what 2AD did with this paperwork. I thought that the WACs took these reports and typed them into regular army form and sent to their respective groups for legal action. In that case, there were a lot of reports being handled. I remember that during the three U.K. shakedowns that on the first one we had picked up 2400 soldiers who did not have valid passes and we wrote reports on each of these and processed each one by taking them to the Guard House or called for transportation to get them back to their respective bases.

"I remember one incident where one Bomb Group either did not receive the orders for restrictions or just disregarded it. Whatever the reason, we were holding over 100 men, and I asked the Bomb Group for six trucks to return them to base. I couldn't get the base O.D. and no one would give me any answers. So I asked for the Base Commander, a Brigadier. He was awakened at about 2:00 AM and asked me rather mean like, "By whose orders?" I asked Major Birch about the problem. Birch cursed a little and then told me to tell the General that the orders came from General Eisenhower, at SHAEF. I did, and they sent the trucks!"

Thanks, Danny, for all the memories and reminiscences which you sent to me over the years. May the good Lord take a likin' to you.

Florida Regional Reunion II

Plans are underway to convene the second Florida Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association. It will again be a one-day reunion in Orlando on February 6, 1994. Since we were pleased with the accommodations provided by the Clarion Plaza Hotel at our inaugural reunion this past February, we have arranged for it to be the site of the '94 reunion. The hotel has again agreed to offer an attractive room rate for the night of February 6, as well as for the three nights preceding and three nights after that date. This will offer those who so desire an opportunity to attend the reunion activities and also leisurely take in the many world-renowned tourist attractions in the Orlando area.

We hope this early "alert" will encourage our members to mark their calendars and plan to attend. Florida members of the Association will receive full details by mail at a later date. Members living outside Florida may receive this information by writing to:

Lawrence G. Gilbert
1482 Granville Drive
Winter Park, FL 32789

Three hundred members and guests attended our Inaugural Florida Reunion in February 1993. We look forward to an even bigger and better "Reunion II in '94."

A Rose for Doc Munger

by Delbert R. Gardner (467th)

My World War II outfit — the 790th Bomb Squadron, 467th Bomb Group (Heavy) — was a good deal like other squadrons in the Eighth Air Force. We had some very good officers, some not-so-good officers, and some that were mediocre at best. But we were fortunate above all other squadrons, I am bold to say, in having one officer who earned the respect of every man in the outfit — and he was an officer only by accident of profession. This was our flight surgeon, Captain "Doc" Munger.

Doc Munger was an officer simply because that's what the Army does with doctors. We enlisted men often wondered why the doctors and nurses had to be officers. Was it to make us respect them? But we would respect them anyway because of their profession. It seemed irrelevant and unfair to establish a military relationship between doctors and patients, so that we had to salute them and call them "Sir" instead of "Doctor."

Some Army doctors, unfortunately, got caught up in their military role and took themselves more seriously as officers than as doctors — sort of like Major Burns of the "MASH" TV show. I remember one such when I was hospitalized for scarlet fever. He was a major, impeccable in uniform and military bearing. At dawn one day he came in, threw open some windows, and shouted, "Everybody up! Hit the deck and start sweeping and mopping!"

Some of us reminded the major that we were sick and under orders to stay in bed.

"Poppcock!" he snapped. "I'm counter-manding those orders! The best medicine for you is to get some fresh air and exercise. Now hop to it; I want this floor clean enough to eat from!"

The major stayed in the ward long enough to see us get up and begin to do his bidding. We staggered around and did the best we could; then we closed the windows and fell back into our beds.

When Doc Munger came in a little later, with his white coat covering most of the signs of his officer status, he was concerned to find some of the patients showing signs of worsening condition. Some had fits of coughing and showed temperatures more elevated than usual.

"I don't understand it," he said after checking the second patient. "You fellas were doing better yesterday."

"Maybe," said the patient between coughs, "it's because we just had a GI party." (For any reader who may have forgotten, a "GI party" meant a floor-scrubbing.)

"Sure," the doctor smiled, thinking it a joke. "You all jumped out of bed and scrubbed the floor!"

"That's right," I said. "No joke, sir. The major came in and ordered us to do it."

"Is that so?" The doctor's eyebrows raised for a second; then he looked around at the floor, which still glistened from the

mopping. "So I see. Did you tell him you were on orders to stay in bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmm. Well, we'll see if we can get this straightened out," he said calmly with a look of determination. "I want to see all of you get well without any hitches. I'll talk to him on a professional basis."

We knew the "profession" Doc Munger had in mind was medical, not military. His professional talk with the major must have been effectual, for the major did not repeat his martinet act of the morning.

That's the way Doc Munger was. He was not in it for money or glory or power. However, he was not a "Hawkeye Pierce" type either, except in his dedication to healing. Doc's uniform was not sloppy, and he was not a playboy; nor did he flout authority. But he did his best to influence those in authority to keep the health of the troops in mind.

I couldn't say precisely how many lives of flight crew members were saved by Doc Munger, but I know there was at least one ground crew member who owed his life to Doc. It's a common belief among combat crews that there is virtually no danger to ground crews — except from whatever enemy air raids may occur, and these are a danger to all. This belief is definitely not valid for those who work with armament.

One of our B-24 bombers returned from a mission one day with a jammed .50 caliber machine gun in the upper turret. An armorer friend of mine (I'll call him Bob) tried to clear the weapon.

Bob took the backplate off the gun and remembered the safety precaution of removing the recoil spring. This was very important when trying to unjam a gun with a cartridge in the chamber, for the recoil spring could be driven through a man's brain like an arrow if the gun fired with the backplate off. But Bob forgot another basic precaution: he removed the bolt stud. The bolt stud was the gun's most important safety device; its function was to stop the bolt at the back of the gun in case of accidental firing. When Bob reached in with a rod to try to disengage the bolt, the gun fired and, since the bolt stud wasn't there to stop it, the heavy steel bolt slammed into his forehead.

A couple of us heard the loud report from where we were working on other parts of the plane, and we scrambled through the bomb bay into the radio operator's compartment where the upper turret was located. We found Bob crumpled on the floor in a pool of blood, his face an unrecognizable mass.

"Oh, my God," I whimpered, "he's done for!" We called for the ambulance and helped the medics load him into it, but we had no hope at all for his survival.

Shortly afterward, we heard that Doc Munger was working feverishly in the operating room in an effort to save Bob's life. We admired him for trying, but still

thought it was a futile effort — after all, that smashed forehead! Then the next day we heard the miraculous news that our flight surgeon had been successful in removing all the broken bone from Bob's forehead, and with luck the patient would recover.

Within a month Bob left the hospital with a plate in his forehead and new skin covering the wound. He laughed ruefully when telling about his near-fatal error with the bolt stud. "How could I forget a thing like that? It flashed into my mind a split second before the gun fired, but it was too late!"

"Well, at least," I consoled him, "you remembered the recoil spring, thank God! If you hadn't, you wouldn't be here talking to us!"

"That's right," he agreed with a light in his eyes. "And if it hadn't been for Doc Munger, I wouldn't be here either. Thank God for him too!"

I don't know where Doc Munger is today — but I would like to. I'm sure many other former members of the 790th would like to know also. Are you out there, Doc? If so, stand up and receive our salute — not because of your officer status, but because you were one helluva flight surgeon!

Second Air Division Magnets

A number of Second Air Division magnets have been donated at no cost to the Association by Magnet, Inc. of Washington, Missouri, and are being distributed by D.H. (Dutch) Borcharding. They can be obtained by sending Dutch a self-addressed envelope with two stamps on same for two (2) magnets. Additional postage will be needed for more than two magnets, as they are fairly heavy.

You are requested, but not required, to enclose a donation for the magnets to benefit the 2AD Memorial Library Fund at Norwich, England. Checks may be made out to Second Air Division Association. A number of these magnets were previously given by the company to the 93rd Bomb Group, and members of this group made donations exceeding \$2,500 for our Memorial.

The magnets were donated at no cost by Magnet, Inc., and if you make a contribution to the Memorial Fund for your magnet we are requesting that you also send a thank you to the following if you have the time: Magnet, Inc., Bill Wood & Gerry Frankendorf, 7 Chamber Drive, P.O. Box 605, Washington, MO 63090.

Send all requests and/or donations to:

D.H. (Dutch) Borcharding
8 Lancaster Court
Washington, MO 63090

The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

Our 448th Bomb Group Association reunion held in Bellevue/Seattle, Washington, was a tremendous success. The weather was nice, in the 70s, when most everywhere else was sweltering under a heat wave or suffering from severe flooding in the Midwest and Mississippi Delta.

Our attendance again was less than we had hoped for, but we agreed that there are two dates that are not too good for holding our reunions: May 30th, because of high school or college graduations of our grandchildren; and July 4th weekend, as so many traditionally have family reunions.

Leroy Engdahl, who acted as site selection committee chairman, recommended Seattle as it is a beautiful city and it would give our members living in the Northwest an opportunity to attend one of our group reunions when they might otherwise be unable to attend. We did have some first-timers and some widows, who are always welcome.

Marge Bollschweiler, widow of "Wally," who was in charge of the Seething Control Tower, was there from Tucumcari, New Mexico. Marge is getting to be an old timer, having attended our 448th get-together in England last September as well as Hampton, Virginia in 1991. Also attending was Mary Lou Zubialde, widow of pilot Robert C. Ayrest, who was one of our first crewmen lost after arriving in England in 1943.

It was good to see Nancy and Jim Turner from Seething again. Jim brought best wishes to us from our many friends back at Seething and Norwich, as well as bringing us an update report from the Tower Association and the Waverly Flying Group.

Also coming a long distance, joining her parents Barbara and Leroy Engdahl, was Donna Hampton and her husband Wade, as well as their two small sons Foster and Preston, ages 4 and 7. The boys were really interested in all the lovely paintings by Bob Harper, as well as the visit to McChord AFB and going through a C-141. Their present home is in Hong Kong, where Wade is on a two year tour of duty for his company which is headquartered in Bellevue. They own a home just 10 miles north of Bellevue, and will be in the States about a month. Donna and the boys will be in Texas visiting her parents and friends shortly after the reunion. Donna had a birthday July 2nd, and we all sang "Happy Birthday." She was thrilled, and said, "I've never had 200 people sing Happy Birthday to me before."

The food was excellent at our two banquets and at McChord AFB, where we were welcomed by the base CO. Numerous C-141 Starlift air crewmen had lunch with us preceding our visit on the base, which included personal inspection of a C-141 plane.

Gray Line Tours gave a most interesting tour of Boeing's huge assembly plant at Everett, just 25 miles north of our hotel, as well as a city tour with visits through the

beautiful campus of the University of Washington, the famous Pike's Place Market, and lunch in the famous Seattle Space Needle. Everywhere we went there was evidence of prosperity, even though Boeing has had some order cancellations. They have a backlog of five years, which most companies would envy.

Col. Davis J. Semon of McChord AFB was our banquet speaker and gave a most interesting speech telling us of their most recent involvement in Somalia, Desert Storm, Panama, Granada, and numerous other support activities. It was a very enlightening speech.

At our Saturday morning business meeting, numerous items were discussed. Next year's group reunion will be held in the Boston area in the month of September. Boston was chosen over San Diego by a small margin. Leroy Engdahl had been dealing with both areas for possible reunion sites for 1994, and has some pretty good ideas on hotel locations and sites to visit. A report will give details later when all selections have been made.

Tom Taylor of South Carolina made a report on the status of the future 8th Air Force Heritage Center to be built on the outskirts of Savannah, Georgia, where the 8th AF was formed in 1942. Each group of the 8th AF has been asked to pledge \$25,000 toward this important project, which will be different than most as it will represent the 8th AF only, bombers and fighters. We are asking all those who can to send a check for \$100.00 made payable to "The 8th A.F. Heritage Center" and mail it to Cater Lee at P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536. If you can't send \$100.00, please send what you can, as every little bit helps and we want the 448th to be one of the first to reach the \$25,000 pledge.

Aubrey Cates was asked to report on the nominating committee for the 1994 Group Vice President. The committee selected me as their choice and then asked for further nominations from the floor. There were none, so Walter Smith made a motion that nominations cease and that I be elected by acclamation. The motion was seconded by Richard Kimball, and I will serve again as your Group Vice President. I am most grateful for your confidence.

The group has several 448th group insignia patches for \$5.00 each, as well as attractive tail checkerboard pattern tie tacs, or for use on your coat jacket, also \$5.00. This is the original group tail design. Please send 4 stamps to help with packaging and mailing to Cater Lee at the address above.

Charles Bonner has a good supply of 448th T-shirts in small, medium and large, with a B-24 across the top with squadron emblems across and below a brief record of our 448th history. The T-shirts are blue with gold lettering with the 8th AF insignia on each side and very attractive. These are \$10.00 plus \$2.00 for packaging and postage. He also has squadron caps, blue with gold lettering, at \$6.00 each plus 4 stamps for postage. Write Charles Bonner at 750 E. Oak Road, Porter, IN 46304.

Leroy Engdahl has the following B-24 mementos for sale. (1) B-24 pewter tie tacs, \$6.00. (2) Silver plated B-24 lapel pins, \$7.00. (3) Same but as a ladies charm, \$7.00. (4) Same but as ladies earrings at \$12.00/pair, specify screw type or pierced. (5) 8th AF lapel pins, \$4.00. (6) U.S. Flag lapel pins, \$4.00. Please send 3 stamps to help on postage. Send orders to Leroy Engdahl, 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, TX 77662.

Thanks for reading. Good health, and see you in Boston in September of 1994.

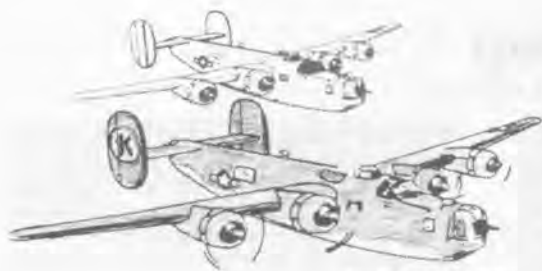
Second Air Division Association 13th Annual Southern California Regional Reunion Dinner Saturday, February 26, 1994

For further information, contact:

Dick Baynes
71 Night Hawk
Irvine, CA 92650
Tel. (714) 552-3889

OR

Jay Jeffries
17161 Westport Drive
Huntington Beach, CA 92649
Tel. (714) 846-1653



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki



Top (l-r): 752nd, Squadron ID, 7V; and 753rd, Squadron ID, J4.
Bottom : 754th, Squadron ID, Z5; and 755th, Squadron ID, J3.

INSIGNIA, 458TH AND SQUADRON: I know I've said before that when all the "patches" I had in stock were gone, I would not reorder again. Because of the demand and the newer members we've added, I "did it again" and just received a total of 40 Bomb Squadron embroidered "patches" and 50 more of the special 458th Bomb Group blazer insignia. Please note: This is absolutely the last time and when these are gone, that's it. They will not be available again at ANY price, period! Both squadron and 458th insignias cost the same: \$10.00 each, post paid. The 8th AF shoulder "patch" is once again available at \$4.00. Please make all checks out to me, only.



FORMATION PLAQUE: The new photo plaque with engraved plate, airman's wings or large B-24 in 3/4 side profile (see photo), black matte or satin brass plate is still available. Basic unit costs \$39.50 plus \$4.50 shipping. If you wish to add ribbons (photo), they are available at \$1.75 each mounted. Battle stars and O.L.C. are 75¢ each with the Sterling Silver (designates 5) either battle star or O.L.C. costing \$2.00 each. If you have any questions, drop me a postcard or call 1-410-766-1034. I know of no other personal WWII item such as this available anywhere at a cost even close to this. Makes a great Christmas present for yourself or any family members. It will last long after we're all gone. Have sent **Jordan Uttal** the first check for \$50.00 as profits from sales, for Memorial Library Funding.

458TH BOMB GROUP REUNION, 1994: It is apparent that those whom we've heard from wish we would do another Group reunion. Duke Trivette, at my request, was authorized to go ahead with plans for this reunion. My position was that we should go to a more "upscale" hotel, even if the cost was a bit more. Suggested the Marriott in Dayton, and Duke found it very suitable to our needs. Room costs are same from single to quad, \$64.00 plus local hotel taxes. We will have a \$90.00 per person registration fee which will

pay for meals, buses to Wright Patterson Memorial, etc. Dates are September 23 and 24, 1994, with rates staying the same if you wish to be an "early bird" and come in on the 22nd. Those wishing to stay a day longer, same rate will apply. Further details will be in the next JOURNAL. We will make a separate mailing to ALL 458th roster members early next year with hotel reservation slips, schedule of events, etc. We are planning for a maximum of 350 people and have requested a "hold" of 200 rooms. This event will take considerably more planning, so give us a chance to firm up our costs, and keep them within reason and affordable to all. It would help a lot if those who tentatively plan to attend, drop Duke a card or phone call to let us know your intentions, and any ideas you might offer for our planning. Contact: **Duke Trivette, 1791 Utica Drive, Dayton, Ohio. Tel. 1-513-299-7125.** A few days ago Duke called to let us know that Doris fell and broke her leg. I'm sure a "recovery" card would be in order even at this late date.

Thanks to **Jack Hoine, Pappy Dwyer** and others, for their help in finding new members and "signing them up." Thanks also to Jack for the book of stamps he sent. On that same subject, I have again received over \$11.00 worth of many denominations of stamps from **The Mystery Stamp Person** who I thought was in the Pittsburgh area. However, this time he mailed them from Ft. Myers, FL... Same guy, I can tell by the handwriting. Another wonderful mystery.

Gene Young has produced an excellent man's wallet. No, it's not like the one you made when you were in the Boy Scouts. This is really professional and has an 8th AF insignia and B-24 outline in gold inside. Very high quality — if interested, drop him a note at: Rt. 3, Box 18, Cleveland, OK 74020. He also will send all profits to 2ADA for Memorial Library Funding. I believe he intends to bring a few designs to the Hilton Head convention in November.

Bernie Newmark reports that he still has a number of 754th Squadron "miniature" patches left. If you wish to purchase one, send a check for \$5.00 to him but make your check payable to the 2ADA. Several checks were made out to the Memorial Library, and this is a "no-no"! It costs somewhere near \$15.00 to process this check (International Checking). We can't afford it! Bernie's address is: **180 Clover Hills, Rochester, NY 14618.**

Dario DeJulio sent me several sheets of "stick-ons," one and three quarters inch diameter with the B-24. Tail feathers easily colored with red felt tip pen. The artist who did the sketching is a severely handicapped person who uses the money for his health care. He is: **Bud Anderson, 8885 Plumas Circle #D-1116, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.** Write for costs — I believe it's about \$5.00.

Bill Clark of MD arranged a luncheon at Andrews Field for **Jim Simes** and myself, which resulted in plans for some future get-togethers with our wives attending also. In any case, I found that Jim was possibly the only one in the 458th who did his tour of 35 missions, went back to the States for about six weeks, then requested and received permission to rejoin the 458th again for another tour. Also, found that he flew two missions on D-Day. Jim said he thinks the Group flew 3 missions that day. Does anyone remember for sure? About D-Day, I contracted with my local printer to print up 200 D-Day Certificates to celebrate the 50th Anniversary date of June 6th, 1944. Made on a special 8 1/2 x 11 inch light blue card stock, they will be available before you read this. Cost of this special memorial certificate is \$2.50 and includes postage. Certainly a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for ALL Groups who flew that memorable day. Guaranteed to please or your money back.

Thanks to those who have sent in the information I requested on a 3 x 5 card as a short "bio" for my Membership Card File. **Victor Krueger** advised he was shot down on his first mission... Berlin. Pilot was **Ken Ballard**; all were POW's. No way I would have known this without receiving his card.

E. Max Snyder sent me a colored photocopy of his original 200 mission Short Snorter Souvenir that the 458th had made for the special occasion. If interested, write to Max at **300 N. Carlyle Place, Arlington Heights, IL 60004** for cost. I have four originals that I bring to every reunion to get attending member signatures. Just about all filled up since 1974.

I will have prints of the latest 458th BG roster available by the time you receive this JOURNAL. Cost remains at \$4.50 for those interested. Make check out to me, postage included.

Looking forward to seeing many of you at Hilton Head this year, Kansas City and Dayton next year!

466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

The month of June was a very active time for the Nothsteins. We were guests in England of Donald and Cathy Thomson, and helped them celebrate daughter Paula's wedding to Lee Manning. This was followed by a stay with Ted and Joyce Clarke. While there we had tea with Brian and Barbara Youngs. Everyone was super, and we'll never be able to thank them enough. The 466th memorial is well cared for, and will be for many years to come.

This was followed by a week of business,

as the 2ADA Executive Committee met and we observed the 30th anniversary of the Memorial Room.

We had three days at home before leaving for Colorado Springs for the 466th Bomb Group Association reunion. With 210 in attendance, a memorial plaque to the 466th Bomb Group was unveiled and dedicated at the Air Force Academy. Tom Reto and committee really did an outstanding job and put together a fine reunion. It was so good that they plan to try to do it again in two years.

The high point of our welcoming dinner was an address by Richard Dondes (member of 2ADA Heritage League), son of Charles Dondes who was navigator on the Charles Felts crew, 784th Bomb Squadron. It was so moving that we wish to share it with you. Earl Wassom has written an article about our reunion, "Keeping the Memories Alive!" (below), which contains most of Richard's remarks to the 466th Bomb Group.

On behalf of all of us, we thank you, Richard.

Keeping the Memories Alive!

by Earl Wassom (466th)

The traffic was heavy heading north on Interstate 25 toward Denver out of Colorado Springs. To the speeding motorists and the 18 wheelers on the highway, the caravan of three slower-moving buses was an obstacle to their progress. In their minds, the occupants of these vehicles were probably perceived to be senior citizens on an outing to visit the touristy places in beautiful Colorado.

This assumption was wrong. The group in this convoy were special people. The buses and a few private automobiles took an exit from the interstate highway, approached an imposing entrance gate, were eyed and then waved on with a snappy salute from an immaculately dressed guard. Along the route, a well-preserved B-52 bomber stood poised as if ready for flight, but could not, for it had been retired from active service, just like the occupants in the buses. Over 200 members of the 466th Bomb Group along with members of their families were on an important and compelling mission on 25 June 1993. The target: the Memorial Wall; the place: the Air Force Academy; the purpose: to dedicate a plaque in remembrance of all who served in the 466th Bomb Group, 96th Combat Wing, 2nd Air Division in the Mighty Eighth Air Force.

The Memorial Section located on the Academy grounds was impressive and the polished granite Memorial Wall was graced with bronze plaques placed there by the dedicated survivors of heroic USAAC and USAAF military units. A new one was draped for unveiling. The Colonel acting as spokesman for the Superintendent of the Academy reflected upon the importance of these memorials which serve as a positive motivational factor for the Air Force community. He declared, "As our cadets and our graduates visit this site, they can only find greater inspiration and comfort knowing that they, someday, will be a part of the memories of those who served our nation so well, as you, the 466th, did in WWII."

Barkev Hovsepian, President Emeritus of the 466th BG, spoke in his own forceful and inimitable style about the 466th and "... the part it played in the effort to free millions of human beings from fear and misery imposed by Hitler and his Axis partners." He declared, "... we are the survivors, the living, who must always remember and respect their memories thus ensuring that indeed they did not die in vain."

Tom Reto, President of the 466th Bomb Group Association, summarized the military history of the Group as follows:

"Our mission was accomplished with

valor and endurance — unfortunately, it was not without sadness and loss of comrades. Through February 1944 — July 1945, the 466th BG, based at Attlebridge, England was home for approximately 4,000 men and women. Our might was centered in four squadrons of B-24 heavy bombers. The performance of the 466th was awesome. We flew 5,670 sorties, dropped over 12,000 tons of bombs, and destroyed many enemy aircraft. From 9/12/44 through 9/30/44 with 327 aircraft, we completed 320 trucking missions with fuel and supplies to assist our ground troops in Europe. These were in addition to our sorties.

"Our comrades killed in action totaled 333, with 171 POWs, 27 internees, 8 evaders. There is a recorded loss of 98 B-24s. ... We remember with pride, although the way was often difficult and our losses were heavy, we accomplished our duties completing our mission with bravery and honor. We never turned back from enemy fire!"

The plaque was unveiled, the crowd cheered, cameras rolled and shutters clicked, the memorial was accepted by the U.S. Air Force Academy, the benediction was offered, the color guard made their exit, taps was sounded, and misty eyes were wiped. But, this is not all of the story.

Among the participants were at least three second generation family members present with their dads: Richard with his father, Charles Dondes; David, son of George W. Harden; and Elmo E. Maiden's son Tom along with his two children. These three younger men openly shared with the seniors present the respect they held for the valor of their fathers. The reality of the perils, sacrifices, and dangers their dads endured had only recently been revealed to them. The emotions and thoughts of these young men were unashamedly expressed. Their fathers were role models and they were extremely proud of them!

Richard put his thoughts on paper and presented them to the Group on 26 June 1993. With his permission they follow, in part:

"On July 12 of last year, on a sunny, English afternoon, I knew virtually nothing about the 466th Bomb Group, its men and the B-24 Liberators they had flown. I knew that my father had been a navigator stationed in England and that he and his crew had bailed out once over Holland somewhere. Beyond that, I knew nothing. Yet, there I stood, at the Attlebridge Airfield. ... As I stood there looking at the runways and fields, reflecting on what had taken place

there, I began to realize, as John Woolnough had said, "that I was standing on hallowed ground." I then went to the 466th memorial, which, unknown to me, had been dedicated exactly 30 days before on June 12. The designers of the memorial got it exactly right. It is elegant in its simplicity, dignified, and the setting is perfect. As I gazed at the inscription, I could almost hear the roaring engines of "The Flying Deck" as the 466th formed up to engage in yet another fierce battle with the enemy. ... I was hooked. ... I had to know more.

"... Since then I have spent every chance I could researching my father's crew, the 466th Bomb Group, the 2nd Air Division, and the Consolidated B-24 Liberator."

"... During the course of my research, one fact kept coming to the forefront: 'that uncommon valor was a common virtue.' I was intrigued. I wanted to talk to my father and to the men on his crew and hear their words, their thoughts, and how they perceived their roles in the war. This reunion gave me the perfect reason to write them letters and to call them on the phone, and I took every opportunity to do so.

"... I managed to locate four members of the Charles A. Felts crew who had been out of touch for many years. One or two of these men are here with us today. I also struck up friendships with men who I would otherwise never have known existed and with whom I have had numerous phone conversations and written correspondence. Today, I have met some of these men for the first time.

"Although you, the men of the 466th Bomb Group, may have thought of yourselves as ordinary men doing your job... a job that had to be done, you were in fact heroes in the truest sense. My generation of Americans, and all those who follow, owe you a debt of gratitude that we cannot ever entirely repay. To you and your B-24 Liberators, we owe our freedom and our way of life.

"For those who recognize this fact, and even those who don't, I thank you."

The 466th Bomb Group Association is honored to have second generation supporters like Richard, David, and Tom counted among our numbers. The years are taking their toll. Immortality is not for this world. If the reverence and respect we all feel for the 466th is to survive, young sons and others like them must be included in our ranks. They, in turn, will keep this treasured heritage alive and transmit our history, tradition, and patriotism to future generations.

Heavenly Daze

Reprinted from YANK, The Army Weekly, March 12, 1944

From an aesthetic point of view the big Liberator wasn't pretty. She had a turned-up nose. Her curves weren't graceful. She wasn't sleek. She had been patched up and coiffured many times. But *Heavenly Daze* — how she got that name no one can explain — had done a commendable job of bombing and slugging on 24 missions over Hitler's Fortress. She had roared proudly over Vegesack, Danzig, Oslo, Bremen, Kiel, Brunswick, etc., and had acquired a personality as well as a reputation.

"She's a wonderful ship," her pilot-*"owner,"* 1/Lt. Walter McCartie, of Ocala, Fla., often boasted. "She always comes through — because she's got a lot of heart in her."

But *Heavenly Daze*' last flight on a crisp February morning was destined to be a strange odyssey.

The big Liberator headed out over England on her 25th operational mission under "new management." Piloted for the first time by 1/Lt. Richard J. Pettit, of Los Angeles, Calif., she developed a conglomeration of mechanical troubles ranging from runaway propellers to a "conked-out" electrical system. The plane lurched forward and began climbing with the speed of a Thunderbolt.

"We had one engine runaway shortly after we got off the ground, so I started to circle back for a landing," explained Pettit, "but at 4,000 feet, with two more run-aways, it looked like the vibration would tear the ship apart. We were climbing at 200 miles an hour at about 1,500 feet per minute with a full bomb load."

Pettit and his co-pilot, 2/Lt. Humphrey J. Elliot, of Richmond, Va., wrestled desperately with the controls.

They were above the overcast and had no idea where they were — except near the North Sea coast. They didn't dare risk jettisoning the bombs because of the possibility of English towns down below. They couldn't crash-land because visibility was less than 2,000 feet and the ceiling 800 feet.

Time for split-second thinking.

Figuring the best way to save his crew was to have them jump, Pettit steadied *Heavenly Daze* as best he could, then gave the bail out order.

Parachutes blossomed under the ship, as the crew dropped away from her.

"I 'trimmed' her and headed her out to sea before going over the side," the pilot said later, "and as I floated into the overcast, I saw the ship wheel into a gentle bank."

The crescendo of the whining radials reverberated in the ears of the 'chutists as they descended through the cloud blanket on to the East Anglian countryside.

And then, as if deciding she'd been temperamental long enough, *Heavenly Daze* levelled off at medium altitude and wandered aimlessly over East Anglia and the North Sea coast. Townspeople who were disturbed when they heard her distressing drone now heard her normal purr. So they resumed their workaday tasks. Just another airplane.

The Royal Observer Corps heard her,



They learned quickly that Libs aren't an easy aircraft to shoot down. They made pass after pass on the helpless bomber.

too, but couldn't spot her. She was still above the overcast. Because her electrical system was out, she couldn't have identified herself as "friendly," even if her crewmen had been aboard.

Several Spitfires of the RAF were sent up when the "intruder" failed to answer radio calls. British ack-ack gunners were alerted.

The RAF pilots radioed back the startling report that there apparently was nobody in the plane. Still the bomb-laden B-24 droned on over the coastal sector. The Spit pilots were in a dilemma, because there was no way to tell for sure that there was no one in the big ship.

One by one, the crew members who had bailed out landed and telephoned Base. The bombardier, 2/Lt. Robert F. Leesley, of Chicago, Ill., landed in a WAAF camp where girls eyed his silk with wistful lust.

Co-pilot Elliot landed in a tree and the navigator, 2/Lt. Leslie A. Jacobson, landed in a field, started down the road, was picked up, and subsequently wound up in the hospital, where he became conscious the next morning. He had remembered nothing after he'd pulled the rip cord.

The waist gunners, Sgt. John P. Kogut, of Clayville, N.Y., and Sgt. Erharot D. Lange, of Marinette, Wis., landed near a haystack, and S/Sgt. James R. Stanley, of Midland, Tex., the engineer-gunner, was challenged by a youngster who "took some convincing that I was a Yank — not a Jerry."

S/Sgt. Peter Bortua, of Palmerton, Pa., the radio operator, and Sgt. Joseph A. D'Atri, of Brooklyn, N.Y., dropped into farmyards.

Pettit landed in a drainage ditch, a bare 100 yards from the sea. When he checked into Base via telephone he told the officers that he was the last man out of the ship.

Crewless *Heavenly Daze* continued to soar above the clouds. All the while she was under the watchful eyes of the Spits.

A lively exchange of views commenced over the radio telephone — between the Spitfire pilots, their ground station, and the

Liberator base. Finally, everyone decided that the abandoned B-24 with her 6,000 pound cargo of high explosives should be disposed of.

A sergeant-gunner carried the news to McCartie, "non-operational" that day and "sweatin' 'em out." He ground his cigarette stub into the muddy turf and sped for the control tower.

The Spits circled the lumbering Liberator until she headed out to sea again. She had been flying alone for over an hour and a half now. The RAF pilots debated over the radio who was to go in first, for they didn't like the idea of bombs exploding in their faces.

Finally, they went to work. They learned quickly that Libs aren't an easy aircraft to shoot down. They made pass after pass on the helpless bomber. No evasive action for *Heavenly Daze* now. No hair-breadth exploits for her gunners.

One fighter even ran out of 20mm ammunition as the point-blank cannon fire ripped into the wings.

The big Lib finally plummeted into the icy sea — her wings clipped, chewed off.

That night the communique might have read, "One of our bombers is missing — due to 'friendly' action." The commanding officer was trying to figure out how to enter the weird flight on the books.

Out "on the line," in a lonely Nissen engineering hut, *Heavenly Daze*' crew chief, M/Sgt. Raymond L. Bader, of Columbus, Ohio, sat idly whittling shavings into a coal bucket. He went to the window and looked out across the windswept airdrome. The dispersal site was empty where *Heavenly Daze* once proudly squatted day and night when she wasn't delivering calling cards.

Bader fumbled the blackout curtain. The darkness bore down.

"She was a great ship," he shrugged. "I don't blame those guys. I'd probably have gotten out sooner myself. But she'd never let anybody down, though. You just hadda know her..."

492nd Happy Warrior Happenings

by Willis H. "Bill" Beasley



On June 10, 1993 our destination was Norwich, England to attend the Executive Committee Meeting of the 2ADA and the 30th Anniversary Commemoration of the Memorial Library. Norma and I boarded United Airlines, destination Philadelphia, PA, where we met Catherine Benarcik, Evelyn and Lillian Cohen, and Ray and Ruth Strong. We all boarded a British Airways 747 for Heathrow, London. We were met by David Hastings along with other members of the 2nd ADA. We went by coach to Norwich, where we had excellent accommodations at the Hotel Nelson.

We had just walked into our room when the phone rang. Tony Wallis from Swaffham called to tell us he had coordinated with Russell Ives, John and Norman Winterbottom and Allan Sirrell to pick us up at 10:30 AM on Saturday for a trip to North Pickenham, tour the base, and have lunch in Swaffham.

At 10:15, Russell Ives and Norman Winterbottom, who drove 200 miles from West Yorkshire along with Norman's brother John Winterbottom, were in the lobby to show us a day we will long remember. We met Tony Wallis and Allan Sirrell in the Blue Lion Pub, and after beverages and chatting, we went up the road to the Memorial. Russell opened his trunk and brought out a beautiful white wreath with a black band for me to lay at the Memorial. It is hard to put into words the emotions we felt at that moment which brought tears to our eyes.

Allan Sirrell, knowing the old farmer now occupying the old base, made arrangements for us to go onto the property for a tour of the base, the likes of which we had never seen. Turkey huts now occupy the runways, interspersed with piles of manure to discourage vagrants and unwanted visitors. Midway through the trip around the perimeter track, Norman spied a spent 50 caliber

casing, jumped out and gave it to me for my special souvenir. The five men all said that in all of their trips around the base, they had never had such good fortune.

We stopped at the old base hospital, which is in a sorry state of disrepair. We tried to locate where Dick Bastien had spent some time. Remember the trees at the end of the runway? That grove of trees still stands, and perhaps it is wishfulness on my part, but they seem to dip down in the middle where those 50 years ago we took off so many times, barely clearing their tops.

Time was going much too fast. Russell and Norman had to return to West Yorkshire to go to work, so we all went to Swaffham for a great pub lunch. Tony and Allan stayed in Swaffham and North Pickenham while John took us to Peter Beale's Rose Farm to see the acres of old fashioned roses that still smell. Then, to top off an absolutely remarkable day, we were treated to an elegant tea at John and Angela Winterbottom's home. Angela had made a lovely lemon cake, and an assortment of biscuits. John dropped us off at our hotel in time to change our clothes and attend a very lovely reception.

The Memorial Service at St. Peter Mancroft was very moving, and we were able to visit with more of our English friends, Jan and Ken Godfrey, Keith and Iris Thomas, and Allan Trattle during the reception and tea at the library.

The Memorial Service at Cambridge was also very moving and emotional. The day was rainy, adding to the solemnity of the occasion. After the service, it was as though we had been purposefully guided to the grave of Elmer Pitsenbarger, whose story has appeared in the Happy Warrior. Following the service we went by coach to Duxford for lunch and a tour of the museum. This is a very impressive museum; although there is no B-24, the airplanes they have are either well restored or in a state of being restored.

We had tea with Eileen and Brian Marston, Jan and Ken Godfrey, and Keith and Iris Thomas. We are looking forward to seeing Eileen, Brian, Keith and Iris at Hilton Head in November, and Jan and Ken Godfrey in Albuquerque in August.

Moonlight Serenade

by Keith E. Roberts (392nd)

When I was young, there were big bands. And a song called "Moonlight Serenade."

TV was yet to be invented, so we listened, on the radio, to the music of the big dance bands broadcasting from faraway, romantic places like Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, the College Inn in Chicago, and the Glen Island Casino "just off the Shore Road in New Rochelle, New York," as the radio announcer used to say.

Moonlight Serenade. The theme song, the song that identified Glenn Miller's big band in the late 1930's and early 1940's.

Willie Schwartz, who played clarinet in the Miller band, once said in an interview, "I don't know why, but to me there was always something sad about that song."

Sad?

Yes.

And to me, and my generation, Moonlight Serenade meant much, much more.

Moonlight Serenade. A whole world to discover out there — to high school students studying homework while glued to the radio. "How can you study and listen to the radio at the same time?" our parents said. High school swing bands playing copied Miller books while we learned to dance, awkwardly, at proms in the high school gym.

Moonlight Serenade. A vague longing. College dances, the sweet perfume of gardenia corsages, dancing so close that you caught the fragrance of your girl's freshly washed hair. Moonlight Serenade was the last dance, cheek-to-cheek. Moonlight Serenade was young love, found love, lost love, young love. It was Peggy and Cathy and Jean and Denise and Pat. Malt shops and juke boxes, record machines that played one record for a nickel and a quarter bought five plays. Saddle shoes, blue jeans, and Ford V8s. Sitting at a desk overlooking a tree-shaded street, studying for final exams and listening to music coming from the Cafe Rouge in the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. It was a handsome young saxophone player named Tex who played haunting solos.

Moonlight Serenade. It sang of going off to war and the goodbye kisses. It was a Quonset hut in England, writing home and tuning in to the Glenn Miller Air Force Band on Armed Forces radio. It was the Miller band filling hangars at U.S. air bases in England, galvanizing the troops. It was returning from a combat mission in the skies over Nazi Germany, reaching the English Channel, the radio operator finding Moonlight Serenade on the BBC, and the pilot linking it into the airplane's intercom so the bomber crew could hear it, too.

Moonlight Serenade. Emptiness. Loss. The BBC news broadcast announcing that Major Glenn Miller was gone, missing from a flight over the English Channel. Later, at the Rainbow Corner in Paris, after a parachute jump and a journey across France, listening to the great AEF band without Major Glenn Miller, we heard Moonlight Serenade as a requiem — to a man and his music — and as a goodbye — to our youth.

Moonlight Serenade.

Sad?

Yes.

And much, much, more.

When I was young, there were big bands. And a song called "Moonlight Serenade."



(left to right): Allan Sirrell, Bill Beasley, Norman Winterbottom, John Winterbottom, Tony Wallis, Russell Ives.



by Ralph Elliott

The Kissimmee Convention of the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association is history, but it was a good one with 250 people attending and 53 going on to Nassau on the Norwegian Cruise Line's M/S WESTWARD following the convention. Phil Day reports that the convention ranked fourth in numbers, behind the 278 in Dayton in '83, 271 in Shreveport in '87, and 270 in Tucson in '91. Considering the passing years, I think attendance is holding surprisingly well, but, even more surprising is the large number of first-timers attending each year — many of whom have only recently heard of the Association.

The next convention of interest is the 2nd Air Division Association Convention at Hilton Head, SC, November 4-7, 1993. Friday, November 5, has been designated as Group Day, with the group dinners scheduled for that evening. The rest of the day's schedule is up to us. We have planned a light lunch and beach party to be held on the deck of the hotel adjoining the beach. If you have not already been contacted (based on your convention reservation), please drop me a note at 6000 W. Rafter Circle, Tucson, AZ 85713. The cost will be around \$20.00 per person, payable at the luncheon. (It's not covered by your 2ADA registration fee.)

The next 467th convention will be held in Minneapolis, Minnesota in mid-September 1994. Lloyd Haug is the Convention Coordinator, and the program is already shaping up to be a good one. Mall of America isn't the main attraction, but it's a good start.

IT'S OFFICIAL: Alan Healy's history, *The 467th Bombardment Group*, will be reprinted for the third time. The original book will not be changed, but the appendix will include an updated roster of assigned personnel, an updated casualty (MIA/KIA) roster, and other minor additions. The appendix will NOT be available separately — only in the book. Advance copies may be reserved with a \$35.00, per copy, check to: Vince LaRussa, 8570 N. Mulberry Drive, Tucson, AZ 85704. This will undoubtedly be the final printing of the book, and the last chance you'll have to see that each of your children has a copy to go along with your other important family histories. Can't think of a Christmas present? How about a copy of the book? Vince is shooting for a 1 December 93 deadline.

I had a letter recently from Ed Chu of the 448th BG, asking me to send information about the 467th to his friend, John Autilio, 96 W. Pine Street, Gloversville, NY 12078. John was with the 470th Sub Depot attached to the 467th and had just heard of the Association. Many more such contacts are out there to be followed up on. I suggest you contact Phil Day, Editor/Publisher of POOP, 237 Pennsylvania Ave., Shreveport, LA 71106, for a copy of the 467th roster to use as a starting point in locating crew members and buddies. It's a little like writing a chain letter — only this is legal. \$10.00 gets you the roster; \$20.00 adds a ZIP code listing as well and keeps Phil in stamps and publishing money, since we have no dues. Phil is particularly interested in stories for POOP from both ground and flying personnel, so get busy and put those long-ago memories on paper for the rest of us to read. Some of those "pubbing" missions in the blackout were every bit as hairy as a milk run to Berlin.

Second Air Division Association Group Day: November 5, 1993

The following activities have been arranged for any members of Bomb Groups attending the 2ADA Convention at Hilton Head who have nothing else planned for this day. All reports indicate that we will have more than 190 people to fill the two cruise ships "Holiday" and "Adventure" (see Choice #1 below). *These seats will be allocated on a first come, first served basis.*

Choice #1: Cruise and Lunch/Shopping Excursion Maximum 190 People

- 9:30 AM Bus to Shelter Cove Marina
- 9:45 AM Cruise on "Holiday" and "Adventure" ships down Broad Creek on to Calibogue Sound viewing Harbortown and Daufuskie Island. Bring your camera — this area is full of bottlenose dolphins.
- 11:45 AM Continue to Harbortown for free time and browsing before lunch.
- 12:30 PM Lunch at Cafe Europa under Harbortown Lighthouse.
- 1:45 PM Board waiting vehicles for afternoon excursion to shops on parkway — brand name outlet stores offering discount prices, including Anne Klein, Gilligan O'Malley, Leggs/Hanes, Dansk.
- 3:15 PM Board vehicles for return to hotel.

Choice #2: Tour of Historic Savannah (for overflow beyond 190 passengers on cruise ships; or if you prefer this tour)

- 9:00 AM Depart hotel by bus for ride to Savannah viewing natural environment on the South Carolina low country. As you approach Savannah, guide will explain historical background of the city, beginning with its discovery by James Edward Ogelthorpe in 1933.
- 10:00 AM Brief rest stop at the Great Savannah Exposition. Tour of historic Savannah, several famous garden squares. Visit tow 19th century historical homes.
- 12:30 PM Lunch in one of Savannah's fine restaurants.
- 1:45 PM Leave restaurant for free time on River Street.
- 2:30 PM Leave Savannah for return drive to Hilton Head Island.
- 3:30 PM Arrive back at hotel.

RESERVATION FORM

I/we would like to participate in the following activity on Group Day, November 5, 1993.

FIRST CHOICE: Cruise, Lunch/Shopping\$42/person

SECOND CHOICE: Savannah Tour\$46/person

Name(s): _____

Group Affiliation: _____

Return this form with your check to:

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

Let's Stop Stamping the Pismires

by J. Fred Thomas (392nd)

You could look it up, but a pismire is an ant. Back during my active career, I found myself the defendant in a lawsuit before a federal district court. In my first meeting with my counselors I was giving some thoughts as to what my defense might be. An instant reply from my Pilot Association advisor was, "You're stomping the p...ants while the elephants are getting away." Seems to me that quotation might apply to our Second Air Division Association. This may not make everyone's day, but someone should speak up. Too many of our people who should be concerned are going their merry way, through indifference or lack of information, while we have several major "elephants" to recapture. I shouldn't have to remind you that we are running out of time in which to get these "elephants" secured where we want them to serve us into eternity. Consider the following:

This writer was asked to chair our Association's Nominating Committee for this year. Our duties were to select candidates for the office of Executive Vice President, and this year, we had to find a candidate for the office of Treasurer as well, due to the ill health of our long time Treasurer, Dean Moyer. While we have selected able candidates for those offices, and the results may well have been the same had we had many more names, we were greatly disappointed at the lack of input and suggestions from our Group VPs as a whole. It should

cause concern when I tell you we ended up with two candidates for the Executive Vice President slot, and only one for the office of Treasurer. Those numbers aren't impressive from an organization of 8,000 members.

Nobody should try to tell any Group whom they should elect as their VP, but we suggest that Group members try to elect a person who will want to become aware of Division matters so as to be able to fill a Division office if nominated. Otherwise, we would hope that a committee from that Group would cross-check their membership and try to find names of some who are able and willing to serve in Division offices if asked. Every Group must have retired men/women who have the talents and desire to become active at Division level.

Going on to "elephants" we bring up a matter of real importance. We agree with most, if not all, Group VPs who believe it is past time that all fifteen Group VPs become voting members of the Association's Executive Committee. In our declining years, we need the consideration, input and deliberation of all our representatives in order to get our affairs in order for history. Whereas now we have three Group VPs on the Executive Committee, be they experienced or brand new to Division affairs, we need greater attendance and input from all Group VPs who are invited and urged to attend all Executive Committee meetings. They and their members are the people who

were turned to when funds were raised for memorial trusts and many other needs of the Association. Although we have had commendable management of Association affairs by a rather fixed group over the years, it doesn't make good sense to us to have a VP who represents several hundred men attend and discuss an issue with and before the Executive Committee and then still not be able to vote on that issue. The way things are now, a vote could go against the wishes of the representatives of a majority of the Association.

These and a number of other matters of importance were debated at the meeting of our Executive Committee at Norwich in June. We understand that some conclusions were reached and tentative agreements made there, but much greater discussions will, no doubt, be made at Hilton Head in November. It is highly important that every Group VP make every attempt to be there so as to voice his opinions as he will.

This writer has not written this editorial in criticism of anyone. It is an attempt to make known conditions that exist after the ennui observed while serving as Chairman of the Nominating Committee and observations made at Norwich. I say again, let's stop stamping the pismires and get on with it. It's past time that most of our problems were solved and our Memorial Library became a source of satisfaction for all on both sides of the Atlantic.

The History of the 6th Anti-Submarine Squadron

by Olin D. Castle (392nd)

The 6th Anti-Submarine Squadron originated as the 3rd Reconnaissance Squadron at Langley Field, Virginia on 20 November 1940. The unit was activated on 15 January 1941 at Langley Field. At this time it was assigned to the 2nd Bombardment Wing. The unit was transferred to Orlando, Florida Air Base on the 7th of June 1941. In November 1941 the unit consisted of 31 officers, one aviation cadet, 207 enlisted men, and 52 selective service trainees. The unit was transferred to Mitchell Field, Long Island, NY on the 22nd of January 1942. It was re-designated as the 392nd Squadron, 13th Bomb Group. At this time they were flying anti-submarine patrols with B-18s and B-25s, eventually to use only B-25s. The unit was transferred to Westover Field, Massachusetts on the 3rd of August, 1942 and was re-designated as the 6th Anti-Submarine Squadron, 25th Anti-Submarine Wing. On the 30th of November, 1942 the pilots and crews began transition from

B-25s to B-24Hs.

As of December 25th, 1942, the unit consisted of 54 officers, 7 flight officers, one warrant officer and 311 enlisted men. At this time there were approximately 10 air crews. They were flying anti-submarine patrols out over the north Atlantic in B-24Ds. The unit was then transferred to Gander Lake, Newfoundland on the 12th of April, 1943; flying longer patrols, some as far as Greenland. The ground personnel were transported by boat, arriving sometime after the air crews. On the 8th of June, 1943 the unit was assigned to the AAF Anti-Submarine Command. Patrols were flown from Gander Lake until approximately the 21st of August, 1943 at which time the air crews and the ground crew chiefs were transferred to Dunkeswell, England and the unit was re-assigned to the 479th Anti-Submarine Group. At this time all of the support personnel were moved to Salt Lake City Air Base, Utah where it was inacti-

vated and the personnel assigned to other units on the 30th of October 1943. The air crews were stationed at an RAF Coastal Command base at Dunkeswell, southern England. The crews flew only a few patrols in the Bay of Biscay before being transferred to the 44th, 93rd, 392nd, and 389th Groups in the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Air Force on the 21st of September, 1943.

At this time the unit consisted of 57 officers, one flight officer, and 119 enlisted men. There were a total of 12 air crews. Four crews and their ground crew chiefs were assigned to each of the four groups. They were given credit for bombing missions depending on how many hours they had spent on anti-submarine patrols prior to joining the 2nd Air Division. 47 of these officers and enlisted men were from the 3rd Reconnaissance Squadron that originated back at Orlando Air Base in 1941. A high percentage of these crews were MIA or KIA prior to January 4, 1944.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Paul Steichen

NEW MEMBERS:

John E. Gilmore, Scottsdale, AZ; Donald L. Porter, Old Lyme, CT; Edward A. Sand, Flint, MI; and Edward D. Weisert, Vista, CA.

PLOESTI ADDITIONS:

Since the Summer JOURNAL list of 2nd AD members from the 93rd who went to Ploesti on August 1, 1943, we have learned of six more additions: Carl Barthel, Martin Furst, Donald Jones, Harry Kelleher, Edward Sand, and Robert Warner. With great regret I must write that Robert Warner of Centerville, OH was killed in an auto wreck, May 10, 1993.

BITS AND PIECES OF PROP-WASH:

J.W. Love, your foot locker is found! It is on display at David Woodrow's Hardwick Museum. David found it while pulling down an old building on the base. It shows it was shipped in from Victorville, California Army Air Field.

Mrs. G. Gibbs of Long Stratton, Norfolk joined us for tea at the Memorial Library in June. She inquired if anyone might remember her mother, Mrs. May Morter, who worked for the Red Cross at Hardwick, cooking all the waffles served to "her boys."

Paul and Nick Thrower spend their spare time digging and investigating WWII air-

craft wrecks around East Anglia. They have developed and operate the four-hut museum on Hardwick base through agreement with the owner, David Woodrow. They are in need of photos, letters, books, etc. to diversify their appeal. If you are interested in helping, their address is 48 Francis Road, Long Stratton, Norfolk.

David M. Neale, a member of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial who lives in Great Yarmouth, laid the 93rd wreath at this year's memorial service at the U.S. Cemetery at Madingley near Cambridge. David and his wife, P.M., brought me a picture of the lovely red and white floral piece. I met them during tea at the Norwich Central Library after the memorial service. David's uncle had a farm near the "Three Horseshoes" Pub, familiar to many of our readers. We thank the Neales; they have volunteered to continue the practice yearly.

HILTON HEAD PREVIEW:

All 93rd attendees are urged to be at our annual meeting, Friday, November 3rd, 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. Meeting room will be posted at the registration desk. That evening there will be a communal cocktail party for the entire 2nd AD. Then we will move to another private dining room for our group dinner, already paid for by our convention registration. When you received your registration confirmation, you were provided information about an optional schedule of activities for this day, Friday. Suggestions and questions from the floor will be heartily welcomed at the business meeting. We also welcome written or phone questions or suggestions sent in before the meeting.

Your Heritage League

by Billy Sheely Johnson, President

Thank you sincerely for the support given the Heritage League by the 2ADA Executive Committee following their mid-year meeting in England. The additional Heritage League information and membership form included within recent issues of group newsletters is most appreciated.

The Heritage League Executive Committee has diligently pursued the goals and objectives outlined in the Winter 1992 issue of the JOURNAL. We wish to report the following update:

(1) Grandchildren of 2ADA members have participated in the first annual Heritage League Essay Contest; awards will be proudly presented at Hilton Head in November.

(2) Promotional brochures are now in place at various aviation and military museums throughout the United States and England. We appreciate the help of 2ADA members in placing them.

(3) New interest in the Heritage League has been generated by advertising in many military periodicals during 1993.

(4) Honoring the 2ADA veterans in a facility within the United States continues to be top priority for the League... we anxiously await being given the "green light" for including a special tribute to you within the Eighth Air Force in Savannah. It looks more promising than previously reported.

Remember... you 2ADA veterans are our very special heroes; we look forward to being able to share life with as many of you as possible at Hilton Head. Best regards from your Heritage League.

Att: Norway Vets

All members of the 8th Air Force Bomb Groups that participated in the November 16, 18, 1943 missions to targets in Norway are invited to a reunion during the Second Air Division Association Convention at Hilton Head, South Carolina, November 5, 1993 to mark the 50th anniversary of these missions. Contact:

Forrest S. Clark
703 Duffer Lane
Kissimmee, FL 34759
Phone (813) 427-0371

Mid-West Mini Reunion

The 2ADA Mid-West Mini Reunion will be held at the Marriott, Dayton, Ohio, on May 20-21, 1994. For further information, please contact the Reunion Chairman:

Harold C. (Eck) Eckelberry
24 S. Twp. Rd. 15
Tiffin, OH 44883
Phone (419) 447-9302



Paul Steichen, writer of "Open Letter to the 93rd" column, checks out Building #39 on the WAAF Site II on a recent visit. It is now derelict and is not being used for any farming purpose. From 1942 to 1945, its principal use was as a guard gate at the entrance to the remote site on the northeast corner of the base.

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

A good many events have taken place since I put together our Summer 1993 JOURNAL article. So I will attempt to bring y'all up to date as best I can. Maybe it will explain what I'm doing in Dallas while all my files are in California.

(1) At the last minute it became possible for me to attend the 2ADA Executive Committee meeting in Norwich, 11-18 June.

(2) Upon return to California 23 June, I was informed that there had been a fire at the property I own in Dallas.

(3) On 26 June, Maxine, Susan and I headed to Dallas to survey the fire problem.

(4) 27 June while driving across New Mexico, Maxine complained of tightness in her chest, so we pulled into the Ft. Bliss Army Hospital in El Paso to have the problem checked. The doctors placed her in intensive care; on 6 July she underwent an angioplasty procedure and is now doing quite well.

(5) 8 July Maxine and Susan flew to Dallas and I followed by car.

(6) Since arriving in Dallas, I have been very busy with insurance companies, contractors and settlement of lease accounts.

Now back to the beginning.

Daughter Susan and I attended the semi-annual 2ADA Executive Committee meeting in Norwich, June 11-18. We both thoroughly enjoyed Norwich. Being with and becoming better acquainted with so many folks, both English and American, associated with supporting and maintaining our Memorial Room was a special treat. Susan, a librarian herself, was very impressed with the size and dimension of our material. She was overwhelmed by the scope and diversity of job related requirements placed on Phyllis DuBois, our librarian. I also hasten to add that Susan was amazed at the dexterity and compassion with which Phyllis performed her duties. In Susan's opinion (having spent a day with Phyllis at the library), the 2ADA is extremely fortunate to have such a talented professional in the library. I'll tell you more on this subject at Hilton Head.

Our visit to Tibenham was of course the highlight of our trip. Actually seeing the needlepoint covers in place that our members have contributed to the church was a special treat. Evelyn and Nigel Bayne introduced us to the lady (I'm terrible about remembering names, for which I apologize) who assembled the needlepoint for the kneelers and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for her fine finish work. The church is beautiful, and it's such a joy to have the Baynes as tour guides.

Nell and Evan Harris of the Norfolk Gliding Club joined us and the Baynes for a very nice lunch at the Old Gissing Inn. This is a beautiful, recently restored inn not far from Tibenham, which I'm told will offer favorable rates to visiting 2ADA friends. You would have to have your own transportation, but I highly recommend the Old Gissing Inn. By the way, Jim Reeves and Ray Strong of Headquarters accompanied us on this outing to Tibenham, and both report



Oliver Whitcomb Crew, 702nd Squadron. Standing (l-r): Lt. Bernstein, bombardier; Lt. Whitcomb, pilot; Lt. Marsh, co-pilot; Lt. Ricks, navigator. Kneeling (l-r): Dewitt Tucker, nose/ball; Shanafelt, tail gun; Campbell, engineer; Walsh, radio operator; Garrett, waist.

having had a good time. Again, we thank all our good friends for their warm hospitality.

It is my sad duty to report that Harry Hodges and George F. Guinan have folded their wings. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to their families.

A hearty welcome is in order for new members: Mark W. Alberghini, Waterbury, VT (besides Papa Roy, Mark is the 5th member of this family to join 2ADA as associate members); Richard M. Johnson, Needmore, PA; A. Williams, Winter Haven, FL; William Rasmussen, Albuquerque, NM; and William H. Zoeller, Cooperstown, NY. We are pleased you are now members.

Dewitt Tucker, 702nd, a member of the Oliver Whitcomb crew, recently sent me a terrific package of crew pictures including several with civilians whom he identified thusly: "The group pictures with civilian men and women were taken at the Hammer-smith County Cinema in London. Our crew was chosen to represent the 8th AF, 2nd Air Division at the premier showing of the movie *Wings of Victory*, starring Jeanie Crain. This was a film about a B-24 crew in training and on a combat mission. Our crew dubbed in the voices of the crew thus the pictures on stage. After the show we were guests of MGM Studios in London at a banquet honoring the 8th AF, 2nd AD and the 445th Bomb Group." Dewitt says the cinema is still there on the way to Heathrow Airport. He emphasizes that these are the only pictures he has of his crew, and that I should guard them with "your 445th zeal." He further noted that Clyde W. Garrett, waist gunner, was the great-great-grandnephew of Sheriff Garrett, who shot Billy The Kid.

John Vessels, 700th, responded to my recent request asking who had left a note in the Hospitality Room in Las Vegas with two

names — Harry Patterson and Johnny Gorgon — on it. John enclosed a photo of his crew taken in Sioux Falls to verify that both of these fellows were on his crew. Thanks, John.

Richard Eckman says he recently purchased an A-2 jacket to pass on to his grandson, and would like to have a 445th insignia and a 703rd patch. The 445th did not have an insignia until it became a transport outfit, well after the war. Does anyone have a spare 703rd patch? The best I can do is send him a picture of it. Richard also enclosed the following photo of the George Young crew of which he was a member.



George Young Crew, 703rd Squadron. Standing: Patchen, Young, Hodshire, Smitty, Prueher. Kneeling: Talley, Eckman, Doerr, Souders, Wiley.

I am aware that I have failed to include some important notices and happenings in this article, but I have been at a distinct handicap, not having received mail for a month and being away from my records. Forgive me, please; or better yet, come on down to Hilton Head and give me heck.

The Men

by David E. Hubler (56th Fighter Group)

The following tribute in verse is dedicated to all the enlisted men who served in the 56th Fighter Group during World War II. Their very reason for being was "to keep them flying." As a whole, this hardy band was identified with two words: The Men. Their performance of duty throughout the duration transformed those two simple words into synonyms for loyalty and dedication. These words from one who knew and served with them are to accord some measure of recorded appreciation for what they gave for freedom. For, like Emerson, I believe that "everyman is a hero and an oracle to somebody."

They came answering their nation's call to duty:
Moved by the stroke of a pen to a new life and more.
Blended with old regulars, they worked and trained.
Then on orders they sailed to do their part in that Big War.

At Kingscliffe, Wittering, Horsham St. Faith, Halesworth and
Boxed they served.
Each at his assigned task, they toiled every day.
Night found them tired, seeking rest they deserved.
It was there in huts cold and damp they thought of home so far away.

But rest was sparse as early mission calls soon broke the night.
Back to the flight line alert to needs of fuel and gun.
Each scheduled plane was checked and made ready.
Once more their day began before the sun.

Enduring they gave their all to help their heroes in the sky.
Behind the scenes in wind, mud and rain.
Each Thunderbolt, each pilot, each mission they knew.
Always grateful for a safe return; at each loss they shared the pain.

Mere words failed to describe their loyalty and dedication.
Seeing freedom threatened each knew why he was there.
At last peace did come to that brave, sovereign land.
It was time for "the men" to leave; they had done their share.

Older and seasoned they returned to home.
Most to loved ones, places and ways that they knew.
But some, longing for those days of comradeship in their recent past,
Found the contentment they longed for wearing the Air Force blue.

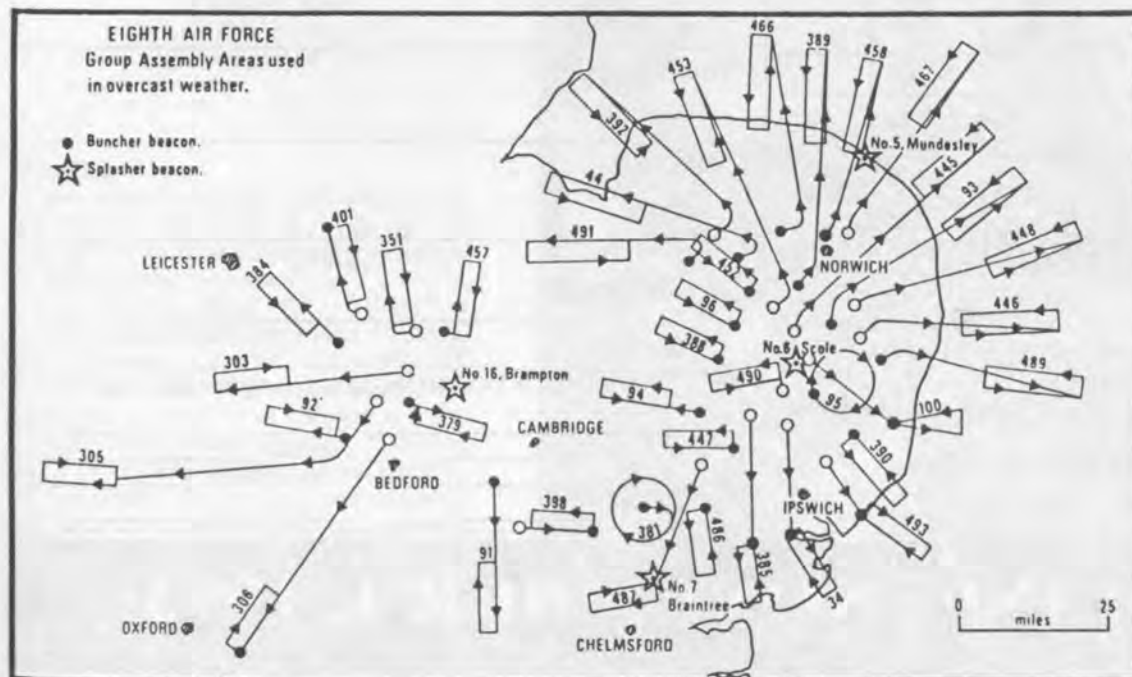
As the years hastened on, memories of the Big War began to fade;
Pushed to the past by new wars in some distant land.
And so, too, did those who served go one by one
Quietly away from us to their final rest and peaceful stand.

And be it near or far, an ending will be marked for me.
A final journey I will make just like the others.
And there in that celestial wonderment I, too, will at last be home;
To stand forever with that faithful, unsung band;
"The Men", my brothers.



Technical Sergeant David E. Hubler 15058720 • Age 21
Flight Chief "C" Flight
62nd Fighter Squadron, 56th Fighter Group, England
Horsham St. Faith (Station 123), Front of Hangar (Unit No. 1)

A Maalox Moment



**And It Looked So
Neat, Well Organized
and Feasible!**

From
"The 390th Veterans Association/
Foundation Newsletter"
390th Bombardment Group (H)
(A B-17 US 8th AF Group)



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Don't be left out! Over 600 Second Air Division veterans have sent in their biographies to be included in the *Second Air Division History Book*. A final deadline of November 1, 1993, is being offered to send your information, a brochure is being sent to you in the mail. This book is scheduled for release Summer of 1994.

John B. Conrad

John B. Conrad, President
2nd Air Division Association

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DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 1, 1993

Letters



Dear Bill:

What a pleasant surprise it was when Roger Garrison showed me the article you had put in the Spring 1993 issue of the JOURNAL (page 20) about the American Eagle Squadrons! I really appreciate your help in my efforts to spread the word about both the Eagles and the books by Vern Haugland.

I have already had two requests for information. My research in local libraries as well as contacts with some of the Eagles have provided me with quite a dossier on the subject, and I'm very happy to be able to share what I know and am learning with others.

Last week, Mrs. Haugland phoned me from her home in San Juan Capistrano, California to express her profound appreciation for this publicity. It seems that I'm getting to be her press agent!

Many thanks for your assistance in what has become an extremely interesting project for me, a veteran "landlubber" among ETO veterans. I think I've learned more during the past year about wartime aviation than in my four years of military service! Even airplane recognition during the war drew mostly blanks with me, but I have many nostalgic moments of seeing and hearing the planes roar into the wild blue yonder as they took off from England headed for the continent.

Next time we go to England I'm hoping we'll have time to at least visit Duxford and some of the other places I've been reading about.

William E. Beatty
194 Connor Drive
Henrietta, NY 14467

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Just read the Summer 1993 issue of the JOURNAL. The article at the bottom of page 25, "Anxious Gunner" by Robert Bocek, stirred my memory.

One evening about "dark thirty" I received a phone call from a pilot, I believe, who informed me that he had a broken IFF antenna and a morning mission coming up. Told him I would take care of it. Sure enough when I found the plane, it was the one with the hem-stitching on the horizontal stabilizers. The antenna was mounted just aft of the top turret and had been cut off as if by a cutting torch.

Arthur C. Magill
2003 Hanna
Conroe, TX 77385-8048

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Ms. Cohen:

I have been instructed by Pete Henry to send this to your attention. Please find enclosed my membership application and postal money order in the amount of \$15.00 for annual dues.

For nearly ten years, I have been an ardent researcher and collector of memorabilia relating to the heavy bomb groups of the 8th Air Force during World War II. I have read extensively on the B-24s and their missions. I feel honored to be a part of the Second Air Division Association.

I learned about the Second Air Division Association from a conversation with Hathy Veynar. She has listened to my ramblings without complaint. She also shared some thoughts on her experience at 8th AF HQ during the war. That conversation has led me to re-examine the role of HQ personnel in the war effort, and more precisely, the role of women, who made many sacrifices — and received little credit. She is a remarkable lady and you must be very proud to have her involved in the 2AD.

Ron R. Van Sickle
9605 Duffer Way
Gaithersburg, MD 20879

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

April 20, 1993 is a day one Okie retiree will never forget. Col. Robert Vincent, 458th BG, had won an earlier raffle for a ride in the All American when it came to Stillwater. Upon the Lib's arrival, Bob greeted it wearing his "pink & green" WWII uniform complete with a white scarf.

On the ramp there was a brief chat about an old Form 5. Then, en route from Stillwater to Lawton the pilot looked to his right and said, "Okay, Colonel, it's your airplane."



The Real Thing! Col. Robert Vincent and his grandson, Dillon, are making a cockpit check of the All American. Bob has classified Dillon as his best co-pilot — ever!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I am writing to notify you of my husband's death, December 31st, 1993 — Robert Coleman, 93rd Bomb Group. Bob had been in a nursing home for a little over a year.

I would like to thank you for the Second Air Division Association JOURNAL that he received regularly. He was very proud of his association with the 8th Air Force and looked forward to the JOURNAL.

He would talk to anyone and everyone about his wartime experiences and about the Second Air Division.

As a British subject, I'm always amazed at the affection you "Yanks" have for the years you spent in Britain and for the British people.

I'm saving all the copies of the JOURNAL so that my family will always have a remembrance of history.

Ellen M. Coleman
5790 E. Cochise Trail
Tucson, AZ 85715

Editor's Note: Bob provided many photos that appeared in the JOURNAL over the years. We will miss him.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Adrenaline was flowing and all of the gauges and knobs were in the same places they were 50 years ago. Bob logged about 30 minutes of stick time, his first in almost half a century, while the pilot and engineer looked on in amazement.

"Shoot, there was nothing to it...just like driving 'A Dog's Life' out of Horsham St. Faith in 1945," Vincent said later.

I'm amazed too — a 50 year old uniform that still fits?

George A. Reynolds

Dear Bill:

Here is a picture taken by Bob Dubowsky during the visit of the 44th Bomb Group in October 1992 — clear evidence that we all survived the "Return to England 1992." It was a busy time. Our Visitors Book confirms that more than 1000 Americans made a special visit to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library. Some of these people were travelling in big groups — Bomb Groups, study tours of World War II, tourists. Others came here "on their own."

This Friendly Invasion had a big impact on daily life in the Memorial Library. Many of our regular readers quickly grabbed the books they wished to read and retreated to other, quieter, parts of the Norwich Central Library. We became a kind of Office of Information on hotels, B&B accommodation, what to see in Norwich, where to get fish and chips, where to buy British flat caps, dolls for grandchildren, etc. We located old friends (there were some wonderful personal reunions). We retrieved lost property and turned in abandoned rental cars. We talked all day every day from May through October, explaining the history of this unique memorial. We managed to get everyone who had not made previous arrangements out to their old base for a "tour" with a local expert. We achieved this feat with the help of our 80 local volunteers (retired Rotarians, Lions, businessmen, regular library users) who offered "instant" taxi service for veterans and their families. New friendships were made on these trips. Some 2nd AD men have returned to Norwich in 1993 to spend more time with their 1992 "escorts."

1993 promises to be a quieter year, but we still get visitors every day. For example, today we saw some Dutch people who had helped 2nd AD men through the Underground, a party of schoolchildren from London, the family of a man who was lost on a mission to Kiel, and a 467th man who knew nothing about the 2nd Air Division Association (a taxi driver suggested that he should come to the Library). Visitors are often overcome by their emotions when they arrive in this wonderful room. It must be difficult to visualize what goes on here. I can only say that every day is different and a challenge for us all.

Aside from the constant stream of visitors it is important to remember that we are also running a resource of information about the 2nd Air Division, the American presence in East Anglia during World War II, and American culture. Much of the work necessary to maintain the quality of the book collection must be done "behind the scenes" to avoid interruptions. I have a little office in another part of the library and this is where I do things like ordering books and answering letters inquiring about the Second Air Division. I wish that there could be some way for you all to hear some of the appreciative comments we receive from our Norfolk readers. These people are well aware that all these beautiful books and magazines are a gift from "their" Americans.

We hope that those of you who have not

yet visited the Memorial Library will come to see us in 1994. Please write to me when you start your trip. We can help make your visit to East Anglia easier and more rewarding. We look forward to welcoming you.

See you at Hilton Head!

Phyllis DuBois
Trust Librarian
Norwich Central Library
Bethel Street
Norwich
Norfolk NR2 1NJ
England

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Evelyn:

Please put Lois and me down on the list for the possible 1995 Norwich reunion. Here is our check for \$100.00.

We decided to be gamblers on this, both that there will be a trip to Norwich and that we will be able to make it.

The notice in the JOURNAL said "May - June?" We like that time period. Remembering the 1987 trip, the thing that stands out in our mind is the visit to the cemetery on Memorial Day. It really underscored the whole purpose of the Second Air Division Association.

Let's hope you are successful and can survive all the work required to set up another trip to our second home in Norwich.

Antonio E. Bertapelle
6961 Leyden Street
Commerce City, CO 80022-2641

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Just writing your address brought back many fond memories, because I lived in Andover, MA for many years in the thirties. I also enjoyed swimming at Crane's Beach in Ipswich.

Most of the letters in the JOURNAL are from air crews, and you seldom get one from ground crews. I joined the 453rd at March Field as they were training for overseas duty. Prior to that, I had been an instructor in Wyoming and Nebraska. In the 453rd, I served as an instructor again in gunnery. Then on to Old Buckingham on the Queen Elizabeth.

When the crews came in, I tried to get on an air crew, but was turned down because of wearing glasses. I did, however, fly to relieve General Patton when he ran out of gas after breaking through the German lines. We loaded the bomb bays with gas in Jerry cans. I then flew over in the waist, and made sure the cans dropped clear of the bomb bay. The first few times, we flew in at about 200 feet. At that altitude, some cans exploded on impact. The last couple of times we actually landed, and General Patton and his men helped us unload.

This is a memorable experience I had, and I wonder if anyone else remembers it.

Walter M. Easdon
1537 East 111th Place
Northglenn, CO 80233

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Would you please print this picture of 2nd Lt. Jess Hubert Edwards, who arrived at the 93rd BG after Ploesti and was assigned to the 330th BS.

I received a request last year from his daughter, Virginia A. Van Wagoner, 7243 S. 525 E, Apt. #1, Midvale, UT 84047, phone 801-561-7311. She is looking for someone who knew her father to provide any insightful recollections of him. The only thing that I could find was one sortie report of Aug. 19, 1943. They didn't show first names on those reports, but it showed pilot 1st Lt. Bullock and co-pilot 2nd Lt. Edwards flying plane #42-0985 named "Georgia Peach," on mission to high altitude bombing Foggia marshalling yards, Italy. I found a T/Sgt. Bain, radio operator — if he is the Sam Bain that I know, he is the only crew member who is a member of the 2nd ADA.

I received another letter from Mrs. Van Wagoner on May 20, 1993, and she couldn't find a certificate of his bombing missions, but did send a brief report of his time in the service, from the family Bible. He joined the 93rd BG while we were in Africa and went back to England with the Group. It also showed that he had completed his missions June 3, 1944 and was assigned to the 310 Ferry Squadron in England. Arrived back in New York Jan. 2, 1945. Decorations: DFC, Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, ETO ribbon with two campaign stars.

Anything that anyone knows of Lt. Edwards, please pass it on to me or to Mrs. Van Wagoner at the address above.

Floyd H. Mabey
28 Hillside Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801-3144



2nd Lt. Jess Hubert Edwards

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Please publish this picture of pilot, 1st Lt. Robert W. Marx, member of the 409th BS, 93rd BG, killed in takeoff crash Dec. 19, 1944 at Hardwick. He was an older brother of the father of John A. Marx, LTC U.S. Army, HHC, 3d Coscom, Unit 29620, APO AE 09096, who is now an Associate member of the 2nd ADA. Col. Marx wishes to correspond with anyone who knew his uncle personally.

I have already sent him information I had received from several members about this crash that involved another member of that crew, T/Sgt. Wiegand. Information was received from members, Bill Carpenter, Earl W. "Barney" Bernard, Kenneth F. Riggs, Joe W. Redden LTC (Ret.), and Bill Davenport of the 446th BG. I believe I wrote and thanked all of these fellows, but thanks again.

I have answered requests for two different crew members with all of the information I received. It isn't very often that I receive this much, from all of my requests for information. This makes all my work worthwhile.

Please contact LTC Marx personally at the address above.

Floyd H. Mabey
28 Hillside Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801-3144



Lt. Robert W. Marx

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I have just finished reading the Spring 1993 issue of the JOURNAL, and am making reference to the piece submitted by Dave Patterson (445th) relating to the Veterans of Foreign Wars (page 16).

The third paragraph says that a spokesman for the V.F.W. claims that the organization is "the oldest major veterans organization in America, founded in 1899." Please be advised that the Jewish War Veterans of the United States of America was founded in 1896, and claims to be the oldest veterans organization in America. They are currently trying to get a stamp approved by the postal authorities to commemorate their 100 years of service to our country.

Just wanted to set the record straight.

The JOURNAL is a great publication. Keep it up.

Joseph Sadt
Albuquerque, NM

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I enclose a recent photo of myself and four other surviving members of the Capt. Bickerstaff crew (453rd Group, 734th Squadron), along with our wives. The picture was taken in a courtroom of the Supreme Court Courthouse, Riverhead, New York, where I preside as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

Our conversations centered around our activities and accomplishments since leaving "Old Buck" in the fall of 1944. You know — the family, careers, and grandchildren. Of course we also reminisced about how we won WWII. First we knock out the German Luftwaffe, next the synthetic petroleum factories, occasionally a "V2" site. We bragged about leading the Division on the first American daylight raid to Berlin. We also stopped to thank God for the fact that we survived three crash-landings. For sure we reminisced about each other's heroic exploits. The conversation truly resembled a meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society.

Unfortunately, our great crew was separated in June 1944 after our 25th mission. This came about because Col. Jimmy Stewart — Group Operation Office — having flown several missions with us as a Command Pilot, decided to promote our pilot, Capt. Bickerstaff, to be his assistant. I regret to report that Capt. Bickerstaff died in a crash while flying as a flight instructor on a training mission in 1945. I am

informed that the other members of the crew have "folded their wings."

The reunion was truly a great experience. I highly recommend it to all the crews who have not had one. Ours was concluded in a nostalgic setting. We had dinner together at a restaurant known as the "69th Fighter Group," located on the grounds of what was Republic Aviation (where the P-47s were built in the 1940s). The restaurant consists of an Air Force type of cinderblock control tower and several attached Nissen huts surrounded by some dismantled fighter relics.

In spite of the fact that we had not seen each other since September of 1944, we really enjoyed being together. The ladies, who had never met before, also got along well. I believe they shared our pride and happiness in our just being together and our expression of mutual admiration not just of ourselves for each other, but also for the ground crew, the Squadron, the Group and the select assembly of young people known as the "Army Air Corps."

Our get-together might have occurred by our own efforts, but I want you to know that through your accomplishments in promoting and fostering pride and self-esteem in us as members of the 2nd Air Division, our getting together was made easier. Thank you and keep up the good work.

Arthur M. Cromarty, J.S.C.
Lindenhurst, New York



Reuniting 453rd crew members (left to right, with their wives): Lt. Herbert Crisp, navigator; Lt. Arthur Cromarty, bombardier; Sgt. (Red) Paul Harper, flight engineer; Sgt. Thomas Wingard, waist gunner; Sgt. Norman Raeber, radio operator.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I am a retired Air Force pilot and a freelance aviation artist. Recently I finished a painting commemorating the Ploesti low-level raid (please see enclosed snapshot). "Snow White" was the flagship of one of the squadrons involved.

I am having this painting turned into a limited edition (1000) lithograph. The title of the piece is "TIDAL WAVE, Sunday, 1 Aug '43" and the image size is 18 x 24 inches. I am offering it for sale at \$65.00 per unframed print, if anyone is interested.

Michael J. Karaffa
248 Cedar Street
Vacaville, CA 95688

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



"TIDAL WAVE, Sunday, 1 Aug '43."
Painting by Michael J. Karaffa.

Dear Evelyn:

This letter could be an interesting find for some of the people who were in the Second Air Division and probably without doubt for those who were in the 93rd B.G.

A short time ago, I came across a framed document showing the number of missions that I flew, the date, and generally where the mission was off to. The frame was rather worn out, and I decided to take it to a framing shop to get it properly displayed.

After I dropped off the old frame and its contents, I started walking out and it dawned on me that "in the good old days" sometimes messages were inserted behind a framed picture or document. So I went back into the shop and mentioned my theory, and the owner said that it was a good idea. Promptly and very carefully he slit open the back of the frame.

Lo and behold, out came a handwritten document, which showed not only the dates of the missions but also the specific target and some other data which was most interesting.

I can't say whether this was the normal thing to do at Group Headquarters or at the Squadron level, but if any of our people have such documents, they too might carefully slit open the back of the frame and see if some kind of message is there. Needless to say, those documents are now suitably framed and I take great pride in showing them to people who may be interested.

Murray D. Friedman
Pennsylvania

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

After reading the letter from Ron Ring in the Spring 1993 JOURNAL (page 33), I had hopes of finding the three remaining crew members I have not contacted.

I sent a letter of explanation and three stamped addressed envelopes (name only) to the Mid West Social Security office. The results are evident in this reply letter I received from the Social Security Office of Public Inquiries:

"This is in response to your letter concerning the whereabouts of Messrs. John Fiel, Joseph R. Ferrara, and John Portoghese.

"We regret that we cannot forward the enclosed letters. We forward letters primarily for the benefit of the missing person rather than the requester. The service is available to inform a person about a matter of great importance of which he or she is unaware and about which he or she would undoubtedly want to be informed. For example, where there is a serious illness or death in the missing person's immediate family or a missing person is due a sizeable amount of money, such as an inheritance, we will attempt to forward a letter.

"Because letter forwarding is not related in any way to a Social Security program, the use of the service must be limited so that it does not interfere with our regular program activities. Since your reason for wanting to contact Messrs. Fiel, Ferrara, and Portoghese does not meet our criteria, we cannot help you."

Oh, well, maybe someday I will find out about Fiel, Ferrara and Portoghese.

Dwight Bishop
10125 Black Angus Road
Dewey, AZ 86327

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Thanks to you for including my letter in the JOURNAL (Winter 1992, page 35), regarding two members of my crew having the same laundry mark, I have been contacted by Edward Moran, missing since 1945. This completes the full circle of our crew — nine living and one passed on.

Looking forward to having him at a future reunion. Thanks again!

Fred Hollien
13 Bunton Street
Milton, MA 02186-5736

Editor's Note: See, it works!

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am a first-time contributor to the JOURNAL, having only recently joined the Association. I attended my first convention in Las Vegas last year, and am now a devout reader of the JOURNAL.

I've been wanting to send in this picture of my crew which was taken after flying our fifth mission on July 18th, 1944. I think it was the normal thing, a picture taken after the fifth mission, figuring if we made it this far maybe we will make it through the 30th.

Anyway, I would like to submit this for publication with the hope that some of my crew may be members of the 2ADA and will respond. The plane in the background was a borrowed plane; we did not get our own plane until after this mission. Ours was the "Linda Lou."

Alex Wallace
P.O. Box 7
Lake Tahoe
Carnelian Bay, CA 96140



Alex Wallace Crew, 453rd BG, 735th SQ, July 18, 1944. Standing (l-r): Matty Bardon, navigator; Louis Blais, co-pilot; Alex Wallace, pilot; Bernar Alfred, bombardier. Kneeling (l-r): Rudy Vodicka, radio operator; L. Clarence Squires, waist gunner; Ed Schwartz, tail gunner; N.L. Jones, waist gunner; Harold Thompson, engineer; Art Hbessel, armament.

+ + + +

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION BILL ROBERTIE

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