



Volume 33 Number 4

Winter 1994



## Headquarters 2nd Air Division

### Bomb Groups

44th	93rd	389th
392nd	445th	446th
448th	453rd	458th
466th	467th	489th
491st	492nd	

### Fighter Groups

4th 56th 355th

### Scouting Force Fighter Groups

361st 479th

### Other Groups and Attached Units





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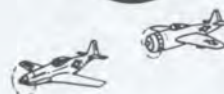
# SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



# JOURNAL



The official publication of  
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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 December, March, June or September.



# PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

CHARLES "CHUCK" WALKER

My first message as your president outlined the areas I felt most in need of our attention during my term in office.

This is my second message, and it goes without saying that the catastrophic fire of 1 August 1994, which consumed the Norwich Central Library and our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, has changed our entire focus. The following is our initial approach to dealing with this disaster:

On the basis of recommendations made by E. Bud Koorndyk following his several telephone consultations with Tom Eaton and Hilary Hammond of the Memorial Trust, I hereby appoint the following committees, charged with the responsibility of determining the association's best course of action for accomplishing the tasks that lie ahead. Subcommittees and individuals will be expected to function under the guidance and jurisdiction of E. Bud Koorndyk and Richard Kennedy, backup for Koorndyk's position on the Board of Governors.



## 2ADA MEMORIAL ROOM EMERGENCY COMMITTEE:

E. Bud Koorndyk (389th), Chairman  
Richard Kennedy (448th), Cochairman

## SUBCOMMITTEES:

### Roll of Honor - Donations:

Jordan Uttal (HQ), Chairman  
Ray Strong (HQ)  
Elwood Nothstein (466th)

### Physical Properties - Chairs, Computers, Etc.:

John Conrad (392nd), Chairman  
David Patterson (445th)  
J. Fred Thomas (392nd)

### Memorabilia - Tapes, Etc.:

Geoff Gregory (467th), Chairman  
Joseph Dzenowagis (467th)  
Charles Walker (445th).

## OPERATING POLICY FOR 2ADA MEMORIAL RECOVERY EFFORT:

The full force and effect of the 2AD Memorial Room rebuilding program can best be realized by channeling our efforts through a single line of communications. Much can be misinterpreted or even lost by uncoordinated "helter skelter" action by even the most well intentioned members.

Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors, and Hilary Hammond, Honorary Chief Executive of the Board of Governors and Director of Arts and Libraries, are both in full agreement with this "chain of command" approach, and indicate they will follow the same approach to the extent possible. They request that information, recommendations or any other data received privately by 2ADA members from interested parties in Norwich, be discouraged unless the data has previously been coordinated with Mr. Eaton or Mr. Hammond.

Therefore, it is requested that the above appointed committees operate under the guidance and jurisdiction of Chairman E. Bud Koorndyk and Cochairman Richard Kennedy. Information needed by the individual subcommittees relative to their responsibilities shall be directed to Bud Koorndyk and Dick Kennedy. All correspondence via phone, mail or fax to Norwich relating to committee work should have prior approval or knowledge of the chair or cochair. All reports on their activities by subcommittees shall be directed to Koorndyk and Kennedy for proper disposition. In no case shall activity reports be shared with our Norwich counterparts except through the above stated channels.

I would like to make it clear that these policies are not in any way meant to restrict the work of the committees but rather to assure that we approach this monumental task in an orderly manner. Tom Eaton, David Hastings, Hilary Hammond and Phyllis DuBois have been inundated with calls of concern and offers of support, as has been the case amongst our 2ADA officers and executive committee members.

This is a beginning plan. As time and circumstances indicate, additional subcommittees and committee members will be added as needed.

A herculean task lies ahead, but with each member's help and support, we can "do it again" — THIS IN REVERENT TRIBUTE TO OUR COMRADES WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE CAUSE FOR FREEDOM.

May God bless you all for the support I am confident you will give to this last and most important mission of the 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force. ■

## AS YOU READ YOUR JOURNAL...

**REPORT ON THE  
MEMORIAL TRUST..... 4**  
Reports from Tom Eaton and Hilary Hammond cover the immediate needs which must be addressed and also a vision for the future of the Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library.

**HOW I GOT THE DFC...  
by Ted Smith ..... 20**  
My DFC falls into a category all its own, because the citation awarding me the medal was a piece of almost pure fiction.

**48th ANNUAL CONVENTION  
INFORMATION..... 38**  
Here are all the details on the next 2ADA convention, July 3-6 in Lexington, Kentucky. Get your reservations in now!

*Enjoy your Journal. It's good reading!*

## TRIP TO NORWICH May 5-12, 1995

We have had a few cancellations.  
If you are interested in going, contact  
Evelyn Cohen at (215) 632-3992.

## 2ADA LIFE MEMBERSHIPS NOW AVAILABLE!

**Through 69 YEARS of Age  
\$150.00**

**70-79 YEARS of Age  
\$120.00**

**80 YEARS of Age & Up  
\$90.00**

**Send Your Check,  
Made Out to 2ADA,  
to Evelyn Cohen.**



# Report on the Memorial Trust

BY E. BUD KOORNDYK

I find mere words are inadequate to express the deep emotion felt by myself and Richard Kennedy upon our arrival in Norwich to attend a special meeting of the Board of Governors on Tuesday, the 20th of September. Hilary Hammond, Director of Arts and Libraries, at the request of BBC TV and with special permission from the fire authorities, had arranged for BBC TV to record our reactions to the fire and subsequent loss of the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Room. This taping took center stage on the evening news and will be part of a complete documentary at a later date. Prior to my departure for home, David Hastings graciously took the copy of this event which BBC had presented to me of this interview and incorporated it into his previous media reports on the fire. I hope to have this completed tape changed from the PAL system used in England over to our American format and will arrange to have it shown at our convention in Lexington in July.

The following reports given by Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors, and Hilary Hammond, Director of Arts and Libraries and CEO of the Board of Governors, best reflect the opinions and concerns shared with all of the governors at the meeting on September 20th. The reports cover the immediate needs which must be addressed and also a vision for the future of the Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library.

May I urge all patience as we begin the process of rebuilding, and ask all members to please work within the guidelines established by our president, Chuck Walker, when he drew up the 2ADA Memorial Room emergency committee. There are many unanswered questions at this time and I will share the answers to these as I receive them from Tom Eaton. The process of rebuilding will take some time, but *it will be completed* as our last and final mission.

## REPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN TOM EATON

In presenting this report I must first record the sadness we all feel at the destruction of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in the disastrous fire that destroyed the Norwich Central Library on Monday, August 1st, 1994.

So many people, Americans and British alike, over a period of nearly fifty years, had contributed with money, heart, mind and spirit to the creation of a room which was the central feature of a memorial to over 6,700 Americans of the 2nd Air Division, "who, flying from bases in these parts, gave their lives defending freedom between 1941 and 1945." It was indeed a physical part of the war memorial, very precious to the veterans of

the 2nd Air Division, which has been lost.

But the memorial is greater than a special room in the Norwich Central Library, important as that was to all who remembered the sacrifice of so many comrades in arms. And so, at this time of sadness for something lost, we must not forget that the spirit of the memorial lives on and will continue in perpetuity.

The Second Air Division Memorial was founded so that those who died might be remembered, from generation to generation, by the people of East Anglia and beyond through the reading of American literature so that all might gain, over the years, a better understanding of America and Americans. That part of the memorial continues undiminished as, day by day, fresh American books are purchased and, each bearing a memorial bookplate, they are loaned through the Norfolk branch libraries to those many people whose interest in America and things American remains unextinguished by the fire.

Our meeting today is not concerned with holding an inquest as to how and why the fire happened — that is for Mr. B.P. Pearson, the solicitor appointed by the Norfolk County Council, to investigate and establish. Our task is to consider the future and from our experience of the past fifty years, to plan the building of a new Memorial Room that will not only be worthy of that which has been destroyed but will also reflect the changes in library practice and the lessons we have learned.

As I have mentioned earlier in this report, the creation of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room was an act of faith and none of those who were its founders could envisage its future which, because it is a living memorial, has evolved over the years to meet the changing needs and interests of those who use it.

In particular, the Memorial Room became a visitors' centre not just for veterans of the 2ADA but for all who from far and wide sought information about the USA on every subject under the sun. Because of that the Memorial Room gained a spirit and vitality that was extra special.

One of our tasks in the immediate future must be to reestablish a memorial visitors' centre so that American contacts are not only maintained but are developed. To create that we could do well to remember that it is the quality of the teachers that make a school, not the quality of the buildings, although, of course, they can help. So it is with the 2nd Air Division Memorial — it is the spirit that it reflects, the welcome we give to visitors and the service we provide, whatever the physical difficulties may be, that matters in the end.

I therefore recommend to you all that in recording our sadness at what has been lost,

we remember with thankfulness all that remains and we resolve that from now on we work to build on what has already so admirably been achieved.

In the words of Longfellow — from his Psalm of Life —

*"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us farther than today."*

## REPORT ON REPLACING THE 2AD MEMORIAL ROOM BY HILARY HAMMOND

Tom Eaton, Chairman of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, reported to the governors his view of the impact of the fire at the Norwich Central Library on the work of the trust, which the governors endorsed. My report to the governors concentrates on what was lost in the fire and how the Memorial Room can be reestablished.

The fire was devastating as far as the public Memorial Room was concerned. The Roll of Honor, the memorabilia in the display cases, the visitors book which had recorded all visitors since 1963, the group rolls of honor, the information about the groups and the list of donors were all lost, together with the entire bookstock in the public areas. Some books had been kept in a reserve collection on another floor. These were damaged by smoke and water, particularly the unit histories and some rare wartime books. They have been taken to a special company where they are being dried out and conserved. Several boxes of information about reunions and photographs of the Memorial Room itself have been saved, although they are smoke damaged.

The material identified by Martin Levitt and transferred to the Record Office store has also been saved.

We know that the Memorial Room, your memorial, serves three functions, all of which need to be replaced. These are:

- (1) A living memorial to the 6,700 of your colleagues who gave their lives in World War II;
- (2) A home for you, your colleagues, and those interested in the exploits of the 2nd Air Division to see what the 2nd Air Division accomplished during the war, as well as what has happened to the bases since then;
- (3) A unique American public library for Norfolk people to give them the opportunity of understanding the United States, its people, businesses and culture.

The governors heard from Bud Koorndyk and Richard Kennedy about the arrangements the association has made through the

*(continued on page 6)*



# Greetings from Texas!

BY GEOFF GREGORY (467th)  
2ADA EXECUTIVE VP



One of the most difficult tasks in writing an article by the executive vice president is the choosing of a subject which will not be used by someone else. So, here is an exclusive.

As your executive VP, my first task was to write a letter to all group VPs and executive committee members. During the writing, I proceeded to put President Chuck Walker into the wrong group, and not being satisfied with that, I proceeded to put an "E" on the end of Bud Koorndyk's name. Now it is

unforgivable to place the president in the wrong group and I apologize. However if Bud doesn't know how to spell his own name, that's his lookout. Hang on to those letters, folks, they may become valuable.

It is hard to bring a little humor into what has been probably the darkest month in the association's history. I had resolved not to address the subject of the fire, but I must say something.

A disaster which affects two distinct groups of people sometimes points up the qualities of each which promoted friendship in the first place.

Certainly our friends in Norwich were wrenched by the terrible loss they suffered when the Norwich Central Library burned, along with thousands of books and county records dating back a thousand years. Yet, there they were, as concerned with *our* loss as with their own, hard hats in place, jaws set and not without tears, stumbling through the rubble of our Memorial Room, looking for anything salvageable. If we ever took their caring for granted, we can no longer. Here were many Norfolk common people who came from all directions to offer help. We knew that our people, Tom Eaton, Hilary Hammond, Phyllis DuBois, David Hastings, our Board of Governors, and our library staff would be there. We *weren't* prepared for the outpouring of affection and caring of so many other citizens of Norwich and Norfolk. They were there, and we are grateful.

Special kudos go to David Hastings, who seemed to be everywhere, keeping us informed by letter, newspaper excerpts, taping of radio and television news, and making telephone calls.

Speaking of newspaper coverage, where were the great American dailies such as the *New York Times*, *Baltimore Sun*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Dallas Morning News*, *Los Angeles Times*, etc.? Not a word did I see, except for the *Ft. Worth Star Telegram*, and a local California paper. Both of these carried an account of the fire and the loss of our Memorial. Thank you!

The omission on the part of the press does point out a weakness in our organization which needs to be addressed. Our public relations (PR) is not up to snuff. I'm sure that under the leadership of Bud Chamberlain, our new vice president communications, this area of operations will be substantially improved soon.

A big thrill to this old 467th man came when I played David Hastings' tape of a Norwich news broadcast and heard the voice of John Logan (467th), reassuring one and all that the Yanks would return, and the Memorial Room would indeed rise again. *You got it right, John.*

So, God bless all our friends. We may not always agree on everything that comes along, but when we need them, they seem to be there. We will not forget. ■

Although I had been on many job assignments in England since World War II, as resident engineer at factories producing equipment for the electric facility in Los Angeles that employed me, there had been no time available to revisit Norwich. That was finally corrected in 1994 when my wife, Mary Anne, and I toured parts of the country and renewed acquaintances with friends in the London area.

On Saturday morning, July 30, we visited the Memorial Room of the Second Air Division USAF, housed in the Central Library on Bethel Street, Norwich. We were pleased to see such an outstanding collection of books and materials on Americana available to the public. The range of U.S. subjects was comprehensive, including biographies of well-known U.S. personalities, music, flora and fauna, travel, railroads and other transportation, and just about anything one would want to know concerning the United States.

Of course, the Second Air Division's presence was not forgotten. Below a reproduction of each bombardment group's tail markings was a box containing a selection of documents, clippings, etc. pertaining to that group. A few artifacts from B-24s were on display. A special place under glass was reserved for the Roll of Honor. Inscribed in appropriate calligraphy was the name of each airman who gave his life during the war. A

## TRAGEDY IN NORWICH

by Thomas A. Nelson  
(453rd, 492nd, 467th)

page was turned every day. Overlooking the room on the rear wall above the bookshelves was a giant photograph of the 467th group engaged on a mission, the bombs having just cleared the bomb bays.

The trust librarian from the United States, Phyllis M. DuBois, was most pleasant and pulled out for us several documents of interest. She stated that research material was kept in the library's basement. Also, Tony North, who worked at the Memorial Room for six years, pointed out the exhibits in the room before he had to leave.

After our visit on Saturday, the library, closed on Sundays, was open for less than six hours before it was ravaged by fire. On Monday, August 1, at 7:35 AM while walking the short distance from the Hotel Nelson to the railway station, we saw smoke going up from the center of Norwich. A tremendous column of thick, black smoke was rising

behind a church tower, as visible from our perspective in front of the station. The thought that the source could be the library did not occur to us. We had seen the exterior of the Central Library again the previous day, Sunday, from the parapets on top of Norwich Castle.

That evening upon arrival in Carlisle, on the other side of England, we heard the devastating news. The library had been the scene of the conflagration, and it had been gutted. The next day, August 2, *The Daily Telegraph* stated, "The United States Air Force Second Air Division Memorial Library was destroyed." (sic). The fire, lasting more than four hours, started at 7:30 AM when a worker switched on lights, causing an explosion due to suspected leaking gas. No one was injured.

Archives of Norwich and Norfolk dating back to 1090 were stored in a fireproof vault in the basement. However, they were soaked by water from the fire hoses. We hope the Second Air Division research material in the basement did not burn. Local companies loaned vans to carry away dripping materials to be freeze dried. This method saved many water-soaked books in the Los Angeles Central Library fire eight years ago.

We sympathize with Phyllis who faces this great loss and the task of salvaging what may not have been consumed. ■





## BY H.C. "PETE" HENRY

By the time you receive this *Journal*, many of you will have attended the 44th Heritage Memorial Group reunion in Colorado Springs, October 5-10, 1994. Rumor has it you would be informed that this is the final 44th HMG reunion and that the board of directors is closing the books on this organization. Another group of 44th BG members has been working on an organization to take up the gavel at that moment and they have selected the name "44th Veterans Association." The association committee consists of Dick Abair, Dick Butler, Bill Cameron, Reg Carpenter, Jim Clements, Pete Henry, Charles Hughes, Bob Lehnhausen, Will Lundy, Jim McAtee, Roy Owen and Bill Strong. Bob Lehnhausen is arranging to incorporate the 44th Veterans Association in the state of Illinois, applying for IRS tax exempt organization status and obtaining the appropriate U.S. postal permits. We will have a new constitution and bylaws for which I believe we can thank Bill Owens. A board of directors was to be elected in Colorado Springs. A new newsletter is in the offing.

Wally Balla (68th SQ) had such a great trip to Russia last fall that INTRAV invited him to join a small group of retired "gray-heads" to visit China in September. So remembering that the Russian champagne every night on the boat and the Radisson Hotel were so good, he thought he'd try their excellent services to China too. Mad fool, he says. Wally read Fodor's travel guide about the Snake Restaurant in Beijing, the

first stop after Tokyo, which has excellent snake bile soup on the menu — They cut out the bile sack right at your table to show it to be FRESH! Then, if you like it, they chop the snake's head off and skin it right at your table before they cook it. I haven't heard from Wally since he sent me this letter, so I don't know whether he went or not.

Robert C. Gibson sent a letter in August informing me that he served with the 3059th Graves Registration Co. at Meppel, Holland in 1945 and '46 when they were transferred from an infantry company, the 102nd Division in Germany. They transferred American airmen from civilian cemeteries in Holland to Germany. He often wondered and still does what became of the rest of the crew when they were shot down. There were two men from the 44th BG, 66th Squadron, C.T. Moriarty and Arthur Goldman, both lieutenants, or presumed to be. Their estimated time of death was 15 March '44. They were disinterred on 20 Feb. '46 and, with their records, sent to Headquarters and buried in the U.S. Military Cemetery in Holland, probably Margraten Cemetery. They had been buried side by side in a cemetery at Nieuw-Leusen, Holland. Lt. Goldman was holding a rabbit's foot in his left hand. His home address was believed to be Pearl Goldman, 1437 E. 120th St., Cleveland, Ohio. If anyone has any information to contribute, please send it to Bob Gibson, 405 Fisher Avenue, Indiana, PA 15701.

Mrs. Meg Smith wrote in August inquiring about her first husband, Woodrow W. "Woody" Cole (67th SQ), who was killed in action 21 Jan. 1944. She also lost an uncle on board a U.S. destroyer taking part in the D-Day invasion. In an earlier letter, which I can't seem to locate, she mentions that she learned so little from Woody's letters because of censorship and, along with other memorabilia, they were destroyed in a fire in their home. She would appreciate help from any 2ADA member in trying to locate any of the surviving members of Cookus' crew. She sent along this photograph of "Woody" (right) with gunnery sergeant Sam Schlegel, taken in Kingman, AZ in 1943.



Here is a list of the crew members on "Liberty Belle" 21 Jan. '44: Keith Cookus, pilot; Howard K. Holliday, copilot; Franklin A. Campbell, navigator; Woodrow W. Cole, bombardier; William N. Anderson, command; Henry A. Weiser, gunnery officer; Robert L. Ager, observer; Andrew A. Kowalski, engineer; Richard J. Trechel, radio operator; Eugene K. Seifried, nose turret; Thomas Fong, ball turret; Walter E. Boyd, left waist gunner; Herman Becker, tail turret. If anyone has any information, please send it to Meg Smith, 812 E. Fesler St., Santa Maria, CA 93454.

I have just received a new roster of 44th Bomb Group members who belong to the 2ADA. Anyone interested in a copy should send \$4.00 to my address, which is on the second page of the *Journal*, 44th BG group vice president.

I go from one extreme to the other. My column in the last *Journal* took more than one page, while this one does not even fill one page. I'm out of material, fellows — so please send me some stories for future issues.

This *Journal* should reach you about the end of November, so Mary and I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a Happy Thanksgiving, a Merry Christmas, and a very happy and healthy New Year. ■

## MEMORIAL (continued from page 4)

2ADA Memorial Room emergency committee to begin the huge task of rebuilding. We are all conscious that you are around 53 years older than when you took part in your last missions over here, and very much appreciate the effort you are putting in to help us rebuild the Memorial in all its aspects.

It will be some three to five years before the Norwich Central Library can be rebuilt or replaced permanently, because of the scale of the damage. Clearly none of us can wait that long to have a library service again in Norwich. That means that we will have to provide a temporary service. This will be in

more than one building, because there are just not any empty buildings in the centre of Norwich large enough to take the library as a whole.

The governors decided that the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room will be in the more central of the buildings, because it is important that it is as close to the heart of the city as possible. We do not yet know where this library will be. This will probably be the lending library, which attracts most visitors.

The County Council was insured against fire, including insurance for the consequential costs of running temporary services for up to three years. As the trust had donated all the furnishings and books to the County Council,

the insurance covers the whole of the Memorial Room at the standard of furnishings with which the Memorial Room operated. However, it is quite possible that the trust may wish to improve the Memorial Room beyond the standard it was able to meet at the time of the fire. That is a question which the governors will have to think about at the next meeting, as that would require the trust to meet the additional cost.

We are all determined that you will have a new Memorial Room just as soon as it is humanly possible. All those involved — governors, staff and councillors — are working as hard as possible to bring this about. ■



# THE UNKNOWN PRIEST OF BUNCHER EIGHT

BY DONALD H. McCLELLAN (491st)

I like to think it was the hand of God I saw raised toward the fog-shrouded skies over England during those early morning takeoffs almost fifty years ago, a time and a place that still echoes ominously in my memory.

The hand belonged to someone I later came to think of as "the unknown priest of Buncher Eight." A tall man, the priest, stood alone in the high wet grass at the end of the runway at our 8th Air Force base in England during World War II and blessed each American bomber as it became airborne and disappeared up and into an air space beepingly identified as Buncher Eight. From inside the speeding aircraft, the unknown priest always flashed before me in an instant and then just as suddenly vanished. But the moments I saw him were my moments of hope.

Today, I can still sense and smell and feel those moments. I can see the priest as he lifts his palm to bless our chances of returning safely. I can also feel the bomber vibrating up and into the dripping canopy of clouds hovering over the channel coast of Great Britain, a checkered landscape far below from where the Liberators of the 491st Bomb Group soared skyward and split the cone of air space designated by radio signals as Buncher Eight.

At altitude, high in the remoteness of the invisible cone, a polka dotted plane awaited us, a comic bomber doing limited duty by circling the perimeter of Buncher Eight, marshalling the most dangerous parade ever devised by man. The four-engine bombers of the 852nd Bomb Squadron heaved into position behind the polka dot plane, forming staggered diamond shaped elements of 12 plane formations, poised to launch out and across the North Sea with their sister ships. The polka dot plane eventually peeled off and faded into the clouds below, the last visual connection with anything we would recognize as friendly and trust as one of our own.

Back on the ground the hand that blessed our departure had perhaps been lowered and the tall unknown priest it belonged to stood gazing heavenward as he murmured a final plea on behalf of the airmen whose presence was now only a receding drone beyond the clouds.

But for this narrative, the priest may have never received a confession outlining how immediate and how permanent his blessings were to those of us who saw him standing alone in the tall wet grass at the end of the runway.

I rolled down that runway and into combat 31 times, and 31 times I saw the priest, always alone, always wet, but always there, offering me an extra dimension that became to me a spiritual necessity in surviving the percentages of death. The same can probably be said for the crew I flew with, but whether or not they also saw the priest, I do not know.

Overseas orders listed our 852nd BS crew

as Richard Hogentogler, pilot; Franklin Norton, copilot; William Kearney, navigator; Ransom Pyle, bombardier; Donald McClellan; Warren Bellis; Wilfred Smith; James Calvello; Anthony Dwojakowski; and Gerald Meyers.

We were a cross section of American youth, perhaps younger on average than most crews, but we blended well and encountered few personality problems. Our homes of record crisscrossed the country from California to Alabama to Brooklyn and a few points in between. None of us were noticeably religious, but each of us appeared to observe God in some way. What we shared was mostly what every heavy bomber crew who flew in combat with the 8th AF shared. We were the glue in the togetherness of a bomber combat crew, a bonding that by its nature is perhaps unparalleled. No stakes in teamwork are higher than the challenge



**FATHER EDWARD NORKETT, Catholic Chaplain of the 491st. At last report Father Norkett, now approaching ninety years of age, was still active in the priesthood and maintains contact with many of his wartime comrades.**

facing those who ante up with death, and no man who experiences that gamble can tell you why one crew wins and another crew loses.

When a person is caught in such a dilemma, he begins to pray for an edge; a talisman, if you will; something to give him and his fellow players that much needed edge against the fickleness of fate.

In life, we all seek a talisman to counterbalance the threat of death. Sometimes the need to control our fate becomes so desperate we conceal within ourselves our deepest and most sincere prayers which we silently embrace in solitude. It is then that we gamble our lives on whatever is thought to be capable of protecting our immediacy, an immediacy nowhere more threatened than in the skies above enemy strongholds where men await you whose sole purpose for being there is to kill you.

The unknown priest of Buncher Eight was

my talisman. He became the deep source within me that warded off the flak and caused the German fighter planes to miss their mark. My combat missions began and ended where the priest stood in the tall wet grass at the end of the runway. He was the beacon from which our plane departed and the light to which it returned. Although he never left that spot, his presence flew with us on every mission.

Among the men who flew our bomber, "The Starduster," the priest was never mentioned. Like players on a baseball team whose pitcher has a no-hitter going, we remained silent, unwilling to disturb the status quo. Each time we flew into Germany and returned safely, it was another successful inning in a desperate game, and we all walked away from the plane knowing we were battling a thousand.

Usually when writing about aerial combat, the mission is rightfully offered as the heart of the experience. I've always remembered each mission with vividness, but the "milk runs" were different from those long hauls deep into Germany where the odds against you increased with each mile traveled. However, there is now a sameness about them all. In retrospect, there were no "milk runs." Every mission dangled dangerously from the same frayed rope of destiny and the crews who were shot down just across the Channel had "bought the farm" as did the crews who fell from the skies above Berlin. And those of us who did not fall will never understand why it happened that way. Today, each of us remembers his combat missions in his own fashion.

That is why my entire wartime experience can be summed up in my memories of the unknown priest. Over the years the memory of him has become central to my overall combat tour, and it has also become somewhat sacred. I have been asked why I never tried to identify the priest. The last thing I want to happen now is for something or someone to make a mere mortal of him. Such a revelation would rip the heart from the faith inherent in believing in something that is impossible to know for certain, a condition in life that must survive if hope itself is to survive.

I much prefer that the unknown priest of Buncher Eight remain as he now lives in my memory; a vague, wet shadow of a man who sought nothing more in life than that the airmen of the 491st Bomb Group be protected, a faceless individual who always stood back in the shadows and whose identity, as far as I am concerned, is known only to God.

*Editor's Note: Unfortunately Hap Chandler telephoned McClellan before reading the entire story, so Don became aware of who the priest was. Many members of the 491st have remarked on Father Ed Norkett and his blessing the planes and their crews as they took off. ■*



# IT LOOKED LIKE DIZZY GILLESPIE'S HORN.

BY AUSTIN J. BURROWS (453rd)

Early 1945, early afternoon, amid the 453rd Bomb Group, 733rd Squadron:

The morning mission had landed and the flight crew had left. Crew chief Ken Olson and I (Austin Burrows, 19, 5'6", 135 lbs. — important to the story) were alone on the line. The plane had to be moved to the hardstand and positioned so that necessary maintenance could be performed.

We put the tow bar on and hooked it to the cletrac. I was in the cockpit and Ken was driving the tractor. That portion of the hardstand was on an uphill slope. When he got it where he wanted it, he braked, got off the cletrac, put the chocks behind the wheels, as there was a small creek about 30 or 40 yards behind us, and called me down to help remove the tow bar. I tried to pull it out of the front wheel, but there was too much tension on it. So Ken said, "Let me back up a hair and you pull it out."

Well, he put it in reverse, let the clutch out, and it jumped back about a foot before he could stop it. I, of course, pulled the bar out as soon as it released. The plane jumped on the chocks and I went back so suddenly that I landed on my rear end. The plane started rolling back down the slope and I quickly got up and took off after it. I got to the bomb bay doors, ducked underneath and crawled up on the walk-



"Whiskey Jingles" ground crew (left to right): Junior Bourne; Jesse James; Ken Olson, crew chief; Austin Burrows; Chuck Bush. What a clean cut group!

way, making my way up to the pilot's seat. Looking out of the windshield I could see Ken running toward me, yelling, "Brakes! Brakes!" This I was already doing, but my feet barely reached the pedals. Ken had stopped running, but yelled, "All brakes!!" By now the plane was really picking up some speed. I grabbed the control yoke, slid down in the seat and pulled with everything I had. The brakes took hold and the next thing I knew my head hit the roof of the cockpit. At the same time the tail of the plane hit the ground.

I must have been out for a few seconds because I remember Ken helping me out. We looked at the ship and it was bent at an upward angle right in the middle at the waist guns about 30 degrees. It looked like Dizzy Gillespie's horn.

I guess my question is, "Does anyone out there know anything about this incident?"

I was treated for a cut on the top of my head and sent to the barracks. When I went back to the hardstand the next morning the plane was gone, and I never heard another word about it. As a very scared, naive 19-year-old I just knew they were going to take it out of my pay.

I'd sure like some input if anyone knows anything about it. I have often wondered why someone didn't ask me any questions. ■

## War in a Cigar Box

### I

Baldwyn, Mississippi was far from the battlefields of Luzon and Normandy,

But convoys of Army trucks and jeeps traveled down

Highway 45 to Camp Shelby

Troop trains rolled along the B and O railroad tracks

Airplanes flew over from Pensacola to the Memphis Naval Air Station.

At night old men patrolled the streets

Scolding neighbors who let light expose our town to the enemy.

### II

We became scavengers.

We searched along the highways, in the woods, on the creek banks

For rusty bicycles, tin cans, chamber pots, toothpaste tubes —

all precious scrap metal.

Chewing gum wrappers were collected.

Little boys tried to construct the biggest tin foil balls.

Saved bacon drippings were used to make explosives.

We watched the Movietone News at the Ritz Theater.

We saw the refugees —

Lost crying babies,

Young women with shaved heads branding them enemy collaborators,

Old men pulling carts loaded with bicycles, tin cans, chamber pots.

We saw the bombs falling on factories, railroads, bridges,

We saw the smoke from burning houses, cities, nations.

### III

When Bobby Tom Chism came home with his decorations and walking cane,

The whole town turned out to welcome him;

He made a speech at the school, and then we kids marched in

The war was over.

The war would never end.

— Alfred Kazin, *New York Jew*

a parade through the two-block business district  
Past McGee and Son's Grocery Store

The son was in Europe

Past the Golden Rule Dime Store

No more "Made in Japan" items available

Past Tom's Drug Store

His daughter was a WAVE

Past the Ritz Theater

Now Playing: "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"

Past the Carnation Milk Plant

The manager, my dad, was working in Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

### IV

One of my Air Force uncles brought home a parachute

Which was used to make an evening dress, petticoats, blouses, and pillow cases.

Material from another was made into a wedding gown;

That parachute had saved the groom's life.

Cousin Troy's parachute didn't open.

His mother kept his posthumous medal, along with his other personal items, in a cigar box;

Every Saturday when she came to town,

she brought her box of mementos.

The war was over.

The war would never end.

— JO CAROLYN BEEBE, 1994





BY RAY PYTEL

Among many other "offers" received in the mail this month was a nicely decorated letter from the prestigious firm of Pickwick, Chatham & Company, Berkeley Square Office, London, England, "Merchants in Fine Land and Title."

They have a deal no one can hardly refuse: "Two Prestigious British Lordships." Over 700 years old, they not only offer a unique antique investment opportunity, but also guarantee an enviable level of "esteemed personal standing" with excellent business advantages internationally. The acquisition confers a right to incorporate the word "Lord" into one's name and use it accordingly on all documentation (passports, letterheads, driver's licenses, business cards, credit cards, and stationery), and the right to hold a "court" and appoint local "officials" (in Britain, of course!)

Only those with "impeccable standing" and \$17,850 or \$21,250 need apply. The owner of the title may transfer it by way of will, resale, or "otherwise." I think that you could flaunt it on the next visit to Norwich, and when you got tired of that, transfer it to someone! I immediately contacted Jordan Uttal, thinking he would snap up a good deal when he saw one, but he told me he would take it under "advisement," whatever that meant.

Since we are on the subject of the British, let's clarify a few terms and their "real" meanings from those "in the know" (Brits) to those of us who "ought to know" (Yanks) regarding what the hell we're talking about when we get together.

To the British a "tattoo" is a "military band pageant or display" for which the British are so well renowned, something similar to the 1990 salute to the 2ADA at Norwich. This has nothing to do with the other use of the Tahitian "tatau" as "inserting pigments into the skin as a decoration," also spelled ("spelt" by the British) "tattoo" in both countries.

The British tattoo has a very interesting and humorous history, or "legend" (a story handed down many times from the past, so plausible no one would dare to disprove it) that bears repeating to us "Yanks" (which in itself is an old Dutch term meaning "dim-wit" and popularized in a 1700s London song "Yankee Doodle" that the Redcoats sang and brought over to the "plantations" (yes, "plantations" was the common term. "Colonies" implied being civilized, "which they're not" said the British, and later defined by histo-

rian Toynbee as "being able to wage war successfully, and the upstarts haven't done that yet!") But boy, did we get civilized since! during the revolution, and, just like the WWII appropriation of the German song, "Lili Marlene," the locals made "Yankee Doodle" their own, singing it back to the Brits at Cornwallis' surrender! (How's that for a U.S. "legend!")

Now if you say "poppycock" to all of this, just remember. This too is derived from the old Dutch slang word meaning "soft baby poop" and was a popular cussword in New Amsterdam (New York) circa 1626, when the British took it over "lock, stock and poppycock" and immediately ran into those "stubborn Dutchmen" who would not yield to the British driving their "horse and carriages"

*The "tap to close" became a "tattoo" accompanied by music...hardly anyone knows "the what and the why" of nearly everyone getting "tattoo'd" in Merry Old England once every fortnight or oftener!*

on what they considered the "wrong side of the road," so the British said, "To hell with it. This place will never amount to anything anyway. Let them drive in the ditches if they want to." And that's what New York, and later the whole country, has been doing ever since!

Now, back to the story of how and why we got "tattoo'd" in Norwich. It seems that in the days of yore, (way before 1500 or so), the British soldiers after a day of heavy jousting — that's putting their horses in overdrive and aiming their "lances" (glorified spears mounted on a ten foot pole) at each other and seeing who chickens out first — usually went out for some fun and frolic at the local "den of iniquity," pub or some similar establishment. As in WWII, and for all the times there were soldiers, the barkeep's call "Time!" was completely ignored. The local subjects, tired of the all-night noise and merriment combined with highly spirited bodies staggering and carousing, complained to the camp commander that the "village smithies" were incapable of shoeing the soldiers' horses due to sleep deprivation. The "horses" then and even now needed "grip" for GTO (Great Take-Off), so a sober (minded) committee was formed to solve the problem.

A plan was devised to blow bugles and trumpets indicating the tap is to close...later shortened to "tap to" by all concerned. Since this created many "columns of bunches"

staggering home, an unsightly mess to say the least, some *weisenheimer* (they were Germanic Anglo-Saxons, weren't they?) decided to add a drum to the clarion call and make the troops march back to the base. Soon the subjects saw that there was something amusing about a whole bunch of drunks marching down their street, and they came out each night to enjoy the parade. "Organized crapulence" became enjoyable; the subjects cheered them on! This only encouraged the men to "play to the audience," and between the men exaggerating their movements and their commanders "struttin" and "swaggering" their stuff, a unique form of marching was born; and in a typical British "way with the English," the "tap to close" became a "tattoo" accompanied by music, a display first class, and truly a fine procession — a "pageant" no less!

Eventually, after often being admonished to "mind their P's and Q's," really "pints and quarts," or "you had enough!" the marchers got "soberer and soberer" until only the ceremony remained, and hardly anyone knows "the what and why" of nearly everyone getting "tattoo'd" in Merry Old England once

every fortnight or oftener!

To those of you who are wondering what there is to see and do around Lexington, Kentucky next July 2-5 and thereabouts, the Greater Lexington Convention and Visitors Bureau, Suite 363, 430 W. Vine Street, Lexington, KY 40507 has an excellent city and area map, a 74 page "visitors guide" and a list of facilities, attractions, and information galore free for the asking! Their phone number is 1-800-84LEXKY. I am sure John Conrad, our former 2ADA "prez," can add some more, so plan your 1995 2ADA reunion now!

That's everything from A to Z, and as a contribution to more effective communication between the Americans and British, "Z" in sign language is:

BRITISH



AMERICAN







## 392nd B.G.

BY OAK MACKEY

*You know, it takes forever to get out of Texas. And when you do, you're in Oklahoma.*

You have all heard of the tragic fire that burned the Norwich Central Library on August 1, 1994. Our Memorial Room was a total loss, and the Roll of Honor within burned as well. You will read more about the fire and plans for rebuilding elsewhere in the *Journal* (please see page 4). Fortunately, Jordan Uttal had in his possession a copy of the Roll of Honor, and a copy of the 700 names added since the original was released. He is now in the process of rewriting it, and will correct all misspellings and other errors. When this work is done, the new Roll of Honor will be better than the original. It will include 6,674 names, unless Jordan has uncovered more recently.

A poem called "Alfred in the Sky" was composed by Mr. Malcolm Townsend of Sheringham, Norfolk. It was read at the memorial service honoring Lt. Colby Waugh and his crew on May 7, 1994. With Mr. Townsend's special permission, it is reproduced here for your enjoyment (please see page 28).

You may have read in the Spring 1994 *Journal* an article entitled "Memorial at Lillestrom" by Forrest Clark of the 44th BG, and in the Summer 1994 *Journal* a letter to the editor from Jim McMahon of the 93rd BG. The mission to the Kjeller air base near Lillestrom, Norway on November 18, 1943, included B-24s from the 392nd, 389th, 93rd, and 44th Bomb Groups, with 82 airplanes going over the target. The 392nd was the lead group and dispatched 22 B-24s. Joe Whittaker was the group bombardier at that time and was flying in the deputy lead B-24. The group lead B-24 aborted the mission, and the deputy lead took its place. The weather was perfect for bombing that day, and they were flying at 12,000 feet. As they approached the target, Joe hunkered down over the bomb-sight, and calling upon all considerable skills, just simply annihilated that target. The three groups following the 392nd also bombed with excellent results, a most successful mission. But a price was paid, as there were German fighter attacks. *The Mighty Eighth War Diary*, by Roger Freeman, reports nine airplanes from the four groups were lost, with two men KIA, nine WIA, and 91 MIA. The 392nd lost two airplanes and 20 men MIA. It was the longest mission flown by the 392nd BG — 10:30 hours. As you know, in recognition of the mission and in memory of those who gave their lives, the people of Lillestrom erected a fitting memorial, and dedication services were conducted November 18, 1993, fifty years to the day after the mission. Joe

Whittaker gave an address there and read the eulogy. There was a dinner party that night at the Royal Norwegian Air Force officers' club at the Kjeller air base, and during the ceremonies there, Joe presented the original bomb strike photos to the Norwegians. We owe a debt of gratitude to these friendly Norwegian people of Lillestrom who have honored our dead with the memorial placed there with care and concern. We shall remember this act of kindness for a very long time. You will receive this *Journal* in November 1994, likely near the 51st anniversary of the mission to Kjeller.

You have already, or will very soon, receive your 1995 dues notice from Evelyn Cohen, 2ADA Vice President Membership. On the dues notice you will see three lines. The first is for the amount of your dues — \$15.00. The second is for a donation to the Memorial Room in Norwich. The third line is for donations to the Mighty Eighth Heritage Center which is being built near Savannah, Georgia. You may recall the 392nd report in the summer edition of the *Journal* in which you learned that the 2ADA executive committee had authorized and pledged \$100,000 to the Heritage Center: \$25,000 from the general fund of the 2ADA, and \$75,000 from those 2ADA members who wish to make donations to help perpetuate the memory of 8th Air Force veterans for future generations. If each of the 8,012 members of the 2ADA gave just \$10.00 this pledge would be fulfilled. However, we know that some cannot, or will not, donate *any* amount, so let's think in terms of a \$20.00 donation at least, more if you are able to and want to.

More on the Heritage Center: Construction commenced on July 1, 1994 on a 13 acre tract of land near Savannah. The 95,000 square foot building is expected to be open to the public in early 1996. Lt. Gen. E.G. "Buck" Shuler, USAF (Ret.), chairman and CEO of the Heritage Center, has written a letter asking me to pass the following information on to you. The Heritage Center is, even now, looking for donations of materials, memorabilia, artifacts, and archives that you may have in your possession. Do not send these things to the Heritage Center now. Instead, call Gary Miller, Museum Director, at 1-800-421-9428 and tell him what you have. He will catalogue it and tell you when to send it to the center, presumably after the building is finished. Also, and we are talking to the high rollers now, they are seeking donations of 8th Air Force vintage aircraft, such as B-24, B-17, B-26, P-38, P-47, and P-51. Don't laugh; there are people out there who can and will do this sort of thing, either as individuals or in groups. Should you make such a donation, it will be painted with the group and squadron markings of your choice.

You can become a member of the Heritage Center, as I did and I am very pleased. I have a copy of the first issue of their newsletter, "The Mighty Eighth Heritage," before

me; twelve pages of Heritage center plans, articles about the officers, directors, and employees there, letters to the editor, etc. Richard Kennedy, past president of the 2ADA, is on the board of directors. Annual dues are \$20.00 for individuals, \$30.00 for families, and life memberships start at \$200.00. For a membership application call 1-800-421-9428, or (912) 748-8888. Sign up and you won't be sorry. This is an IRS approved 501 (c) (3) corporation. Admission to the Heritage Center will be free when you present your membership card, and you will be entitled to discounts in the gift shop.

Floyd and Roberta Bull sent the following information: The Kentucky Horse Park Campground is located near the Marriott Hotel where the 1995 2ADA convention will be held July 2-5, in Lexington, KY. If you are planning to take your RV to the convention, the charge is \$12.00 per night at the campground.

The Airport Galleries, Love Field Terminal Building, Box 26, Dallas, TX 75235, phone (214) 352-1204, has for sale prints of a painting of a B-24 from the 392nd BG, 578th Squadron, aircraft number 478, radio call letter "P". The prints are 38" W and 21" H and sell for \$165. "P" is depicted flying alone above and alongside towering cumulus clouds in the olive drab paint job.

Believe it or not, this story is true: During World War II, there was a German POW camp in Scottsdale, AZ. On December 24, 1944, twenty-five POWs escaped through a 180 foot tunnel they had dug and managed to keep hidden. Their leader was Jurgen Wattenberg, a U-boat captain, and they planned to reach Mexico, if possible. The escape was not discovered until fifteen hours later when one of them turned himself in to Tempe, AZ police. Three of the escapees had an ingenious plan. They hiked to the Gila River, about 25 miles away, where they intended to build a raft and float down the river to Mexico. The Gila River was bone dry, as it is about 95% of the time. Eventually, all 25 of the escapees were recaptured, although Wattenberg and two others holed up in a cave for almost a month.

At Falcon Field, just two miles from my house, the Arizona Wing of the Confederate Air Force has a hangar and vintage World War II aircraft, including a B-17, "Sentimental Journey." It is a good one, complete in all details. During a recent inspection, fatigue cracks were found near the wing attach points. At first it appeared there was little hope that repairs could be made and that it would never fly again. The good news is that ways were found to make the necessary parts and repairs, and indeed, "Sentimental Journey" will fly again, but at a cost of \$150,000. According to a newspaper article I read, there remain only 43 B-17s in the world; 34 are static displays in museums, and nine are airworthy.

Maxine and I send best wishes for a very happy holiday season! ■



I am not including anything in this column about the fire and the Memorial Room, as I have very little new information and I am certain that there will be a report elsewhere in this *Journal* (please see page 4). If I have any news, I will put it in the HQ newsletter.

I am pleased that I have been able to find sixteen of the people whose whereabouts were unknown but who served at Ketteringham Hall, by using the computerized combined U.S. telephone directories, and I am still searching and hope to find others. If you have any old names and addresses or old rosters, please send me a copy and I will do the searching.

As you have no doubt noticed, I am using much of our space in the *Journal* to publish short articles about our members. It is not too late for you to send me some similar information about yourself and I will publish it in a future issue.

**Walter E. Hilberg** worked in the A-1 section. He graduated from DePaul University and had a 40-year career in advertising, most of it with mail order companies. Walter says, "I was married in 1951, helped bring eight children into the world, and was divorced in 1979. In 1989 I moved to Alberton, Montana (pop. 370), and was elected to the town council and 1st Vice Commander of the American Legion post. I work part time at Alberton's greatest tourist attraction, the Montana Valley Bookstore, which features over 100,000 used books. Since coming here, I feel as though I have died and gone to heaven...At HQ I kept the A-1 files, assisted by Ruben Montoya. We had a sign over the office door that said, 'Col.' Hilberg and 'Gen.' Monty — the former title because of my battles with the late Col. John C. Cunningham, and the latter was a take off on Britain's Bernard C. We were asked to take down the sign prior to a visit by Touhy Spaatz. I helped Neal Curlee write awards and decorations recommendations. The most fun I had at Ketteringham Hall was being statistician for our baseball team during the summers of 1944 and '45. One fond memory concerns a Sunday afternoon when Neal Curlee, Leo Fontana, and I went for a long bike ride. After a couple of hours, we became lost. We stopped to ask a man who was working in his garden as to our whereabouts. He invited us in for tea with his wife and son who was home on leave. After tea he gave us directions back to base — a totally different route than one by which we reached his house. The return trip was a good one, seemingly all downhill. We were back in the hut in about an hour after leaving our host."

**Joseph B. Whitaker** worked in the A-3 Section as division bombardier. He returned from the U.K. on May 10, 1945 and married on May 13th. He and June had 47 years of wonderful married life, and two boys and two girls. He went with American Cyanamid Co. in the Explosives Division as technical sales representative, retired in '73 and went into the coal business with PBS Coals Inc. as

## DIVISION



BY RAY STRONG

Director of Personnel and Safety. Joe says, "My job at Division Headquarters was clear cut — get more bombs on the target! As division bombardier I was involved with mission planning, results, critiques, training, Target Victory, etc. I worked closely with Jordan Uttal at Photo Lab on strike photo results, and intelligence for General's briefings. I was at HQ from April 1944 until VE Day." Joe had a very interesting time while off duty visiting his aunt, uncle and cousins in Lancashire, the Isle of Wight and Bournemouth. Also, he was a guest of Sir Livingston, a steel magnate, at a private dinner at Claridges in London. Gen. Doolittle and his son John were there, and Joe sat with them. And Joe was a guest of Gen. Timberlake when Jimmy Stewart got his eagles. Joe flew with Jim in

able incident, Don says, "One sunny afternoon near Norwich, Major Wilcox, Capt. Cook and I were taking a break at a local golf course when we saw a sudden plume of black smoke in the distance. It was followed by a loud 'BOOM.' We immediately picked up our clubs and headed for a phone. We were very apprehensive, and our fears were realized when we learned that there had been an accidental explosion in the bomb dump on one of the stations. The standard procedure for unloading bombs from a truck was one at a time using the crane on a bomb handling vehicle. We found, however, that the truck driver elected to drop the tail gate, back the truck up rapidly to the unloading point and hit the brakes. Bombs are usually inert objects, even withstanding the impact of falling onto a concrete apron from great heights if unfused. On this occasion, perhaps due to the sun having heated the amatol explosive in the bomb (making it more sensitive), as they came tumbling out of the truck one went off and caused the others to do likewise. This blew a great hole in the ground, and the truck and driver away. Due to the revetment construction of the dump, damage to the surrounding area was not as extensive as it might have been."

*"We were very apprehensive, and our fears were realized when we learned there had been an accidental explosion in the bomb dump on one of the stations..."*

the HQ Mosquito. They were both from Pennsylvania. Joe spends six months in Florida and the other six in his "Woods Home" in PA and hopes to get into the raising of ostrich in a couple of years. His two sons are internationally known scientists in the field of robotics. One son heads up the Robotics Institute at Carnegie Mellon University. The youngest son is technical director of Redzone Robotics, Inc. They invented and built the robots for the Three Mile Island cleanup; were consultants at Chernobyl, Russia; and many more exciting projects. When in Florida, Joe swims, bowls, square dances, and plays bridge, poker, and pinocle. He is in good health and has 20-20 vision in his one eye. Many of you know that five years ago Joe was legally blind.

**Donald R. Elgas** served in the Ordnance Section at HQ, and left active duty in August 1945. He returned to work at Consumers Power Co., was transferred from Cadillac to Prudenville, MI where he was area manager, and he has been there ever since. He and his wife Henrietta (Babe) raised three wonderful children. Don has enjoyed many outdoor activities — softball, tennis, golf, hunting, fishing, and camping. He was assigned to HQ after returning from duty at RAF Kinloss. He joined Major Wilcox, Captain Cook, Lt. Gordon Stevens and M/Sgt. Dean Moyer in the Ordnance Section. He visited the bomber bases to inspect the storage, handling, and supply of bombs, ammunition, fuses and pyrotechnics. Regarding a memo-

**James R. Hickey** worked in Air Operations as a file clerk and posting teletype information from staff. After the war he graduated from Lawrence University in 1952. Retired as VP for R&D, Nicolet Paper Co., in 1977. Married twice, two children, health good. His interests are sailing, hunting, golf, woodworking, antique refinishing, stamp collecting, and tennis. James came to HQ late in the war. He had been a rifleman in combat in Germany, France, Belgium and Holland. Being wounded he was sent to a hospital in England. Upon recovering, he was sent to 2AD HQ in March 1945, and was instructed by Cpl. Gertrude Blue Werndli as to how to take care of the teletype information. He left England on the QE to return to the U.S. for discharge. About his experience while off duty, he says, "In March 1945, I found out that one could rent 12 foot sailing dinghys on the 'Broads.' I would take a bus toward the east coast near the towns of Yarmouth or Lowestoft. The bus stopped near a river and a boat rental business was nearby. For a small fee, one could rent a dinghy and sail down a tree lined river to the Broads. This was my first experience with sailing and I have continued it until now, owning a 19 foot Flying Scot sailboat at our cottage. I remember tipping it over and the problems of getting it upright. The boat owner was very angry and indicated he did not want my future business!"

A Very Merry Holiday Season to all! ■



# A Stormy Journey from Marrakech to Lands End

BY WILLARD F. NESTER (491st)

I was a member of the 491st Bomb Group (H) that was formed and stationed at Pueblo, Colorado. Most of my crew phase training was accomplished at Blythe, California prior to transfer to Pueblo. I was in the 852nd Bomb Squadron of the 491st and was one of the lucky ones to be assigned a new B-24J aircraft. Its number was 44-40100, and we gave it the most unusual name of D'NIF.

Our training continued until we were ready to deploy as a group for service overseas. We took the southern route from West Palm Beach, Florida; via Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Belem, Fortaleza, Dakar, Marrakech, Lands End, and on to home base at Metfield, England, arriving there 11 May 1944.

We flew with the 491st on their first mission to Bretigny, France, on 2 June 1944. On 14 June 1944 (12 days later), I had completed nine combat missions. We were given a three day pass and went to London, where on the first night we experienced a heavy buzz-bomb attack on the city. Upon returning to our base at Metfield, we had orders waiting to transfer the crew to the 93rd Bomb Group (H) located at Hardwick.

The crew trained in GH instrument bombing procedures, and when we had completed our training the 93rd made us a lead crew. We flew the GH lead with other groups in the 2nd Air Division until completing my tour of thirty missions, which I finished on 25 December 1944.

I have many memories of some of my combat missions, but the time I remember most was on our trip overseas on the flight from Marrakech to Lands End.

We left Marrakech on 10 May 1944 on a night flight that was mostly over water. Weather was forecast to be good most of the way, with scattered to broken clouds. A short time later we were forced to climb to an altitude of 12,500 feet to be on top of the clouds. Soon we were approaching a bank of dark clouds that towered above the altitude we were flying. We were using the auto pilot, cruising at 165 mph indicated airspeed at 12,500 feet. In my opinion, to avoid getting into the clouds would have been very dangerous because of getting lost over the ocean or too close to the coast of France and possible enemy fighters. There was no other choice but to go on instruments, hoping to fly through the clouds in a very short time.

The first indication we got of things to come was an upward lift of the airplane and a drop in airspeed. A small correction in the auto pilot to pick up speed had no results. Still losing airspeed, another adjustment was made, and when the airspeed dropped below 160 mph the auto pilot was turned off and I began flying the plane manually. At this time,

more power was added, but we continued to lose airspeed. The control column was moved forward almost against the instrument panel. My last visual check of the airspeed indicator was 90 mph. My estimate was that the airplane quit flying between 70 and 75 mph, at which time the plane went into a spin.

All of our gyro-controlled flight instruments were inoperative; it was night; we were out of control and going down very fast. My primary flying school instructor taught that "when all flight instruments are out — go to needle-ball-air-speed," which we did. The copilot helped on rudder control while I handled the aileron controls. In a matter of seconds it felt like someone was on the controls with me and the plane was suddenly nose down and picking up airspeed at a very high rate. Power was reduced and back pressure applied to the elevator controls. To recover the downward movement too quickly could have very easily caused the loss of a wing, so we took our chances that we had sufficient altitude to slowly recover before we would crash into the ocean. The airspeed indicator and altimeter were changing so fast that my mind went blank. Their readings on the instruments are unknown to me at this time.

Soon the airspeed began to decrease, and after two or three ups and downs and by increasing power back to cruise settings we leveled off at approximately 7,000 feet and were heading about 270°. We were at the base of the cloud cover, and after resetting our flight instruments and lowering our altitude to 5,000 feet we proceeded to Lands End. After landing, we checked the airplane for damage and the crew members for injuries. The crew was OK and so was the airplane. The airplane had some small wrinkles in the skin of the wings near the fuselage and a few rivet heads were raised, but none of them had "popped" or pulled through. The rear section of the airplane showed signs that loose items had been tossed about, but no significant damage was found.

After a short delay at Lands End, we joined an escort plane that took us to Metfield. They relayed landing information to us from the control tower, and the green light from the tower was our clearance to land.

As for the incident we experienced in the thunderstorm cloud, it was truly a miracle. The Lord must have had other things He wanted us to accomplish in our lives, and He sent a guardian angel to save us that we might have the opportunity to fulfill His will. I will always remember that experience. ■

## High Altitude WWII Air Combat Crews May Have Been Treated With Excessive Radium Therapy

by Ray R. Pytel (445th)

An important article in the September 10, 1994 issue of *Science News* describes an experimental massive radiation treatment of WWII high altitude airmen and submarine crew members afflicted with middle ear problems. As one military surgeon described it, "We constantly had to deal with...chronically recurring aerotitis...the usual story was that a mission was flown followed by subsequent grounding for several days or weeks...the cycle was repeated making the airmen not available for combat one third of the time. The men complained of pain in descent, temporary deafness, vertigo, nausea and ringing in the ears, bleeding and even ruptured eardrums."

Experiments at Johns Hopkins in 1944 found that inserting encapsulated radium deep into the nostrils reduced symptoms or eliminated them in 90% of those treated. This therapy delivered a hefty dose of radiation to a small region at the base of the brain. Data in recent studies show increased risk of brain cancer within a "treated" group where none had been expected. Head-and-neck tumors doubled, and one class of non-cancerous thyroid diseases elevated almost eight-fold.

The Defense Department conducted an extensive search, but the Surgeon General of the Air Force reported that no WWII listing is available of those who received the therapy. A Senate Clean Air and Nuclear Regulation Subcommittee chaired by Senator Joseph Lieberman (D-Conn.) held a hearing several weeks ago and was told by Susan Mather, an assistant chief medical director with the VA, that there isn't such a roster of affected servicemen.

As the risk of such (radiation) exposure emerged, enthusiasm for radium waned, and by the 1960s federal officials warned physicians to abandon its use, and get rid of the applicators.

The same "treatment" was given to submariners, and an information clearinghouse has been established in Quincy, Massachusetts for all servicemen, called the Submarine Survivors Group. They provide information on possible risks. Their telephone hotline established in February 1994 logged calls from 83,000 individuals who received "nasopharyngeal-radium therapy." Many callers reported unusual cancers or medical conditions that could be traced to organs receiving substantial radiation doses.

All WWII airmen who had ear problems with subsequent "therapy" are advised to contact the Submarine Survivors Group and also inform their physician of their possible radiation over exposure while in the service.





From the very beginning, there has been conflict in the human race. The first recorded slaying was an encounter between two brothers, the first children of Adam and Eve. The consequence of this conflict? One died. The reason? Jealousy and envy. And this story has repeated itself over and over as self appointed despots throughout history have sought ways to satisfy their personal agendas; that is, to gain power, influence, and dominance, which always accompanies their ambitious goals. Look at mankind's record: zealots, dictators, power-hungry individuals assuming a role of self-importance. Confrontation, war, destruction, suffering, and death have always been the ultimate result. Historians have carefully documented these events and always record the names of these zealots. But the countless millions who had to die in these conflicts are listed only as statistics.

As Veterans Day is this month, we have opportunity once again to offer prayers of gratitude in memory and reverence for both those whom we knew and those whose grave markers simply state, "Known only to God." They are not mere statistics! Being at one of our military cemeteries and standing in front of a marker with a name that is familiar brings the memory of a face. It is one of many but it is one. We once talked and laughed together; we sang wartime ditties as we walked along the foggy and dim East Anglian road to the barracks. We were briefed for missions, flew, and fought together. His name is on a marker; mine is not.

The 466th BG lost 333 comrades killed in military action. We who have had opportunity to return to England are familiar with the American Military Cemetery at Madingley. We have seen the impressive memorial structures and the neatly aligned rows of crosses. But, in addition to the cemetery at Cambridge, there are seven additional cemeteries (six on the European continent and one in North Africa) where our comrades have been identified, buried, and properly honored. They are: Ardennes Cemetery, near Liege, Belgium; Brittany Cemetery, south of Avranches, France; Epinal Cemetery, south of Epinal, France; Henri-Chapelle Cemetery, near Liege, Belgium and Aachen, Germany; Lorraine Cemetery, close to Moselle, France; Netherlands Cemetery, east of Maastricht; and the North Africa Cemetery, close to the ancient city of Carthage.

On Veterans Day, we cannot visit all of the sites listed above and show our respect. However, we are fortunate to have our British

friend, Mr. E.D. "Ted" Clarke, to place a wreath on our behalf at our own memorial at Attlebridge, dedicated 12 June 1992, "In Memory of Those Who Served." This occurred on our Veterans Day (which in England is their Remembrance Day, Sunday, 13 November 1994). The British and American flags and the Royal British Legion Standard was flown. The Standard bearer paraded the Standard; the rector of Weston-Longville conducted a service and offered prayer. To the families and friends of the 466th Bomb Group's 333 wartime casualties and those who have died since that time, we deem it a sacred privilege to honor your loved ones, who are far more than a statistic to us and the countless mil-

one of the original crews going to England. He participated in the group's first mission to Berlin, flew on D-Day, finished his tour of 25 missions and requested assignment to continue flying missions, which he did. This officer is now 78 years of age and has had no contact with any of our 8th AF organizations. His son recently learned of the 2ADA, the 8th AFHS, and the 466 BGA organizations. He called me stating, "Dad needs to be involved. Getting with his old buddies will give him the lift he needs at this particular time in his life." We will get in touch and we will help! And there are many more "lost sheep" out there anxious to be found. We must find them and guide them. We need each other!



lions of Americans for whom they paid the supreme sacrifice.

**Memorabilia:** Since the disastrous fire at the Norwich library and the loss of the contents of the Memorial Room, the 2ADA executive committee has established three committees to begin the task of rebuilding. It is now evident that everything has been destroyed, including all records. The committee dealing with memorabilia replacement needs our help. First, let your VP know what items you have donated over the years to the Memorial Room (tapes, photos, diaries, group documents, personal records, letters, etc.) in order to establish a starting point to rebuild our group collection. Second, do you have replacement copies of these items which you could contribute? DO NOT SEND ITEMS...send only a list of what you have given to the Memorial Room, and indicate whether or not you have replacement copies of these things. The committee has requested the membership to work through the group vice presidents. I look forward to hearing from you. It will assist greatly in the rebuilding process.

**About the Membership:** New members: Irene Arbaugh (associate member), 1485 Richwood Drive, Zanesville, OH 43701; and Winston F. Coy, 2219 61st Avenue NW, Gig Harbor, WA 98335. New contact: I recently received a fascinating phone call from a second generation 466er. His father was on

**Saxon's Art Gallery:** The caricature below by 466th Bomb Group resident cartoonist Charles Saxon features Larry S. Tromer, who flew on the Seymore Fosberg crew (787/771). Larry reports that they flew 32 missions between September 1944 and June 1945, mostly in 067-D "TroubleMaker."



**Do You Remember?** Sampson L. Dietz (deceased June 1988) served as a navigator in the 466th BG. He, his pilot, and copilot crash landed their B-24 in German occupied France and were picked up by the French Resistance. His son Glenn Dietz is anxious to have more knowledge of his father; pictures; names of people he could contact. Let your VP know. ■





# 491st BOMB GROUP THE LAST AND THE BEST the RINGMASTER REPORTS BY HAP CHANDLER

SAN ANTONIO, OCT. 10-12, 1994

229 Ringmasters gathered for their 1994 reunion in a city familiar to many from WWII days. Headquarters was the historic Menger Hotel, "across the alley from the Alamo." After a trip to Lackland Air Force Base for a solemn memorial service, and a visit to the Kelly Air Logistic Center, the group returned to San Antonio via Mission San Jose, the oldest of four missions established by the Spanish in the 17th century. After dark the Ringmasters descended on the River Walk for a Mexican dinner and music. The day ended with a trip down the San Antonio River.

On October 12th the annual business meeting was held beginning at 2 PM. This was followed in the evening by dinner and a dance in the Menger ballroom.

## SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION REPRESENTED

Geoff Gregory, Executive Vice President of the Second Air Division Association, brought greetings from ailing President Chuck Walker. In addition he reported on the status of the Second Air Division Memorial Room, tragically destroyed by fire on August 1st. Jordan Uttal, Honorary President of the Second Air Division Association, came down from Dallas to give a progress report concerning the revisions to the Second Air Division "Roll of Honor." In researching the names of those killed or missing in action during World War II, two Ringmasters were inadvertently included. One of the two is Kenneth Neitzke, and we would like to hear from the Ringmaster who spoke to me at the reunion regarding his name.

Please check your 1994 Directory, containing our Roll of Honor, and report any further discrepancies to Joe Flagler, our group secretary.

Officers elected for 1994-95 were: Hap Chandler, 491st Vice President, 2ADA; Cal Shahbaz, President, 491st Bombardment Group (H), Inc.; Mel Mellott, Executive Vice President; Bob Bacher, Treasurer; Lola Hubbard, Vice President, Administration; Ed Watson, Vice President, Operations. Norman Johns and Bill Koon continue on the executive committee, as does Harold Fritzler as 491st Assistant Vice President, 2ADA.

## SEMINAR / BUSINESS MEETING

Led by General Miller, group commander, and Gen. Jim Keck, wartime 854th operations officer, special recognition was given to Bob Whitlow, the P-51 pilot who led the

attack against the Luftwaffe on 26 November 1944. He received a stirring introduction by Lester Bridges, deputy group lead, as the man to whom "I probably owe my life."

Col. Whitlow recalled the "perfect formation" maintained by the 491st as it rallied after the Luftwaffe attack. "Hang tough and don't give up" was his motto as a coach and the first athletic director of the Air Force Academy.

## PRESENTATION

Mrs. Martha Merrell, widow of General Jack Merrell, received a portrait of then Lieutenant Colonel Merrell in his days as deputy commander of the 491st. The portrait was rendered by artist Darrell Burchfield of Glendora, California. Darrell completed a combat tour as a radio operator in the 855th Squadron. Postwar he has pursued a career as an artist, and he is particularly noted for his watercolors of harbor scenes along the California coast.



Watercolor painting of General Jack Merrell, by Darrell Burchfield (855th BS).

## FOLDED WINGS

Our farewell banquet was saddened by the sudden death of Keith Voorhees, who collapsed just after leaving the dance floor. Keith was an 8th Air Force boxing champion during his service with the 491st. He married his English sweetheart, Edith, on November 25, 1944 in the Metfield parish church, with Chaplain Lee Spencer, our Protestant chaplain, officiating. Our prayers and sympathy go to Edie and her family at this difficult time. ■

## RINGMASTERS HISTORY

Available at \$50.00 from:

Louis Bur  
12339 Lennon Road  
Lennon, MI 48449  
(313) 621-3727

Please make checks payable to:  
Ringmasters History



## Veterans

*This is your day Veterans  
please don't let it die  
make us remember what you did for  
this great country of ours and make  
us remember that  
war is not a pretty sight  
and also for all of us  
to strive to make peace and  
to keep it.*

*It's a day to reflect  
and to be thankful for this great  
country we all live in and also to  
thank all of the men and women  
of all the Armed Services for making  
it and keeping it  
that way as in the past as well  
as in the future.*

*Also hoping that the young women  
and men of today and the future  
will not have to go to war  
like their forefathers did  
and that there will be peace for  
many years to come.*

*Just saying thank you is not enough  
for all you have done for us  
We will never be able to properly  
Thank You.*

— Carol McLoughlin  
Daughter of Robert S. McLoughlin (448th)





# OUR LONGEVITY: A STATISTICAL ANALYSIS

SUBMITTED BY RAY PYTEL (445th)

Evelyn Cohen informed us at the May 26th, 1994 executive committee meeting that about 5% of our membership "folded its wings" during 1993. While we do not have a completely exact base to work with, let's assume the average 2ADA member reached the age of 70 in 1993 for statistical purposes and "project our future" based on the Department of Health and Human Services, National Center of Health Statistics.

Two tables will be used. One, as printed on page 844 of the 1993 *Information Please Almanac*, shows the expectation of life when you already have reached a certain age, and your mortality probability per 1,000 persons in your age, sex and race group. The mortality probability for white males was used to construct table #2, which will project the 2ADA "attrition rate" from age 70 through 90.3. (Quoting Roger Freeman about 8AF mission probabilities after 25 or 30, "There was no use counting after that, as everybody would be dead anyway.") We stopped at 90.3 as this was as far as the almanac tables let us project, and besides, most of us that remain will be "half-dead" anyway.

All this statistical stuff just shows that this is an "old country" — even our country's symbol, the eagle, is going bald!

You will note that in just 15 years at an average age of 85 there will be 34% of us 2ADAs left from the original 8,000 or 2732 and just 5.3 years after that or 20.3 years, only 17% or 1366 will be available for our 2014 reunion. Projecting an 8% attendance, that would give us 108 for the whole 2ADA! That means we must look beyond the bottom of the barrel for new members, and keep the "live ones" and even half-live ones on the list! That's the membership list, of course, so keep your dues current, and stay off "the other one." Not only is it more fun, but now the "lifetime membership" (see page 3) offers you the opportunity to be "on board" forever until there is "hell to pay"... unless you plan to go somewhere else!

This reminds me that we must do everything we can to encourage and help the Heritage League, as it must be in "full gear" by then! ■

## EXPECTATION OF LIFE IN YEARS

Age	Total persons	White		All other	
		Male	Female	Male	Female
66	16.5	14.6	18.2	13.9	17.2
67	15.8	13.9	17.4	13.4	16.5
68	15.2	13.3	16.7	12.8	15.9
69	14.5	12.7	16.0	12.3	15.2
70	13.9	12.1	15.3	11.8	14.6
71	13.2	11.5	14.6	11.3	14.0
72	12.6	11.0	13.9	10.8	13.4
73	12.0	10.4	13.2	10.3	12.8
74	11.5	9.9	12.6	9.9	12.2
75	10.9	9.4	11.9	9.4	11.6
76	10.3	8.9	11.3	9.0	11.0
77	9.8	8.4	10.7	8.5	10.5
78	9.3	7.9	10.1	8.1	10.0
79	8.8	7.5	9.5	7.7	9.5
80	8.3	7.1	8.9	7.3	9.0
81	7.8	6.7	8.4	6.9	8.5
82	7.4	6.3	7.9	6.6	8.0
83	6.9	5.9	7.4	6.3	7.6
84	6.5	5.6	6.9	6.0	7.2
85	6.2	5.3	6.5	5.8	6.9

## MORTALITY PROBABILITY PER 1,000

Total persons	White		All other	
	Male	Female	Male	Female
66	19.6	24.6	14.0	32.4
67	21.2	26.6	15.2	34.5
68	23.0	29.0	16.7	36.9
69	25.1	31.8	18.3	39.5
70	27.3	34.8	20.0	42.3
71	29.7	38.0	22.0	45.3
72	32.3	41.4	24.0	48.4
73	35.0	45.2	26.3	51.6
74	38.0	49.2	28.8	55.0
75	41.3	53.7	31.6	58.5
76	44.9	58.5	34.7	62.5
77	48.9	63.8	38.1	66.9
78	53.3	69.5	42.0	72.0
79	58.2	75.9	46.5	77.8
80	63.7	82.8	51.6	84.5
81	70.0	90.6	57.5	92.2
82	77.1	99.2	64.3	101.1
83	85.4	108.9	72.3	111.5
84	95.0	119.9	82.0	123.7
85	—	—	—	—

Source: Department of Health and Human Services, National Center for Health Statistics.

Age	% White Male Mortality	No. of 2ADA Members	Yearly Attrition
70	3.48	8,000.00	278.40
71	3.80	7,721.60	293.42
72	4.14	7,428.18	307.53
73	4.52	7,120.65	321.85
74	4.92	6,798.80	334.50
75	5.37	6,464.30	347.13
76	5.85	6,117.17	357.85
77	6.38	5,957.32	367.45
78	6.95	5,391.87	374.73
79	7.59	5,017.14	380.80
80	8.28	4,636.34	383.89
81	9.06	4,252.45	385.27
82	9.92	3,867.18	383.62
83	10.89	3,483.56	379.36
84	11.99	3,104.20	372.19
85	50.00	2,732.01	1,366.00
90.3		1,366.00	



# YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY BILLY SHEELY JOHNSON

On behalf of the 2AD Heritage League, I express our members' sadness over the destruction of the Norwich Central Library and the Second Air Division's Living Memorial. We are especially saddened for those 2ADA members who envisioned and persevered until the memorial honoring their fallen comrades became the marvelous reality we had known as the Second Air Division Memorial Room. Our sympathies are also extended to our British friends who have

been such loyal and respectful custodians of the Second Air Division Memorial — we thank you, sincerely!

The 2AD Heritage League executive committee will join with the 2ADA executive committee in supporting decisions made regarding the association's role, and therefore the league's role, in the re-establishment of an appropriate memorial honoring the Second Air Division's fallen comrades. We shall await direction in this regard.

Again, we thank you for having responded so positively to enrolling your descendants in the 2AD Heritage League. Caron Veynar, membership vice president, will be happy to receive applications at any time. Please forward requests for applications and/or application forms to:

**Caron D. Veynar**  
4915 Bristow Drive  
Annandale, Virginia 22003

Your Heritage League hails proudly each of you Second Air Division veterans and your fallen and deceased comrades...we are committed to your lives and contributions NEVER BEING FORGOTTEN!!! ■

## MISSION 23: 19 MARCH 1945 BAUMENHEIM, GERMANY

MISSION DIARY BY L/COL HAROLD H. DORFMAN (448TH)

Today's mission was an extremely interesting one from a sightseeing point of view. Again I flew as pilotage navigator. I love that nose turret position, most comfortable seat in the plane. But this time it was really worthwhile. CAVU all the way in and most of the way out. Flying time 8 hours and 5 minutes.

Takeoff was at 1030 hours. Much too late for a mission of that length. We were to lead the 20th Combat Wing today. Colonel Westover was flying with us as command pilot. Still Lt. Voigt and crew. Lt. Block, the D.R. navigator, was finishing up, so after this I'm to be D.R.

Forming was in Belgium, just south of Brussels. It went over extremely well. We went into Germany somewhere around Strasbourg and headed for the target near Munich, a jet aircraft parts factory.

We bombed visual. Bombs away at 1448 hours, altitude 17,900 feet, temperature -47°F. We really plastered the target.

Coming out we passed north of Frankfurt and then across the Rhine south of Coblenz. Frankfurt was a mess. Coblenz was leveled, just nothing there, no blip on the radar. You could see north to Cologne and Dusseldorf. One of the two was really burning; at that distance I couldn't tell which it was. I could see the flashes of the artillery on the west bank of the Rhine and the shells bursting on the east bank. Up at Remagen, where our troops had crossed the Rhine, you could see the heavy artillery marking the area. We held on the east bank. It looked like hell down there from here. We passed directly over Aachen. That was another pitiful sight. It's beaten to a pulp.

Hit from behind by a jet. Took a picture I would rather forget (see accompanying photo - Ed.) From then on out the trip was uneventful. I almost went to sleep in that nose turret.

Lt. Block put on quite a flare show in the traffic pattern, celebrating the end of his tour. That is it for #23. ■



## TRIBUTE TO THE MISSING

BY E.J. IPPOLITO  
BROTHER OF CHARLES IPPOLITO (492nd)

*To her they sent a telegram  
and then a national banner,  
to remind her of the son she lost  
and the cause he did enamor...  
"Missing" read the telegram  
deep pain without a sound,  
Lost he was to his country  
but to God he had been found...  
A lifetime of ardent memories,  
the dreams and future hope,  
all ended so abruptly  
in a little tragic note...  
There is no mound upon his grave,  
no marker there to tell,  
the world his cause, his age, his name  
nor where or when he fell...  
The clouds were red with bloodstains  
and the vapor trails were white,  
the background blue of heaven  
gave credence to the fight...  
It is as though God put it there  
our colors in the sky,  
When I salute my nation's flag  
I always look up high...  
If one day you are honoring  
the flag of our country,  
tilt back your head, look skyward  
and see if you can see...  
red clouds and long, white vapor trails  
etched on everlasting blue,  
A tribute to those missing  
who gave their lives for you. ■*



# 489TH NOTES

BY  
NEAL SORENSEN

As an aftermath of the tragic loss of our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich, England, we are faced with a time crunch. During the three to five years it is estimated as the time needed to settle all insurance claims, litigation, and to rebuild the Central Library, taps will have been sounded for many of us.

If you have memorabilia, uniform items, logs, charts, etc., please hold them until storage is available at one of two sites. To ensure their preservation it is suggested that you: (1) Ask your family which items they would like to keep. (2) Divide the remaining items you would like to have sent to (a) the Norwich Memorial Room, or (b) the Mighty Eighth Heritage Center in Savannah, Georgia.

The Heritage Center requests that no items be sent until such time as the center has storage built. Please refer to the August 489th Newsletter in which Charlie Freudenthal, our hardworking editor, also outlines the preservation of memorabilia.

By now many of you have sent your checks to Gini Belward for our mini reunion in Orlando, Florida, which will be held during the first week of February, 1995. This promises to be another sold out event, so if you haven't done so, please be sure to send your check to Gini Belward, 5870 Sandpiper, Lakeland, Florida, or call her at (813) 853-5157. In addition to Gini, our thanks to her husband Ralph; Tom & Betsy McQuoid; and Helen & Garrett Verplanck, who round out our reunion planning committee.

While you are making plans for our mini, why not plan to also attend the 2nd Air Division southeast regional reunion, also in Orlando, the following week. Last year Pat and I were the only registered guests from the 489th, but a call to Ralph and Gini Belward added them as well as their two English guests, Tom Baker and his wife.

## THOUGHTS ABOUT THE PAST...

I wonder how many of you prayed for the day (soon after Pearl Harbor) when the Army Air Corps would drop its college requirements so those of us who had not attended college could take the tests to qualify as an aviation cadet? As a private at Big Spring Bombardier School in 1942, I finally passed the eye tests for cadethood. My friend, Harold Biltgen, who worked in Headquarters of the 365th Squadron, greeted my qualifying as follows: "Sorensen, you're out of your mind!! If you don't crash in training, the Germans or Japs will get you. I'm going

to do my duty here in Big Spring where it is safe!"

Harold and I met in 1946 in Minneapolis; he was married and I was still a bachelor. After he found out that our entire crew came out of combat unscathed, he said in an embarrassed tone, "I was made manager of the base bowling alley shortly after you left — and one of the pin setters stabbed me! So much for avoiding danger by staying state-side!"

Harold and I were in the same barracks as a talented young former Denver radio announcer, Harry Byrne. Harry had permission to moonlight on the Big Spring radio once in a while. Being a son of the old sod, he usually came home from these sorties smelling of spirits. Harry was also a true romantic with a tender heart, which made him the butt of light-hearted ribbing.

Harold, probably jealous of my unmarried status, prevailed on his new wife to have her best girlfriend write letters to me. Each time a letter arrived, he would loudly announce, "Sorensen is going to get married," to my embarrassment and to the enjoyment of all within earshot, including Harry, who assumed I had serious intentions.

Following receipt of a letter from his wife one day, Harry let out a loud guffaw. "Sorensen, you loser, your girl got married to a Feathermerchant and she didn't even tell you!" I played along with him, pretending anguish over the loss of this girl I had never met.

Perhaps it would have died there, the death of a good natured ribbing, had it not been for Harry. I was awakened one night by his late arrival from a broadcasting stint in Big Spring. As he crawled into his sack near mine, I let out a soft moan and a muffled sob. Certain that he had heard me, I moaned aloud, "Please don't marry him! It's not fair," after which I subsided to a few more moans and muffled half-sobs.

The next morning Harry braced Harold with blood in his eyes and said, "Stop picking on Sorensen. He's so broken up I'm afraid he'll go over the fence!" Taken aback, Harold said nothing.

I left Big Spring for flight training shortly thereafter, never divulging to Harry that I had built on a situation created by Harold's ribbing. Wherever you are, Harry, I hope you forgive me.

## MEMORIAL...

Fifty-three years after it started, I find myself where it all began — on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. We are here, my wife Pat and I, to pay our last respects to a fallen comrade in arms, Douglas Kazuichi Umeda of Pearl City. Douglas, a second generation (nisei) loyal American, battled the anti-Japanese fears and prejudices that were extant in the nation at the time and served his country with honor. President Roosevelt surrendered to political pressures concerning citizens of Japanese origin, allowing them to

enlist into the armed services and fight for their country. The most famous unit was that of the 442nd.

Douglas persevered and was finally allowed to enlist in the infantry, where he was awarded the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Combat Medal and the American Defense Ribbon. Douglas was a sharpshooter with the M-1 rifle. He was stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota in 1945, where he was studying to be an interpreter. He remained in service until 1946 as an interpreter in occupied Japan.

Douglas is survived by his wife Ruth and two sons, Gerald and Howard Umeda. Gerald, our son-in-law, is a licensed architect. He and our daughter, Diane, reside in Honolulu, Hawaii. Douglas' ten year battle with various heart ailments, surgeries, and prostate cancer was fought with the same courage and perseverance that characterized his time on earth and in the service. He constantly amazed his doctors with his quick recovery times and strong will to live. He was a top salesman as an insurance agent for American Mutual.

We have come a long way from Pearl Harbor. In the interim, Pat and I gained a splendid son-in-law of Japanese-American descent, and the friendship of Douglas Kazuichi Umeda, an unsung American hero. ■

## To Andy

by John Kazanjian (489th)

*We flew our ships  
We bombed the foe  
We shattered targets  
That lay below*

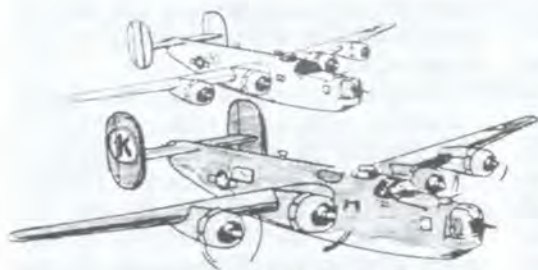
*The flak, the smoke  
Rose to the high  
As spinning ships  
Fell from the sky*

*We gave young lives  
To that bitter fray  
Then flew again  
Each dawning day*

*We sang the songs  
Of fame and flame  
We played our parts  
In that deadly game*

*Now we dream  
Of that blue black sky  
With memories  
That will never die. ■*





## 458th BOMB GROUP

BY RICK ROKICKI

The Summer *Journal* "lead story" on the first page read, "We Salute Bill Robertie." News of his passing came to Ceil and I from Bill's wife, Hazel. Since my column was already in, I was unable to make mention of my good friend and what I felt should be said in his behalf. We communicated constantly over the past nineteen years. He was a great guy who put the association's work on the top of his priority list. Over this period of time, he helped me immeasurably with 2ADA work and will be sincerely missed. Godspeed on your last flight, Bill.

Sad news: As you can guess, the August 1st fire that totally destroyed the Norwich Central Library and the Second Air Division Memorial Room is now our #1 rebuild project. I received several phone calls and letters regarding the fire and couldn't respond as quickly as I normally would. First photos came from Bob Renn and Ray Pytel (445th). It was hard to believe, but now we will exert every effort to rebuild.

Additional sad news: I received a telephone call from Eileen Marston of Norwich advising that our 458th friend Graham Savill had passed away after suffering a heart attack. Graham and his wife, June, were instrumental in our successful "Salute to the Villages" day at Horsham St. Faith and Sprowston as reported in the Fall 1990 *Journal*. I'm sure that June would appreciate hearing from those who knew and met them. Her address is: June Savill, 55 Beechwood Dr., Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich, NR7 0LN, England.

Dario DeJulio sent me the September issue of *Air Classics* which had a great story by Jackson Granholm. It was about the night return

from the Hamm mission when the German night fighters attacked our group. I also received copies of the same story from Herman Hetzel and Dick Butler. After reading the *Air Classics* story, I wrote to Jackson Granholm and congratulated him on his fine portrayal of this mission's end. Receiving his reply some time later, it turned out he wasn't aware the story had been published without his approval. I'm sure *Air Classics* heard from him.

Back in 1990, I received a book called *Final Flights* by Ian McLachlan, which basically was about wartime incidents revealed by aviation archaeology — generally referred to as "digs" by many clubs in England. As a matter of fact, my membership number is #02 in the Essex Aviation Group near London, so I'm familiar with the work being done. A new book by Ian is available now called *Night of the Intruders*, which gives first hand accounts of "USAAF Mission 311," the Hamm mission of April 22, 1944 (see reference to Granholm's *Air Classics* article). However, it gives the complete 8th AF picture — one of 824 B-17s and B-24s plus almost 1,000 fighters in this mission's late night return. It's the first time I've had as complete a picture as McLachlan gives, and it is a worthy addition to your WWII 8th AF library. The book is available from Zenith Books, P.O. Box 1, 729 Prospect Ave., Osceola, WI 54020. The price is \$37.95, but worth every penny in my estimation.

I had a letter from Mrs. Christine P. Armes, 89 Spinney Rd., Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich NR7 0PJ. She and the ex Lord Mayor, Roy Durrant, are organizing a memorial service for the air crew of "Lady Jane," which crashed in the city of Norwich on November 24, 1944. They would like to have the names of relatives of any of the crew that perished when the aircraft crashed away from housing on Barker Street. Since the geography of the area was changed, the cast bronze plaque that residents put up is now near the entrance to a block of flats at Freeman Square. The 50th anniversary commemoration service will be held on the green in front of the plaque. The crew of nine that perished in this crash of 42-95133, 753rd Squadron, was: Lts. Ralph Dooley, Arthur Akin, and Paul Gorman; S/Sgts John Jones, Paul Wadsworth, Oscar Nelson, John Phillips, John Quirk, and Ralph Van Bergen. If you can help in any way, please write to Mrs. Armes. As I explained to her, locating relatives after fifty years could be a very formidable task. ■



BY RALPH ELLIOTT

The 467th Bomb Group (H) Association convention came to a close with the final banquet on Sunday evening, September 18, 1994, with 213 members and guests in attendance. The Marquette Hotel in Minneapolis proved to be a good choice by convention organizers Lloyd Haug and his wife, Carmen, who are also to be congratulated for a well run convention. Special guests of the 467th were Andy Wilkinson, his wife Jackie, and son Thomas, from Middlesex, England. Andy has been the unofficial historian of the 467th for several years, and his efforts in reconstructing the historical record of the war years has been invaluable. Andy has attended 467th conventions in the past, but not with his family, so we are particularly pleased to have made their attendance possible.

The next 467th convention is slated for October 13-16, 1995, in the Kona Kia Hotel in San Diego, California. We're also exploring a seven day cruise down the Baja to follow the convention, if prices and schedules can be worked out. The Caribbean cruise following the Kissimmee convention was an unqualified success, and we'll be working with the same cruise company this time.

Following the election of new 467th board members Ralph Davis and Vince Re, and the selection of Mel Culross as 467th president for 1994-95, I was reappointed 2ADA VP for the 467th for the ensuing year in order to maintain continuity in that position. It is important to understand the value of having a VP who has been active in 2ADA affairs and who is knowledgeable in 2ADA problems so that we can be fully represented in the decision making processes at 2ADA executive committee meetings. Hopefully, there will be several well qualified candidates for the job at the next 2ADA convention in Lexington, Kentucky, over the Fourth of July 1995. There will be many important executive committee decisions to be made in the months and years ahead, and the 467th should take a strong role in making those decisions.

There was much discussion at Minneapolis concerning the replacement of records and memorabilia lost in the library fire in Norwich, and it was felt that there is some merit in making TWO copies of each document to be copied from personal files, with one copy to go to Norwich and a second to the new 8th Air Force Heritage Center in Savannah, Georgia. However, before anything is sent to either place, we need to receive guidance as to *what is needed* and *in what form* it should be copied. Instant copies may be a thing of the past in this age of the PC and CD-ROM, and we need guidance from the committees working on the library restoration as soon as possible. Since Geoff Gregory of our own 467th is not only the current 2ADA executive vice president but is also on the committee to bird-dog replacement of documents and memorabilia for the library, I suspect such information may not be long in coming. Meanwhile, please contact Geoff or myself if you know of documents that urgently need a home before they are lost forever. ■



The shock is wearing off. The heavy hearts are being uplifted. Steps are being taken on both sides of the ocean to make progress towards a new library and a new 2nd Air Division Memorial Room. It is a wonder to behold the outpouring of caring and affection by the citizens of East Anglia, and the members of the 2nd Air Division Association.

It was the furthest thing from my mind when I submitted my article for the Fall 1993 *Journal* describing our 2nd Air Division Roll of Honor (if anyone wants a copy, just ask) that we would learn of its destruction on 1 August 1994. Among the many things our Memorial Room meant to many of us, British and American, that record listing 6,674 names of our brave young men who died was far and away one of the most precious mementos.

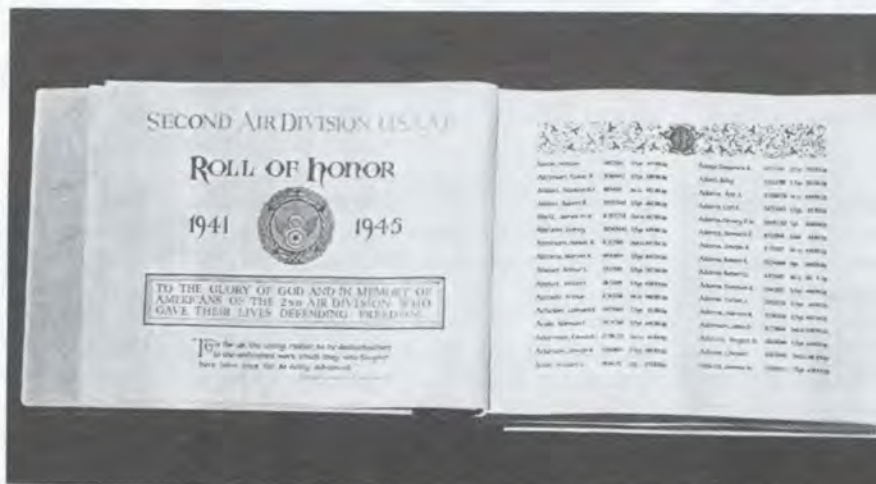
Not only was the original, beautifully inscribed Roll of Honor destroyed, but so, also, was the photocopy, placed nearby in the room for ready reference.

Fortunately, back in 1973 the governors had another photocopy made, and in 1973 Tom Eaton brought it with him to present to us at the Colorado Springs convention. It remained in the late Bill Robertie's hands until 1980, at which time he passed it on to me. Over the years, corrections that came to light were penciled in. There were many of them, spellings, group numbers, serial num-

## Rebuilding from the Ashes

### THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ROLL OF HONOR

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL



bers and rank. Also, from the time the original Roll of Honor was so attractively produced in calligraphic script on the vellum pages, close to 700 additional names came up, were verified, and added in five separate installments at the end of the book.

Now we are working to ink in the correc-

tions, and to arrange the additional names in alphabetical order, and in due time, an up to the minute corrected list will be ready for production. The 2nd Air Division Roll of Honor, this treasured tribute to our fallen, will be recreated!

There are scores of questions to be answered before we are ready. Graphic techniques have improved and will be explored. We will look at vellum, parchment and particularly, acid free archival paper. We will look at individual inscription versus computer generated calligraphy. Computer data entry of the entire list? How many copies in addition to the new original which will be in the new Memorial Room? What distribution of the new copies? Costs of everything? How were we covered by insurance? Esthetic versus practical considerations.

All of this is now in the works, as are a multitude of other matters being considered by an emergency committee appointed by President Chuck Walker, which is co-chaired by Bud Koorndyk and Dick Kennedy. My attention, along with Ray Strong and Bill Nothstein, is being concentrated on the Roll of Honor and donations (more on that later).

Be patient, my friends in the 2ADA family. WE WILL SUCCEED!!! ■

## AUGUST 1st, 1994

ANONYMOUS (POSTMARKED FROM ENGLAND)

Hours spent in the most peaceful of rooms,  
reflecting, thinking of those who gave their lives in war.  
It is because of them,  
that the events of today I do deplore.  
Lamenting the loss of countless golden eggs,  
placed so carefully in one basket, under one roof,  
now under one cloud of smoke.

Smoky ashes overcast,  
and scattered far and wide across the county.  
Upon farmland and towns,  
and upon the silent plains of deserted airfields.  
Lost words and memories of the past, charred and illegible.  
Nothing of this world is indelible,  
except perhaps the fire in our spirits.

Surely our tears could have extinguished the flames!  
But now it is too late?  
As people gather, aghast,  
to see the smouldering embers fade.  
Books are burning, and I am burning inside,  
because on the pages of our history books,  
our yesterdays are still so alive.

Do we see this tragedy in simple terms,  
on this day, once of harvest fest?  
Or do we wonder why God would let this be,  
to this place of remembrance and of respect?  
Especially to those endeavouring souls,  
reality strikes and stings like an unseen slap in the face.  
But in the face of adversity, we must not be discouraged. ■



# How I Got the DFC...

*(With condolences to those who deserved, but never got one.)*

by Theodore R. "Ted" Smith (93rd)

During World War II, I was a B-24 pilot in the Eighth Air Force, assigned to the 409th Squadron of the 93rd Bomb Group. I flew 35 missions, and was on my way home before my 21st birthday.

I suspect that anybody who's been in any kind of combat that involved shooting, and being shot at, knows of people who committed extraordinary acts of courage and/or skill, who were never recognized for those acts. On the other hand I suspect we may know of some who received medals for doing things that were not particularly outstanding. It seemed, in those cases, to be a matter of who did it, who reported it, and who started the medal award wheels turning. One of the more egregious examples of this was Lyndon Johnson's Silver Star.

When we got into World War II, LBJ was a member of Congress. He went into the Navy, where he served a total active duty hitch of a little over six months. For about two of those months he was in the South Pacific, where his total exposure to combat consisted of one mission as an observer in a B-26. On that mission the ship was bounced by three Japanese fighters, one of which was shot down by the tail gunner. For simply riding along on this mission, LBJ was given the Silver Star by General MacArthur himself. What medals did the B-26 tail gunner and pilot get? They got zip. I personally knew only one man who got the Silver Star, and he died in the process.

My DFC falls into a category all its own, because the citation awarding me the medal was a piece of almost pure fiction.

The events that led to my getting the award occurred on our last mission. Our target that day was the marshalling yard at Landshut, which is down in Bavaria, about 40 miles northeast of Munich. The trip into the target was uneventful to the extent that I don't remember much about it. I do remember we were flying a brand new M model B-24 that was equipped with "formation stick." This was billed as the answer to a pilot's prayer, because it was supposed to take all the physical labor out of flying the ship in close formation. It was connected to the flight controls through the auto pilot, which was the designer's first mistake, because auto pilots on B-24s were not very effective in maintaining control around the pitch axis of the ship. So we hand flew the new airplane, the same as we had all the others.

We were flying on the squadron leader's left wing, so our copilot, Don Porter, did most of the flying that day. I'd never seen our own bombs fall from our ship and explode on the ground. (Note that I make no reference, at all, to hitting the aiming point. That was a rare

occurrence indeed.) There appeared to be very little flak over the target, and there were no German fighters reported in the area, so I decided to go back to the bomb bay and watch our bombs drop. In retrospect, probably not a smart move on my part.

So, after watching our bombs fall all the way to the ground, where they blew up a couple acres of some poor farmer's freshly planted field, I returned to the cockpit and climbed into my seat. As soon as I got hooked up to the interphone, our navigator, Don Weisert, called to say that the wing lead wasn't following the briefed route out of the target area. We were supposed to leave the target by doing a 180° right turn immediately after bombs away. This would keep us from getting too close to the flak batteries at Munich. Instead, the wing lead flew straight and level for five minutes or so; then made a right turn to a southwest heading, which he flew over for ten minutes, and then made another right turn and led us right in over downtown Munich.

At that stage of the war, the Germans were short of black powder for their flak guns, and were using a lot of smokeless powder. As we approached Munich, we saw very few black flak bursts, and were beginning to think that maybe we'd be lucky and get out of there with a whole hide. Then we saw a couple ships, in the group ahead, get hit. As we got closer to Munich we could see that we were flying into what appeared to be a solid box of smokeless flak.

I suspect the fact that we were on our last mission made the flak appear more threatening than it actually was. But I was not about to get shot down on our last mission because of bad navigation by the wing lead, so I committed the unforgivable sin of leaving the formation. I slid out to the left about a mile, and climbed to get out of the altitude where most of the flak was bursting. Our squadron made it through the flak, and when they were clear I slid back over to rejoin the formation, fully expecting a reaming for having left in the first place. Our squadron leader that day was a good friend named Simpson. He apparently realized I was having a terminal case of the "35th mission puckers," because when I asked him on the radio if I could come back in on his wing, he said, "Roger, pal. Welcome back." So I gratefully slid back in on his left wing, and hoped that my transgression would be overlooked by the brass.

The trip home was a bit like going to heaven. Porter was doing his usual first class job of flying the airplane. We had plenty of fuel. (Our engineer, Gabe Zsigo, was a master at figuring out what the sight gauges were

really telling us. I accused him of using black magic.) The ship was behaving itself. The weather on the return leg was clear. There were P-51s all over the sky, and we managed to avoid the more nasty flak areas. We even had a forecast for good weather over the base upon our return. In other words, things were really looking good. So I just relaxed and, when we went off oxygen, smoked a cigarette that had never tasted better, and enjoyed being alive.

When we got close to the base, I suspect most everyone in the crew was feeling as happy as I, because one of our gunners, Ralph Kurka, suggested that it might be fun to buzz the tower. I vetoed that, and reminded him of the legend on our base of the pilot who buzzed the tower on his last mission and, as a punishment, was made to fly an extra mission, a thing I had no wish to do. Instead I suggested that, since we were flying a left hand 360° overhead landing pattern and would be the first ship in the squadron to peel off for landing, maybe we could do something a little out of the ordinary at that time.

When we came in over the field and it was time for us to peel off, I ran the engines up to full power and pulled the airplane up into what could best be described as a "show off's wing-over." Apparently the maneuver was unusual enough (for a B-24, anyway) that the tower thought we were out of control, because I was later told that they alerted the crash truck to head for the upwind end of the field, where they thought we were going to crash.

The wing-over resulted in my having to fly a very tight diving turn in order to make the runway. I wasn't at all sure I'd be able to get lined up, and was concentrating so hard on my flying that I completely forgot to call for the landing gear to be lowered. When we rolled out on final we were about 30 feet off the ground, with full flaps, and flaring out to land, but with the gear still up. One of our waist gunners, Al Spaulding, came on the interphone, advising me in no uncertain terms that the gear wasn't down. The tower was calling us on the radio and shooting me in the face with the red Aldis lamp. (We called it the "biscuit gun.") The caravan at the end of the runway was firing red flares, and Porter, ever the diplomat, was shouting that the landing would probably be smoother if the gear were down.

When I finally got the message I felt like an absolute jackass, and for a moment considered climbing out and circling, until the rest of the group landed, before trying again. But, since there still appeared to be sufficient runway ahead, I decided to try for a landing.

*(continued on page 21)*



So I added a bit of power, slammed the gear handle down, and floated down the runway, in ground effect, until the gear handle popped back up to neutral and the green gear lights came on. When that happened, I chopped the throttles and landed, earnestly praying that the gear was, in fact, down and locked. It was, and the brakes worked well, so we turned off the end of the runway with no trouble, and once again all was right with the world.

As we taxied to our hardstand, hoping to forestall a nasty comment from the tower, I called and said, "Milfoil, this is 'Thrufare H-How.' Sorry for causing all the excitement, but we were just celebrating our last mission." The tower replied, "Roger, good show." So I heaved a sigh of relief, taxied the ship to our hardstand, shut it down, bade it farewell, and climbed out, never to set foot in a B-24 again.

At interrogation (now called debriefing), while I was having a nip of the flight surgeon's traditional post mission bourbon, our squadron commander, Murray Fant, came up to me and, with a grin, said, "Smith, I saw that peel off and landing you just made. Anybody who does that to a B-24 deserves either a court martial or a DFC. Which do you think I should give you?" Assuming he was kidding about the DFC, and hoping he was kidding about the court martial, I said, "Well, Colonel, if I have a choice, I'll take the DFC, but I probably deserve the court martial." Then I told him about leaving the formation after bombs away, and forgetting to put the gear down. I don't think he was expecting to hear the answer I gave him because he gave me a quizzical look and said, "Well, we'll see what happens," and walked away. I didn't give the episode any more thought, and instead concentrated on getting orders sending me back to the States.

A few days before I was scheduled to leave, the group got word that one of the intelligence officers wanted to see me, and that I should bring my mission records. When I met with him he told me that he had been instructed to see if I had done anything on my missions that warranted a DFC, and if so, he was to write up the citation.

We went over my mission notes, and I must admit, in the aggregate they didn't tell a very impressive story of my time in combat. In other words, they weren't the stuff of which heroic legends are made. The only events that seemed to make the intelligence officer sit up and take notice were two missions on which we made crash landings in France. He grilled me rather thoroughly on those, taking notes the whole time. He then commented that perhaps he could "make something worthwhile" out of the information he had, and sent me on my way. I left for the States a day or so later, and completely forgot the whole affair.

I returned to the States, took some leave, and then asked to be sent to combat in fighters. I was at Mirana Air Base in Arizona, finishing up in AT-6s, and about to be sent to P-51 transition, when V-J Day came. I figured I had enough "points" to get out of the army,

so I requested inactive reserve status, and separation. I was given those orders, and got busy clearing the base.

When I was in the base adjutant's office picking up my travel orders, the adjutant himself called me into his office. He said he had just received, through channels, a citation awarding me the DFC. Apparently it had been following me ever since I left England. The adjutant told me he wanted to have an award ceremony for me, and would order the medal, which would arrive in a week or so. I told him that I was on my way home, planning to enroll in the fall semester at college, and couldn't afford to lose any more time, waiting around, just to have a medal pinned on me. I probably wasn't as diplomatic as I should have been, because the adjutant (a major) got highly indignant. He said that he was a graduate of West Point (we called them "ring knockers") and intended to spend the next twenty or thirty years serving his country in the military. He then went on to say that I was a less than patriotic American, to be in such a hurry to get out of the service.

I replied that I had plans for my future that didn't include putting any more time in the peace time military than was absolutely necessary. I further stated that I had flown a tour in combat, been shot at more times than I cared to be, and felt that I didn't owe Uncle Sam any more of my life unless and until we got into another war. I then made the personal observation that if he, the major, was an example of what the officer corps in the peace time military was going to be, I was even more determined to become a civilian as soon as possible.

With that, he threw the citation at me, and roared that I was "nothing but a dime a dozen throttle jockey, and a sad sack of an officer, who would be useless in peace time," and that the army would be better off without me. Then he ordered me "off the base by sundown." (Apparently he'd read one too many wild west novels.) I realized that I was on the verge of real trouble with this guy, and had better not say one more word. So I picked the citation up off the floor, grabbed my orders, beat a hasty retreat from his office, left the base, and was driving through Phoenix, on my way home, when the sun went down.

It wasn't until later that I read the citation the major had thrown at me, and as I stated earlier, it read like a piece of fiction. It was apparent the author of the citation had done a bit of creative writing, and had taken the events of two, if not three, of our more exciting missions and had written the citation as though all those things had, in fact, occurred on just one mission. On first reading, I couldn't believe the citation was for me. But my name was correct, and so was my serial number. My first impulse, after pausing to enjoy the irony of the whole affair, was to toss the citation in the trash, but instead I just stuffed it in my army file and put the whole ridiculous business out of my mind.

I never made any attempt to get the medal.

I did pick up a ribbon and wore it for a studio portrait, the typical "hail the conquering hero" picture that I could show to my children and grandchildren. But when I looked at the proofs, I felt like a fraud. So I cancelled the portrait, and tossed the proofs into a box with the rest of the flotsam of my military career, stashed it all in the attic, and forgot about it. Then, in 1992, Don Weisert, my navigator, and I had a reunion. While we were winning the war all over again, the subject of medals came up. That triggered the recollection process, and this "confession" is the result.

So, to all you unsung heroes who weren't given the glory you deserve, I offer the following thought, which will prove that there really is no justice, and thus, I hope, be of some consolation: You now know of a guy named Johnson who probably didn't deserve the medal he got, and a guy named Smith who definitely didn't deserve his. ■

## Folded Wings

### 93rd

Chesley B. Agee  
Sebastian A. Capobianco  
Donald K. Jones  
Merlin D. "Pat" Larson (HQ)  
Perry W. Scott

### 445th

George F. Johnson Jr.  
John E. Vessels

### 446th

Col. William W. Richards

### 448th

Carl W. Ahrendt  
Charles E. Cupp  
Sam Hailey  
Bertrand B. Lutz

### 445th

Fred C. Fenske

### 453rd

Edward S. Kolodziej  
Arthur T. Noonan  
William F. Vicroy (466th)

### 458th

Glenn D. Carlson  
John J. McDermott  
J.A. Pearce

### 492nd

John F. Losee  
John W. "Jack" Williams

### SM

Robert E. McGuire (B-24 Liberator Club)



# AN AID CALLED "THE G-BOX"

By MANNY ABRAMS (392nd)

There was one mission that stands out in my mind above the other 29 I flew. I've tried, unsuccessfully, to discover the date and the target. It happened sometime in the fall of 1944.

Our crew, commanded by Lt. Charlie Neundorf, was selected as a lead crew and for this responsibility the usual 35 mission tour was reduced to 30, of which a certain number had to be flown as a lead ship. This particular mission was important for our lead crew qualification.

The key to all this drama was my navigational radar — the British unit that all 8th USAAF planes had on board called the "G-Box." It was a very simple device which I'd been trained to use while in Northern Ireland after my arrival in Europe. I recall that you had to "freeze" two opposing lines of blips into position by manipulating dials. When accomplished, it somehow gave a ground position accurate to within a few yards — accuracy unattainable by any other navigational technique.

I think the G-Box was never praised enough. It played an important part in the accuracy of the daylight bombing campaign. Its major weakness was German jamming. Radar would usually be rendered useless before we crossed the enemy coast. The value of the G-Box was in producing accurate positions in order to compute exact wind speeds and direction.

Winds at bombing altitudes were often 50 to 60 mph, and occasionally 100 mph. In fact, I once flew a mission where a 100 mph headwind affected the bomber stream from the I.P. to the primary target on a clear day, exposing every plane to intensive flak for ten minutes during the bomb run instead of the usual three or four minutes. The routing of a mission had to take the expected wind into account, so that the bomber stream had a tail wind during the final leg (bomb run) to the target. But I digress:

In the few minutes on the ground before "start engines," all navigational instruments were checked. On this mission, I discovered to my grave concern that my G-Box had a problem and wasn't operational. There was no time to remedy the fault, so I reported the facts to Lt. Neundorf via the intercom. (The intercom systems on our planes were open so that all crew members were parties to a conversation. Unfortunately, I couldn't talk privately to the pilot.)

The ramification of my plight was clear; no radar, no accurate determination of wind. Having no accurate starting wind would be a major problem if we had a solid undercast of clouds all the way. However, the decision was made to continue the mission as lead plane.

As we climbed in formation toward 22,000 feet over the North Sea, a solid undercast developed below. The weather was predicted to be clear over the target, so on we flew. But the weather never cleared. Instead, conditions steadily worsened, both above and below. We continued to climb even higher for visibility and safety. We ultimately reached 26,500 feet, and our plane began to stall in the mist and fog. We couldn't climb higher with our loads, superchargers or not, and we couldn't push this weather below us.

Already, other B-24s, separated in the mist from their own groups, were appearing from both sides and below. This was an extremely dangerous predicament, and a potential catastrophe threatened hundreds of planes and thousands of flyers, not to mention numerous

*"I doubt to this day that my crew really comprehended the difficulties encountered during our withdrawal."*

mid-air collisions. These planes attached themselves to our formation whenever possible, probably assuming our group was well under control. Our original 30 or so planes quickly doubled or more. I couldn't see the full extent of all our additions. Finally we received the command decision for recall — "Alamogordo."

Lt. Neundorf, my pilot, asked me for a new heading to take us home. Thus began a heightened period of navigational intensity that I remember to this day. Here was my situation, basically the result of no radar and therefore no accurate wind: I'd been doing "dead reckoning," a form of navigation that is a best estimate. Starting with the known factors of compass heading, variation, deviation, air speed and time, I applied my best wind estimate to conclude on a location. That missing accurate wind speed and its true direction was a major factor for error.

Another major concern was that although five miles above the ground, with a solid cloud layer between our planes and German anti-aircraft positions, those ground batteries were very capable of firing their 88mm and 105mm guns with radar directed accuracy. Our best counter-measure was dropping bundles of "chaff" — aluminum strips like Christmas tree tinsel — in volume to confuse and jam the German radar. The best defense, however, was not to fly within range of those guns!

The majority of the flak battery locations were known to us, and before each mission the navigator highlighted all known flak areas along the mission's route on his charts. These areas were to be avoided.

My first problem was to locate exactly where we were. Approximate location could be fatal. So, I first drew a circle with a 50-mile radius, large enough to contain all B-24s in our formation, assuming the worst error for my dead reckoning based on an inaccurate wind speed. I had to pick a course from within any part of that circle which would avoid known flak batteries and head us north toward the North Sea and Denmark.

I added one other variable to this puzzle — overhead contrails! Somehow, in the full brilliance of youth, I recognized them as single-engine vapor trails. The question was — friendly P-47s and P-51s, or the Luftwaffe? To this day, I don't know how I concluded that they were from Allied fighters heading north in my desired direction. Somehow, they

played a small part in my compass headings. (I know that I had some logical and rational method of evaluating those fighter contrails, but I cannot recall that procedure almost 50 years later.)

*Mirabile dictu* (wonderful to relate), we finally broke into clear weather over the North Sea, glimmering far below. We were well to the west of the Danish peninsula and had probably caused an air raid alert over Copenhagen, but no matter. All planes seemed safe as we swung westward on a new heading back towards England.

I looked out from my side and top observation blisters and saw a great number of B-24s following us home to the west — and felt very proud of this accomplishment. Luck had certainly played a significant role, but so had common sense and basic navigation. I doubt to this day that my crew really comprehended the difficulties encountered during our withdrawal.

As we gradually let down and approached East Anglia from the northeast, various accompanying B-24s from other bomb groups peeled off and headed for their home airfields. Fortunately, the weather over England was now clear.

After we had landed back at Wendling, I recall our group navigator came out to our revetment to see me and my logbook — which had few, but key entries, there having been no time for such refinements during the hectic part of that mission. My look of incredulity was a sufficient answer to his question on my lack of proper navigational entries. ■





## 492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

### A-2 JACKET FOR SALE

Don Whitefield of 1434 Martin, Houston, TX 77018-1851 has a worn-only-one-time A-2 jacket, size 42R, for sale for \$100.00. If interested contact him at the above address.

### TRIBUTE TO THE 492ND BG

Charles Ippolito was the radio operator on crew 812, ship 44-40169, Milton K. Goodridge, pilot. Charles was KIA on the 20 June 1944 mission to Politz, Germany. This crew was assigned to the 856th BS and flew in "Bottle Baby" for that mission. Charles' brother Frank Ippolito read about the June 6, 1994 commemoration of D-Day and the "Wall of the Missing" in the *New York Times*. He wrote to the mayor of Cambridge, England, who verified that his brother's name was on the wall. Through a former fighter pilot in the 8th AF, Major Robert Hodges, Ret., Edward Kueppers, Jr. of the 8th AFHS, he finally reached me. We have exchanged many letters and information which Frank and his family were not aware of. To quote Frank, "After reviewing the remarkably heroic exploits of those very special people of the 492nd, it makes those of us who waited and watched feel so inadequate." Frank has written a tribute to the missing of the 492nd BG (please see page 16).

### BLUE (FOR COMBAT)

Ralph Beaman wants to know...Did the Air Force originate this or was it the Infantry to sew on the blue (for combat) behind the wings (to distinguish us from ATC, etc.)?

### BELATED TRIBUTE TO BOMBARDIER, FRANK C. JOHNSON

by LTC Harold Both, USAF Retired

This is a belated tribute to our bombardier, Frank C. Johnson, who passed away in November, 1993. I am going to let the type-writer run as it may...

I saw a query in the ex POW magazine a month or so ago in which our North Pickenham contact queries the whereabouts of 2nd "looie" Lawrence Ives, B-24 pilot of the 492nd who was lost on the 4 August 1944 mission to Kiel (the same mission the B-24 "Daisy Mae" I was flying was left behind in Germany five miles from the Danish border as a pile of junk).

His query piqued my interest so I started checking. The official history of the 492nd says two A/C did not return from that mission and four chutes were seen from one of the A/C. I assumed that must have been from

Ives' airplane, because we didn't bail out until maybe thirty minutes later near Leck airfield. I finally found that Ives was a classmate in both basic and advanced and B-24 transition, but he went elsewhere for B-24 crew training. We went to Pueblo. Pitsenbarger was also on the same orders to Salt Lake City. I did not remember an Ives in the POW camp we were in, but that signified nothing, because unless you knew each other as crew members or had prior knowledge of one another, people did not run around making new friends. At least we didn't, except for the people in our room. I finally remembered the 43K roster put together by the fellows who organized the 43K reunion of all fifteen flying schools (advanced). There was Ives, Lawrence, telephone number and home address. I called him immediately and he solved the small mystery. They got shot up, but diverted to Sweden successfully.

When I talked to Ives he was recuperating from an eye operation and was reluctant to get on the phone until I mentioned our possible relationship of many years ago, so I did not explore any possible interest in joining up with the Happy Warriors.

In looking over the battle monuments lists I noticed something that gave me pause for thought, but I can't come up with a plausible explanation. On the page 14 list there is only one officer above the rank of lieutenant, Capt. Byrne, and 59% were from the 856th BS. On the lists of pages 16 and 17, 1st Lt. is the highest rank and the percentage is 50% from the 856th. On the next list there is one captain and again 50% were from the 856th. On the last list there is one lonely major who was very close to finishing up. Again on the last list the odds were against the 856th Squadron, 67% gone from the one squadron. Why?

I can't resist adding to William P. Maher's story of leaving Sagan. I guess there must be several thousand different events that stood out for all of us on that infamous march. Our particular gaggle of POWs had arrived at Sagan as a group of about fifteen that were assigned to the north compound, the British compound. The Brits immediately lobbed us off on the Polish barracks and we were at first divvied out to the various rooms. The Poles, many who had spent up to four years as Kriegies, were highly organized. All, with the exception, I think, of a few fighter pilots, were highly educated upper class types. The room leader in the room my copilot and I were assigned to was a Polish count. He was a navigator and had been shot down three

times. All of the rooms were organized along the same lines.

There was in each room a rotating roster of room duties. For one week each person acted as the room steward. He made up the toast and coffee in the morning, divvied up the food for dinner, heated anything that needed heating if there was fuel available, and divided up the other rations per meal, including the goodies that came in the Red Cross parcels. The Red Cross parcels had candy, sugar, coffee, cigs, cheese and paté, as well as the regular foodstuffs. The parcels never arrived in amounts that could be passed out like one parcel or a half parcel per man per week, but always had to be cut by various fractions, causing some controversy which was really handled much easier on a room by room division.

Our troops couldn't stand that, so after a month or two of agitation all were assigned to one room and could make an immediate divvy of the few parcels that came in; each one could dispose of his goodies as fast or as slow as he wished.

Our barracks marched out about three in the morning onto an icy frozen road, in the pitch dark. We went as individuals, not as a crew. As it grew light, I found the slatted back of a porch bench along the road, fixed up a sled with some rope I had and dumped my stuff on it. My copilot had joined me by then and he dumped his stuff on it. The sled worked very well on the ice...not so well when the snow got heavier. At one of our rest stops the bombardier, Frank Johnson, joined up with us. We each had been issued a full Red Cross parcel as we exited the camp and this was a hard thing to handle with all of our other gear, but with the sled things were much easier. We did not see the navigator until we arrived outside Muskau.

When we halted outside Muskau the sun was just coming down to the horizon, and a freezing wind was blowing across us from the northwest. The road was solid ice-packed snow. We were halted just at the base of the 1/8 mile, approximately 10 degree, sloping hill leading up into Muskau. As we stood waiting and resting, two fellows staggered up to us with our navigator, Hank Guidroz, hanging from their shoulders. They were also lugging his belongings. They themselves were obviously just about out of it, so they left Hank with us.

We invited him to put his stuff on the sled and join us in pulling it all. He kept insisting that he could not go on. He wanted to wait for the following wagon that was picking up those fallen by the way. We left him and his belongings lying in the snow. Very quickly it was dark and we started up that slippery hill, pulling and pushing the sled and on the road, cursing the whole procedure. The column halted just as we reached the top of the hill looking down into Muskau. We waited again while our leaders sorted out with the Germans

(continued on page 24)



WEATHERWISE, it is a fairly pleasant day here is sunny southern California; just a trifle warm. There is football on the television and here I sit, trying to put some thoughts on paper.

WHERE TO START, where to start? I assume that you are aware of the fire in Norwich which consumed the library. It is indeed a tragic loss, not only of the 2AD Memorial Room, but the entire Norwich Central Library as well. Each held items which may be irreplaceable. But the 2ADA is committed to bringing the Memorial back into being, and that is well. By the time this reaches you, the executive committee will have met and received reports from various committees which are now considering how best to proceed. If you have suggestions and/or comments, please make them known to me and I, in turn, will make them known to the executive committee.

THE 453RD BG REUNION in Rapid City, South Dakota will have been held by the time this reaches you. As of now, all that I can tell you about it is that it promises to be an excellent one. I will have a recap in the next issue of the *Journal*.

THE 2ADA BYLAWS REQUIRE that each group elect a vice president each year at the 2ADA's annual reunion. This we have done and will continue to do. Most of you know by now that I have chosen not to stand for reelection at the 1995 reunion in Lexington, Kentucky. Dan Reading has decided not to be a candidate for office as well. What this means, of course, is that you must now consider who should be nominated for these offices. If you wish to be, submit your name to the nominating committee. If you wish to nominate someone else, please check with that someone regarding his availability and then submit his name. The nominating committee consists of Willie Wilson and Bill Garrett. Do not be humble or shy. Make your wishes known.

THE TAG END OF THE YEAR is drawing nigh. It is time to remind you that dues for both the 2ADA and the 453rd BG are to be paid by the first of each year. 2ADA dues are \$15.00, to be mailed to Evelyn Cohen. (You might like to know that you may pay your dues to the 2ADA and become a life member beginning with 1995. Life memberships are \$150 up through age 69, \$120.00 for

#### 492nd BOMB GROUP (continued)

where we were all to be put up. We, of course, could only guess and hope that was what was going on. Finally we moved and shortly we were escorted into a glass factory where four or five large cauldron-like glass furnaces were glowing with the heat of the glass and the fires that were still keeping the glass molten. It was pure heaven! Straw was provided, so we made up piles on the floor and hit the sack.

The first thing I saw on waking in the morning was Hank Guidroz sitting on the step of the nearest cauldron, shaving. Noth-



age 70-79, and \$90.00 for age 80 and up.) 453rd BG dues are \$10.00, to be mailed to Frank Thomas.

NEW MEMBERS: We do have a couple of new members to welcome aboard and are delighted to do so. Cliff Bertagnoli, 1418 Claremont, Janesville, WI 43701 is now one of us, as is Arthur Thompson, 8159 Allott Street, Van Nuys, CA 91402. Melvin L. Amy, 6710 N.E. 259th Street, Battle Ground, WA 98604 has also joined with us. Some address changes: Al DeHaven's new address is 3400 S. Ironwood #103, Apache Junction, AZ 85220, and Charlie Parker now lives at 8520 Phillips Road, SW D-1, Tacoma, WA 98498. George Keenan now lives at N7901 Altamont, Spokane, WA 99207, and Wilbur Barnes' new address is 1507 E. Cambridge Lane, Spokane, WA 99203.

FINAL FLIGHT has been taken by Charles (Moose) Allen, but his family remains active with us, much to our delight. John Tangorra has been lost. We have also lost Dean Hart, but, again, are heartened by the fact that his wife Katherine has become an associate member. It is sad to lose our members, and the loss of each reminds us of our frailty. We have been enriched by associating with each of these. It makes our reunions more desirable, that we can spend time with those with whom we served.

NIGHT OF THE INTRUDERS is a relatively new book by Ian McLachlan. It concerns the mission of April 22, 1944 to Hamm. Well researched and well written, it has to do with the time German fighters followed the 8th AF back to base. The 453rd gets some coverage. *THE FRIENDLY INVASION* by

ing was said; Hank did not join with us. He joined another group and we seldom saw him during the rest of our journey through Hitler Land. Through the efforts of our tail gunner, Allen Sabol, and a curious coincidence, I had made contact with Frank Johnson, our bombardier, since deceased, and sometimes during our conversations the subject of Hank came up. Frank then mentioned going back in the dark of that long ago freezing night, evading the Krauts and picking up Guidroz and all of his belongings and piggy-backing him back to the glass factory.

A curious coincidence occurred at the first Kriegie reunion we attended down in Norfolk,

Roger Freeman addresses the U.S. forces in Britain and the impact on both.

WE'VE HEARD FROM: Pierre Koreman in Belgium, who wants to be put in contact with the survivors from Munsey's crew, as he is researching the April 22, 1944 mission...A lady in England wrote seeking information about her father. The lady's mother's name was Vera Welsh. If you wish to pursue this you may contact me...Santiago Flores is trying to contact Jesus de la Garza. Santiago's address is P.O. Box 430910, San Ysidro, CA 92143 — can you help?...Phyllis DuBois wrote to say that Alan DeHaven and Art Thompson were members of the same crew and ran into each other when they happened to be visiting Old Buck at the same time. They hadn't seen each other since they were disbanded. Phyllis continues to be a valuable asset. Since the fire, she is now located at Noverre House, Norwich NR2 1RH, England — right across the street from the library...Katherine Benarcik wrote to say hello and to tell us that she has moved. And we've heard from Don Parcels, whose radar navigator, Duke Thurman, had written. Peggy Parcels is still recuperating, but prospects are good. Abe Wilen has had a quadruple cardiac bypass. He's optimistic, and we wish him well. He included a check to help with the newsletter expenses...Leon Helfand and Ralph McClure have written. We enjoy hearing from each of you. Clair Miller wrote a nice letter — he's always on the lookout for 453rd people and news about them.

WHEN THE LIBRARY BURNED, among our losses was the Second Air Division Roll of Honor. Over 6,000 names of those from the 2AD who lost their lives were on it. How to replace it? Simply call on Jordan Uttal, as we so often do. Jordan had a copy, and is busy getting another put together for Norwich. Jordan has been, and continues to be, a valuable resource with great knowledge and information, always ready to help and to share. We are indebted to him. We hope the names he has from the 453rd are inclusive of all that meet the criteria. Milt Stokes, Don Olds, and Andy Low have all worked on this.

THAT'S ALL. It is always nice to visit with you. Diana and I wish each of you well and good health. Cheers! ■

four years ago. We checked into the hotel and then I went down to the reception area to find out the directions to the rest of the reunion "stuff." While I talked to the girls handing out all the "poop from the group" I was aware of this fellow hovering at my shoulder, but I paid no attention to him. As I swung away from the counter and headed to the hotel door, a voice at my shoulder said, "It sounds like you need a navigator." Three more steps and I was just about out of the doorway when a bell went off in my head. I knew that voice very well. I swung around and recognized Frank Johnson. We had quite a good time at that reunion. ■



# THE 448TH SPEAKS

BY CATER LEE

Our eleventh, yes, eleventh, consecutive annual 448th group reunion in anyone's analysis was a super one.

We had several veterans with some of their families in attendance at Boston, with Barbara and Leroy Engdahl having the most with five. Their oldest daughter, Debbie, and her family living just an hour away joined the festivities for Saturday afternoon and the evening banquet.

We had two active duty captains. One was the husband of Geraldine and Doug Skaggs' granddaughter, who also had an exhibit in the memorabilia room. The other was the grandson of Kathy and Richard Thorton, who is assigned to tracking satellites and debris in outer space. He gave an interesting talk about his duties at our Saturday night banquet. He is stationed on Cape Cod.

Our two tours went very nicely, seeing much of the historic Boston area including "Old Ironsides" and the Mayflower II. Assisting the tour guides were George DuPont, Robert Angle, Ben Johnson, King Schultz, Julius Rebeles and Leroy Engdahl, serving as bus captains.

We had a report on our 448th collection toward our \$25,000 pledge to the construction of the Mighty 8th AF Heritage Center, to be constructed and ready for the 1996 reunion of all 8th Air Force units. We now have just over \$14,000 and we badly need to dig in our pockets and meet our pledge really soon; we (448th) don't want to be the last group to meet our part. Please send all you can spare to me, Cater Lee, at P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536. Make your check out to the "Mighty 8th AF Heritage Center" and send it as soon as possible. A separate account has been set up for this.

At our business meeting on Saturday morning, I gave a report on the hotel situation in Savannah and was given the "go ahead" to make arrangements for our 448th for this worldwide historical occasion. The reunion at Savannah will be held Wednesday, August 28th through Saturday, August 31st, 1996.

I will book 160 rooms at the Hyatt Regency, which is most ideally located and the prices are \$77.00 for single or double and \$87.00 for triple or quadruple. These prices will be firm for three days prior and three days after the reunion for any who may wish to visit more in this beautiful and historical southern city. More about this will be covered later, but put these dates and prices on your calendar.

"Where to go in 1995?" There was a resounding choice to go back to England and participate in the activities celebrating the 50th anniversary of the end of WWII. Details will be covered later, but they begin with just a basic tour of four days, including hotel, at Norwich, Seething, Duxford and Cambridge.

The vote from those in attendance at our Saturday morning meeting was 105 for the return to England, 42 for San Diego, and 45 to attend both.

We are asking each of our readers who were not at the reunion to please send me your choice so we can get a more realistic count as to how many would like to do what. It is very possible that we can have a state-side reunion as well, if enough show that they would like to have one. Remember the England reunion dates. We need your response now so that if there are enough desiring a stateside reunion (likely at San Diego), we can start working on that one too. There is a

lot of work involved in arranging a reunion — choosing hotels, bus tours, banquets, etc. — so please drop me a note ASAP.

I want to thank our members for reelecting me to serve as your group vice president for the fourth consecutive year. I consider this a real honor, and I will do my very best to represent you. Thanks for your confidence.

Recent losses among our 448th veterans have been Charles Cupp, Andrew Berger, Sam Hailey, and Bertrand Lutz. We send our sincerest condolences to the families of our dear comrades. If you know of any of our 448th brothers passing on, please let me know, or Leroy Engdahl at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, TX 77662.

For anyone desiring B-24 and/or 448th mementos, contact me, Cater Lee, for 448th group patches at \$5.00 each. 448th tail insignia are \$5.00 each, and now the checkerboard tail insignia, also \$5.00 each.

Pewter B-24 tie tacs are \$6.00 each; silver plated B-24 lapel pins, \$7.00 each; same, but as ladies charms, also \$7.00 each; U.S. flag lapel pin at \$4.00; also 8th AF lapel pins at \$4.00, and ladies silver plated B-24 earrings at \$12.00 a pair — specify pierced or screw type.

For B-24 caps having both squadron number as well as 448th and B-24, write Ben Johnson at 3990 15th Street, Port Arthur, TX 77642. Caps are \$6.00 each.

For beautiful B-24 T-shirts having 448th mission date and B-24, etc., write Charles Bonner at 750 E. Oak Hill Road, Porter, IN 46304.

We have a few of our regular members who are in poor health. Those we are aware of are Robert Harper and George Elkins — think of them in your prayers, and we wish all who may be ill a speedy and full recovery. ■

**THE  
B-24 WAS A  
WELL BALANCED  
AIRCRAFT...**

**SUBMITTED BY  
JIM H. REEVES (HQ)**





# BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP  
by  
Marvin H. Speidel



By now, through the telephone, the media, the grapevine, or the shocking news carried in the last issue of the *Journal*, you are well aware of the great tragedy that befell the Second Air Division Association and the people of Norwich on August 1, 1994: the disastrous fire that resulted in the complete destruction of our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room along with the Norwich Central Library. While most everything else has been lost, there is one item that was not, and cannot, be destroyed. That is the indomitable spirit of the 2ADA members and their faith in the aims and purposes of the Memorial Room and its tribute to our fallen comrades — our Roll of Honor. President Walker has appointed a 2ADA emergency committee which is already at work on restoration plans, including the efforts of Jordan Uttal to reissue the Roll of Honor in its corrected entirety. Anyone with suggestions or additional names to be verified should forward them to me and I will see to it that they reach the proper person or committee.

This tragedy hits us all, as does the following, which represents the down side of being Group VP. Dick Ghere reports that Bill Richards, who was the navigator on Chuck McKeney's crew in the 706th Squadron, passed away on July 11 of this year. Bill remained in the Air Force after WWII, survived two crash landings, and eventually attained the rank of colonel.

Dick Ghere also submitted the following account of his twentieth mission, the April 8, 1944 raid on Braunschweig (Brunswick), Germany:

"Awakened early for first mission since March 16, 1944. Crew had breakfast, and at briefing later we learned that the target was Brunswick, the load to be 52 incendiary bombs (M-47s). We learned

that we would be flying 'Old Lemon,' No. 628, at an altitude of 20,000 feet. Took off at mid morning and received light flak as soon as we reached enemy territory. Over the Dummer Lake area a large chunk of flak pierced the plexiglass just over the bombsight and just under me in the nose turret. A long splinter of it got navigator Richards' right elbow. The main chunk continued upward and exited through the fuselage in front of the pilot and copilot. With bandaged elbow and in much pain, Lt. Richards continued to navigate and we bombed the already burning industrial target at Brunswick at 1309 hours. (The lead group had bombed ahead of us.) Shortly after leaving the target, twelve ME-109 fighters came through our group firing their guns. They came between our ship and the one on our right wing. Minutes later our fighters appeared on both sides of our group. Then, out of nowhere, two Focke-Wolfe 190s cut across the nose of our ship. I thought I had one of them, firing from the nose turret. They vanished as fast as they came. The FWs put a hole in our right flap. Our next problem was our engine superchargers, and all four eventually froze. 'Mac' (pilot) and Lyell (copilot) bailed the plane toward home. As we passed over Dummer Lake we saw enemy fighters down a B-24. I saw three chutes open; Shaffer saw five. We landed back at the Flixton air base in late afternoon and Lt. Richards was taken to the hospital to have flak removed from his elbow. The chunk of flak that passed through the nose of our ship hit and nearly severed a control cable. That cable snapped during preflight the next morning. Our squadron lost one plane on the mission — the crew of Lt. Kougiass. He aborted with an engine feathered and was hit by enemy fighters at the Dummer Lake area. Someone reported seeing eight chutes open. The 446th group also lost Lt. Shopfer and crew, also hit by enemy fighter planes."

Tales such as this, be they war stories, base life escapades, on-pass experiences, or just plain old hangar flying are what we need more of in "Bungay Bull." Send them along! While you may not think so, the rest of us and others of our families or any of the general public who may read this will find them both interesting and a valuable part of our history. Let's hear from more of youse guys! ■

## • RED ASS / BUNGAY BUCKAROO HONORED •

On May 14, 1994, a ceremony was held at the Pima Air Museum in Tucson, Arizona to dedicate the B-24J there, and all 2nd Air Division members will be proud to know that the Liberator now stands in the place of honor in the center of the hangar, resplendent in 2AD colors. The aircraft, named "Bungay Buckaroo," carries the nose art, tail colors, and identification of "Red Ass," the 446th Bomb Group plane that led the 2nd Air Division and the entire 8th Air Force on D-Day. (The name "Red Ass" has been sanitized a bit for civilian eyes and public relations purposes.)

Congratulations to the 446th Bomb Group for the successful completion of their large Pima/B-24 fundraising effort.

*Photos by Dennis McGowan*







# 389th Green Dragon Flares

BY GENE HARTLEY

I remind you of the concept of using the 389th Green Dragon as the basis for our quarterly *Journal* column. The yellow and green B-24 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:

## FLARE FROM MADINGLEY



This picture shows a few of the more than 100 floral wreaths presented at the D-Day 50th anniversary memorial service at Cambridge American Cemetery on June 4, 1994. Mr. Clifford Robinson presented a wreath on behalf of the 389th Bomb Group (H).

## FLARE FROM THE D-DAY ANNIVERSARY

On CBS, a D-Day veteran said, "Young men, not much older than boys, gave away all their tomorrows for your today. Those of us who survive should create a world that was worth dying for."

## FLARE FROM A BROTHER-IN-LAW

A letter I received from George Boyd, P.O. Box 235, Champaign, IL 61820, re. Kenneth M. Caldwell, former member of the 389th:

"Thank you so much for your kind assistance to my inquiry regarding Ken Caldwell. It has answered many questions about Kenneth's career which have been on my mind for many years.

"All of the interest in the recent D-Day plus 50 years once again stimulated my interest. Seeing the PBS documentary "Utah Man" was really the reason I finally decided to look into it. I think that because of individuals such as yourself it is easier to find things out now than it was 20 or 30 years ago. Thanks again so much."

## FLARE FROM THE ENOLA GAY

Jim Patillo, a retired municipal court judge, flew a B-29 in combat from April 1944 to August of the following year. A retired colonel, he is chairman of the 20th Air Force Association's Enola Gay committee. We have both lived in the Santa Barbara area for several years. With his permission, I offer his commentary as it appeared on August 14, 1994, in the editorial section of the *Santa Barbara News-Press*:

## Museum's Plans Are a National Disgrace

by James L. Patillo

Twentieth Air Force veterans oppose all plans that the National Air and Space Museum has for displaying "Enola Gay," the B-29 from

which the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

The museum plans a 1995 exhibit that will suggest the Japanese were victims, Americans were racists (if not cowards), and that President Truman ordered the A-bombs dropped without due consideration.

It will be a national disgrace, even if planned by so-called "historians."

The museum has owned "Enola Gay" for over 40 years, but never displayed it because its staff doesn't want to.

They feel America has never "confronted itself" for using atomic bombs, and should do so. They now plan on displaying an atomic bomb mock-up, shocking photos and memorabilia from Hiroshima, a complete Japanese suicide plane, and two parts of "Enola Gay" (the front half of the fuselage and one propeller) — all in one depressing exhibit.

The museum was chartered and is supported by Congress to be an air and space museum — not a nuclear power, sociology, or war museum.

If the Smithsonian is to exhibit an atomic bomb, a Japanese airplane, or even establish a Japanese holocaust museum, let them do it somewhere else, but not in our premier air museum.

"Enola Gay" should be displayed in the same manner as other historic American planes — which she certainly is — intact and without editorial comment (on war, atomic bombing, or anything else). Recognize her heroic flight crews, but also America's aeronautical industry — including Rosie the Riveter — for the monumental and outstanding job they performed in designing, developing, and manufacturing this airplane in minimum time, when urgently needed.

The B-29 was the world's first production airplane built with pressure cabins, radar, Loran, intercontinental range, dual nose wheels, two superchargers per engine, and engines producing at least one horsepower per pound of engine weight; our first bomber with dual bomb bays, central fire control system, computing gunsights, remotely located guns, and pneumatically operated bomb doors.

Today, this all sounds quaint, but don't the technical details of the Wright Flyer and the Spirit of St. Louis? And, isn't it to exhibit them why we have an *air museum*?

As for the 100,000 deaths caused by atomic bombs, consider this: B-29 crewmen put all killing, whether by bare hand, strangling wire, bayonet, incendiary, nuclear weapon, or otherwise on the same moral plane.

And remember that, in the prior 14 months, another 100,000 Japanese died under B-29 attacks costing 414 B-29s and about 3,000 crewmates and friends killed, wounded, or missing.

As a result, we "stand behind our work" and recommend that someone at the National Air and Space Museum be fired."

*Editor's Note: Please see related story on page 31.*

## FLARE FOR THE SEASONS

As the holiday season approaches, the Green Dragon takes this opportunity to wish you the warmest of Season's Greetings, and a New Year filled with good cheer. Can you believe we are approaching 1995?? ■

## Flying ace Hubert Zemke dead at 80

Submitted by Myron Keilman (392nd)

OROVILLE, Calif. (AP) — Col. Hubert Zemke, a Missoula native and a World War II flying ace, died Tuesday, August 30th, 1994. He was 80 years old.

Zemke served in Europe where he scored 17 aerial victories and 11 ground victories. He commanded the 56th Fighter Group, dubbed "Zemke's Wolfpack," which recorded 667 air triumphs. The unit, which flew P-47 Thunderbolts, was part of the 8th Air Force, 2nd Bomb Division in England.

Zemke became an Army Air Corps flying cadet in 1937 and retired from the service in 1966. His honors included a Silver Star, Purple Heart, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, and the Legion of Merit. ■



# Bless 'Em All...

BY ED WANNER (445th)

I never slept on an aircraft while on active duty, so it shouldn't surprise me now that I couldn't doze off on our way to London in a 747. Maybe some former pilots are still back-seat drivers like I am in commercial planes. I always notice my leg muscles tensing on what would be the rudders (the poor guy's seat in front of me) when the plane is about to land. At least the boredom was over now and was replaced by adrenaline when we touched down. The thought of seeing England again after 45 years was exciting. They were wonderful people.

I fought my reflexes to drive on the "wrong side" of the English roads and streets on our visit. (The only driving I did there during WWII had a duration of about three minutes, and that was in a jeep. Even then it was only on our air base.) It was sort of a *déjà vu* feeling since driving did bring about a flood of words or phrases that we used to hear when the British gave us directions on how to find a place. It seemed like we were always asking directions when Sandy, our navigator, wasn't along. "Just go straight ahead," the British would say, "You cawn't miss it." Or, "You'll go to the 'round-about' and turn...rawther narrow road...if you turn left there is a red building at the corner and a little further down you'll see an old Norman church with a beautiful courtyard. Then there's the Rover's Inn. But don't go left. Go to the right and straightaway you'll see a hill on the right and just past..." Well, you know how it went.

At least now I know why I always used to get so mixed up with their directions. They were trying to be helpful, but they gave me so much detail about the road that I *wasn't* supposed to take that I never could retain the information about the road that I *was* supposed to take. All I can say now is: *Bless 'em all*.

When we drove to my old airfield I had some mixed emotions. Sure, too much sadness, but there were bright spots and great comradeship in those days. And, some things that I'm glad we can't be court-martialed for anymore.

Without doubt the British must have gotten sick of Yanks. Remember the cabbies always stopping for American GIs and passing up British officers (bigger tip, you know). They suffered in silence when we GIs threw money around — because our paychecks were larger by comparison. Remember their

saying about the Yanks, "Overpaid, oversexed, and over here!" Sometimes we didn't hold our liquor too well, either.

One gray morning my B-24 crew was returning from a practice bombing mission. As usual, Joe, our bombardier, had hit the pickle barrel right in the middle. There had been moans and groans before we had taken off because I had insisted that the whole crew go on this training mission. There was a little trick that I used once in a while to reduce the bitchin'. I'd bribe them by promising to do some *buzzing* on the way back to our base.

The patchwork of green farm fields flowed beneath us from our altitude of about 5,000 feet. So far, neither Mac, our copilot, nor anyone else on the crew had come up with an idea of what we might use for a low pass.

It was either Kuepker or Swede who used the intercom to tell us that there was a haystack at 10 o'clock that would be great to buzz. Well, I admit, that sounded pretty good to me, and having caught a glimpse of it off my left wing tip, I started flying a left hand traffic pattern just as if we were to be landing on the haystack. Unfortunately I missed and had to repeat the pattern — but at least it gave me a chance to drop down to under 1,000 feet. On the second attempt we were lined up exactly on the stack.

We got closer and I dipped the nose way down so we were only about 20 or 30 feet above the field. Indicated air speed was about 175 mph. No one on the ground would pay much attention to a lone B-24, ordinarily, since there were thousands of them in England. And, this time we were hidden behind the hedgerows separating the fields. Now I pulled up as the hedgerows rushed at us — then down again on the other side. Just ahead was the haystack. All at once I could see the faces of field hands looking toward us! Some diving off the haystack, some jumping off a haycart, and pitchforks were flying. Oh, no! I hadn't seen them before! Pulling up steeply it felt like we were standing that Liberator on its tail.

I heard some yells and whoops on the intercom and I asked Green in the tail turret what he could see. He said something like, "We've spread hay all over that field." So, did you ever wonder why some "limeys" hated our guts? Now you know! And no wonder. To think that we did this to the best allies we could ever have gotten. But, *bless 'em all — the long, the short and the tall.* ■

# Alfred In The Sky

by Malcolm Townsend

Submitted by Oak Mackey (392nd)

Read at memorial service for the 392nd's  
Lt. Colby Waugh and crew, May 7, 1994.

The days were dark, the nights were lit  
With a thousand beams of light  
Illuminating deadly birds  
Bringing fire to the night  
But the Yanks they fought a different war  
They'd found another way  
No more the shroud of darkness  
Their eagles flew by day.

Taking off from Wendling  
Near England's eastern shore  
A flight of Liberators  
Set out to fight their war  
The three hundred and ninety second  
Was to bomb the docks at Kiel  
The aircraft flew northeastward  
Towards a fiery hell.

The crew of "A for Alfred"  
Were ready for the fray  
Ten young men with courage  
Would glory come today?  
And then the moment happened  
That they'd all learned to dread  
Alfred took a direct hit  
What prayers to God were said?

Perhaps it was "Lord, get us home,  
Don't let us die today  
Don't let our plane become a tomb  
For this dear Lord we pray."  
With an engine gone the valiant crew  
Tried to make it back to base  
But by a wood in Sheringham  
Their efforts went to waste.

Five men died, they gave their lives  
In a European war  
When asked to give their everything  
They couldn't give much more  
We owe a lot to all those lads  
Who died in that foreign field  
Let's pray that it was not in vain  
And that all the wounds be healed.

They fly again in triumph  
Liberated now on high  
The souls of those who suffered  
In Alfred in the Sky.  
To all of those remaining  
And the kin of those who died  
We say thank you to the young men  
Who flew Alfred in the Sky. ■



# WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE B-24S?

Submitted by Dave Patterson (445th)

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At the end of World War II, the U.S. had a dilemma — what to do with over 200,000 aircraft in the U.S. and overseas. It was decided that the disposition of WWII aircraft would be handled by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC) until 1946 when the War Assets Administration (WAA) took over.

When the war ended in Europe, 5,000 planes, mostly heavy bombers, were flown back to the U.S. for redeployment to the Pacific. The war in the Pacific ended before any were transferred and they were sent to storage depots instead. After VJ Day, 16,000 aircraft were still overseas. Nine thousand of these aircraft were flown back to the U.S. The remainder were sold, salvaged or scrapped. Non-salable combat planes of the AAF in Europe were demolished by grenades, pulled apart by tractors, or hoisted by cranes and dropped on concrete blocks below.

All the surplus aircraft were sent to 113 storage sites throughout the U.S. There were 81 storage sites controlled by the RFC, 25 by RFC and WAA jointly, 21 by the AAF Storage and five were for storage and salvage, Clinton, OK NAS being the largest with over 8,000 aircraft, all Navy. Other large sites were Altus, Oklahoma; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Kingman, Arizona (which had over 2,200 B-24s in late 1945); Ontario, California; and Walnut Ridge, Arkansas. These fields would stretch for five or six miles with airplanes wingtip to wingtip. The B-24s were sent to these five large storage sites along with other aircraft. The B-24s and other military aircraft were scrapped and the non-combatant aircraft were sold or scrapped.

Some new aircraft in the pipeline at the end of the war were flown directly from factory to scrap yard. New B-32 Dominators were flown from the factory at Fort Worth to Walnut Ridge to be broken up and melted down. As early as three months before the end of the war, dozens of B-24Js were flown from the factory to the scrappers at Kingman. Production had ended in late summer 1944 for Liberators at North American and Consolidated Fort Worth. All Liberator production was halted by June 1945. B-17 production was halted before this time.

As an experiment, the Air Force dismantled a Liberator and found that it cost more than the salvage value. It required 782 man hours to strip the plane, and the 32,759 pounds of junk took up more than an acre of hangar space.

Of a total of 41,820 aircraft in the U.S., 19,445 were sold, all non-combat type. The prices varied from \$200 for a BT-15 to \$100,000 for a Douglas C-54. A total of 22,375 were salvaged. The sale of some of the military aircraft to the scrappers went for incredibly low prices. One sale at Clinton, OK went for just under \$154 per aircraft for the lot of 7600 aircraft.

However, the sale price of a B-24 is listed by the WAA in one of their brochures as \$13,750. Also, this is for a plane to be scrapped, not flown, as there was a prohibition on the sale of bombers as flyable aircraft. The gas in the tanks in many cases could be sold for more than the price of the aircraft. Didn't the Air Force always have the gas tanks full?

In September 1944 there were 6,043 B-24s in Air Force inventory, and by 1951 only one remained, a B-24M used by Aero Icing Research Laboratory. If all the B-24s in inventory were scrapped, then totals of the nearly 19,000 B-24s produced were: 6,042 scrapped, about 6,000 lost in aerial combat, 3,000 lost in accidents and other causes, and 4,000 abandoned on foreign bases or cannibalized for parts.

At the B-24 salvage operations, engines and equipment were removed from the planes, then huge knives cut up the aluminum, which was melted down in 1250 degree furnaces in hours. The molten aluminum flowed into large ingots, some weighing 1500 pounds, and was trucked away. The project was completed in 18 months.

The Navy had a simple way to dispose of some of their aircraft by pushing them overboard from carriers at sea.

Besides the 41,820 aircraft handled by the WAA and RFC, there were thousands of aircraft left behind at many overseas bases. India had one of those bases. It all began when the B-24 was chosen by the British for their South East Asia Command (SEAC). They received the Liberators under Lend-Lease between 1942 and 1945.

When hostilities ceased, orders came from the U.S. that Lend-Lease was to end and the SEAC Liberator squadrons were to be disarmed. They were disarmed by October 1945 and by March 1946 the squadrons were disbanded and aircraft flown to Chakeri, India, and stored pending destruction.

The aircraft were made unusable by smashing up all turrets, cockpits and damag-

ing outer skin, and finally, collapsing the undercarriage. One photo shows over one hundred Liberators being destroyed at Chakeri.

When the British had to leave India upon independence in 1947, the task of destroying all the Liberators was not completed. The Royal Indian Air Force salvaged 39 Liberators which were received from Chakeri. Many of the Liberators were made serviceable by cannibalizing the aircraft. The Royal Indian Air Force squadron flew the Liberators from 1948 to 1968 — 20 years without a fatal accident. It was from this squadron's Liberators that the world's surviving B-24Js came, now spread all over the world. The *All American* was one of these aircraft, as well as the one at the Pima Air Museum.

*Ed. Note: The 781st Bomb Squadron, as part of the 465th Bomb Group, 15th Air Force, flew B-24 Liberators from Pantanella Airfield located near Canosa, Italy, during WWII (1944-45). During its 191 missions over southern Europe it dropped thousands of tons of bombs, shot down 23 enemy aircraft (German) and received two Distinguished Unit Citations. ■*

## MAYDAY!

Many of us are founders or supporters of the American Air Museum at Duxford, Britain. Its purpose is noble — to preserve the history and equipment of the air war between the Allies and the Axis during WWII.

Those 2nd Air Division members and other admirers of the B-24 Liberator who have visited England have become aware of the *absence* of the most important aircraft in the ETO at the American Air Museum.

The stateside address of the AAM is: 709 2nd Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002. The co-chair of the board is Charlton Heston, and the newest board member is Georgia Frontiere. Your letter may help the Liberator's last battle! ■





# Open Letter To the 93rd

BY FLOYD H. MABEE

## INFORMATION CORRECTED

In a letter from Luther S. Bird, 328th BS, he said: "I have tried to correct misinformation on who flew Bomberang (722) on the August 1, 1943 Ploesti mission. The Spring 1994 BOFQE (page 5) and article in *Air Classics* (March 1994, page 63) indicated a Lt. Luther C. Bird flew Bomberang on the mission. In fact, 1st Lt. Roy G. Martin was pilot and Lt. Luther S. Bird was copilot. Lt. D.R. Dahl, a newly arrived pilot, made the mission with us."

A point of interest: *Bits and Pieces of the Mighty Eighth* (Paul M. Andrews, etc.) lists fifteen 8th Air Force heavy bombers named Bomberang and only one heavy bomber was named Bomberang. This was B-24D #123722 of our 328th Squadron. Thus, the misspelling separated the 328th Bomberang from the others.

I must confess, I will take some of the blame for the misspelling of this 93rd plane, Bomberang, in a report I made in the Summer 1991 *Journal* with a list of 93rd planes that flew Ploesti 1 Aug. '43. I believe I have all the pilot and plane names and numbers correct now. Sorry about that, Luther; I am a lousy typist and hit many wrong keys. I knew better.

## BALL OF FIRE QUARTERLY EXPRESS

The fall issue of the 93rd's popular newsletter, official voice of our group, was mailed around October 15th, sixteen pages featuring activities, letters, stories and pictures reflecting the days, times, and history of our group, which we all know to be the greatest bomb group of all time. If you are not receiving this nostalgic publication and wish to do so, please send a donation of \$10 or more to: 93rd Bomb Group, Paul R. Steichen, 2227A Ruhland Dr., Redondo Beach, CA 90278-2401.

In the event that circumstances do not permit your participation, please advise and your courtesy copy will be sent. No one will keep alive the memory and sacrifices of our 819 comrades who are listed on our Roll of Honor if you don't.

## THE SIX LANIER BROTHERS OF WORLD WAR II FROM OGLETHORPE COUNTY, GA BY ROGER L. LANIER

**Walter Clifford Lanier** (1916-1976): Branch of service - Navy 1943 through 1946. Navy serial no. 8935733, Rank: Seaman First Class, Stationed: Great Lakes and Olathe, Kansas (no foreign service).

**Rene Parks Lanier:** Born 1917. Branch of service: U.S. Army Air Force 1946-1946, Rank: Master Sergeant, Stationed: Southwest Pacific 1943-1946, Outfit: 27th Air Depot Group, New Guinea. Duty: Flight line supervisor.

**Roger Louis Lanier:** Born 1919. Branch of service: U.S. Army Air Force 1942-1945, Army serial no. 34197687, Rank: Sergeant, Outfit: 93rd BG, 329th BS, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force. Stationed: Barksdale Field, Louisiana. Combat Training: Fort Myers, Florida. Foreign Service: Stationed in England two years nine months at Hardwick. Duty: Airplane and engine mechanic on B-24 HB. Group took part in the following campaigns: Normandy, Naples-Foggia, Egypt-Libya, Tunisia-Sicily, Air Offensive Europe, Air Combat Central Europe-Northern France, Rhineland-Ardenne. Group Citations: Distinguished unit badge. European African Middle East. Service medal with two silver stars and one bronze star. Group's most memorable mission: Low level bombing of Ploesti oil fields in Romania. Heavy loss of bombers and men. One hundred and seventy-five B-24 bombers took part. Only about one hundred made it back to friendly bases and many of those were heavily damaged.

**Harold Stone Lanier:** Born 1922. Branch of service: U.S. Army Air Force 1942 through 1945, Army serial no. 14118655, Rank: Technical Sergeant. Outfit: Cannot recall his group or squadron number, but was attached to the 8th Air Force, 2nd Air Division, stationed near Norwich. Duty: Radio operator and gunner on B-24 heavy bomber. Campaigns: Air Offensive Europe. Completed thirty-five bombing missions over Germany. Plane shot up badly over Berlin. Had to leave formation and crash landed at Brussels, Belgium (at Allied air base). Plane demolished, but all nine crew members were safe. Was stationed near brother, Roger, and saw each other many times during his short stay there from November 1944 through May 1945.

**Leon Smith Lanier:** Born 1924. Branch of service: U.S. Marine Corps, Marine serial no. 865305. Rank: Corporal. Stationed: Paris Island, South Carolina; Yorktown, Virginia; Camp Pendleton, California. Outfit: Fourth Marine Division. Foreign Service: Iwo Jima and China. Discharged: August 1946.

**Rene Hoke Lanier:** Born 1926. Branch of service: U.S. Navy, February 1944 through 1946, Navy serial no. 6908713, Rank: Seaman Second Class-V6. Stationed: NRS Macon, Georgia; U.S. Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida; Naval Air Station, Daytona Beach, Florida; U.S. Naval Air Station, Deland, Florida. No foreign service.

This information was typed on special paper and buried in a special vault and capsule, to be opened November 2093, at the foot of Veterans Memorial on Courthouse Square in Lexington, Georgia. Lots of other county history was also buried in the cap-

sule. This was done on November 11, 1993.

"I sure do appreciate what you are doing to keep us in touch with the 93rd. I was there at Barksdale Field the day the group was formed. After the war ended several of us put together a beat up B-24 and flew it back to the U.S. — almost went down in Maine but finally made it to Bradley Field, Connecticut."

We of the 93rd BG thought that this family of six servicemen might be of interest to members of the group. I had to cut it down somewhat for space, omitting wives and children that Roger Lanier wrote about. Roger lives at Rt. 2, Box 230, Crawford, GA 30630; telephone 706-743-5857.

## 93RD BG ROLL OF HONOR

By now, you should have heard of the destruction by fire of the Norwich library and 2nd Air Division Memorial Room. It is believed that plans to rebuild are very good. Due to our Roll of Honor being destroyed, we are now in the process of replacing it. Honorary President Jordan Uttal has agreed to take on this very tedious task. The additional list completed in 1993 wasn't added to the original Roll of Honor. It was kept in the group folders in our Memorial Room. The new Roll of Honor will have all names, ranks and serial numbers entered in a distinctive font style. Each group is to have all verified names submitted to Mr. Uttal by November 15th. Even though it will be too late, by the time you read this, to have new names entered in the Roll of Honor at this time, we should have all our men included at a later time. I'm not finished as yet and have close to 700 93rd names to be entered. If any of you know of any 93rd men KIA and you know or think their names aren't on the Roll of Honor, drop me a line with their names, ranks and serial numbers if known. I will check my list and, if they aren't listed, we have a source in Washington that can verify or reject the name. Please write to me. Don't call. I have a bad habit of forgetting names. Old age is taking its toll on me.

## 93RD ROSTER

Frederick and Inez Strombom, Box 646, Ogema, WI 54459, are still doing an outstanding job making up our 93rd BG rosters for your benefit. The cost is still only \$5 with a geographical, or \$3 without the geographical, which is a big help when traveling.

## 93RD EMBLEMS

Paul R. Steichen, 2227A Ruhland Dr., Redondo Beach, CA 90278-2401 still has the 93rd BG cap emblems, for \$3.75 each. Squadron emblems are \$4.75 each, postage included. Please make your check out to the 93rd Bomb Group.

## WINTER ADDRESS

By the time you read this *Journal*, I will be at 11524 Zimmerman Rd., Port Richey, FL 34668-1559. ■



# Old Hickory

## The Story of a B-24 Bomber

BY JOSEPH BRODER (446th)

What will be unique about the tales of another World War II navigator? When all the histories are finally written, they will be about colonels and generals and statesmen and admirals. Oh, I fancy that this person could have much to say, but instead, on with the saga of Old Hickory.

We were given our own bird in February, 1944. Led by James T. Elizer, a pilot from Tennessee, he named this B-24 Liberator after a childhood hero of his, President Andrew Jackson. For the rest of the cast, see the conclusion of Hickory's odyssey.

Some sorties Old Hickory flew (and we of the original crew, too) included Berlin, Brunswick, Nuremberg, Munich, Freidrichshofen, Hamm, Oberpoffenhoffen, Bernberg, Frankfurt, and several cities more than once, as well as other German targets. There were bomb drops on France and Belgium, relief shipments to the occupied territories, plus a goodly share of other combat ops and easier NoBalls. Our own tour ended on June 4, 1944.

Memories? March 6th, the first mass day-

light raid over Big B, which included multiple runs over a heavily defended target. Memories of the acrid smoke, the smell of waist guns firing and turrets turning when rumbling towards and fighting back from other targets. Memories of being holed and of feathered props and fiery deaths in other ships; of Nazi flak and fighters contesting many murderous miles; of a Spitfire squadron leader saying in a crisp, calm, British accent, "Box the straggler in, boys, we'll take this bomber home" (it was not us). Memories of a return from Hamm in deepest dusk when planes, both enemy and ours, littered English countryside and air base runways. Memories of virtually running in place at only forty knots per hour when balling back from a major rail strike; memories of crushing ice from near frozen oxygen masks and frequent frostbite at bone chilling altitudes.

More memories? Let us not list them all. There were too many: explosions, hunks of flak, fuselage embedded, other Libs going down like broken bric-a-brac, Very pistol

emergency flares, hospital trucks aligned alongside ramps, in-flight forming crashes; a litany of sights and sounds of aerial warfare.

The 446th Bomb Group (H), 707th Bomb Squadron at Flixton, Station 125, near Bungay in East Anglia, was fortunate in having and flying Old Hickory. It was with a huge sense of loss, however, upon recently learning that Old Hickory crash landed on September 2nd, 1944, and was salvaged (savaged).

This old man cried.

No, there will never be another 42-110043 with its gaily painted black horizontal stripe ensconced on giant golden tail fins. No, there will never be another Old Hickory.

Our pachyderm of the air, our elephantine Liberator, our ugly yet elegant B-24 bomber managed to bring back alive 1st Lieutenants James T. Elizer, Bernard Whaley, Joseph Broder, Donald H. Keiper, and Sergeants Joseph H. Hearl, Kenneth L. Foster, William A. Barber, Walter H. Eiseman, Harold L. Hooker, and Francis E. McCue. ■

## WAR STORIES AT AIR AND SPACE

Extract from *Air Force Magazine*, April 1994, by John T. Correll, Editor in Chief

1501 Lee Highway, Arlington, VA 22209-1198 • Tel. 1-800-727-3337

The Smithsonian Institution acquired the *Enola Gay* — the B-29 that dropped the first atomic bomb — forty-four years ago. After a decade of deterioration in open weather, the aircraft was put into storage in 1960. Now, following a lengthy period of restoration, it will finally be displayed to the public on the fiftieth anniversary of its famous mission. The exhibition will run from May 1995 to January 1996 at the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C.

The aircraft will be an element in a larger exhibition called "The Crossroads: The End of World War II, the Atomic Bomb, and the Origins of the Cold War." The context is the development of the atomic bomb and its use against the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945.

The *Enola Gay's* task was a grim one, hardly suitable for glamorization. Nevertheless, many visitors may be taken aback by what they see. That is particularly true for World War II veterans who had petitioned the museum to display the historic bomber in an objective setting.

The restored aircraft will be there all right, the front fifty-six feet of it, anyway. The rest of the gallery space is allotted to a program about the atomic bomb. The presentation is designed for shock effect. The exhibition plan notes that parents might find

some parts unsuitable for viewing by their children.

For the "emotional center" of the exhibit, the curators are collecting burnt watches and broken wall clocks, photos of victims — which will be enlarged to life size — as well as melted and broken religious objects. One display is a schoolgirl's lunch box with remains of peas and rice reduced to carbon. To ensure that nobody misses the point, "where possible, photos of the persons who owned or wore these artifacts would be used to show that real people stood behind the artifacts." Survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will recall the horror in their own words.

The Air and Space Museum says it takes no position on the "difficult moral and political questions" involved. For the past two years, however, museum officials have been under fire from veterans groups who charge that the exhibition plan is politically biased.

The exhibition plan the museum was following as recently as November picked up the story of the war in 1945 as the end approached. It depicted the Japanese in a desperate defense of their home islands, saying little about what had made such a defense necessary. U.S. conduct of the war was depicted as brutal, vindictive, and racially motivated.

The latest script, written in January, shows major concessions to balance. It acknowledges Japan's "naked aggression and extreme brutality" that began in the 1930s. It gives greater recognition to U.S. casualties. Despite some hedging, it says the atomic bomb "played a crucial role in ending the Pacific war quickly." Further revisions to the script are expected.

Despite the balancing material added in January, the curators still make some curious calls. "For most Americans," the script says, "it was a war of vengeance. For most Japanese, it was a war to defend their unique culture against Western imperialism." Women, children, and mutilated religious objects are strongly emphasized in the "ground zero" scenes from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The museum says this is "happenstance," not a deliberate ideological twist.

The Air and Space Museum is also taking flak from the other side. A prominent historian serving on an advisory group for the exhibition, for example, complains about the "celebratory" treatment of the *Enola Gay* and that the crew showed "no remorse" for the mission.

*Ed. Note: Please share with Mr. Correll and the National Air and Space Museum any correspondence you may have on this subject.* ■



## UPCOMING REUNIONS

Second Air Division  
Association  
**48TH ANNUAL CONVENTION**  
July 3, 4, 5 & 6, 1995  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Details pp 38-40

### Florida Regional Reunion III FEBRUARY 12, 1995

The third Florida regional reunion of the 2nd Air Division Association will once again be a one-day reunion, in Orlando on February 12th. The Clarion Plaza Hotel has again agreed to offer us an attractive room rate for the night of February 12, 1995, as well as for the three nights preceding and three nights after that date, to allow those who so desire to attend the reunion activities and also leisurely take in the many world renowned tourist attractions in the Orlando area.

Please mark your calendars and plan to attend! Florida members of the 2ADA will receive full details by mail. Members living outside Florida and non-member WWII 2nd Air Division veterans who might be interested in attending may receive this information by writing to:

Luther C. Cox  
4932 Oakbrooke Place  
Orlando, FL 32812

### 14TH ANNUAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REUNION DINNER

Saturday, February 25, 1995

El Toro Marine Air Station  
Officers Club

For further information, contact:

Dick Baynes (466th BG)  
71 Nighthawk  
Irvine, CA 92714  
Tel. (714) 552-3889

OR

Jay Jeffries (453rd BG)  
17161 Westport  
Huntington Beach, CA 92649  
Tel. (714) 846-1653

## THE PX PAGE

If you have articles or items for sale that pertain to the 2ADA,  
they belong on the PX Page.

Please submit them to P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938.

### B-24 CALENDAR

Paper Images of Winter Haven, Florida is producing a calendar featuring dramatic images of B-24 Liberators in combat action over Europe. The photographs used to produce this calendar were made from the original K-20 combat camera (large format) negatives.

These unusually high quality photographs were obtained from the archives of Major William Dwyer, USAF Ret., who served as the Combat Photography Officer for the 15th Air Force's 451st Bombardment Group.

The calendar is printed in premium black and white, measures 14 x 22 inches, and is wire bound along the top edge. Available for \$14.95, postage prepaid. Contact:

Paper Images  
P.O. Box 9206  
Winter Haven, FL 33883-9206  
Toll Free 1-800-651-5050

### NEW TAPE AVAILABLE FROM 2ADA TAPE LIBRARY

Thanks to the generosity of the Dzenowagis family, we now have a copy of their "American Patriots (Series) - Jordan Uttal - The Story of the Second Air Division Memorial Room." This should be of particular interest to any member who wants to see our beautiful Memorial Room again, before it was so disastrously destroyed by fire on August 1st, 1994.

The charge for renting this tape from the 2ADA Tape Library is \$5.00. Contact Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831. You may also purchase a copy of this tape from J. Dzenowagis, 4397 So. Okemos Road, Okemos, MI 48864. Purchase price is \$19.50 plus \$2.50 postage and packaging.

This is also a good time to remind you that there are about 18 copies available of the "Diamond Lil" video of the historic flight of this Confederate Air Force B-24/LB-30 Liberator across the Atlantic in 1992 as part of the 50th anniversary celebrations. Price from Pete Henry is \$25.00 postage paid.

### MILITARY HISTORY BOOKS

For a free catalog contact:

STACKPOLE BOOKS

Toll Free 1-800-732-3669

### REPLACEMENT CREW

by Col. Richard C. Baynes, USAF Ret.  
466th Bomb Group

This booklet traces the training and combat experiences of the 8th Air Force Replacement Crew No. 731 in 1944. Paperback, 96 pp, illustrations, bibliography. \$10.00 postpaid from the author:

Richard C. Baynes  
71 Nighthawk  
Irvine, CA 92714

### B-24 Watches

\$100.00 each.

Available from:

Harold Fritzler (491st)  
1130 S.W. Chestnut Drive  
Portland, OR 97219-2169

B-24 watch with flak bursting  
also available.

### A Bomber Pilot In WWII

This is an interesting autobiographical account "From Farm Boy to Pilot" by Walt Hughes of the 93rd Bomb Group, 330th BS. The book tells the story from enlistment through training of pilot and crew, the flight overseas, assignment to the 93rd, and Walt's remembrance of the missions. It includes a particularly poignant chapter highlighting the loss of his copilot, Pete Scott. Navigator Lou Windsor's detailed mission records for all 35 missions are also included. There are chapters on Walt's impression of life in the group, of life in England in general, and finally the boat ride home.

You might also find this book to be an excellent tutorial if you care to record your own experience during that fateful period of our lives. Price is \$12.00 including postage (add \$2.00 for postage and handling on overseas orders). Available from the author:

Walter F. Hughes  
36681 Cuenca Court  
Fremont, CA 94536



# Salzburg Revisited: THE 8TH'S LAST MISSION

by JOHN A. LINFORD\* (445th)

The story by Gene Saltarelli of the 466th BG about the Salzburg mission of 21 April 1945 (*2ADA Journal*, Winter 1993, page 9) brought to mind the last mission the Eighth Air Force flew in combat. The target was again Salzburg, Austria.

We who were a few missions short of the required tour of 35 were worried. There were very few targets left to bomb, as our ground troops and the Russians were overrunning the Third Reich at a fast pace. Without a full tour, those of us who wanted to get home to our wives and families were concerned that we would do the rest of our missions in the Pacific.

So I, for one, was pleased to be alerted to fly that morning of 25 April 1945. This would be my 34th mission, and our group, the 445th at Tibenham, had lost no aircraft in the last ten missions and only three in the last thirty days. The German war machine was nearly totally neutralized. The Luftwaffe was in serious trouble and only the flak guns seemed to be a threat.

Leading the Second Air Division and the 8th AF on this mission, Col. Wm. W. Jones, the 445th Bomb Group commanding officer, was the command pilot flying with our crew. The target was the rail marshalling yards at Salzburg, Austria. We flew B-24J Liberator #207-4.

Our crew had, in addition to its regular members, Major Charles W. Head, the group navigator who rode in the nose gun turret.

The day was clear with unlimited visibility. After forming our group we departed our waypoint, Control Point A, fifteen miles east of Great Yarmouth. We crossed into Belgium near Antwerp and proceeded southeasterly across Germany at 20,000 feet elevation. Sixty nautical miles west of Mainz on the Rhine River we turned 17° left toward a point forty miles south of Nuremberg.

Our lead crew navigator, Harold Coon, gave the pilot all our headings, including that to the IP, initial point of the bombing run, 42 miles north of Salzburg.

The Alps were a clear set of ragged ridges with many snowy fields as a backdrop. It was a gorgeous day for sightseeing.

The air was so calm that both heading and altitude were absolutely steady. It was just as I was turning this lead Liberator to the 170° heading given to me by radar operator, John T. Pierce, that our bombardier, Fred Bromm, manually turned the bomb sight to line up exactly with the target.

The heading was so accurate that the turning seemed to Fred to be by bombsight control, even though Fred had not engaged the bombsight clutch. Here is his reply to my recent request of his memory of this bomb run:

"I recall making a course alignment at the IP. The visibility was so fantastic that I could see the target area from the IP, permitting an eyeball alignment of the target by sighting

over the bombsight. This was accomplished by manually turning the auto pilot clutch mechanism to change the B-24's course."

Under typical bomb run conditions an unengaged bombsight clutch would show up a long way before the target. Since the course hair in the bomb sight telescope required no synchronization, this lack in need to make a course correction obscured this oversight. It did not show up until a few seconds before bombs away, too late to make a correction.

It is amazing that the initial bomb run heading as confirmed by Fred Bromm's visual alignment from a long way out resulted in the bomb strike as Fred remembers:

"Not that bad. Some bombs hit rolling stock on the left edge of the marshalling yard and others tracked through an area of buildings to the left of the yard. As you probably remember, there was a method of scoring bomb results. My official Air Force flight records and a bomb strike photograph both indicate the scoring as 'very good.'"

Although I remember no flak bursts, Fred did see flashes of gunfire through the bombsight telescope, and his diary does mention some flak.

With bombs away we turned 80° right, then soon right again to the northwest to avoid the flak guns at Innsbruck and Munich, and we descended from 21,000 feet to 20,000 feet for the flight home.

We soon learned that this would be the last combat mission flown by the Eighth Air Force. Within a few days, Germany surrendered unconditionally. We pondered our fate, as we were short the 35 missions for a complete tour. The Pacific Theater seemed an unwelcome possibility.

On this last mission we had flown 1103 nautical miles in 8 hours, 20 minutes, including the time required to circle while forming the squadron. Thank goodness for the pilot's relief tubes.

Because of the length of this flight, we used economy power settings for maximum range. Our group lost no aircraft.

Following "Victory in Europe" we loaded the crew aboard and toured southern England at low level. The very low pass over Buckingham Palace was a one-shot event, as there resulted a strongly worded prohibitive directory from Headquarters to all squadrons.

One great reward for all those months of tension, anxiety and anguish came in our orders to fly ourselves home to the States. We were assigned a brand new B-24J, one with only 30 hours on the log. That sure beat the indignity of possible seasickness on a slow trip home by troop transport ship.

Soon after our return to the United States, the B-29 "Enola Gay" blasted Hiroshima, and Emperor Hirohito capitulated unconditionally. WWII had ended.

\*With thanks to Charles W. Head and Fred Bromm for their input. ■

## NEW MEMBERS

### HQ

John P. Crowley  
James K. Dent  
William H. Gregg (93rd)  
Joseph F. Meyer  
Robert B. Miller (389th, 44th)

### 44th

Charles S. Gordon

### 93rd

Charles D. Sill  
Joseph W. Thorley

### 389th

Stanley Steinberg  
John F. Toomey

### 392nd

George Kouzes

### 445th

Frank N. McAnally (AM)

### 446th

John A. Farrington (93rd)

### 448th

LTC Fred C. Aldrich (Ret.)  
John P. Delaney  
Peter Edgar  
Mary G. McDaniel (AM)  
Vernon L. Siegel

### 453rd

Oscar D. Freedgood  
Paul Irwin  
Harvey E. Scalf (458th)

### 458th

J.W. Bryan  
Robert E. Lamb (389th)  
Anthony Morettini

### 466th

Glenn A. Dietz (AM)

### 467th

Richard O. Russell  
LTC Henry J. Storey (Ret.)  
John W. Upp (492nd)

### 489th

Gary S. Scherbert (AM)

### 492nd

Keith Coles  
Irving E. Koltun (445th)

### SM

William N. Hess  
Jack Ilfrey  
Virgil W. Marcum



# Letters



To the editor:

Nineteen-ninety four has not been a kind year for the Second Air Division Association and I would like to bring to the members' attention the passing of a good British friend, Norman Ottaway, who finally lost his battle with motor neuron disease.

Norman was one of those many youngsters who were fascinated by what they saw in the sky and on the airfields hacked from neighbouring farmland. As a twelve-year-old his regular haunt was Hethel and his "adopted" B-24 "Mary, The Flying Red Head." Norman's love of Liberators was reflected in the accurate detailed drawings he produced, but his chief expertise lay in his knowledge of 8th Air Force airfields. Post-war, as a hobby, he visited every one and made his own plans of their layouts. These airfield plans appear in the *Mighty Eighth War Manual* and have since been reproduced in many quarters. The line drawings in all my books were Norman's work and he also contributed to Ian Hawkins' and other authors' publications as a hobby sideline to his regular employment as a Norfolk County Council draughtsman. A quiet, unobtrusive and amiable man, Norman Ottaway made an important contribution to the accurate recording of 8th Air Force history and, in particular, his beloved 2nd Air Division Liberators.

Roger A. Freeman  
May's Barn  
Dedham  
Colchester  
CO7 6EW England

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To the editor:

I am wondering if you would be able to help me in tracing relatives of the American airmen listed below who were killed when their B-24 Liberator "Lady Jane" crashed here in Norwich on November 24, 1944. The crew belonged to the 458th Bomb Group, 753rd Squadron: S/Sgt. John J. Jones; S/Sgt. Paul A. Wadsworth; S/Sgt. Oscar B. Nelson; S/Sgt. John A. Phillips; S/Sgt. John P. Quirk; S/Sgt. Ralph Von Bergen.

I appreciate your help and look forward to hearing from you.

Mrs. Christine P. Armes  
89 Spinney Road  
Thorpe St. Andrew  
Norwich, Norfolk NR7 0PJ  
England

→ → → →

To the editor:

Three months ago the B-24 crew that I flew with in the 445th Bomb Group held its fourth reunion in Dallas. There were six crew members and their wives having a nice dinner one evening in a Dallas restaurant. We were wearing our 8th Air Force caps when two well dressed gentlemen happened to see us as they were leaving. One asked us what group we were in. When we told him it was the 445th, he immediately asked us how we liked Tibenham. You may have guessed that these two gentlemen were Mr. Jordan Uttal and Mr. Chuck Walker. Quite a coincidence, I would say. I happened to be the only member of the 2ADA among our crew.

The George Fagerquist crew was assembled in November, 1944, at Davis Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona. They were: George Fagerquist, pilot; Earl Smith, copilot; John Goffe, navigator; Jim Reilly, bombardier; Fred Maines, engineer; Joe Mintner, radio operator; Francis Marooney, waist gunner; Dick Wesson, waist gunner; Jim Misenheimer, nose gunner; and Ted Firestone, tail gunner.

The greatest thrill the crew experienced during our association happened on our flight overseas to Grenier Army Air Field, New Hampshire, to Goose Bay, Labrador. It was a clear and beautiful day as we passed over Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence at 4,000 feet. Up ahead we could see a B-17 chugging along, hoping to arrive in Goose Bay without losing an engine. George thought surely they had not seen us, so he positioned our plane just to the left and at the same altitude as the Fort. He then threw the coal to the Lib, getting up to maybe 225 mph. Just before passing the Fort he feathered number 4 engine. How many times has a B-24 passed a B-17 on three engines? I know it's happened at least once. By the time the Fort figured out that they had been had, George kicked in number 4 and we were gone. Our crew had more free drinks at the OC and

NCO club that night than we could handle, all from other Lib crews.

The Fagerquist crew flew 14 combat missions over Germany beginning on February 28, 1945, and ending on April 15, 1945. There were two that were more memorable than the rest. The first was on March 18th when the group bombed Berlin. We were not hit over the city, but during the let down over the North Sea we made up for the lack of excitement. We were flying in the squadron slot, below and behind the formation leader, when the order was given to clear guns. The tail gunner in the lead plane cleared his all right. He cleared them right at our nose turret. He shot most of the plexiglass off the turret, but fortunately the 4 inch protective glass in front of the nose gunner deflected the 50 caliber shells. Neither the nose gunner nor myself was hurt, but as soon as we landed we had to make a quick change of shorts. The other close call was during the supply mission across the Rhine River near Wesel, Germany, on March 24, 1945. We flew so low that our plane had holes in the wings made by ground rifle fire.

After the war several of our crew exchanged Christmas cards over the years, but most were too busy to think about a reunion. After 38 years I contacted George and Smitty to see if they were interested. They thought the time was right, so we went to work trying to locate the rest of the crew, and since 1984 six of us have had four reunions. We never found the whereabouts of Reilly or Meisenheimer, Francis Marooney had died, and Fred Maines was never able to attend.

The good Lord has been kind to the Fagerquist crew. May he see fit to continue our happiness and allow us to meet again.

John O. Goffe  
12516 Arrowhead Terrace  
Oklahoma City, OK 73120

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Six of the George Fagerquist crew, 445th BG, 703rd BS, at Addison Air Museum, Dallas, TX, May 20, 1994. Front row (left to right): Dick Wesson, waist gunner; Ted Firestone, tail gunner; Joe Mintner, radio operator. Back row: Earl Smith, copilot; John Goffe, navigator; George Fagerquist, pilot.



To the editor:

I enjoyed reading Kenneth Driscoll's article in the Summer 1994 issue of the *Journal* (page 18), because I was one of the passengers of the Carpetbaggers. Incidentally we were referred to as "Joes," and the hole behind the bomb bay was called the "Joe hole." I do not know what they called the female passengers! Our aircraft had a tail gunner manning the only weapon we had aboard.

The crew with whom I went to France in 1944 dropped me in the wrong place. Once I reached my destination I organized the D.Z. for approximately one dozen drops. In addition to the small radar unit (Rebeca) which made the drops almost foolproof, we had the S-phone which enabled us to communicate with the crew of the aircraft. At the time the crew did not know that I could listen to their conversation. I'd rather not repeat what I heard!

I have joined the Carpetbaggers Association in the hope that I may locate the crew with whom I flew to France during the war. So far, after attending four reunions, no one has admitted responsibility — but I have not given up.

Rene J. Defourneaux  
6651 Discovery Drive South  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

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To the editor:

On June 13, 1994, the 56th Fighter Group installed and dedicated a plaque at Horsham St. Faiths (Norwich Airport).

Many thanks to Mr. T.C. Eaton, Chairman of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, and to Ms. Phyllis DuBois of the 2AD Memorial Room for all the help we received from them. They introduced me to Mr. Rupert Aubrey-Cound, RAF Ret. Rupert acted as our agent, doing all the leg work, and also acting as master of ceremonies at the dedication.

Mr. T.C. Eaton presented each of the three men of the 56th with copies of the book *Night of the Intruders* by Ian McLachlan.

Bill Billings  
VP, 56th Fighter Group Assoc.  
102 Stoney Brook Road  
Columbia, NJ 07832

→ → → →



Mr. Tom Eaton presents Bill Billings, Urban Sweeney, and Dick Warboys with the book *Night of the Intruder*.

To the editor:

I am writing to inquire about my brother, Tech. Sergeant Elworth B. McAnally, ASN 38136014, who was the engineer on a B-24 #42-50334 on a mission by the 8th Air Force, 445th Bomb Group, 702nd Squadron, to Munich, Germany on July 11, 1944. The pilot was Lt. Phillip A. Fry 0-742416. Other members of the crew were Gordon E. Hanson 0-1703112, copilot; James B. Gordon 0-685932, navigator; Harmon C. Wilcox, radio operator; and gunners Edward J. Sedlak, Irving C. Pohl, Frederick H. Kritz, and Eugene C. Wigley.

Their B-24 was last seen in the vicinity of Stuttgart, Germany by a Lt. George Nicholson 0-684033 with the statement, "Ship under control and had fighter support." It is possible that the B-24's name was "Black



Photo submitted by Frank McAnally (see letter above).

To the editor:

A new book was recently published (May '94) in England detailing the Hamm mission on 22 April 44. The entire book is dedicated to that one mission.

It goes into great detail from 8th AF HQ, divisions, wings and groups in the planning, routes flown (and mistakes made) and bombing results of just about all B-17 and B-24 bomb groups. Fighter group activities are also well described while flying escort and low level strafing attacks.

The book describes in detail (by group number in many cases) the return of the bombers to England after dark, and how they were attacked by intruding German night fighter/bombers (ME 410 type and not ME 109 or FW 190 aircraft as commonly thought). It even lists the names of the German pilots and their home station.

The name of the book is *Night of the Intruders*. The author is Ian McLachlan. The publisher is "Patrick Stevens Limited."

I recently bought a copy of the book at a Barnes & Noble bookstore.

Kenneth L. Driscoll  
467th Bomb Group

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Jack," but there is no indication of that in any report.

This above description represents all the information my family ever had. Neither the B-24 nor the crew were ever found.

I would like to hear from anyone who may have seen the B-24 hit by flak, drop back of formation, and especially the type of escort fighters in the vicinity when this incident occurred, and possibly the fighters' group number. Anyone with any information concerning the above incident, please contact me at the address or telephone number below. I would be forever grateful.

Frank N. McAnally  
210 Walnut  
Hico, TX 76457  
Tel. (817) 796-4529

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To the editor:

I recently found, by chance, this photo of our 453rd BG, Darrell Boucher crew.

Frank Hanzalik  
1414 Gardner  
Westchester, IL 60154-3718

Ed.: Thanks! Is there a modern version?

→ → → →



Crew members from 453rd BG, 735th BS, at Old Buckenham. Standing (L-R): Charley Neely, tail gunner; George Locke, waist gunner; Arthur G. Hamilton, ball turret; Earl Abke, waist gunner; Edward A. Conway, radio; Wallace E. Habenicht, engineer, gunner. Kneeling (L-R): Ralph L. Miller, bombardier; Ray M. Ashba, navigator; Frank Hanzalik, copilot; Darrell A. Boucher, pilot.



To the editor:

On behalf of the 93rd Bomb Group I want to thank B/Gen. John A. Brooks III Ret. (389th and 93rd BGs) for reading the following proclamation by 2ADA President Charles Walker at the dedication of the Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker Building, 180th Fighter Group, Toledo, Ohio, August 21, 1994. This was long overdue. Here is the text of the proclamation:

"WHEREAS, Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker was the Commanding Officer of the 93rd Bomb Group, Second Air Division, Eighth Air Force, United States Army Air Corps, May 17, 1943 - August 1, 1943, and,

WHEREAS, Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker was leading the 93rd Bomb Group on a daring, low level attack against enemy oil refineries at Ploesti, Romania on August 1, 1943, and, although his aircraft was severely damaged, dropped his bombs on the target with devastating effect and,

WHEREAS, minutes later he lost his life when his aircraft crashed in flames as he heroically avoided other planes in the formation and,

WHEREAS, Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker was posthumously awarded his country's highest honor, the Congressional Medal of Honor, in recognition of his extraordinary valor and bravery,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Second Air Division Association salutes the Ohio Air National Guard on the occasion of the dedication of the Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker Building, 180th Fighter Group, Toledo, Ohio, August 21, 1994.

Given under my hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of July 1994, Charles L. Walker, President, 2ADA."

I was very sorry that I couldn't attend this dedication, and I thank all who did. I always thought Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker was one of the best. I remember very well after 52 years, he flew our plane, "Shoot Luke," over to England, the first B-24 group overseas to England, September 7-9, 1942.

Floyd H. Mabee  
Asst. Group VP, 93rd BG

→ → → →



93rd Bomb Group review for Col. Edward Timberlake leaving the group and Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker taking over command.

To the editor:

My request is an unusual one, due to the fact that I am a 2nd Air Division member (458th BG, 753rd BS). I would very much like to contact other personnel later assigned to such outfits as I was.

I was discharged from the 3217th Engineer Fire Fighting Company. It was supposed to be T.D.Y. duty, but the war ended unexpectedly, and I was one of the first to be put out on points. Mostly because the majority of personnel in this outfit were non-veterans. One other Air Force person I have found who was dumped into such an organization is Robert Nugent, who was in the 15th, but did a few missions in 24s prior to being shipped to Africa.

What the whole program was about: The Japanese were sending over paper mache balloons with an incendiary device attached. They were supposed to explode and set fire to our forests. The balloons were to float on the Trade Winds (?), which brought them to Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Montana, and maybe a few I missed. I was witness to one, which did not explode, and was almost in its entirety, hanging in the lower branches of a tree. No, we never fooled with it, just reported it to the proper channels.

Bob Nugent and I are interested in having a get together of these types, who after having done their tour of duty overseas, were unceremoniously herded off to other vocations. Many were "run through" Fort Lewis, Washington, and then departed for other areas.

My address is below, and Bob's is: 950 Los Molinos Way, Sacramento, CA 95864-5254. If interested, please hurry, as there is no indication as to how long the piece of earth Bob lives on will stay in place.

Bill Case  
2544 Glenn Street  
Bettendorf, IA 52722  
Tel. (319) 355-6579

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To the editor:

Firstly, what a chill went down my spine on Monday, August 1st when I heard over the radio about the library burning and especially the 2AD Memorial Room. I have spent hours there, and had intended to spend even more.

Prior to the fire I was preparing to send you the enclosed photo of a carving on a tree by an unknown G.I. dated May 8th, 1945, with the added VE Day.

Finally, along with all the others, I add to the salute to Bill Robertie, whom I met several times at Shipdham airfield. Everything said is true, and he will be missed!

Gary O. Rowell  
16 Park Highatt Drive  
Shipdham, Thetford  
Norfolk IP25 7LG  
England

Your sentiments are most appreciated, Gary, as are the photos. Regrettably, they won't reproduce well enough to do them justice — Ed.

→ → → →

## THE FRENCH HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN

Mr. Roland Prieur, Superintendent of the American Military at Epinal, France had closed a letter in answer to some of my questions with this paragraph:

"I am researching information concerning a crash that occurred 29 January 1944 near the village of Illfurth near the Swiss border. There is a possibility that the B-24 was from the 44th BG as I have two members of that group buried here who died on that date — Lt. George Maynard and S/Sgt. Frank Arcamone." His letter went on to explain that a local veterans group of the Resistance was planning to erect a monument at the crash site.

I had been shot down on 30 December, and the name Maynard was fresh in my memory as a participant in the Kjeller mission which had been recently memorialized in Norway with a monument. When I looked up the date in Will Lundy's "Roll of Honor," I found the complete story of the Maynard crew. Seven men had died in the crash and three were taken prisoner. Of the three POWs there was one survivor living in Roanoke, VA. Derise Nichols, tail turret, was able to fill me in on more details which I passed on to Mr. Prieur.

On the 6th of June 1994 the people of the village of Illfurth, with Mr. Prieur's able assistance, dedicated a bronze plaque bearing this message:

"In memory of the seven American airmen of the 66th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group, who died in the crash of their B-24 Liberator during a mission over Germany. George H. Maynard, 1st Lt., pilot, Wellsboro, PA. John E. Norquist, 1st Lt., copilot, St. Paul, MN. Thomas W. Nielson, 1st Lt., bombardier, Antonito, CO. Donald C. Porter, T/Sgt., engineer, North Andover, MA. Russell W. Patterson, radio operator, Allentown, PA. Louis J. O'Donnell, S/Sgt., gunner, Bayonne, NJ. Frank Arcamone, S/Sgt., gunner, Bayside, NY. They all died for France. Let's not forget their sacrifice in the defense of freedom."

The well-attended ceremony included the mayors of ten surrounding communities and military dignitaries from both the French and American Air Forces complete with flyover. An extensive search by both mail and telephone has located only one living relative — Lt. Maynard's brother — Mr. Harold Maynard of Campbell, NY. Help in locating any additional friends or relatives would be greatly appreciated.

Derise Nichols dates their thirteenth mission with the 44th between 5 November '43 and 29 January '44.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the final dedication of the completed monument at the crash site in Illfurth on 29 January 1995.

William A. Rendall  
12 Van Buren Drive  
Kinderhook, NY 12106

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# WHERE'S JOHNNY? 445TH'S "LAUNDRY BOY" FOUND AFTER 50 YEARS!

Submitted by Ray Pytel

When we inquired of Evan Harris, Phyllis DuBois, *The Evening News*, and the Friends of the 2AD Memorial whether it would be possible to locate our WWII "laundry boy," Johnny Wenn, we did not expect one day service! Both Evan and Phyllis got on the phone and located him with one phone call, and several minutes later, *The Evening News*, "ready to do battle," was informed it was an accomplished fact! In the words of one astute Brit, whose name slips my mind, I'll paraphrase him with, "Never has so much been accomplished in such a short time by so few."



Johnny Wenn at age 12: 1944 at Tibenham  
(Photo courtesy of James R. Flynn, 445th)

The very morning that our 2ADA President Chuck Walker informed me of the tragic Norwich Central Library fire, I phoned Johnny Wenn, who now lives near Norwich, and he was able to relate to me all the details even before the smoke cleared! Johnny, now 63, also said he often wondered what happened to all those guys he knew and spent time with at Tibenham. He also stated that he often cried himself to sleep when he found out about the guys who never made it back. In a later letter he indicated that this wartime experience left a profound imprint on him about World War II and the men who fought it "nearly from my front doorstep" for three years. Along with the letter, Johnny forwarded many pictures of

his family, and, of course, a copy of all the *Evening News* articles on the library fire. (Truly a "Johnny on the spot!")

Our Johnny grew up, left college in 1947, started working for a firm "making high class reproduction furniture"...trading in America as Woods and Hogan (the Hogan being the legendary golfer Ben Hogan), and he wonders if this will become his "permanent job" after 47 years! In 1956 he married Jenny and they have two daughters, Joanne (31) and Sarah (28), with Joanne blessing the grandparents with a boy and a girl whom Johnny admits to "spoiling absolutely."

Johnny's father, who was a frequent visitor to our huts, "is still going strong at age 91" and lives near Tibenham. Plans are being made through our historian, Mary Beth



Johnny Wenn, age 62, with his wife, Jenny  
at a friend's wedding in 1993

Barnard, to have Johnny and his wife and dad attend our get-together of the 445th 2ADA members in a Victory Europe celebration at Tibenham next May.

Johnny said he would like to hear from all of the 445th members who knew him. He promised to write back and provide answers to questions you may have on what transpired since the 445th left "so abruptly" in 1945. Remember that postage is 50 cents per half ounce to Europe. Johnny's address is:

J.W. Wenn  
Seventy Greenborough Road  
Norfolk, England  
NR7 9HJ

Dear Mr. [Hap] Chandler (491st Group VP):

I have been remiss in not writing to thank you for the information which you sent me regarding my second cousin, Troy Ryan. After you forwarded my letter to Mr. Leggette, he sent me the MACR report for the 853rd Squadron.

I felt that information was all I needed to satisfy my curiosity about what actually happened to Troy, but then I received a phone call from a man in Connecticut who was also searching for information about a KIA relative. He had seen the letter I had written to you which was published in the *Ringmasters' Log* and the *2ADA Journal* (Summer 1994, page 39). Shortly after his call, I began to receive letters from gentlemen who had actually flown in the Misburg raid.

I received a letter from Charles T. Gotham of Canton, PA, who was a waist gunner in the lead crew.

I heard from Frank H. Lewis of Dublin, GA, who was in the 852nd Squadron until November 27, 1944 when he was sent to the 853rd as a replacement crew. He sent me his version of what happened on the 26th.

Harold W. Fritzler sent me the name of Troy's plane — "The Unlimited."

I've really appreciated hearing from all of you, and I will be writing to each person to express my thanks for their interest and help.

Enclosed also is a poem I wrote several years ago, which was inspired by Troy's mother. ("War In A Cigar Box" appears on page 8 — Ed.)

Once again, thank you for your help.

Jo Carolyn Beebe  
2430 Salvatore Pl.  
Hamilton, OH 45013

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To the editor:

The Yankee Air Force Library wants to thank those who responded to the notice in the Spring 1994 issue of the *Journal* requesting copies of back issues.

The response has been very gratifying, but some very early issues are still needed — 1972 and prior. The YAF Library is seeking either the donation or loan of these. They can be sent to:

Yankee Air Force Library  
P.O. Box 590  
Belleville, MI 48112-0590

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Dear Chuck Walker [2ADA President]:

On behalf of the people of Norwich, I thank you from the heart for your letter of sympathy regarding the fate of our Central Library.

I was so touched by your letter that I have asked the *Eastern Evening News* to reproduce it so that the people of Norwich can be made aware of your sentiments and of your pledge that the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room will live again.

One of our city's treasured possessions,

kept here at City Hall, is the flag flown over the United States Capitol on May 27, 1992, for the citizens of Norwich and presented to the city by the 466th Bomb Group. If you feel it appropriate perhaps you would like to consider whether this should be included for display in the new Memorial Room, and its handover to yourself, perhaps, seen as symbolic of our city's determination to help with your great endeavour.

Please convey the contents of this letter to your members and assure them that I will do

everything I can in my civic capacity to help you return your memorial to its former glory, for I personally know, as a child of Norwich during the war years, just how much we owe to the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Air Force.

Brenda Ferris  
Lord Mayor of Norwich  
The Lord Mayor's Parlour  
City Hall  
Norwich NR2 1NH

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# *Second Air Division Association*

## *48th Annual Convention, July 3-6, 1995*

MARRIOTT GRIFFIN GATE RESORT, 1800 NEWTOWN PIKE, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY 40511  
(606) 231-5100

### *• Schedule of Events •*

**SUNDAY, JULY 2**  
Registration & Early Bird Party

**MONDAY, JULY 3**  
Registration  
Golf Tournament  
Cocktail Party & Buffet Dinner  
Awards Ceremony

**TUESDAY, JULY 4**  
Buffet Breakfast  
Special Tours  
Cocktail Party  
Group Dinners



**WEDNESDAY, JULY 5**  
Buffet Breakfast  
Business Meeting  
Cocktail Party  
Dinner & Dance

**THURSDAY, JULY 6**  
Buffet Breakfast & Departure

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THE COSTS LISTED BELOW ARE FOR THE ENTIRE PACKAGE (7/3-7/6) LISTED ABOVE, INCLUDING HOTEL ROOM FOR THREE NIGHTS (7/3, 7/4, 7/5). FOR SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS, WRITE TO EVELYN COHEN FOR INFORMATION.

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### *• Costs Per Person •*

Single Occupancy.....\$450.00  
Double Occupancy.....\$335.00 each  
Triple Occupancy.....\$295.00 each

**Deposit with Reservations — \$50.00 Per Person — Full Payment by May 1st, 1995.**

**Cancellation Policy:** 60 days prior to convention — \$15.00 charge per person  
30 days prior to convention — \$25.00 charge per person  
All cancellations 30 days prior to convention will be subject to the \$25.00 charge — full refund (less \$25.00) at the discretion of the convention committee (if funds are available).

### *• Important Notes •*

**Extra Nights:** \$70.00 per room + 11.3% tax. This charge and all charges for incidentals must be paid directly to the hotel upon checkout.

**Non-Smoking Rooms:** 200.

**Handicapped Rooms:** 8.

**Parking:** Free on Grounds.

**Campgrounds:** Use the registration form on the back cover.

**Room Availability:** We have 400 rooms at the Marriott and 50+ available at the Holiday Inn just down the road with shuttle service available.

**Reservation Cut Off Date:** For guaranteed rooms all reservations must be in by May 1st. After that date, only if rooms are available.

**Groups:** Your Group VP would appreciate hearing from you if you plan to attend.

**Tours:** See page 39 for complete information on the Lexington area tours which are offered at additional cost on July 4th.

**Airport Limo Service:** Complimentary from the Marriott — pick up special airport phone.

**Golf Tournament:** See page 39 for information.

**PLEASE USE THE CONVENTION RESERVATION FORM ON THE BACK COVER AND MAIL TO EVELYN COHEN WITH YOUR DEPOSIT.**



## • Attention Golfers •

The 14th Annual 2ADA Golf Tournament will be held on Monday, July 3, 1995, at the Marriott Griffin Gate Resort and Golf Club, Lexington, Kentucky.

The charge this year will be \$65, as it was at the Hilton Head Resort in 1993, and will include greens fee, half a golf cart, souvenir golf balls, and a few prizes. Lunch will be on your own at the 19th Hole Restaurant adjacent to the clubhouse.

Prizes will be awarded in the Men's Handicap Division, Men's Peoria Division, and Women's Peoria Division, plus longest drive and closest to the pin.

Anyone interested in playing, send \$65 to the undersigned (refundable if unable to play) and ADVISE YOUR HANDICAP or average score and bomb group affiliation.

H.C. "Pete" Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831  
Tel. (609) 655-0982

## • Fourth of July Tour Offerings •

The following tours of the Lexington area are offered on Tuesday, July 4, 1995, during the 2nd Air Division Association 48th Annual Convention, at additional cost as listed below. **Send the reservation form below and your check for tours DIRECT to: Lexington Connection, 605 Edgewater Drive, Lexington, KY 40502** (phone 606-269-4040). DO NOT SEND RESERVATIONS OR CHECKS FOR TOURS TO EVELYN COHEN. You will receive a full refund if trips are cancelled by Lexington Connection.

### **SHAKERTOWN TRIP — 10 AM — 3 PM — \$39.50 per person, minimum 40 persons.**

Depart Marriott in Deluxe Coaches, with guide, driving through countryside past horse farms, arriving at the beautifully restored Shaker Village for a tour which will include craft demonstrations, musical presentation, museum and gift shop. Lunch at Trustees House with Shaker dishes. At the village there are over 25 original buildings built in the 1800s. *Trip will be cancelled if we do not have at least 40 reservations.*

### **KENTUCKY HORSE PARK — 10 AM — 2 PM — \$37.50 per person, minimum 40 persons.**

Depart Marriott in Deluxe Coaches and discover the splendor of the Bluegrass and the magic of the horse. See the film presentation "Thou Shalt Fly Without Wings." Trace the history of the horse from prehistoric to modern times. Browse in the gift shop, walk through the international museum of the horse, watch a farrier demonstrate shoeing and watch a harness maker with his skills with saddlery. Light lunch. *Trip will be cancelled if we do not have at least 40 reservations.*

### **WAVELAND & ASHLAND — 10 AM — 2:30 PM — \$30.00 per person, minimum 40 persons.**

Waveland is a historic home built in 1847 by Joseph Bryan, a grandnephew of Daniel Boone. This is an outstanding example of a Greek Revival House, furnished with period pieces. Light lunch on grounds. Ashland is the brick Italianate home of Henry Clay with 20 room mansion, family furnishings, etc. *Trip will be cancelled if we do not have at least 40 reservations.*



### **TOUR RESERVATION FORM • 2nd Air Division Association • Tuesday, July 4, 1995**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

<input type="checkbox"/> Trip to Shakertown	No. Persons _____	Check Enclosed TOTAL _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Trip to Kentucky Horse Park	No. Persons _____	Check Enclosed TOTAL _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Trip to Waveland & Ashland	No. Persons _____	Check Enclosed TOTAL _____

Mail this form with your check payable to:

**LEXINGTON CONNECTION**  
605 Edgewater Drive  
Lexington, KY 40502



**CAMPGROUNDS:** Send this form **direct** to: Kentucky Horse Park, 4089 Ironworks Road, Lexington, KY 40511, Att: Dean Oaken. No deposit required. Reservations must be received at the campground by June 1, 1995. Please be sure to include your age if you wish to receive the Senior Discount!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

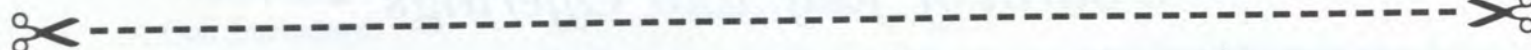
Type of RV: \_\_\_\_\_ License No. \_\_\_\_\_

Arrival Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Departure Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Total No. in Party: \_\_\_\_\_

No. of Adults: \_\_\_\_\_ No. of Children: \_\_\_\_\_ Pets? \_\_\_\_\_

Member Second Air Division Association

Roberta Bull



## 48th Annual Convention Reservation Form

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Group for Group Dinner Seating \_\_\_\_\_ Group for Banquet Seating: \_\_\_\_\_

Sgl. \_\_\_\_\_ Dbl. \_\_\_\_\_ Trip. \_\_\_\_\_ Will Share \_\_\_\_\_ Arrive \_\_\_\_\_ Depart \_\_\_\_\_ 1st Convention? \_\_\_\_\_

Deposit \_\_\_\_\_ Paid In Full \_\_\_\_\_ Nicknames: \_\_\_\_\_

If triple reservation, list additional name here: \_\_\_\_\_

**TOURS:** Use the form on page 38 and mail it direct to Lexington Connection, *not to Evelyn Cohen*.

**DO NOT CALL HOTEL FOR RESERVATIONS, CHANGES, CANCELLATIONS, ETC. ALL OF THESE SHOULD BE SENT TO:**

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

**SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION**  
P.O. BOX 627  
IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS 01938



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