



Volume 34 Number 3

Fall 1995

V-J DAY

The Ultimate World War II Golden Anniversary

The civic minded and patriotic community of Boca Raton, Florida, did the right thing in recognizing this year of World War II 50th anniversaries.

The adjacent city resolution was sent to us by Abe Wilen (453rd). We pray that the Boca Raton sentiment speaks for all of the communities in our nation.

As the exclamation point of World War II, V-J Day had more than just passing interest to the 8th Air Force. Many of us were programmed to continue our participation in the Pacific Theater. As reported in Roger Freeman's *The Mighty Eighth*:

"On July 17th the Eighth Air Force was reestablished on Okinawa ... as another USAAF bomber organization in

Proclamation

WHEREAS, on May 8, 1945 (also known as "V.E. Day"), WWII came to an end in the European Theater of Operations, and,

WHEREAS, on August 14, 1945 (also known as "V.J. Day"), all hostilities ended in the Pacific Theater of Operations; and

WHEREAS, 1995 marks the 50th anniversary of the end of WWII, and

WHEREAS, it is estimated that nearly 55 million people of all nationalities perished during that conflict; and

WHEREAS, hundreds of thousands of Allied servicemen and women were instrumental to the war effort resulting in victory over Germany and Japan, and in the process, in just the American Army Air Corps alone, over 120,000 airmen were either lost or wounded in combat in the Pacific and Europe; and;

WHEREAS, it is vitally important that we commemorate and honor the sacrifice made by the veterans of WWII, so that their valiant efforts to keep America free will never be forgotten; and

WHEREAS, American military aviation (exemplified by the B-17 Flying Fortress and B-24 Liberator on exhibit here today), played a decisive role in achieving victory for the Allies during WWII;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Bill T. Smith, Jr., Mayor of the City of Boca Raton, do hereby recognize 1995, as

WWII 50TH ANNIVERSARY

in Boca Raton, Florida, and honor the air crews of the United States Armed Forces of World War II, and also the thousands of people who built, ferried, and maintained the aircraft that helped end World War II, and urge all the residents of Boca Raton to join with me as we observe and commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War.

the war with Japan ...

At the time of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, former Liberator groups of the UK days were training with B-29s in the United States and would have eventually gone out to Okinawa. Foremost were those that had been part of the 20th Wing. The 489th, which had gone home in December, 1944, was already equipped, and the 93rd and 448th were also receiving new aircraft."

When the big ones blew, as a matter of fact, the 489th advanced echelon was at sea enroute to Okinawa with the flight echelon preparing for departure.

So, veterans of the Eighth had more than a passing interest in the early end of the war provided by the A-Bomb.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

CHARLES (CHUCK) WALKER

I have good news to announce in my swan song as your association president — Bud Koorndyk has, after considerable persuasion, agreed to stay on the job as our 2ADA representative on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Bud's decision is especially important at this critical time, as the governors are so deeply involved in planning the creation of the new 2AD Memorial Room in the new Norwich Central Library. Bud's decision has been applauded by the Memorial Trust governors with whom he has worked for the past five years. All of us feel this would have been a difficult time to "change horses." Thank you, Bud.

Have you checked your supermarket and favorite beverage dispensers for the new Schlitz beer B-24 promotion? A beautiful picture of the front half of a B-24 is on one side of the carton, with the rear half on the back side. Schlitz is clever — you get the whole B-24 by putting two cartons end to end. By stacking several cartons you will have a whole formation. Look for it — you will like it.

In addition, Schlitz has arranged for the All American B-24 to conduct a 100 stop tour between 1 May and 30 September. (The nose art on the right side of the plane will be Schlitz' Golden Girl logo.) All this is to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the victorious end of World War II.

I am adding a bit to this report as we fly across the Atlantic on our way home from the magnificent VE Day celebrations in England. It has been my good fortune to be the president of the 2ADA at this particular time. We took part in the dedication of the new 2nd Air Division memorial alcove in the recently opened Norwich temporary lending library. It is really first class, and you will be proud of it, thanks to the talent and dedication of Phyllis DuBois and her team of Lesley Fleetwood and Christine Snowden, supported by Hilary Hammond and Colin Sleath.

Marching on parade through Norwich to the cheering and applause of over 10,000 East Anglians who lined the parade route, raised one continuous lump in our throats. That, followed by a packed cathedral service including the playing of Ken Meazey's fanfare, made for the most memorable day in memory.

The day at the old bases and participating in the national two minutes of silence, followed by bonfires and fireworks at every village, was a real treat. (I was even taken on a glider ride at my old base.) The villagers again went all out on our behalf. A delightful presentation of "We'll Meet Again" was enjoyed by a full house.

We remembered our fallen comrades with a very moving memorial service at the U.S. Military Cemetery at Madingley. Some of us had attended an All-Services VE Day observance at Madingley earlier, at which Vice President Gore was the principal speaker. It was a fine event, but our own 2ADA memorial service was much more personal.

The banquet on the final evening gave us an opportunity to thank our British friends for having been such super hosts and supporters of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room. What a week of honors! I, for one, will never forget it.

Evelyn Cohen again performed her wizardry in spite of continuous changes in schedules and off-the-wall demands. Thank you, Evelyn.

My term as your association's president has been a sporty one. Hopefully several sticky issues have been resolved which will make it easier for the next president. The ups and downs have been challenging; however, the new and closer friendships I have made, have made it all worthwhile. ■



Official opening day of the Norwich Temporary Central Lending Library, 28 February, 1995. Standing: Councillor Brenda Ferris, Lord Mayor of Norwich; Alfred Jenner, Governor of the Memorial Trust; Professor Howard Temperley, University of East Anglia, Governor; Hilary Hammond, Director of Arts and Libraries; Tom Nash, Trust Architect. Paul King, Governor, stands behind the new Memorial Room counter. Seated: Alfred Warminger, retired Norwich businessman who generously offered his former offices as a temporary base for the administration of the Norwich Central Library; David Hastings, Vice Chairman of the Trust; and Mrs. Frances Davies, Governor. In the background: Lesley Fleetwood (left), Memorial Room Enquiry Assistant; and Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian. Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors, was unable to attend this event because of a prior engagement.

Report on the Memorial Trust

BY E. BUD KOORNDYK

My report for this issue of the *Journal* will cover pertinent concerns about the library contents within the temporary lending library, future rebuilding of the library with the facts as I know them today, and a few general remarks on our meeting with the Board of Governors on Thursday, the 11th of May.

An article which appeared in the *Eastern Daily Press* by Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, is printed below in its entirety as an addendum to this report. It will give you a brief overview of the future of our Memorial Room. A further article by David Hastings, Vice Chairman of the Board of Governors, will appear in the next *Journal*. Look for "A View From The Other Side." It gives a complete synopsis of our daily activities during our wonderful week celebrating the VE Day festivities with our English friends.

During my visit with Phyllis DuBois, trust librarian, at our newly rebuilt temporary lending library, I had the occasion to tour the library and also the back room to ascertain what we did indeed lose in books and tapes, then to see what was saved and replaced or rebound. I found that 58 tapes of oral history were saved, since they were in the Norfolk Record Office Collection in the library basement. Also saved was the original set of 2ADA Newsletters and Journals. They were somewhat singed around the edges, but now have been restored and rebound. In addition, on the shelves were also rebound copies of various bomb group histories, 8th Air Force books, complete sets of B-24 manuals, and numerous other books relating to the Second Air Division. There still remains in Scotland for restoration our memorabilia which also had been in the basement area during the fire.

Many new books that have been purchased and donated by our membership and brought over with them at the time of our VE Day celebration must still be catalogued and placed on the shelves.

All books donated by our membership and purchased with the income from the corpus of the trust and income from the special endowment fund are placed in the Memorial Room or one of the four branch libraries. There are approximately 2,250 books on the shelves of the new temporary lending library, and 150 are located in each of the branch libraries.

It is now official that the new library will be rebuilt on the site of the old library. The footings and foundations were determined to be sound and in excellent condition; consequently, tremendous savings were foreseen by rebuilding on the present site.

The process for determining the architect, plans, specifications, and all the latest in new library sciences and technology are now being addressed. In the meantime the old library is being demolished in stages. The interior has all been removed, roof trusses taken away with

only the outside walls to be removed, along with the first and second floors that ran around the perimeter of the building.

The ongoing process of updating the Charity Scheme, under which mandate the Memorial Trust must operate, should be completed by the fall of 1995 and the changes from the old scheme will be shared with our membership in the *Winter Journal*. I had shared with Tom Eaton previous to the Board of Governors meeting on May the 11th, concerns that I had in respect to some proposed changes. These items need further clarification, and this process is now being considered by Matthew Martin, solicitor for the trust working in conjunction with the Charity Commission.

In my previous *Journal* articles, I had made

a plea for all groups to consider making a contribution to the Special Endowment Fund for \$1,000.00. Each year into perpetuity the groups are so listed separately in the financial report. The income from each corpus is used solely for the purchase of books. In the latest report shared with the Governors on May 11, the total of this special fund now stands at £42,000. The groups listed as having made contributions are: HQ 2AD, 44th BG, 389th BG, 445th BG, 448th BG, 467th BG, John Conrad (392nd BG), and the Heritage League.

May each group VP please discuss this request this year at their annual meetings. This is one final project I would like to see completed before my retirement at the end of 1996. My heartfelt thanks for your consideration. ■

Memorial library will rise from ashes

A sparkling new memorial to the U.S. airmen who took the war to Nazi Germany from East Anglia is to rise up from the ashes of the gutted Norwich Central Library.

Plans to build a living monument to the 2nd Air Division half as big again as the burnt down memorial library have been unveiled.

Just over six months after heartbroken American veterans pledged "We'll build again," even grander plans are afoot which will be backed up with a £150,000 public appeal.

And rather than just being a war memorial which will attract American veterans and their families to Norfolk, the new 2nd Air Division Memorial Room will be a hi-tech facility able to put local businesses in touch with the latest information and technology from U.S. libraries.

The plan was unveiled by Tom Eaton, chairman of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF, following a unanimous decision of the governors.

He said the Memorial Room would remain in the Central Library and would be half as big again.

The move will put pressure on the County Council to pursue plans for a larger Central Library than the present structure on Bethel Street.

The room, which has now relocated to the temporary library in the former Glasswells building, is the only public American library in the UK and the only public American war memorial library in the world.

Mr. Eaton said rather than losing its relevance as the years passed since the Second World War, the memorial library had become more popular and was outgrowing its space in the Central Library.

"The sky's the limit in the future. Although it is a war memorial for veterans and their relatives, it is also a cultural asset and Americans everywhere will be interested in it.

"Just as Waterloo is a big tourist attraction, Norfolk was a little America, and there are airfields scattered around everywhere. It is inevitable that people whose forebears served here should want to come back to see what it is all about.

"It will also enable people from Norwich, Norfolk, and North Suffolk to gain a better understanding of Americans," said Mr. Eaton.

The appeal would not begin until the final decisions on the start of the new library are made, and the trustees are also investigating National Lottery funding. Already £10,000 have been given towards the new library from both sides of the Atlantic.

An American libraries expert is to visit Norwich in 1996 to investigate issues such as developing electronic links with U.S. libraries and to work with the University of East Anglia and Imperial War Museum on strengthening links with the 2nd Air Division Memorial.

Norfolk County Council Director of Arts and Libraries Hilary Hammond said: "We are delighted that the governors have decided to set themselves the task of raising the extra money to make the new library even better than the old one.

"This is a more important library than we ever realized, and we are looking into links with key libraries in various U.S. states." ■

I will *never* forget the week of our VE Day celebration in Norwich. It was superb in every respect. "Unbelievable" is too mild a word. Rounding the corner to the city hall in the parade, the magnificent cathedral service, Cambridge, the Royal Theatre, and of course the Base Day . . . All were incredibly moving.

Special kudos go to Evelyn Cohen, who survived daily assaults on her program by the U.S. government, the British government, the Church of England, the Air Force, the U.S. Embassy, and other assorted bureaucrats. They had her climbing the walls with their changes and revisions, but she came through it all, as she always does. In fact, I didn't hear about one hitch in the proceedings. Thanks must also go to David Hastings and a host of others for their hard work and dedication.

In 1993 I had the pleasure of speaking to a group of students at the Salhouse School near Norwich. The idea so pleased and impressed Robert and Sarah Lomax of Salhouse that, taking advantage of the visit of the 2AD veterans this May, they approached some of the schools in the area of operations of the 2nd Air Division during the war years. Much to my surprise, they received requests from 23 schools interested in having our veterans speak. They ran the gamut from primary to high schools, and even one college.

This effort required some coordination on both sides of the Atlantic, and I am indebted to Robert Lomax, David Hastings, and Norma Beasley for their help and cooperation, not to mention the help and cooperation of over fifty of our 2ADA veterans, a number of couriers, and the headmasters, head teachers, and other school personnel who gave of their time to make this program the smashing success that

GREETINGS FROM TEXAS

GEOFF GREGORY, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT



it was. Hopefully, hundreds of Norfolk's young people have a better understanding of not only the American contribution in wartime East Anglia, but also the sacrifice, determination, and courage of their own grandparents.

At this moment I'm sitting on my front porch watching the Texas Rangers lose to the Cleveland Indians. Would you believe I'm sipping on a can of Schlitz beer? It's been many years since I've had a can of Schlitz. There is a reason, however.

The Stroh's Brewing Co., current owner of Schlitz, is currently promoting its 12 and 24 packs of beer with pictures of the B-24 on the carton, using the B-24 to merchandise the beer. Very interesting! Now, you really need

two cartons of 12 packs or two cartons of 24 packs to complete the picture of the entire fuselage of the B-24. It's the most publicity I can recall a B-24 receiving since the war. Nope, there isn't a what's-its-name airplane in the ad (probably because they don't make a 17 pack carton). You will read more about this promotion, but many thanks to the Stroh's Brewing Co., and thanks as well to the Collings Foundation, which will fly the All American around the country with the "Golden Girl" painted on its nose. This is a great promotion which exposes the B-24 to millions of people in one stroke.

It is my understanding that the formal dedication of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, will take place May 13-14, 1996. On time, by George, thanks in great part to the stewardship of General Buck Shuler (USAF Retired).

As we progress here in the States with our Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, while simultaneously rebuilding our 2AD Memorial Room in Norwich with state-of-the-art technology, it becomes apparent that we have an opportunity to use our Memorial Room as a linchpin, bringing other libraries and museums into a position of instantaneous communication and information exchange.

We couldn't have even dreamed of this situation existing even ten years ago.

We have a great deal on our plate in the coming short term. Let's make certain we discharge our obligation to those we left behind. If they are watching our performance, they have seen much to make them proud. They will be prouder still to see all of us go these last few miles arm in arm, with not one of us out of step. ■

We Welcome New Members

HQ

George C. Dudley
Doris Lundgren Fordyce

44th BG

Joseph S. Frederick
Valerio Indri
LTC Harold C. Morrison (Ret.)
Regina Dolan Reilly (AM)

93rd BG

Frederick A. Beckett
Clifford B. Collins
Charles A. Greenlee
K. James Guddal (AM)
J. Richard Hogan
Louis Messana

355th FG

Robert Kuhnert

389th BG

Paul R. Billings
John Honatke
Teri Huchbert (AM)
Stanley S. Katz
Charles R. Kellis
Charles W. Prindle
Albert J. Pumputis
John E. Roth
Robert C. Schroeder
Haig E. Tashjian

392nd BG

Wallace F. Blackburn
Harvey B. Devoe

445th BG

Brookes A. Eiler
William K. Huff
Thaddeus B. Lemkowicz
Thomas E. Wehr

446th BG

Jerry L. Dupuy (AM)

448th BG

Wiley B. Christie
Lois DiLorenzo (AM)
Abraham Golden
Arthur Koth

453rd BG

George R. Bruce
Gervais W. Ford (4th FG)
Seth Haywood
Lloyd A. Johnson

458th BG

Robert H. Clark
Calvin C. Davis
Henry F. Frayser
Mike Karich
Patricia McNaughton (AM)

466th BG

Kenneth C. Kramer

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491st BOMB GROUP

POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY HAP CHANDLER

"CHARMED LIVES"

An 855th Squadron air crew member once said, "We had some sort of charmed angel watching over us...sometimes you would come back and a whole crew would not return. You were staring at six empty cots and realizing that you were never going to see those guys again."

This is being written on Memorial Day, when many of you will be participating in ceremonies honoring the fallen from all our wars. A number had the privilege of participating in ceremonies in England. Ringmasters joined Vice President Gore at Madingley. Others participated with the Queen in the ceremonies at Hyde Park in London.

Hometown newspapers are featuring local heroes, many of them from the 491st. This I suspect is our "last hurrah." Jack Leppert has prepared an account of the Second Air Division Association celebration in Norwich, and Nelson Leggett has prepared a nineteen page report of the Kings Lynn/London tour which is being published.

Jack and his wartime squadron commander, Colonel Harry Stephey, spoke to high school history classes in Swaffham. The students exhibited keen interest in accounts of wartime activities at our base at North Pick. The reception accorded our second group of travelers by the townspeople at North Pickenham and Metfield was heartwarming. Ringmasters will recall that a memorial "roll of honor" was dedicated at Metfield during our trip to England in 1992. During their visit to Metfield they were shown a "memorial room" maintained by Terry Godbold in his home on the site of our first English base.

RINGMASTER HISTORY

Copies of *The Ringmasters — History of the 491st Bomb Group* were presented to the new Memorial Room, replacing those destroyed by the fire. Copies were also presented to the churches at North Pick and Metfield by Cal Shahbaz, president of the 491st Memorial Association.

Louis Bur reports sales of thirty books in the last sixty days. Individuals are presenting them to colleges, universities, and local high schools for permanent addition to their history collections. There are copies available from Louis Bur, 12339 Lennon Road, Lennon, MI 48449; telephone (810) 621-3727.

LT. HERMAN E. ROBERTS HONORED

Lt. Herman E. Roberts, killed 26 November 1944 on the Misburg raid, is being honored by his high school classmates. A monument is being placed in his hometown of Paducah, Kentucky. J.G. Crawford, Crawford Construc-

tion Company, P.O. Drawer 240, Paducah, KY 42002-0240 requests information for a biographical sketch.

2ADA MEMBERSHIP

We have 487 regular and associate members listed on our current roster.

HITZAKER, 25 MARCH 1945

One of the most effective missions flown by the 491st destroyed an underground petroleum storage depot located at Hitzaker, Germany. Col. Harry Stephey led the Second Air Division as mission command pilot. Frank Lewis, radio operator on the lead crew, has furnished an account of this mission complete with strike photo (please see page 10). The Trapp crew gave its usual excellent performance, as noted in Frank's account.

Colonel Stephey had a reunion with Bill Parker and Janice Halstead, children of William Parker, navigator on the lead crew. Janice, who lives in England, was visiting North Pickenham for the first time with her brother. Ringmasters salute Bill and his sister for their keen interest in the history of the 491st and active participation in Second Air Division Association activities.

JERRY IVICE AND CREW

The picture below was taken in 1944 just prior to their departure for the 855th Squadron of the 491st Bomb Group. Arriving just after the Misburg disaster, the crew flew eighteen missions before the end of hostilities.

24 March 1945, on their sixteenth mission, the crew experienced major battle damage and two crew members were seriously wounded.

Flying left wing on the lower right echelon at 100 feet above terrain we experienced heavy machine gun and 20mm fire. The plane on the right wing, piloted by Lt. Fox, came over the formation on its back. Apparently both

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William Parker, Jr. and Janice Halstead together at North Pickenham. Their father, William C. Parker, flew as lead pilotage navigator with the Ray Trapp crew from this base in World War II. This crew, leading the Second Air Division, completed a near perfect mission on 25 March 1945. All of the 491st's bombs fell within the 2,000 foot circle of the aiming point, 75% within 1,000 feet, and an amazing 55% within 500 feet of the aiming point.



Colonel Harry Stephey, wartime commander of the 853rd Squadron, with his wife Betsy. Colonel Stephey was command pilot on the Hitzaker mission. He was meeting William Parker's children, Bill and Janice, for the first time.



Standing (l-r): Leonard Stanford, radio operator; James Campbell, copilot; Jerry Ivice, pilot; Stephen Konek, bombardier; Waldo Roberts, navigator; Edmund Dutkevitch, armorer gunner. Kneeling (l-r): Merton Wilson, tail gunner; Roy Chandler, waist gunner; Ervin Quick, engineer; William Hambeck, nose gunner.



392nd B.G.

BY OAK MACKEY

Merry Olde England in May — could any place be better? The 2ADA journey to celebrate VE Day with our British friends was an incredible success. We were welcomed as heroes, and treated like royalty. There were 450 2ADA members, wives and relatives, including 30 Crusaders from the 392nd BG, and all arrived in Norwich on May 5th. I could write a book, but I must be brief. Here is a day by day narration.

On Saturday, May 6, nearly all of the 392nd folk went to Sheringham, about 25 miles north of Norwich. There they visited the memorial in the All Saints Churchyard, placed there by the people of Sheringham in remembrance of the Lt. Colby Waugh crew, whose 392nd BG B-24 crashed nearby on January 4, 1944. Next, they joined the local people in a moving service in the church, conducted by the Reverend Peter Barnes-Clay, vicar. Then it was off to the Pheasant Hotel for a leisurely lunch in company with local dignitaries, including Doug and Celia Willies. The Muckdeburgh Collection is just down the road, a collection of WWII motorized equipment. There was a tank demonstration staged just for the 392nd. Then we were back on the coach to Norwich, arriving barely in time for dinner.

Evelyn Cohen was very busy while making all the plans and arrangements for this celebration, but she somehow found time to make a coach available just for the 392nd BG for the Sheringham trip. Thank you, Evelyn.

The other event on this day was a very special ceremony at the American cemetery near Cambridge. There were six 392nd members who were asked to do their part in representing the 2ADA there and, in all, about 100 2ADA members attended this ceremony.

There were 95 wreaths laid during the wreath laying ceremony, so it is safe to say that there were at least that many organizations attending, mostly WWII veterans. The featured speaker was Vice President of the United States, Al Gore. There was a flyover of RAF jet fighters in the missing man formation, and a flyover by a B-17 with a P-51 and a P-47 off each wing. Sorry, there are no flyable B-24s in England. Refreshments were served after the ceremony, and Mr. Gore was available to shake all the hands he could reach. So ended a most eventful day.

On Sunday, May 7th, the veterans of the 2ADA assembled at the parking lot adjacent to the Norwich City Hall, along with British military and veteran groups. There was an address by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, Brenda Ferris. There was a flyover of RAF jets. Then the lead marching band struck up the music, and the first unit moved out to begin the VE Day parade. The 2ADA veterans, nearly 300 strong, were in a column of threes behind the Norwich Citadel Salvation Army Band, and those guys could really play that John Philip Sousa marching music. They moved out and we followed to

thunderous applause from the crowds lining the streets all the way from City Hall to the Norwich Cathedral, a mile away. The elegant services in the cathedral were conducted by the Lord Bishop of Norwich. The opening ceremony began with a procession of dignitaries and standards with all the pomp displayed so well by the British. Included was a special composition, "Fanfare to the 2nd Air Division," played by the Norwich Citadel Salvation Army Band. 2ADA President Chuck Walker participated by reading the Litany of Hope. After the ceremonies at the cathedral, there was a reception by the Lord Mayor, and a chance to mingle and meet with the good citizens of Norwich. The refreshments there were most welcome after the parade and the cathedral services. Buffet dinners were served at the hotels, then it was off to the Norwich Theatre Royal to see "We'll Meet Again," a musical play featuring the music of our youth, and we enjoyed it very much. During the show, ushers gave each of us a British and an American flag.

VE Day, Monday, May 8th, was a day that the people of the 392nd BG who were there will never forget, for the people of Beeston and other villages nearby made us so very welcome. Denis and Hilary Duffield, our base contacts, met us at the hotel while we were boarding our coach, to serve as couriers at Wendling. First stop was the old headquarters building, now used for offices by a John Deere farm equipment dealer. Next, we assembled at the memorial and were met there by Tom and Jill Scott, who planned the program for our day at the old 392nd base. The ceremonies at the memorial were conducted by the local vicar. At the appropriate time, Col. Myron Keilman (Ret.) laid a wreath in remembrance of the 747 who gave their lives while serving at Wendling. Then each of the ladies of the 392nd went to the memorial and laid a red carnation by the wreath. After a moment of silence, the vicar led us in prayer to end the ceremony. Next was a service of thanksgiving to commemorate the 50th anniversary of VE Day at the Beeston Church. It was packed to capacity and many local people were standing in back. At the conclusion and as we were leaving the church, the bells in the steeple were rung by Tom Scott as a tribute to us, the 392nd BG veterans, the first such tribute since Prince Charles visited there many years ago. A complimentary lunch provided by the people of Beeston included a whole roast hog with all the trimmings, and was served at the Ploughshare Pub. To provide for the crowd of people who were there to make us welcome, tables had to be added on the lawn outside. There was a local jazz band playing our songs, and they were good. What a day, what a generous welcome. These people could not do enough for us; they were wonderful. But we had not completed our tour of the base, with Denis Duffield along to point out the highlights, we drove the length of the main runway where our B-24s took off and landed so many years ago. As we were driving along the north perimeter taxiway, a formation of three Stearman PT-17s appeared out of nowhere to salute us. We never did learn exactly where they came

from. We visited the old combat officers club where there is still a mural on an interior wall depicting formations of B-24s flying under the spread wings of an eagle. We went to the 576th Squadron site to see the only remaining Nissen huts, a latrine, and an air raid shelter. On the lawn in front of a house there, the owners displayed a large sign which read "Welcome Home, Americans." This concluded the tour of the base and we moved on to the Beeston School to have tea with the children there. Would you believe a sing-a-long with the kids, conducted by a teacher playing a banjo? Yes, we all joined in, and it was fun. And that's the way it was, the end of a day we will remember forever.



Sign near 576th Squadron area, 392nd BG



Mural on interior wall of officers club at Wendling, 1995 (painted by unknown artist in 1943).

Tuesday, May 9th, was a day to take it easy and relax. There were two tours this day. Some elected to see Blickling Hall, a large country house dating from the 17th century located fourteen miles north of Norwich. Others went on a cruise boat tour of the Norfolk Broads, which is essentially a series of lakes through which the River Bure flows. Lunch was served on board and liquid refreshments were available at the bar. After three days of frantic activity, a day of rest was most welcome.

Wednesday, May 10, was a Day of Remembrance, when we visited our friends who lie at rest in the American Cemetery. Appropriate services were held in front of the Wall of the Missing. There are 5,126 names engraved on that wall, of airmen, sailors, and soldiers, whose fate is known only to God. There are 3,812 graves marked by a white cross or Star of David. It is a peaceful place on a beautiful hillside in Cambridgeshire, but it is always sad to go there. One wonders — Why was I spared, and they were not?

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491ST RINGMASTER (cont. from page 6)

pilots were wounded, as the plane was completely out of control. It crashed, killing all on board.

Meanwhile, as the cockpit filled with smoke, there were two wounded on board. They "hit the deck" and set course for Brussels, where Sgt. Dutkevitch was hospitalized with a shattered right arm.

The four known survivors of the crew were Ivce, Campbell, Roberts, and Dutkevich. Forty-four years after he left the crew in Brussels, Ivce and Dutkevich were reunited at the 2nd Air Division Association reunion in Colorado Springs. Roberts, who was also wounded, died in 1994.

This crew never aborted a mission, a record of which they are justly proud!

LUCKY PENNY REMEMBERED

As I told you on page 19 of the last *Journal*, Terry Godbold, whose farm is located on a portion of the 491st base at Metfield, held a wreath laying ceremony on June 8, 1994 commemorating the "Lucky Penny," which crashed attempting to land with engine failure at Metfield. Tragically all crew members died in this unfortunate accident. The site of the crash is on Terry's farm, where the ceremony was held "fifty years to the minute" from the date of the crash.

MUSEUM DISPLAYS "TUBARAO"

Ringmasters were pleased to see a scale model of their own "TUBARAO," an 855th Squadron aircraft, in use at the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum. Frank Lewis' tale of flak and fighters in the "wild blue yonder," complete with hand signals, prompted smiles from Jerry Ivce and Hap Chandler.

Til we meet again — "keep those dog tags jinglin'." ■



Wreath laying ceremony for "Lucky Penny," June 8, 1994



Three members of the 491st BG recently visited the temporary offices of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, for an update on the progress of the museum. Left to right: Jerry Ivce of Northbrook, IL; Hap Chandler of Atlanta, GA; and Frank Lewis of Dublin, GA spent the day at the Heritage Museum and relived some memories of the B-24.

392ND BOMB GROUP (cont. from page 7)

From the cemetery, some opted to go to the Duxford Air Museum, some went on a guided tour of Cambridge, and others returned directly to Norwich.

Thursday, May 11, was the day to visit the schools. Twenty-three 392nd folk boarded the coach to the Litchum Middle School. We toured the library, which is, in part, a branch of our Memorial Library in Norwich, and we visited the classrooms in small groups, where the students had questions for us. There was a program of welcome in the schoolyard, and a display of 392nd BG memorabilia in the cafeteria provided by Denis Duffield and John Gilbert. At noon, we had lunch with the students in the cafeteria. Peter and Wendy Carter were the local coordinators with the teachers in preparing this excellent program for our benefit. Thank you very much!

On our way back to Norwich, we made a stop at the Beeston School. We had been there on Monday, VE Day, but that was a holiday, so many of the children were not at the school that day, and they wanted to see us.

That evening we had the banquet, the crowning event of the week, the festive occasion when we sat down with our British friends

for good food, good drink, great music, and just a jolly good time. It was held in spacious Wherry Hall in the Sport Village and Conference Center. At the 392nd BG tables were seated ten English friends who are very special to us in one way or another. They were Tom and Jill Scott, Denis and Hilary Duffield, Doug and Celia Willies, Peter and Wendy Carter, and Mervyn and Barbara Jones. The Jonathan Wyatt Big Band played our kind of music throughout the evening. The English roast beef was delicious, and there was plenty of it.

After dessert was served and all had finished, there were introductions of the Norwich and Norfolk dignitaries seated at the head table. Jordan Uttal, 2ADA Honorary President, was the master of ceremonies, and no one can do it better. We had the Chairman of the District Council, Hazel Bowyer; Lord Mayor of Norwich, Brenda Ferris; Chairman of the Norfolk County Council, Peter Baldwin; Chairman of the Memorial Trust, Tom Eaton; Vice Chairman of the Trust, David Hastings; Norfolk County Director of Libraries, Hilary Hammond; Principal Librarian, Colin Sleath; 2ADA Memorial Trust Librarian, Phyllis DuBois, and her assistants, Lesley Fleetwood and Christine Snowden. There were speeches, but they

were brief and to the point.

So ended a perfect evening, and a perfect week. Three cheers for Evelyn Cohen of the US of A, and David Hastings of England for arranging and coordinating this wonderful week-long VE Day celebration. Thank you very much, Evelyn and David.

Maxine and I found time to visit the temporary 2ADA Memorial Room on Ber Street, and we were very pleasantly surprised. The entire interior of the building has been renovated to serve as the Norwich Central Library until the new one is built. Space for our Memorial Room is upstairs, and is very spacious.

There are new shelves containing over 2,000 books. Second Air Division B-24 tail fins are mounted on the wall above the shelves with the group markings painted on them. Phyllis DuBois and her assistants, Lesley and Christine, did a remarkable job in getting it all ready for the VE Day celebration.

If you live in the midwest, remember the annual midwest 2ADA reunion is in Springfield, Illinois, September 19, 20 & 21, 1995 at the Holiday Inn East, W.H. Kirkton, #1 County Road, Chatham, IL 62629 is the host committee chairman. Write or call for details. ■



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

Fourteen Happy Warriors made the trip to Norwich for the VE Day celebration: Bill, Norma and Craig Beasley; Dorothy and Bob Cash; Gerald and Freda Campbell; Tom and Margaret Floyd; Lenora Thompson; Bob and Pat Mattson; and Tom and Mary Anne Nelson. What a wonderful time we had! Sunday, May 7 was, in my opinion, the highlight of the week. At nine o'clock that morning, 950 veterans formed in the car park across from the burned out skeletal wreckage of the Norwich Central Library and across from St. Peter Mancroft Church. Church bells rang all over Norwich while the band from Royal Air Force College Cranwell played. At exactly 10:00 AM, the Royal Air Force had a flyover with four jets. It was very emotionally impressive to witness the missing man formation. After a short address by the Lord Mayor, the British squadrons were led by the Cranwell Band and the Norwich Citadel Salvation Army Band led the 2ADA. Then other units followed past the city hall and on to Norwich Cathedral. It is hard to describe the feelings of warmth and excitement to see the people cheering and waving flags as we marched by. The cathedral service was equally moving and emotional, particularly when the band played the stirring "Fanfare to the 2nd Air Division" with the roar of B-24 engines.

The Lord Mayor's reception that followed was equally impressive. We all attended the excellent performance of "We'll Meet Again" at the Theatre Royale. It was a day that will never be forgotten.

In addition to the planned 2ADA activities, the 492nd BG was invited to join the 25th Bomb Group for a river cruise through Norwich on Wednesday evening. It was lots of fun. The boat trip culminated in a "fish and chips" dinner at Woods End Pub. Jan and Ken Godfrey were our hosts.

Tom Floyd represented the 492nd BG in the candlelighting ceremony at the banquet on Thursday evening. British guests joining the 492nd BG at the banquet were Tony North, Colin and Elizabeth Sleath, John and Ruby Ducker, and Allan Trattle.

We looked outstanding in the royal blue jackets with the Happy Warrior patches on the back that Bob Cash ordered for us. With our red 492nd BG caps, believe me, you couldn't miss us.

It was my pleasure to give U.S. Navy LCDR Philip Davidson, military aide to Vice President Albert Gore, a 492nd Bomb Group cap for the Vice President. I received the following letter of acknowledgement from Davidson and the Office of the Vice President:

"I am pleased to provide the Vice President's remarks from the VE Day commemoration ceremony on May 6, 1995 at Madingley (see page 15). The ceremony was a special event

for all of us, and a stark reminder of the sacrifices made by the officers and men of the 492nd Bomb Group. The Vice President was particularly touched by your gift and sends his personal thanks for the 492nd Bomb Group ballcap. I hope your stay in the United Kingdom was pleasant. I thoroughly enjoyed meeting you at Madingley, and wish you and the 492nd Bomb Group Association the very best."

DAY AT THE BASES

This was another memorable day, for sure. We were picked up at 9:30 AM by coach with Keith and Iris Thomas as our guides. Our fourteen Happy Warriors and sixteen 491st Ringmasters set out for North Pickenham, where the two groups had once been based. We were met at the Blue Lion Pub by Allan Trattle and many of the villagers with coffee and biscuits. After a brief respite, we walked a few yards to the church for a memorial service. Bill Beasley placed a wreath for the 492nd BG and Hugh Bennett placed one for the 491st BG. After the service we boarded the bus and took a trip to the memorial for another wreath-laying. Russell Ives, Allan Sirrell, and John and Norman Winterbottom met us there with a wreath. Bob Cash placed one wreath and Bill Beasley placed a second one. Norman and Russell drove 200 miles from West Yorkshire to pick up John Winterbottom in Attleborough. Allan Sirrell was the only member of the group from North Pickenham.



Bob Cash and Bill Beasley with the 492nd BG wreath

Following a trip around the old base, we returned to the Blue Lion for a delicious lunch and conversation. Some members returned to the coach for a trip to the Swaffham Museum. A few of us remained at the pub to talk with our guests from West Yorkshire. We once again had a chance to visit with Tony and Sue Wallis and their sons, Peter and Michael. We also met

Allan Sirrell's wife Beverly, son Neal, and daughter Jessica (hope that is correct).

When the coach returned, we divided up and were guests in various homes of the villagers for tea. Norma, Craig and I were invited to the Norris house for tea. It was a very interesting experience for us because Jean Norris and her husband have a bed and breakfast. While we were there, one of their B & B guests arrived. They were on a walkabout of fifty miles for their 50th wedding anniversary. This was the first stop on the journey to the Wash and King's Lynn of Sir Francis Graham and Lady Elizabeth Smith. He being associated with the Jodrell Bank, a radio-astronomer was very interesting to talk with. We also met their neighbors and guests from London. Before we knew it, it was time to go back to Norwich. A gift from the Friends of the 2AD, a calligraphic scroll done by Brian Marston, was given to every veteran by Keith Thomas, president of the Friends and base contact at North Pickenham.

Bill Beasley, Bob Cash, Tom Floyd, and Bob Mattson spoke to school children in three different schools. We all agreed it was a great experience. The children were very interested and attentive. Erasers in the shapes of WWII airplanes were given to all of the children as a souvenir from the 492nd BG.

(continued on page 14)

BENEDICTION BY NEAL SORENSEN (489th) MADINGLEY CEMETERY MAY 10, 1995

*Almighty and ever-loving God,
Father, Son and Spirit;
As we depart this hallowed ground,
Ground made sacred by our comrades
Who rest here in your care;
Grant us Your peace.*

*Release us from the guilt of wondering;
Wondering why we were spared the untimely
Fate which was their lot.*

*And as we ponder being spared, Dear God,
and your blessings of the past fifty years;
Renew our resolve to hold high
The banner of freedom for which they died.*

*Born in the bleak winter of Valley Forge;
Washed on the bloody fields of Gettysburg,
Flanders and Normandy;
That banner was bravely upheld
By those whom today we honor.*

*As we rededicate our lives to the ever
Unfinished cause of freedom,
Renew our strength and resolve.
For this strength and resolve, O God,
We humbly ask your blessing. Amen. ■*

An Underground Storage Depot

Hitzaker, Germany, Sunday, March 25, 1945

BY FRANK H. LEWIS (491st)

The Ray Trapp crew was leading the Second Air Division on this mission, flying #550 Z.

It was early, real early, when they rolled us out that morning. It was 0115 hours when the corporal turned on the light and yelled, "The mission's on, Capt. Trapp's crew flying." We had breakfast at 0145 hours, and briefing at 0245 hours.

With the Allied armies advancing on both the eastern and western fronts, the shrinking confines of Germany offered few strategic targets for the 8th. At briefing we were told that the target was an underground oil storage depot at Hitzaker, Germany, located on the lower Elbe River, about twenty-five or thirty miles southeast of Hamburg.

Lt. Col. Harry Stephey, the 853rd Squadron commander, was flying with us as division air commander. He was riding the jump seat between the pilot and copilot. The other pilots flying in the lead squadron were Lts. Pearson, O'Mally, Perkins, Kohl, Van Acker, Carter, Watson, and Conners.

The 491st was able to muster only two squadrons for this mission. The low level supply mission across the Rhine the day before left us short of planes and crews. We put up twenty-one B-24s and three of those aborted.

Takeoff was at 0617 hours, with 21 aircraft, including one flying spare. At 0736 hours, aircraft #655-H (Lt. Perkins) returned with #1 feathered. At 0809 hours, aircraft #947-H (Lt. Fuller) aborted with a runaway prop. At 0845 hours, aircraft #855-B (Lt. Eichel) aborted with a gas leak.

We took off well before daylight into all kinds of low clouds, and climbed to forming altitude. We were plowing around just below a solid cloud cover with our lights on and firing flares, trying to get the formation in shape. After a while, we got the group together and led the 2nd Air Division out over the North Sea. The solid cloud cover persisted until just before we reached the coast of Holland, where we found a hole in the clouds. Ray Trapp took the division on a three hundred and sixty degree turn, corkscrewing up through the hole and up over the top of the clouds. Just beyond the cloud bank at the coast of Holland it was completely clear. The clearness of the day was unbelievable. You could see for a hundred miles.

Our navigator Earl McNew's compass went out, but with the help of Parisi, our radar operator, and Parker, our pilotage navigator riding in the nose turret, he did a good job.

On the way into Germany we passed Hanover, which was sending up plenty of flak, but we passed well to the north and got a good look at the RAF going in. They circled just outside the flak area like a swarm of bees,

and in turn they peeled off into the smoke for their bomb run.

We had reports of ME-262s all the way in. Dave Schirmer (TG) kept yelling for the wing planes to tighten up the formation. The jets passed us by and shot down four B-24s from the 448th Bomb Group behind us. In the 360° turn, in the tricky weather at the coast, the low squadron of the 448th became separated from the group, forcing the eight ship formation to have to go in alone to the target. On the run from the IP they were attacked by the



ME-262s. The squadron leader was shot down immediately. Two others were shot down after the target. Another was heavily damaged and soon went down. The remaining four aircraft all had major damage. A heavy price had been paid for the loss of cover from the group. The other two squadrons of the 448th hadn't escaped altogether. The 262s hit them as they came off the target. Ten of their aircraft were hit by cannon fire.

We made a visual bomb run, and the results could not have been better. It was a perfect hit. All the bombs fell within the 2,000 foot circle, dead on the target.

The 8th Air Force magazine *Target Victory* of March 28, 1945 said: "Lt. Albert Erramouspe, lead bombardier of the 491st Bomb Group (Capt. Ray Trapp's crew) put 100 percent of his bombs within 2,000 feet, 75 percent within 1,000 feet, and 55 percent within 500 feet of the main point of impact. Thank you, Lt. Erramouspe."

The bombs must have penetrated deep into those underground oil tanks, as the whole area erupted into a huge mass of boiling black smoke and orange flames. After clearing the target area we did a 180 degree turn and passed back by the target area. The mushroom-like cloud was already 20,000 feet into the air. This, no doubt, was our most effective bombing mission and rendered the bomber groups

behind us unnecessary.

In front of us and off to our left we could see two more huge columns of smoke and dust rising up to 20,000 feet. They were Hanover and Osnabruck burning, which had just been hit by the large force of RAF planes.

Scattered all over, in every direction, were various targets hit by the 8th Air Force. Germany was burning. Where it wasn't, it was full of bomb craters, for during the past week we had been hitting northwestern Germany under excellent weather conditions. Bridges, marshalling yards, factories, airfields, and oil targets had all been hit. We went past many places where the flak guns were throwing it up at us, but we were able to stay just out of range. Parisi would start yelling every time we came too close to the German anti-aircraft batteries. He could pick up their radar aiming devices on his radar set.

At 1322 hours, all aircraft landed from operations.

Germany must have been tired, but they don't give up. ■

OOPS! Made a mistake . . .

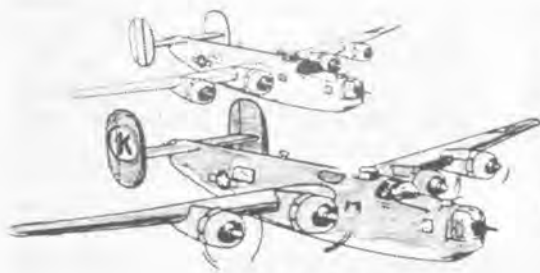
Due to incorrect information at our disposal at the time, we now need to correct the errors which appeared in both articles on page 14 of the Summer 1995 *Journal*.

First, the audio cassettes which had been sent from the early 1980s on were not destroyed by the August 1st fire. They were saved due to the fact that they were stored in the archive vaults, rather than in the Memorial Room. Accordingly, those of you who submitted a recording need not duplicate it.

However, it is still a good idea for those of you who have *not* made a recording, to do so now — one copy for the Memorial Room, and the other for your family.

Next, fortunately the bound volumes of back issues of our *Journal* were not destroyed either. They were stored in the stack, and although they were slightly damaged, they are being rebound and soon will be shipshape.

To those of you who have already contacted Geoff Gregory on this matter, we extend thanks for your promptness. In any event, back issues of the *Journal* are not required. ■



458th BOMB GROUP

BY RICK ROKICKI

NORWICH 1995

There were sixty of us attending our Norwich VE + 50 celebration in May, again staying at the Hotel Stakis (formerly the Airport Ambassador). It was in 1990 that the 458th "opened" this hotel — we found it exciting then and very much the same again this time. We had a last minute cancellation when **LIONEL GOUDREAU** developed pneumonia, and his niece **PAT MOLLOY** brought her husband Jim, who had a great time. All of us wish Lionel a speedy recovery.

We attended the dedication of the new, temporary site of the library. Actually, it was an impressive ceremony and tour of the facility, which appears to be ample enough for a few years. Afterwards, we attended the exceptional services at Madingley, where Vice President of the United States **AL GORE** was the honored speaker.

Our "Day with the Villagers" went very well. **EILEEN AND BRIAN MARSTON** did a great job with their team of **RUPERT AUBREY-COUND**, **JUNE SAVILL**, and **CHRISTINE ARMES**. Our luncheon was held in the RAF Family Club (of which Brian is an official). Since the club itself is located on the airfield, everything was very convenient. On behalf of the group, I presented three B-24 six inch pewter desk models for their successful work.

The photo below of our VE + 50 parade shows at least seven members of the 458th marching by. I use the term "marching" very loosely; however, be assured that a huge turnout by the citizens of Norwich and surrounding towns and villages was in evidence. Note also the scaffolding in the background where the library and our 2AD Memorial once stood.



DAYTON MEMORIAL

DUKE TRIVETTE, our personal caretaker of our Wright-Patterson memorial, had one remaining assignment, and that was to arrange with a local landscaper to complete the shrubbery as previously mentioned. Duke sent me the photo shown at the top of this page to show its completion. If you haven't yet seen our tribute to our lost airmen, you should make every effort to do so. The cost of over one thousand dollars was paid with money we have saved over the last three reunions we held in Dayton. The entire group owes a sincere thanks to Duke.



458th Memorial with completed shrubbery at
Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio

ON FINAL

BOB QUINLIVAN, 93rd Bomb Group, requested the addresses of **BOB SELLERS** and **JIM SIMES** after seeing my reference to them in the last *Journal*. Quinlivan worked with Sellers as a flight controller at Horsham. He also flew three missions with the 458th as copilot, where he knew Simes. **ODIS TAYLOR** noticed new member **WILLIAM RAUPP**, his navigator, and requested his address and phone number. Again, another "no contact" for over fifty years, until now!

I have had several requests for 458th BG history from new members, associate members, and also from college students writing papers for their master's theses. My only reply has been to suggest they buy a copy of Turner's new Second Air Division book. As you know, all three publications of **GEORGE REYNOLDS'** 458th history are no longer available. Also, **MARTIN BOWMAN'S** *Fields of Little America* has had every printing sold out.

ERIC YALLOP worked as a courier on the bus taking 458th members and wives to Blickling Hall. He has asked me to convey to all that the Blickling Hall hosts enjoyed having them visit.

During our visit to the museum at Horsham St. Faith, I was asked to plant a tree, as a memorial of our 1995 visit, on the museum grounds. I was most happy to see that someone else had already dug the hole! After the tree planting, a memorial plate would mark this event at a future date.

The latest book done by John and Donna Campbell came after my last column. If you do not have a copy of *Talisman*, it would be a worthwhile addition to your WWII library. If you are interested, see my column in the Summer 1995 issue of the *Journal* for ordering information on *Consolidated B-24 Liberator*.

MIKE BAILEY advises that he has finished three commissions to paint "Miss Used" for **LARRY VAN KURAN**, "Mizpah" for **BUD HARTZELL**, and "The Bird" for **DICK PULSE**. He's asking for help with "Heaven Can Wait," for which he has no photo for the nose art. If you have or know of someone who has a photo, drop me a line, or you can write directly to Mike at 91 Waterworks Road, Norwich NR2 4DB.

A new, up to date 458th BG roster will be available by the time you read this. Cost remains at \$4.50 and includes postage. If you have an old roster and have not kept up with revisions, additions and deletions, it may be time to order a new one.

And finally, **BOB VINCENT** sent me fifteen "English tea towels" featuring the 458th B-24 S.O.L. Bob asked that I sell them and donate the profits to the memorial library fund. If you would like one, please send \$5.00 plus 50¢ postage, and I will ship one your way. The size is

(continued on page 17)



BY H.C. "PETE" HENRY

In the Spring 1995 *Journal* there was a letter from Martin Bowman, author of *Fields of Little America; The B-24 Liberator, 1939-45*; and other books, advising that he is writing a new book with Jim Avis, who currently builds Stearmans (PT-17s) at Swanton Morley, England, asking to hear from 2ADA members who flew the PT-17 in the USAF training program. I sent him the photo below of yours truly standing on the step of a PT-17 at Orangeburg, SC in the spring of 1942, along with a brief history of my time spent at Hawthorne Field with the Class of 42-J. His reply, dated 5 March '95, advised that he was delighted with the photograph and plans to use it and my story in his book. He also enclosed a photo of himself standing by one of Jim Avis' Stearmans.



Aviation Cadet Pete Henry



Martin Bowman

Also in the Spring 1995 issue of the *Journal* was a letter from yours truly quoting an article that appeared in the *Chicago Tribune Magazine*, 4 December '94, advising that Dave Tallichet sold "Delectable Doris," and my final remarks were somewhat less than complimentary. Patrick Carry from Waukegan, IL, who did not identify his bomb group or if he is a 2ADA member, sent me a letter 29 March '95 advising that Kermit Weeks is now the proud owner who plans to keep it in "flying condition." Mr. Weeks is currently building a new facility outside of Orlando, Florida, after his previous building was destroyed by Hurricane Andrew. (*The Jan/Feb/Mar issue of the Collings Foundation newsletter stated that the Weeks Air Museum is now back in full operation and that the "All American" teamed up in formation with "Delectable Doris" in Lakeland, FL, during the All American's recent southern tour.*) He has quite a collection of WWII aircraft, many of which make appearances at air shows during the summer months. His plans are to put "Delectable Doris" back in tip-top shape and include her with others at various air shows. My thanks to Patrick Carry for his letter, and my apologies to Dave Tallichet for my disparaging remarks in the aforementioned Spring *Journal*.

Kermit Weeks of the Weeks Air Museum is now the proud owner of "Delectable Doris." He plans to put her back in tip-top shape, in flying condition, and include her with others at various air shows.

Wally Balla (68th SQ) did make the trip to China that was mentioned in the Winter '94 8-Ball column, but he didn't get a chance to try the snake bile soup. He sent a two-page letter describing the trip in detail, but I'll sum it up by saying that he had a great time, and just about everything was four star. One interesting comment he made was about the INTRAV (travel agency) brochure for a winter trip around the world in 24 days by SST Concord. The price is \$50,800! Anyone who is interested, let me know and I'll send you Wally's address.

George Hill (67th SQ) wrote back in December that he still keeps in touch with a number of 44th guys via ham radio every Tuesday morning at 8 a.m. CST on 7227 kc moving to 21410 or 14278 kc to keep in touch with Bill Holmes in Norwich. Some of the 44th men on the network are: Ed Schwarm (506th SQ), ringleader; Fred Browning (67th); Wayne Harvey (66th); Bud Lawrence (506th); Art Hand (66th); Carl Hvamsal (506th); Hal Kramer (464th Sub Depot); and Walt Eichensehr (506th).

Richard "Dick" Pick (67/66 SQ) wrote in early April to advise that he was a PFF navigator, not a bombardier, on the 20 June '44 mission to Politz, Germany. Charles Armstrong was the pilot on this mission and Col. John H. Gibson was the command pilot, as reported in my 8-Ball column in the Fall 1992 2ADA *Journal*. This was Dick's 12th mission. His seventh mission was to Cherbourg Peninsula on D-Day, with Robert McCormick as

pilot and General Leon Johnson as command pilot. We are sorry to report that Robert McCormick was killed in 1946 in the crash of a C-54 on a mountainside on Taboga Island, about eight miles off the Canal Zone coast. He was expecting to receive his discharge during the summer of '46. Dick celebrated his first wedding anniversary on D-Day. While at Shipdham, he roomed with Earl Guy, Bob Taylor, and John Saladiak, who passed away in 1994.

Albert Ed Jones (66th SQ) wrote in February that he has contacted Walter V. Lawrence (506th SQ) regarding "My Everlovin' Gal," which went down on the Magdeburg, Germany raid on 29 June '44, when Howard Landell's 506th SQ plane and Gerald Westcott's 506th SQ plane collided in mid-air and disintegrated in one great ball of fire after being hit by flak. (See the story in Will Lundy's *44th Bomb Group Roll of Honor and Casualties*.) Ed said that he had one 5 x 7 photo of the "Gal" which he sent to Walt, since it was different from the one published in Turner's Second Air Division book. As a member of the 44th Bomb Group control tower staff, Ed and his friends started their own photography project using the emergency water storage room atop the tower for a darkroom.

R.E. Bottomley (66th SQ) sent a card to say that he still has some 8-Ball alumni T-shirts left, XL size, if anyone is interested. He is willing to sell them for \$10.00 each including postage. Write to R.E. Bottomley, 4509 Morrice Road, Owosso, MI 48867.

Bill Strong (506th SQ) wrote at the end of April to advise that he received a letter from Dave Mundell, son of Robert Mundell (506th SQ) advising that Bob passed away 28 April '95 while branding calves. He was 76. Bob loved ranching and working with cattle, and would not have picked any other way to go. Our condolences to the Mundell family. Bill Strong sends his best to all 2ADA members, 44thers in particular.

Mike Fusano (14th CBW) called the first week in May to advise that Dan Kulwicki (44th/HQ) died in April. Dan worked in base utilities, and Mike had been keeping in touch with Dan. Mike also reported that Bob Haggart (HQ) passed away 25 May 95. He was the 44th mail carrier. We extend our condolences to their families. Kay and Mike were unable to go to England with the 2ADA in May to celebrate VE Day, but they did plan to be with us in Lexington, Kentucky, over the 4th of July.

Twenty-six 44thers were in attendance at the 2ADA convention in Lexington, Kentucky, July 3-6, 1995, and our group meeting on 5 July where the members reelected me as your group vice president for 1995-1996. I appreciate their vote of confidence, and will do all that I can to justify their faith in me. ■



Open Letter To the 93rd

BY FLOYD H. MABEE



Friday's Cat #41-23713, Presque Isle Army Air Field, Maine. Kneeling (l-r): S/Sgt. Robert L. Brooks, assistant radio operator; T/Sgt. Munford Kennon, bombardier & BSM; S/Sgt. Jacob A. Bruinisholz, Jr., assistant engineer; S/Sgt. Clyde K. Boaze, gunner; T/Sgt. John G. VanDervort, aerial engineer; T/Sgt. Harry J. Heim, radio operator. Standing (l-r): 2nd Lt. John B. Crisp, navigator; 1st Lt. Jose E. Moya, bombardier; 2nd Lt. Cleland G. Marriott, copilot; and 1st Lt. Frank T. Hinshaw, pilot.

"FRIDAY'S CAT" MYSTERY

I would like to display this wonderful picture that Violes Flannary sent me of this plane, as it is a much better picture of the crew. The picture I had in the Spring *Journal* was very small, and it was very hard to recognize any of the faces. Names don't always ring a bell.

I request from any member the location of any of the family members of this crew, because I would like to send them a copy of this picture. Even after all of these years, I believe they would appreciate this memory, and it would let them know that we also think about this loss, as it was the 93rd's first loss, September 9, 1942.

I received a nice letter from Walter T. Stewart, which explained about the loss of this crew: "Lt. Roper and I were flying 'Exterminator' on that night from Gander, Newfoundland, to Prestwick, Scotland.

"At about midnight, Roper said 'Take over, Stew, and I'll get a little shuteye.' We were on a heading of about 90 degrees and were possibly just south of Iceland. Having been a Boy Scout several years before, I had learned to watch for the North Star by lining up the Big Dipper outer edge of the cup and use those precious two stars as pointers. After a couple of minutes, I discovered that we were heading directly towards the North Star, even though our compass read about 'nine zero.'

"I called Lt. John Brown White, our navigator, who said, 'Whaddaya know, the copilot

is on course for once,' in his joking way.

"I replied, 'Just take a look out of your astro-dome and see what I see.' 'Holy smoke,' he shouted, 'turn to 180 degrees at once.' This put the North Star on our left wing, and we were again on our way to Scotland.

"Upon searching the flight information he discovered a note that said that when you are

interesting.

"The answer to your question is, yes, I wrote the 93rd history book.

"I gave it to a publisher in Texas with a release for all finances and entitlements the publisher might realize from the sale of the book.

"I was glad to get it published, with the hope that it would bring some comfort to members of the 93rd and their families.

"It took about seven years to complete the book, including many letters and telegrams, not to mention the long distance telephone calls between me and the publisher and General Timberlake, before the book went into final printing — unsigned.

"All correspondence relating to the book is in possession of my nephew, Pete Verna, in Charlotte, NC. Pete also has all remaining photos and motion pictures of 93rd activities."

Attilio folded his wings in January, 1992 and never received credit for the only book about the 93rd Bomb Group.

TED'S TRAVELING CIRCUS

I received a copy of a letter to our group VP, Paul Steichen, from Father Marshall V. Minster, who is a 93rd BG member:

"I'm writing to let you know how completely I believe that Cal Stewart's history of the 93rd is worth the long wait. Cal has done me the honor of allowing me to peruse *Ted's Traveling Circus* (all but the last chapter, which is about to be finished), and I am more than thrilled by the scope and elegance of his work.

"I was always proud of belonging to the 93rd, and regarded myself as extremely lucky to have been assigned to the most illustrious group in the Eighth Air Force, which, as we all know, was the cream of the Army Air Corps. But in reading Cal's account and learning so much more about the 93rd than I knew before, I have been made aware of how lucky I really was and how splendid were my group's accomplishments. I am sure that his book is a history matchless beyond anything about any other group in WWII.

"It's my understanding that presswork for the book will be finished in June, and that it will then be ready for binding. I look forward with total relish to having in hand so fine a record of the Circus. And as mentioned above, it will be worth the wait."

INFORMATION REQUESTED

I would like to know about the last 93rd plane downed in combat — date, names of crew, name and number of plane, mission location, and anything else you can provide me. Please write; don't call.

We know of the first 93rd plane lost at sea, September 9, 1942 in flight over England; and the first 93rd plane lost in combat, on October 19, 1942, was "Big Eagle" #42-23676, with Capt. Alexander Simpson, pilot. Six were KIA, three were POW, and one escaped and returned to England, then returned to the States. I had a picture of him and a writeup in the Fall 1991 *Journal*. If you would like a copy, contact me.

(continued on page 14)

near Iceland, the compass is not reliable. After a while, the compass returned to normal and we went into Prestwick OK, but not until after we had discovered serious icing and were able to cut it down with the de-icers and anti-icers. Lt. Marriott, copilot on 'Friday's Cat,' was a classmate of mine in 42D at Victorville, CA. I've wondered all these years if it was the compass gyration that caused that tragic loss."

In the summer *Journal* I published a letter of information about "Friday's Cat" from Louis F. Hagan, and remember he stated that it started to rain and freezing rain, and they began to climb up to get over it. That was when they lost contact with "Friday's Cat." Possibly it was a navigator's error as Col. Stewart noted.

I was on "Shoot Luke" and Maj. Addison Baker was our pilot. We were bombarded with ice breaking off from the wings and hitting the fuselage.

"THE STORY OF THE 93RD BG" AUTHOR FOUND

I received a letter from Violes Flannary that he had received from Attilio Verna in 1988 telling how he got his book printed. I had asked him several years ago for permission to have the book reprinted, and he gave me the OK but still denied that he was the author. The following letter to Flannary tells what happened:

"Thanks for your letter. The photos and enclosures from Ward and Shuttleworth are very



Kneeling (l-r): William E. Geland, engineer; Ohakles M. Flynn, radio; Peter F. Trainer Jr., right waist; Marcel E. D'hooge, left waist. Standing (l-r): Arthur Corbin, navigator; William F. Donalds, copilot; Ellis J. Calfee, pilot; Marion C. Cook, nose.

UNUSUAL MISSION

I received this crew picture and the picture fifty years later shown at the end of this article, from Arthur J. Corbin. I never heard before of 88mm shells exploding. His letter explains what happened:

"Just noted your letter to the 93rd in the Spring issue of the *Journal*.

"It's too bad the Turner Second Air Division book has so many errors. So much for future history buffs using it for reference.

"You ask for KIA information, so . . . We flew with the 328th Squadron, 93rd BG. We had a gunner killed over Munster on 23 March 1945. He was buried in Section D, first row by the walk in Cambridge Cemetery. S/Sgt. Peter F. Trainer, Jr. was on his 28th mission and was killed at 11:19 am just at bomb release of 7-1000#GP. We were pretty badly beat up by flak. An 88 went up through the waist, travelled between his back and parachute, exited through the top of the waist without exploding. Another went through our left wing just aft of engine

and another just aft the other port engine — neither exploded. The bomb release failed and as I used the manual release and bombs started to exit the bomb bay, another 88 exploded against them. A moment later the shell would have hit fuel and oxygen. We had holes in the bomb bay which flared outward. We had several hundred scattered. One fragment destroyed the left window, hit my G radio, and plopped on my desk. I was navigator-bombardier. Our hydraulics were out and crew members urinated in the hydraulic supply tank to give us some brake. Wheels were lowered by hand. We left the group, and I plotted a course straight for Hardwick. We dropped from 25,000 to 12,000 in about ten minutes and to 10,000 in hopes to help the gunner, but it was too late — he was killed instantly. We got back to base in 1 1/4 hours and S2 officers thought we had aborted. The group arrived later. We only had enough brake to stop at the end of the runway.

"Our pilot eventually got a DFC, but he never spoke up for the crew and crew effort

that went into the rapid return. (I know what that is like on a mission I was on to Vegesack, 18 March '43.)

"We visited the cemetery in 1990 and the nearby school there. It is hard to believe that Pete has been lying there now for fifty years. He was the only one on our crew that was married. Trainer's number was 11048793, and he came from Massachusetts.

"We had a nine man crew most of the time, but carried a bombardier if we flew in deputy position, and an electronics person if we flew the bucket to jam radar.

"I completed 34 missions plus one abort from over in West Germany. We flew a war weary H home via Iceland."

S/Sgt. Peter F. Trainer, Jr. #11048793 is listed in the Second Air Division Roll of Honor book, but he is listed on the 44th BG page, as are 530 other 93rd men. Only 99 are shown in the 93rd BG section of "folded wings." That total makes 629 — I would like to know where the other 30 are listed, as I submitted a list of 659 names.

(Some years ago when I received my copy of *The Story of the 93rd Bomb Group*, I found they had the chapters out of sequence. When I notified them about this, they checked, found out I was right, and they did the job over at no cost to us. Enough said.)

Three members of the Ellis Calfee crew held a fifty year reunion on June 14, 1994 at Westover Field, where they had trained. ■



(l-r): Charles H. Russell of Houston, TX; Marion E. Cook of Westfield, MA; Ellis Calfee of Trussville, Alabama.

492ND HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS (continued from page 9)

8TH AIR FORCE HERITAGE MUSEUM

We have met our goal to purchase the painting "Into the Hornet's Nest." Arrangements were made with the artist Randy Green for shipping it to the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, GA. The painting has been received at the museum, and they are ecstatic to have received this outstanding original oil painting for their facility. Thanks to everyone who contributed to the purchase of this painting. A special thank you to Gerald

Campbell, who collected the contributions, and to Elvern Seitzinger, who made all the arrangements. Last but not least, a thank you to Randy Green, the artist, for making this possible.

I have a block of fifteen rooms reserved in the name of the 492nd BG at the Ramada Inn in Pooler, GA, just across the road from the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum. If you are interested and want the details, give me a call. The dates of the dedication of the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum are May 12, 13, & 14, 1996. Plan to make it if possible and meet us there. Give me a call at (303) 756-4766

(fax 303-759-3684) or send me a card — W.H. Beasley, 1525 South Garfield Street, Denver, CO 80210-3022.

The 8th Air Force Heritage Museum is asking for memorabilia of all kinds, compasses, aviator glasses or goggles, parts of uniforms, etc. Check your collection and see if there is something you might like to preserve for posterity. Send it to the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, c/o Mary Beth Barnard, or Gary Miller, Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, 1020 East Highway 80, Pooler, Georgia 31322. Phone 1-800-421-9427 or (912) 748-8888. ■

REMARKS BY VICE PRESIDENT AL GORE AT VE DAY COMMEMORATION, MAY 6, 1995 CAMBRIDGE AMERICAN CEMETERY, MADINGLEY, ENGLAND

Thank you very much. General Joulwan, Lord Lieutenant Crowden, Ambassador and Mrs. Crowe, Lord Henley, Secretary of the Army Togo West, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Vessey, the Right Honorable James Molyneux, member of the World War II generation still making a contribution to his nation as the only World War II veteran in the House of Commons, members of the official American delegation, distinguished guests:

A half century ago, on a morning bursting with spring, Hitler's thousand year Reich collapsed in dust and ashes and eternal infamy. Tens of millions had perished, many whose names are known only to God.

Americans and Britons fought side by side to break Hitler's military machine, from the frosty seas of the Atlantic to the skies over Europe where together we dissolved the Nazi Blitz into smoke and destroyed Germany's industrial ability to equip her armies. They fought together in North Africa, and then on the stark slopes of Cassino in Italy, and at Anzio and Salerno.

Our young men shed their common blood on beaches called Sword, Juno, Gold, Omaha, and Utah, and in the hedgerows that laced the country beyond in Normandy; on the bitter road to Arnheim, in the snowy forests of the Ardennes, onward through the Ruhr, and in the final great push to the Elbe.

Time simply will not heal some of the scars left on the reflected image of humankind. Remote places that lived in innocent obscurity before Hitler came to power will remain eternal nightmares in the darkest memories of the human experience — Auschwitz, Treblinka, Sobibor, Dachau.

But at last, in May 1945, the killing stopped, and a silence of exhaustion settled down over these ancient lands.

We are here today in the fens of East Anglia — those fields that gave shelter to the mightiest wartime air force that had ever been assembled. We are here because brave men and women rose to fight back against a greater savagery than this world had known since creation.

More than 8,000 are remembered in these quiet slopes of Madingley, the bodies of some lying here in the earth, the names of others, missing forever in action, inscribed on the walls standing here.

And around the world, in the vast cartography of death that was the Second World War, lie gallant souls who brought victory not merely for the Allied powers, but for humankind itself.

The living and the dead who won this victory gave us our world — a world now buzzing with life, with stunning creativity — with invention and technology, and progress that moves in the unpredictable, exhilarating, and sometimes painful ways that progress occurs.

Here in this green place — amid these trees and flowered grounds, before these rows of white stones that mark the last resting place of our honored dead, in solemn reverence we can reflect on the lives they gave for liberty.

The dead who lie here in the mysterious silence of eternity were once like us. They were children awakened to a world that grew morning by morning in a radiance of light and discovery.

They laughed. They were hurt and they cried. They were loved. Fathers and mothers, wives and children, loved them, and they loved in return. They knew the heat of summer, the cold of winter, the softness of rain, the brightness of snow.

Before they were names on these stones, they were names in a neighborhood, or a school, and to call their names was to summon up their faces, their voices, their places in this world.

Leaving homes and peaceful days, they went to war.

These dead here at Madingley flew in B-17 Flying Fortresses, in B-24 Liberators, and in P-51 Mustangs into skies not unlike the firmament they had gazed at as boys, seeing changing faces in clouds.

They were bombardiers, pilots, navigators, who chanced life and death in black bursts of flak and the freezing cold of high altitudes that could, and often did, turn warm blood to ice on the leather of the flight jackets.

They were the brave and gallant mechanics, the ground crews, the air crews, the medics and nurses, the clerks, the drivers, the radio operators who were victory's unsung authors.

Had they lived, some would be among you today, gathered here with us to honor the living and the dead.

Some would have written books that now the world will never read.

Some would have discovered new truths that now the world must still await.

But most would have been ordinary people, living life with its quiet pleasures, and inevitable disappointments, with friends and jobs, with churches and synagogues, and families, with cycles of birth and death.

At rare, unpredictable moments, they would have experienced instances of love or beauty, or triumph or simple understanding.

But most of the time, their days would have been ordinary — the slow turning of a wheel of time in space.

On a war memorial far away, for soldiers long fallen, there are words that still speak to us across the miles and the decades:

*When you go home,
remember us and say,
for your tomorrow,
we gave our today.*

So how do we honor these dead? And how do we best remember them?

Not by words alone. Our remembrance must be more profound and more enduring.

We must strive with all our collective might to fulfill the promise of that great architect of victory, Franklin Roosevelt, in unspoken words that he wrote just before his death. Our task is to want more than an end to war, he wrote. Rather it is to "want an end to the beginnings of all wars."

We the living stand in the presence of the dead to look for a world that someday will fulfill the biblical prophecy that nation shall not rise against nation, that neither shall they learn war any more.

But these simple common stones in their orderly rows remind us that — though whole nations do fight — it is individuals who die.

And the great tradition that Americans inherited from Britons holds that individuals are born with dignity and God-given rights. Our two peoples, Britons and Americans, share a conviction running like a golden thread through our common history. That gleaming thread was woven in part at Runnymede in 1215 when King John signed the Magna Carta, in part in 1588 when England stood alone once before against the Invincible Armada, in part in 1776 when Americans called up the principles of John Locke, and supported by Edmund Burke, asserted the right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

This is a conviction that has been won for us by brave and bold men and women through hard centuries of time — men and women not only brave and bold in battle — but also brave and bold in books and in voices, brave and bold in forging on the anvil of experience and in the fires of imagination those ideas that make the battle worthwhile and make success a triumph of the human spirit.

We honor these men and women today because they defended with their lives that shared conviction that, because men and women are born free, tyranny is a monstrous affront to nature itself.

It is a conviction that binds Americans and Britons even more closely than our language and culture. The Americans here came from Memphis and Topeka, Spokane and St. Louis, New York and New Orleans, from hamlets and farms, from city streets and remote valleys, and they lie together in this field. They did not want to die. But fate had called them to valor and to death, and so it was.

From their deaths we have learned enduring lessons. If we do not heed them, the 21st century, so near to us now, could well bring a descent into a darker age of barbarism than the world has ever known.

The most important of these lessons is that government without the consent of a free people is tyranny, and that tyranny thrives on war and rumors of war.

(continued on page 16)



VETERANS APPRECIATION DAY AT WEST POINT

The United States Military Academy at West Point invites you to attend West Point for Veterans Appreciation Day on September 9, 1995. The event takes place in conjunction with the Army football home season opener versus Lehigh.

Veterans Appreciation Day gives West Point an opportunity to salute former members of the armed forces who have served this country honorably in providing for the common defense. In recognition of their military service to the country, USMA is planning a special day for veterans, with special provisions including a reduced admission price, reserved seats at the parade, and a cadet-escorted tour. West Point will recognize veterans prior to the cadet review, during the pre-game and half-time shows, and on the scoreboard throughout the football game. In addition, West Point will conduct a canned food drive to benefit indigent veterans and their families.

West Point looks forward to seeing you on this special Army Football Saturday. Please direct inquiries to Mr. Ettore Rossetti at (914) 446-7147.

2ADA 12TH ANNUAL MIDWEST AREA REUNION

The 12th Annual Midwest Area Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association will be held in Springfield, Illinois at the Holiday Inn East, September 19, 20 & 21, 1995. Contact W.H. (Bill) Kirkton, #1 County Road, Chatham, IL 62629, phone (217) 483-2114.

AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVADE SOCIETY

The Air Forces Escape and Evade Society will hold its annual reunion in conjunction with the Royal Air Force Escape and Evade Society — Canadian, September 21-25 at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. Contact Clayton David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, Missouri 63401, or Paul Kenney, 5400 Post Road Pass, Stone Mountain, Georgia 30088.

KASSEL MISSION 52ND ANNIVERSARY MEETING

The Kassel Mission Memorial Association (KMMA) will host a meeting of all Kassel mission survivors, 445th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th AF, US veterans and their families and other interested individuals, for three days at the Dayton Marriott and U.S. Air Force Museum, Dayton, Ohio, September 26, 27 & 28, 1996.

Highlights will include Luftwaffe pilots who flew against the 8th AF, along with German historian Walter Hassenpflug, interpreter Guenter Lemke, and former Burgermeister Wilfried Blum; a panel discussion about the Kassel mission including veterans who participated; videos about the battle; and a memorial for 445th and other departed veterans. British author Martin Bowman, who featured the Kassel mission in his book, *Great American Air Battles of World War II*, has been invited to be the keynote speaker at the banquet on Friday evening, September 27th. At the Marriott dinner on Saturday, September 28th, a new organization of Kassel mission and 445th veterans' sons and daughters will be introduced. A non-profit corporation, "The Kassel Mission Historical Society," will perpetuate the work of KMMA.

Only 150 rooms have been reserved at the Dayton Marriott. Over 300 people are expected, so space is limited. Write for further information and advance reservations to William R. Dewey, KMMA Inc., P.O. Box #413, Birmingham, MI 48012.

REMARKS BY VICE PRESIDENT GORE (continued from page 15)

The tyrant always struts — as Hitler did — on a stage built of human suffering, surrounded by legions of soldiers, bolstered by the machinery of battle, and adored by flatterers with cold fear in their hearts and hollow cheers on their lips.

The tyrant vainly seeks the grace and legitimacy that can only come from the freely given consent of the governed, and when he finds it missing, as he always does, he feels fear in his own heart.

Part of his defense is to imprison the imagined enemy within. His tools are secret police, midnight knocks on the door, the informer. And still he fears. Still he knows no rest.

So the tyrant lashes out in conquest, turning the inchoate hatred of his people from himself to their neighbors, to those who are somehow different. The tyrant is not sated until his evil metastasizes in cycles of expansion and violence. Only in the roar of the artillery can the tyrant drown out the accusing and fearful voices of those he has failed to mesmerize into silence. For centuries, the British and Americans have also shared the knowledge that a free people, able to write and speak without restraint, are more likely to seek peace than war. For in a democracy, citizens have a stake in their society. They own their lives, their freedom, and their property. They do not belong to their government; their government belongs to them.

And, as the Second World War proved so convincingly, when a free nation goes to war to defend freedom itself, it will fight on to inevitable triumph no matter what the cost.

In that grim time, Winston Churchill asked his countrymen to so bear themselves that men would one day say "this was their finest hour."

And it was.

And in his words we in America hear our duty defined.

First we sent the tools he asked us to send, and then we sent our men and women, and we fought together, side by side, with the men and women of Britain and the Commonwealth, and we were victorious together in that spring half a century ago.

And when the victory had at last been won, Churchill himself pronounced his judgment on the grand alliance between Britain and America, in these words:

"It would be an ill day for the world and for the pair of them if they did not go on working together and marching together and sailing together and flying together whenever something has to be done for the sake of freedom."

For fifty years we have held onto that course, even as we have witnessed incredible changes. Now, we live in a world unimaginable in 1945.

Old enemies have become enduring friends. Now, not only is the Nazi flag with its twisted cross a relic in museums, but the hammer and sickle is also gone as a symbol of power and fear.

But, of course, we face new challenges now, as we always will, for evil did not die with Nazism, nor with communism, nor with apartheid. We have seen it in our midst. It lurks like a viper in unexpected places, striking suddenly, viciously — as Ambassador Crowe, a son of Oklahoma City, can attest.

In standing united against such evil — wherever it threatens — let us remember that the men and women who lie in this quiet place — and in all the other places where their comrades also lie — died for a future of hope for the best that might be for those they left behind.

In honoring these dead then, let us, the sons and daughters of those who lie here, and those who loved them, rise to the vision proclaimed by President Roosevelt; to seek a moral basis for peace — not only here in Europe but far beyond.

Let us build democracy and freedom in a world governed by just laws, respectful of human rights, accepting the obligation each one of us has to his neighbors and to all those men and women everywhere who are bound to us by the common ties of the human condition and the yearning for decency and dignity and freedom.

The bodies of these men and women rest in the bosom of the earth, their souls in keeping with God. But their spirits are with us to the ending of the world, and what they did for us can never die.

To them is given the promise of the prophet Isaiah, as we pray for lives of our own to live that will be worthy of their deaths:

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength — they shall mount up with wings as eagles — they shall run and not be weary — and they shall walk and not be faint." ■

489TH NOTES

BY
NEAL SORENSEN

To convey in words the tumult of emotions that gripped each of the 500 members and spouses who attended the VE+50 festivities in England, May 5-12, would require a Hemingway, to which I do not lay claim.

Throughout that period, those of us from the 489th Bomb Group could only mourn the dearth of our comrades in attendance! There were only ten of us, but we were accorded honors fit for 1,000!!

On May 6th we were bussed en masse to Madingley Cemetery for a most moving ceremony, complete with speeches and the Air Force Band playing nostalgic music. British heroes were in abundance, with Lord Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire James Crowden making a stirring speech of remembrance. General George Joulwan, Commander of SHAPE, represented the USA, as did Vice President Gore. Along with Geoff Gregory, VP 2ADA, I had the privilege of laying the 2ADA wreath. Paddy Cox did the honors for the 489th. Following the service, there was a reception where those who wished to could greet the various speakers.

Through the quirks that many of us encountered during WWII, I had been on duty on both VE Day and VJ Day, and so had never encountered any of the adulation that others told me was poured upon them by various civilian populations during those two happenings. As a result, I was totally unprepared for Sunday, May 7th. The division formed in the square opposite the old Central Library. After a fly-past by the RAF and greetings by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, we marched in columns of three to the Norwich Cathedral. The entire length of the march (about 1/2 mile) was lined with our hosts from England. They applauded us throughout the entire distance with a demonstration of love and smiles that blurred our vision with tears. Thoughts of loved ones who did not make it through the war flooded my memory: my brother, 2nd Lt. Carl Sorensen, shot down in July of '44; my special buddy Art Stearns, shot down in September '44 on the ill-fated Kassel mission; and my R.T.U. friend, 2nd Lt. Thompson, whose plane iced up the night we flew from Goose Bay, Canada, to Nutts Corner, Ireland. Ghosts of the past were freed for mourning by the adulation of the British citizenry as we marched.

Monday, May 8th, was Base Day. Bud and Mike Chamberlain graciously invited Pat and me, along with John deCani, to ride to Halesworth in their rented minibus. With Bud as pilot and Mike as navigator, the drive was error free and most enjoyable!

Our Friends of the 489th had a banner day

of activities for us. We met at the Triple Plea for a short break, where we were given a pen with the Triple Plea insignia on it, then moved onward.

First, we took a nostalgic drive down the runways and around a part of the perimeter, which ended up at our memorial. A border of white marble filled with white stones provides a striking setting for this tribute to our fallen comrades. This was a gift from our Friends of the 489th.

Paddy Cox welcomed our small contingent to a heartwarming ceremony of remembrance. A prayer was offered by the rector of the Holton Church, followed by a charge from George Foster. Floral tributes were silently laid at the monument by the Ladies of Halesworth. The reverence of these moments as each flower bearer placed her tribute, bowed in silence and departed, was heightened by the somber weather, while the flowers presented a blaze of color that overcame the grayness and replaced it with a warm glow.

Varyl Gannaway and John deCani retired the flag and brought it to me. I gave a tribute to our friends, as well as all of the people of England, recalling the more than 50,000 civilians killed in the bombing of London during the Blitz of 1940-41, when one of every five houses in England was damaged or destroyed. Our British friends, should be the ones to whom the greater homage was due!!!

Following the memorial service, we drove through the old quonset hut areas on our way to Holton Church. A brief service of prayer and dedication was held in recognition of the new kneeler.

The solemnity gave way to celebration as we returned to the Triple Plea for libations of choice followed by a feast that would have had King Henry VIII groaning! Shortly we journeyed to the other side of the airfield, where a children's celebration was being held. More food!!

As darkness fell, we made our way through the back roads to where the ceremony of lighting a flaming beacon was to take place. We rendezvoused in a large outbuilding where Tony Kerrison had set up his musical ensemble. Great music and further drinks passed the time most pleasantly until the great moment arrived. We assembled in a field distant from the buildings, where a huge torch made of hay bales and topped by a dry Christmas tree had been prepared.

The warden watched the sky for the light of a flare which had been fired at a nearby village, fired his own flare to pass the light along, and gave the OK to ignite the torch. One could easily imagine what a marvelous sight this would be from a satellite. The Queen had given the signal for the first torch to be ignited and by the use of flares, within moments these torches of peace and freedom were burning throughout the British Isles. What a magnificent moment!

Tuesday, May 9th, was a fun day. At noon, many of us boarded a ship that toured down river through the Broads (wide bays off the river lined with cottages). Wildlife was in abun-

dance, and the trip was very leisurely and peaceful. In the evening, twenty-five of us were honored by being given a ride on MTB 102, a restored patrol boat that had been very active in the retreat from Dunkirk. A dinner on shore followed by a bus ride home filled out a busy but delightful day.

Wednesday, May 10th, found the division returning to Madingley for the 2nd Air Division memorial to our fallen comrades. The 489th was well represented as Bud Chamberlain gave the invocation and I was honored to give the benediction. Of three options for activity following the ceremony, my wife Pat and I chose the least demanding — back to the hotel for a nap!

Thursday, May 11th, was a free day for most. However, Geoff Gregory had asked some of us to visit local schools to relate our WWII experiences. I had the privilege of visiting Archbishop Sandcroft High School in Harleston. The first group of about two hundred 13-14 year olds was reduced after twenty minutes to a history class of 21 for a question and answer session. They were a typical group of early teenagers in their questions. In closing, I thanked them for their close attention, but advised them if they were blessed with living grandparents to seek similar information from them regarding WWII. Many American flyers were in England for only six or seven months, while their grandparents had endured six years of war. It seemed like a new idea to most!

During what may turn out to have been our final division banquet in England, the Jonathan Wyatt Big Band provided 40's nostalgia. The roast fillet of beef further bulged our over-taxed capacity, so we were mellow for the program. Led by our excellent MC, Jordan Uttal, a brief but dignified program completed a week to remember. ■

458TH BOMB GROUP (continued)

19 x 30, multi colored, 100% cotton and made in Great Britain. This towel sells for more than the above price in Norwich or at the museum. ■



Some time has now passed since Ruth and I returned from the trip to Norwich to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of VE Day. I know that I told you what was planned in the last newsletter. But, having experienced it, it was indeed a very impressive and sometimes emotional experience.

The dedication of the temporary 2AD Memorial Room in the temporary Central Lending Library on Ber Street by the Board of Governors, with the Lord Mayor present, was very well done. The Memorial Room is in one corner of the second floor. While the space is not as large as the space we had in the library before the fire, we can look forward to the completion of a new library building which will have 50% more space for the Memorial Room than the old one. It is planned that the enlarged Memorial Room will be equipped with the very latest equipment. With the new technology, it will be possible to access books and materials in libraries in the United States, as well as such places as the University of East Anglia, the American Air Museum at Duxford, and the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum. This may mean that the corpus of the trust will have to be increased, but this is necessary if we want to have a state of the art Memorial Room that will indeed exist in perpetuity.

The parade from City Hall, past the burned-out library and on to the cathedral, was a sight to behold. While we had two bands and a few British soldiers marching quite properly in step, the Americans were in all sorts of dress, but only a few were in step to the music. The most impressive and emotional part was the thousands of British people who turned out on a Sunday morning to not only watch the parade but to clap and wave to show their appreciation. I know that this issue of the *Journal* will have other articles about the occasion. The local arrangements committee had requests from 23 of the local schools to have WWII veterans come out to the schools and talk to the children about WWII and what it was like in Norwich and Norfolk County fifty years ago. Winston Coy and I went out to a middle school to talk to the sixth graders. What an experience to talk to these bright young people! They asked very interesting questions and were very curious about that time in the history of the area. This was for me one of the highlights of the week in Norwich.

I visited the temporary Central Lending Library on Ber Street several times during the week. On one occasion, Phyllis DuBois asked me to again remind anyone who is planning a trip to Norwich to contact her. Her address, telephone number and fax number can be found on page 4 of your Summer *Journal*.

We spent one day out at Ketteringham Hall and over at Hethel along with the 389th Bomb Group. The villagers at Ketteringham came out in large numbers and seemed genuinely glad to see us. We had a nice visit to the hall, which is now empty since Lotus moved out, but the owner opened it up and we roamed around freely. The plaque on the end of the

DIVISION

HQ

BY RAY STRONG

building facing the lake is still in good shape. We also visited Ketteringham St. Peters, where Mary Parker and Daphne Reeve, along with many of the parishioners, were gracious hosts providing refreshments, playing the organ, ringing the church bells, and telling us about the church. They also displayed the church register which listed all the weddings which took place during the time we were stationed there. Then we went over to Hethel for a memorial service in the 389th chapel, a visit to the control tower, and lunch in the cafeteria of the Lotus sports car manufacturer. This reminds me that I erroneously reported in Newsletter No. 15 that Lotus Sports Cars had gone out

base, then a day at HQ writing up reports (and doing laundry), and then on to the next base. So I never had time to socialize "at home." As a matter of fact, I have no recollection of ever being in Ketteringham Hall. All I can remember now of that station was my bunk in a Nissen hut and my bunkmate (a Jewish chaplain who taught me a dice game), my office desk in another Nissen hut, and the chow hall. I have no regrets, but after reading the interesting experiences of others, it looks like I missed a heck of a lot of good times.

"The most memorable off duty event I recall? Sit tight for the screwiest! My first station in the UK was at Horsham St. Faith with the 63rd FS. On liberty runs, we would invariably hit the Odeon in Norwich, and the big challenge was to sit in the side boxes and, avoiding detection, shoot paper clips from rubber bands at the nude, live "statues" in the vaudeville act on the stage, to try to get one to move.

"Now for the last fifty years. As to military service, after active duty I was appointed C.O. of a reserve communications squadron at Mitchell AFB and dropped out during the

"... On liberty runs, we would hit the Odeon in Norwich, where the big challenge was to sit in the side boxes and, avoiding detection, shoot paper clips from rubber bands at the nude, live "statues" in the vaudeville act on stage, to try to get one to move."

of business. Far from it. They appear to be thriving.

HQ people in Norwich for the VE Day celebration were B/Gen. & Mrs. John Brooks, Luther and Betty Cloxton, Evelyn and Lillian Cohen, Val Brinegar Conroy, Mary Frances Elder, Winston Coy, Florence Stafinsky Pollner, Jim and Edna Reeves, Ruth and Ray Strong, Lloyd Urbine, Jordan Utal, and Hathy, Milton, and Caron Veynar.

By the time you receive this *Journal*, we will have already had the 2ADA's 48th annual convention in Lexington, Kentucky. I hope that a lot of you were present. I will report on the occasion in my next newsletter early in the fall.

I have used up a lot of my space telling you about our trip to Norwich, but I think I still have room for one or two more mini-biographies of some of our members. I quote the following from **GEORGE J. HELLMUTH**:

"I seriously studied the ten or so back issues (*I had sent him several previous newsletters*) to try to jog my fifty-year-old memory bank by looking for familiar names, and came up with possibly three. I then dug out my old 201 file to establish dates and places. It told me that I was assigned to HQ 2AD for nine months (9/44 to 6/45) and previously spent ten months with HQ 8FC. But the gimmick was the fact that I was in a transient state all that time and never experienced the social life at either HQ. That was because my assignment as air inspector, communications put me "on the road" inspecting for three or four days at some

Korean crisis. At the same time, I returned to my pre-WWII occupation in "indoor aviation" (electric elevators). Ultimately I became VP-GM of a large midwest elevator equipment manufacturer, which I dropped after ten years to become engineering manager of an east coast import/export facility for elevator equipment. I have been in retirement for the last few years."

The following is from a recent letter from **HARRY S. FUTOR**: "I was assigned to the AG section of 2AD for about two and a half years. We formed the battle casualty section, and I was put in charge of it. We had many days when our bombers flew missions to enemy territory, and we hoped and prayed that our casualties would be light. Most often the enemy casualties were much greater than ours. When Bob Long, who was Sgt. Major, left our section to return to the USA, you and LTC Paul told me I was to take his place. I enjoyed my job and stayed there until after VE Day, when many of us were returned to the ZOI for reassignment.

"Several months ago, I was in a picture and framing store near where I live, and I saw this picture of a B-24 Liberator bombing the oil refineries at Ploesti. I thought this was a great picture, and it brought back memories of the raid in 1943. It was a great day for the 44th Bomb Group also. The store had two copies — I kept one, and I thought you would like to have the other one."

As Harry knows, it is now framed and over my desk at home. ■

V.E. Celebration – Norwich 1995

An Unforgettable Experience

BY JORDAN UTTAL (HQ) AND JOHN B. CONRAD (392nd)



Temporary Second Air Division Memorial Room, Saturday, May 6, 1995. Photography by Vince Re (467th).

While we were in Norwich in May for the big VE Day celebration, we spoke with many of our fellow celebrants, American and British, 2AD veterans, wives, children, and grandchildren, and since our return with many of our colleagues who were fortunate enough to have made the trip. The consensus was overwhelmingly enthusiastic about a series of events which could not have happened before, and can never happen again!

The emotional high which all of us experienced was awesome. There were tears aplenty — tears of joy, of gratitude, of appreciation, and yes, even bittersweet tears as each passing day reminded us of some of our comrades whom we lost during the war and since, and of loved ones who are no longer with us. With the tears, there were many more chuckles, smiles, laughs, and goosebumps as we were treated to a succession of gestures of affection, appreciation, and respect by friends of long standing, American and British, civilian, military, city and county officials, the clergy, the American government, and yes, even Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth!

As we write this in June, we are sure that letters of appreciation have been sent to our friends through official channels. We add our sincere thanks to our overseas friends, and we owe a lot to our 2ADA friends who did so much to make the event so memorable.

We offer this account as a reminder of our wondrous experience to those of you who participated, and as a report to all our members who were unable to attend. Most definitely, everything that happened was, in some way, a salute to the 2nd Air Division, and to our association.

The planning of Celebration 1995 began over a year ago between Evelyn Cohen and her team and David Hastings (trust vice chair-

man) and his team in England. In the three months just prior to our departure, we became aware of the hundreds of details that were addressed back and forth to make our journey as easy as possible, and the program of events as meaningful as it turned out to be.

Almost all of our party of close to 450 landed at Heathrow and Gatwick on the morning of 5 May 1995. We came from many different airports in the U.S., and as we arrived, at different times, as soon as we cleared immigration and customs we were met by a team of three from Norwich. We were relieved of our luggage, already pretagged to our respective hotels, and directed to a special 2ADA reception lounge at nearby hotels where we had a chance to relax, wash up, have refreshments, and meet old friends who had arrived on the different flights.

We were then led to buses (coaches, over there) for a comfortable trip to Norwich (with lunch provided enroute), where we were warmly received by the personnel of the three hotels, the Nelson, the Norwich, and the Stakis. Within a short time our luggage arrived, was delivered directly to our rooms, and we are not aware of anyone who turned up short. We all appreciated the opportunity to relax this first evening, and for most of us, all the next day.

At this point we are proud to advise you that in our party were all of our 2ADA elected officers, six of the current group vice presidents, and eight past presidents. Those group VPs who could not be with us appointed an official representative, so in effect, all fourteen bomb groups and Headquarters were present and accounted for.

Most of the above were invited to attend a brief but dignified opening ceremony of dedication at the new temporary Norwich Central Library, and our beloved 2nd Air Division

Memorial Room. Following this event, we were whisked away by coach to an official U.S. embassy sponsored Memorial Day service at Madingley, the American cemetery at Cambridge. Unfortunately, almost at the last minute, we were requested to be there earlier than originally planned, which made brevity a necessity in the dedication ceremony at the library.

In spite of this, the trust chairman, Tom Eaton, did a splendid job of welcoming us, and in addition to his greetings we were also welcomed by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, Councillor Brenda Ferris (who was a moving force during the entire week), and the Norfolk County Chairman of Libraries and Recreation, Mrs. Barbara Hacker. We were led upstairs for the first sight of our 2AD memorial section which pleased us enormously. What a splendid job has been done by all concerned, to get back in operation so graciously after the tragedy of the 1 August 1994 destruction by fire. There were brief prayers of dedication by Reverend Hereward Cook and a most appropriate official dedication by Tom Eaton.

It was with sincere regret that we tore ourselves away for the coach trip to Cambridge. Suffice it to say that from 11:30 AM on, our new quarters were open for inspection by all of our party who could visit that day. We know that many of us returned for one or more visits during the week.

At Cambridge for the VE Day memorial service, we witnessed the simultaneous presentation of 95 floral offerings (including our own 2ADA presentation and those of seven of our individual groups). Opening remarks were given by the chaplain/master of ceremonies, followed by the British and American anthems, and addresses by the Lord Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire (the Queen's representa-

(continued on page 20)

CELEBRATION (continued from page 19) five), the U.S. Commander in Chief, European Command, General George A. Joulwan, and Vice President Al Gore. There were appropriate moments of silence, firing of volleys, taps, and fly-bys by USAF and RAF.

Following the ceremony, there was a reception during which the Vice President, Mrs. Gore, American Ambassador William Crowe, Secretary of the Army, Togo West, Jr. and other dignitaries circulated freely, greeting us. We left in due course with very warm feelings stimulated in both ceremonies in which we had participated.

Then came Sunday! What a day! What a combination of joyous, heart tugging, soul nourishing and mind boggling evidences of thanksgiving, and yes, yes, even love.

Those of us who marched in the parade, as the last element of some 900 (of which we were the most numerous), will never forget the surprising, astounding level of sustained applause from the citizens of East Anglia who lined the streets as we marched past them for almost three quarters of a mile.

One of the forty standards paraded in Norwich rather than London this beautiful morning was the RAF Bomber Command standard, unfurled here in honor of the 2AD.

Every one of us, at one time or another following this, admitted to several teary moments as we followed our new American, 2AD, and 8th AF flags past the reviewing stand, where we saluted the Lord Mayor (bless her for arranging all this), Col. Al Shower (467th), and Lord Ironside, the son of the late Field Marshal Lord Ironside who took the salute with Gen. Leon Johnson at our 1945 parade.

All this took place after a flyover by four RAF Jaguars, precisely at 10:00 am as scheduled, followed by an official address by the Lord Mayor in which she conveyed her thanks to the military and civilian organizations which participated, and specifically commented about her family's relationship with 2nd Air Division personnel who had been welcomed into her home during the war.

It should be noted that all this prior to the parade took place in the huge parking lot on Bethel Street overlooking the ruins of the library, and of course, our destroyed Memorial Room. What a reminder of the task ahead!

Our destination at the end of the parade was the beautiful Norwich cathedral, where we took part in a very stirring service of thanksgiving, reconciliation and hope with appropriate prayers, hymns and remarks by the Lord Bishop, the Vice Dean, the RAF Coltishall Chaplain, the Lord Mayor, and our 2ADA president, Chuck Walker (445th), who did us proud. Also presented was the awesome and stirring Second Air Division Fanfare, composed by Ken Meazey.

In attendance was the Queen's representative, the Lord Lieutenant for Norfolk, Timothy Colman and his wife, Lady Mary Colman, all of our party, city and county officials, our Memorial Trust governors, and as many of our local friends who could wangle tickets for this event. It was indeed a moving occasion, coming right on top of that great parade, which incidentally, we are told, was the largest in England, after the one in London.

We then proceeded to St. Andrews Hall,

scene of many former visits during our seven official 2ADA conventions in Norwich. The capacity of St. Andrews Hall is 900, so you can bet that this was a "hot ticket," the Lord Mayor's reception for the 2nd Air Division Association.

It was a lovely affair, where once again we were welcomed and expressions of appreciation were extended by Councillor Ferris. We enjoyed the opportunity to mingle and compare notes with each other, and with the prominent guests from the community.

After a brief rest, followed by buffet dinners at the hotels, we were off to a sold out showing at the Theatre Royal of "We'll Meet Again!" This musical journey into nostalgia was lovingly produced by Bob Brister, and involved a cast and support team of ninety people who delighted us with their songs and skits about the wartime years. A surprise feature was the onscreen showing of Evelyn Cohen in her WAC uniform from her 1943-1945 service at 2AD Headquarters.

At the conclusion, three beautiful floral arrangements were presented to the choreographer, Olga Barry, to Lady Mary Colman, and to Evelyn.

We returned to the hotels, emotionally drained, to try to prepare ourselves for the next day, Monday, 8 May, VE Day 1995. It was to be spent by the group members at their individual bases. In all probability, each group will report on its own base activity, but the two of us can vouch for the fact that we enjoyed, to the utmost, the programs provided by our friends at Hethel/Ketteringham Hall and Wendling, respectively. Whatever variation there may be at the bases, one common denominator applied to us all, and to the entire country, for that matter. At 8:38 pm, a two minute silence was observed in honor of all who had made victory possible, followed by bonfires in many villages.

Now is a good time to report that each morning when we awoke, at our doors was a copy of the 2nd Air Division Daily News, composed and produced by David Hastings, advising of our program for the day, with special notes of interest for us to observe during the day. A great job, David, for which we salute you again.

On Tuesday, 9 May, we had a chance to recuperate emotionally on either of two tours provided, one to Blickling Hall, a National Trust Estate, or a day of cruising on the Broads. Reports from participants were generally that they did have a relaxing day.

Wednesday, 10 May, was set aside for the special 2ADA service at Madingley. We all boarded coaches for a pleasant trip to Cambridge, and in a short while found ourselves at this serene resting place for some 3,800 Americans, and the location of the Wall of the Missing on which 5,000 names are engraved. Many 2nd Air Division personnel are memorialized at both locations.

Our seats were arranged in back of a reflecting pool, on the other side of which, in front of the Wall of the Missing, there was a podium and seats for the participants in the program. Our president, Chuck Walker, called for the presentation of the colors, smartly executed by a contingent of 3rd Air Force personnel. This was followed by an invocation by Bud Chamberlain (489th), remarks by George

Lymburn (445th) and benediction by Neal Sorensen (489th).

It was a moving service, indeed, during which we had the opportunity to look out over the white marble crosses and Stars of David, and remember not only those who were buried there, but all of the men and women with whom we served.

The beautiful rendition of Taps by David Woodrow, of the Norwich Citadel Salvation Army Band which did us so proud at the



Vice President Al Gore addresses the crowd at Madingley



Memorial service at Norwich Cathedral Sunday, May 7, 1995



Parade in Norwich on Sunday, May 7, 1995. Note the applause of crowds lining the streets.

Sunday parade and at the cathedral, brought tears to our eyes. The service ended with Chuck ordering the retiring of the colors.

Here again we found the consensus to be one of great satisfaction with this opportunity to commune with each other.

Following the service there were three choices available to our party: to return to Norwich, take a walking tour of Cambridge, or visit the remarkable American Air Museum at Duxford, the director of which is the very



crowd at Madingley, Saturday, May 6, 1995



Lighting the "fallen comrades" candle:
J.B. Brinson (467th), Walt Fitzmaurice (44th),
and Stan Mohr (466th).



Presentation to Mrs. Anne Barne to recognize
50 years of service to the Memorial Trust

Photography by Vince Re (467th)

personable Ted Inman, a member of the Board of Governors of our Memorial Trust.

Thursday, 11 May, the last day, provided another opportunity to rest up, except for the 2AD veterans who fanned out to give talks to 23 schools in East Anglia. This was a great opportunity for the students and a very gratifying experience for our colleagues who made the presentations. Also during the day, three of our 2ADA officers were invited to accompany our 2AD representative on the Board of Governors, Bud Koorndyk, to the annual general meeting of the board. They were occupied with this important event from 10:00 to 3:00.

On to the final banquet, at which honorary president Jordan Uttal served as M.C. Before dinner, after the national anthems opened the program, we were officially welcomed by the chairman of the Broadlands District Council, Councillor Hazel Bowyer, followed by the Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Colman, who, in addition to his own personal welcome brought us this very much appreciated message from Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, which we are pleased to share with you as follows:

*Buckingham Palace
Timothy Colman, Esq.*

Please convey to the veteran members of the U.S. 2nd Air Division Association my greetings and very best wishes. We shall always remember with gratitude the part they played and their sacrifices, in this country's hour of need.

I hope that this evening's occasion will be a happy one, and that the whole visit has been a successful commemoration of the historic events of fifty years ago.

*Elizabeth R.
11th May, 1995*

Following this pleasant surprise we had our traditional "Eight Candles for Remembrance" candlelighting ceremony in which, as always, all groups and Headquarters were represented. This was followed by a moving invocation by the Very Reverend David Sharp, vicar of St. Peter Mancroft, who has so honored us on several occasions. Then came the splendid meal with wines, which can best be described in one word . . . elegant.

The post dinner program began with the introduction of the head table, during which special recognition was given to the two seated side by side, Evelyn Cohen and David Hastings, who received a rousing round of applause as a gesture of thanks for their work in making our celebration so memorable.

We were favored with fitting remarks by Chuck Walker, followed by the Lord Mayor, and then came the awards presentation conducted with dignity by executive vice president Geoff Gregory (467th), assisted by Chuck and treasurer Bill Nothstein (466th). Though this presentation was scheduled, the awardees had been kept in the dark until the actual time of the event. We were pleased to honor five people who have labored so diligently prior to, and especially so since, the tragic destruction of the library, for their contributions to the good and welfare of the 2AD Memorial. They were Christine Snowden and Lesley Fleetwood, Memorial Room enquiry assistants; Phyllis DuBois, trust librarian; Colin Sleath, principal librarian, who has worked with us for over fifteen years; and Hilary Hammond, Norfolk County Council Director of Arts and

Libraries.

These presentations were well received by the audience, and delighted the recipients. The awards were well merited.

Following the awards, special recognition was given to family members present, ten in one family, nine in another, and they and all the others were asked to stand and be recognized. There were sons and daughters, many of them with spouses, grandsons and granddaughters, brothers, nephews, and sisters-in-law. All this emphasizes that we are sharing and communicating our values to succeeding generations of 2AD family members.

We then heard from the chairman of the Norfolk County Council, who encouraged us with his views of the certainty of rebuilding. We next, all too briefly, saluted the presence of eight past presidents and six group vice presidents, and devoted more time to thanking the British guests present from all of our base areas, many of whom labored so diligently as base contacts and guides. When we asked them to stand and be recognized, they were greeted by appreciative applause from the members of our party.

What followed next was a presentation to Anne Barne, a founding governor of the Trust in 1945, who had just retired from the board that day, after fifty years of service. With the help of Bud Koorndyk and Bud Chamberlain we presented a special plaque to her commemorating her service to the Board of Governors, and a specially designed gold pin as an expression of thanks and affection from the Association.

Our final guest speaker, Tom Eaton, chairman of the Board of Governors for the past twenty years, once again stimulated our thinking by his assurance of continued efforts to carry out the wishes of the original governors, and all who succeeded them, for the perpetuity of the 2nd Air Division Memorial.

In concluding the festivities of the evening, Jordan Uttal commented briefly on the superb international extended family we have become over the years, saluted the three widows who came with us and the several British brides, then read a poem specially written for the occasion which we reproduce here as a salute to us all.

ANNIVERSARY SALUTE VE DAY - 1995

*Raise up your glass as we gather at last
To celebrate life, to remember the past.
Fifty long years since our destinies met
We are not forgotten, we shall not forget.*

*A toast to our comrades, the fallen, whose names
Were almost consumed in the library flames.
We offer our homage, acknowledge our debt.
They are not forgotten. We shall not forget.*

*To those who survive: let our efforts increase
To further the world's new potential for peace.
We served in our time without fear or regret
We won't be forgotten. We shall not forget.*

by Rhoda U. Bandler, HQ Associate
8 May 1995

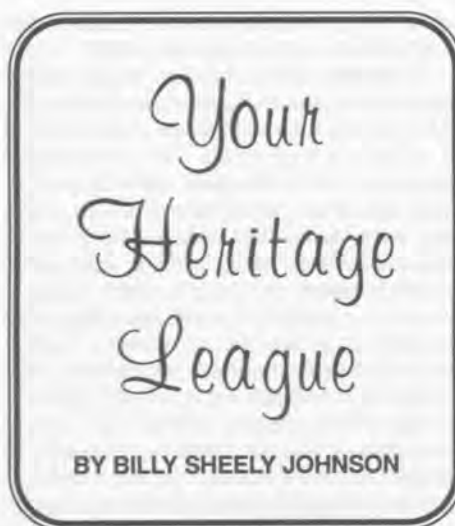
And so, after the reading of this affirmation of our dedication to each other, we thanked everyone for coming to Celebration 1995, and we wished everyone present good health and good fortune. ■

On behalf of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division Association, I am pleased to bring you greetings and report to you that we feel so privileged to enjoy your friendship fifty years after VE Day. The league pledges its continued dedication to ensuring Second Air Division contributions to world peace and making possible VE Day celebrations, both in 1945 and 1995. We share in your joy with gratitude.

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II, the 2ADA Heritage League executive committee has voted to begin each year's general meeting with a candle-lighting tribute to 2nd Air Division veterans, their fallen comrades and deceased loved ones. This tribute follows the format of the "Eight Candles for Remembrance" ceremony used by the 2ADA to open the banquet each year. We sincerely appreciate the guidance of Jordan Uttal, 2ADA Honorary President, in formulating this tribute. The league exists because of the contributions of 2nd Air Division veterans during and since the war. The league takes great pride in their contributions and wishes to honor them.

The league's executive committee has chosen to use three candles for its "Tribute of Remembrance," one red candle to honor those veterans whose love and friendship we are privileged to enjoy fifty years after the end of the war in Europe, one blue candle in memory of all of our veteran Second Air Division loved ones who survived the war but have since left our midst; and one white candle in memory of those Second Air Division personnel who lost their lives during WWII.

Second Air Division personnel, whose lives



we pay homage to through this tribute, are indeed the reason for the existence of the 2ADA Heritage League. These three candles of remembrance symbolize the league's dedication to ensuring that 2nd Air Division personnel's spirits "live on" into perpetuity.

So proudly the Second Air Division Association Heritage League hails and salutes all those brave men and women who served with the Second Air Division.

It is with great pleasure that I report to you that the Heritage League membership has increased to 764, which is an increase of approximately 200 members in the past year. Thank you again for your support of the league in enrolling your children and grandchildren. I once again urge all of you with family members who do not belong to the Heritage League to consider having them join. Membership is a bargain! Regular member-

ship is \$6 per year and associate membership is \$4. Please use the application provided below (or a copy) and mail it with your check to Caron Veynar, VP Membership.

One of the league's primary goals of supporting a facility similar to the 2AD Memorial Room is being met in that the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum is now under construction with a projected dedication date of May, 1996. The league was proud to present a donation of \$1,000.00 to the museum.

And we surely pledge our continued support to the 2AD Memorial Room in Norwich. The league's executive committee continues to await the guidance of 2ADA as to what format our continued support is to take. We were pleased to have David Hastings of the 2AD Memorial Trust bring us greetings from the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust and the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial.

The annual Heritage League essay contest produced two winners this year, each of whom received a \$100.00 savings bond and a medal. Chad and Matthew Beasley each wrote essays recounting the 2nd Air Division experiences of their grandfather, Bill Beasley. Both boys are in 8th grade; one wrote an interview type essay, and the other a narrative. The essays will appear in future issues of the *Journal*. Please encourage your young relatives to participate in the annual essay contest. Guidelines may be obtained from me, Billy Sheely Johnson, 600 Sandhurst Drive, Petersburg, VA 23805.

The 2ADA Heritage League is proud to be associated with your fine organization. Best regards to each of you! ■

HERITAGE LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I wish to become a member of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF) and to support its purposes. I certify that I am eligible for membership under one of the categories indicated.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Telephone _____ Work Telephone _____

2ADA Sponsor _____ Unit No. _____ Relationship _____

Membership Category: ☐ Regular ☐ Associate ☐ New ☐ Renewal

Annual Dues: Regular \$6.00, Associate \$4.00

Signature: _____

Send Remittance To:

Heritage League of the 2AD, Caron D. Veynar, 4915 Bristow Drive, Annandale, VA 22003

Regular Members: Spouses, brothers, sisters, children, and grandchildren of former personnel, military or civilian, American and British, who at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during WWII and any person who served with any bomb group or any other unit of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF, either assigned or attached. These shall be voting members.

Associate Members: Friends or associates of regular members who have shown a demonstrated interest in the league and who make literary, artistic, historical, or other valuable contributions to the 2nd Air Division Association, the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF) and/or the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division. These shall be non-voting members.

The 448th Speaks



BY CATER LEE

I need to know as soon as possible how many of our 448th would like to attend the opening ceremonies at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum on the 12th and 13th of May, 1996. I have 160 rooms with special rates already reserved for our group. This reunion in Savannah, Georgia will include a full day visit to the museum, and the opening ceremonies will be a gala affair attended by dignitaries from England as well. No doubt it will have national TV coverage, as this is where the 8th Air Force had its beginning in 1942. It became the largest air force ever assembled, and its efforts in WWII were unmatched in aerial conflict.

This event will be attended by thousands, so if you would like to be there, please let me know right away so I can reserve a room for you.

As I write this in mid June, two major reunions are scheduled in the near future. First in July will be the 2ADA reunion in Lexington, Kentucky, and then we will have our 448th reunion in Norwich/Seething, England, August 6 & 7, to be attended by nearly two hundred 448th veterans.

The 2nd Air Division also had a reunion back in May in Norwich for VE Day. Five couples representing the 448th were in attendance. They were the Al Barnebees, the Dean Petersons, the Len Aladas', the Jack McDaniels, and the John Stanfords.

This was a first time visit for some, and I know seeing Norwich no longer blacked out at night had to have been on their minds. For those who hadn't been back before, it's a shame they didn't get to see the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room before the tragic fire when years of work and collections were destroyed.

They did get to see what the 448th veterans, with the help of many British friends, accomplished in seeing the restored control tower and the granite memorials at the airfield, the village churchyard, and many of Pat Everson's collections.

Several of the nearly 200 who will be at the reunion and memorial celebrations with our British friends in early August, will also be there for the very first time. John Stanford will send a detailed report, and needless to say, everyone will be treated *royally*. We who

have been back know just how nice our British friends are.

Hopefully, many of you will be joining those of us who will be headed for San Diego in early September for our 1995 stateside reunion.

If you haven't yet sent a voluntary \$10.00 contribution for 1995 to help keep our treasury in the black, please send your check made out to the "448th Bomb Group Memorial Association" to me, Cater Lee, P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536. Thanks.

If you of know any of our 448th buddies who are having health problems, let me know and we will mention their names in "The 448th Speaks" so that anyone who wishes can send them a get well card or a phone call. Presently we know of the following: Bob Harper, George Elkins, Richard Sprengle, and John Dixon. Let them know you care!

Good health and God bless. ■

A Message from the Lord Lieutenant for Norfolk, Timothy Colman, Esq.

Elsewhere in this issue you will have read of the Lord Lieutenant's active participation in the program of our VE Celebration 1995 in Norwich.

We were especially honored to have him as our guest at our banquet on 11 May, and we are grateful to him for conveying to us the very gracious message from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Several days after we left Norwich, the Lord Lieutenant wrote to us, and we appreciate his kind remarks about the Second Air Division Association as follows:

"I was very moved by and greatly enjoyed the wonderful evening with all the members of the 2nd Air Division Association last Thursday (11 May 1995). This is just a line to thank you so much for having included me as a guest. I have the impression that all who came over to the United Kingdom for this special occasion had a happy and successful visit, and I do hope everyone made a safe journey home.

"There is no doubt that Norfolk has a very special place in its heart for all the members of the association, and we will look forward to seeing some of you again when the new library is opened, if not before.

"Congratulations on such splendid organization."

Thank you very much indeed, sir. We extend our respects and kind greetings to Lady Mary and yourself along with our repeated thanks for your support. ■

FOLDED WINGS

44th

Charles E. Cary
Robert F. Mundell

93rd

Edward L. Anderson
George A. Gross

389th

Stephen J. Halcisak
Harry Moedinger
C.D. Stroup

392nd

John A. Matt

445th

Samuel F. Dowling
Keith H. Jones
Donald L. Richissin
Joseph Silvey

446th

William D. Anderson
Sam Becker
Archie O. Parks

448th

Lloyd H. Searle
Lyle W. Steinberg
Thomas J. Towle

453rd

George R. Netzel

458th

John B. Beasley
Charles N. Breeding (453rd)
A. Leon Compton
Harris Y. Lauterbach

467th

Michael T. Sheridan

491st

David R. Bellis
Norman Disney

492nd

Leo L. Sharpnack
(44th, 389th)

HQ

Beatrice B. Puch

Attlebridge Tales



by Earl Wassom

In the fall of 1944, a new wartime song was introduced. It was a hit for Allied troops fighting throughout the world, and was especially meaningful to those who were waiting back on the home front. The lyrics were simple and to the point, the tune was catchy yet easy to master, and the message expressed the heart's desire of men and women everywhere.

"When the lights go on again...All over the world...When the boys are home again...All over the world...Then there'll be times for things...Like wedding rings...And true hearts will sing...When the lights go on again...All over the world."

On May 8, 1945, the lights did go on again! And in 1995, the lights are still on. Those of us who were privileged to be in England during the VE Day + 50 celebration experienced together the exuberance, emotion, and joy felt by our British ally. By Royal decree, a two minute moment of silence throughout the United Kingdom was honored. The British Broadcasting Corporation covered the event in Hyde Park in London. All television and radio was silent. The folks in the pubs, restaurants, and bars honored this silence, buses and autos were motionless, and people throughout the land were reflectively quiet. Those who were young adults or children during those difficult times recalled the blackouts, the air raid alerts, the drone of bombers, the barking of the ack-ack guns against the enemy intrusion, the scream of descending bombs and their deafening explosions, the devastating fires, the wail of sirens, and the needless loss. Even the youth and younger children were silent in awe. They had been told of the war... they too showed respect.

When the two minute silence ended, symbolically the lights came on again, all over England, fifty years later. The Queen ignited a beacon in Hyde Park, and simultaneously, beacons located in cities and villages throughout England were lighted. My imagination went back fifty years. I visualized a total blackout over the land, then suddenly, in every hamlet, village and city, a single beacon of fire ignited until the entire landscape was illuminated. On May 8, 1995, this happened all over England and it also happened at Weston-Longville. Earlier in the day, the 466ers were able to see the beacon erected at the village hall, waiting for the precise moment to be ignited. At 2038 hours, the villagers were there, and when their beacon came to life, their faces were illuminated and their spirits lifted by the glow from it. This ceremony ended a glorious day for the Weston-Longville (Attlebridge) citizens and their forty-one appreciative guests from the United States.

Early that morning, we boarded the bus at the Hotel Nelson in Norwich where all of the 466ers were quartered. Ted Clarke and



Beacon at Weston-Longville

Bryan Youngs, our English friends of long standing, acted as guides as we made our way along the narrow lanes which lead to the All Saints Church in Weston-Longville. The pub parking lot was crowded with automobiles and was alive at 1000 hours with celebrating villagers on this special bank holiday. The quaint building, now named the Parson Woodforde, was decorated with flags and banners proclaiming VE Day. As a group, we made our way by the village sign which was donated as a memorial by 466ers to the village of Weston-Longville in 1977. Standing at the entrance were villagers, the rector of the All Saints Church, David Illingsworth; the Rural Dean of Sparham, Michael Taylor; and F.D. Horner and members of the British Legion. Inside, the pews quickly filled with Americans and Britons. This quaint and well preserved church provided the ideal sacred atmosphere for our coming: the organ music, the processional, the clergymen, the standards carried by members of the British Legion. The American flag carried by Frank Bostwick, and the 466th Roll of Honor carried by James Lorenz, were placed on the altar. The reading of the lesson by Earl Wassom, the choir, the prayers, and the admonition by the dean provided the aura of respect which we wished to pay to fallen comrades.



Men of Attlebridge (left to right): Charles Scarborough, Gene Saltarelli, Jim Russell, Stan Mohr, John Horan, Bob Pettersen, Earl Wassom, Bill Nothstein, Frank Bostwick, John Faye, Gerry Merket, Jim Lorenz, Wes Stone.

The 466ers bussed to the memorial monument site located on the old air base where three lanes converge to form this triangular plot. Many villagers were waiting. The flags of Britain and the United States were flying, the color guard was present, greetings were exchanged, comments were given by two former 466th BG vice presidents, Bill Nothstein and Gerry Merket, the dean offered appropriate prayers, and group and individual photographs were taken. Some of the 466ers had been present at the dedication ceremony of this memorial on 12 June 1992. Others were back to the old base for the first time. They were awed and moved by the beauty of the memorial and the grounds surrounding it. This was a moment of reflection and of honoring and feeling deep appreciation for our fallen comrades. The memorial preserves, as the inscribed words declare, "the memory of those who served."

Returning to the Weston-Longville area and past the festively decorated pub again, all of us were reminded that the VE Day + 50 holiday was not a celebration for us alone, but for every Englishman as well. Fifty years ago, we were in a battle of survival together, and together, we were the victors. Today, British and American friends alike are enjoying the fruits of our hardships and sufferings of the past.

The welcome we received at the Village Hall was another emotional experience impossible to explain. The villagers had rallied around our hosts, Cathy and Donald Thomson, who had made elaborate preparations for us, the Americans coming back once again. The hall was beautiful. A comprehensive wartime exhibit done specifically about our 466th Bomb Group covered the walls, special tables and floor of the village hall. This impressive display would have been a credit to any military museum and was prepared to honor the 466th BG by a young friend and former RAF officer, Mike Harris. In this festive atmosphere, we were served a delicious luncheon and sat at tables graced with fresh cut flowers. We enjoyed precious

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It all began, as always, long before daylight: wake up, dress for cold weather, fried egg breakfast, then briefing for a target never hit before by the 453rd Bomb Group — runways at airfields used by those fearful Nazi ME-262 jet fighters which had knocked down quite a number of our “flying refrigerators” of late. Our assigned target was a field near Wesendorf in north central Germany, where we were to bomb hard runways to prevent takeoffs, and by close pattern bombing expect to destroy or damage the 262s hidden in the proximity of said runways. With two engines and heavier than ME-109s, they apparently didn’t like grass runways.

We were off the ground shortly after daylight, headed east for the North Sea buncher marker where the group climbed, circled, found our squadron position, then formed the group front climbing on course toward Holland with landfall about 12,000 feet. Flak at the coast was light and sporadic, although the weather was clear, high clouds four to six tenths broken, just as briefed. Ideal for AA gunners. Deeper into Germany, we headed southeast, diverting attention from our intended target, climbing to 22,000 feet maximum altitude, pointing toward Berlin. The flak intensified now well inside Germany, but no aircraft had been lost thus far. We turned north before reaching the Magdeburg area, heading to an IP (initial point) southeast of Wesendorf, the bombing run planned for a northwest heading, briefed to turn left, descending after drop, off the target in an evasion maneuver.

A number of the 262s came up on the way to our IP and caused some real havoc — several downed B-24s, but none from our squadron. We were so busy up front flying tight formation that we had no glimpse of fighters, but our gunners saw some at a distance, and radio chatter called out a number of them, excitedly, and the victims as well. They had a field day, and as briefed, they hid in the high broken clouds over the bomber string, and screamed down unnoticed until they were very close to their bulbous targets. They also had the advantage (unknown at that time) of having the most experienced fighter pilots the world ever saw, ranging from 100 to 300 kills per pilot. Their JV-44 squadron commander, Adolf Galland, recently demoted commanding general of the entire Luftwaffe Fighter Command, ended up with 104 victories! JV-44 carried the torch for Germany, described by the Luftwaffe as “the squadron of experts.” This squadron was the only one in the world whose personnel downed over 1,000 aircraft.

The fighters didn’t worry me as much as the flak, since we had bombed airfields of 262s only four days previously near Brunswick where we slipped through the traps with no passes on our squadron, though the jets did increase their scores on earlier bomb groups. Flak this day was different. It was not as heavy or intense as three earlier missions to Magdeburg refineries, BUT some of it was no longer traditional black puffs. On our north leg to the IP, some puffs were bright orange gobs of destruction. Some of our old, hairy combat veterans in the group (I was still 20 years of age) told us that when you see this color flak, it is

OUR LONGEST DAY 4 April 1945

BY H. CAMERON MURCHISON (453rd)

very close. We soon learned the truth of that.

At the IP we turned left about 50° onto a short six to seven minute bomb run. We hugged real close formation to drop a tight pattern, toggled off bombs on the squadron lead ship. Just as we reached the approximate point of release of the 1,000 pound bombs, we felt a super, giant “thermal” heaving us skyward, further than a loaded B-24M can climb! In case you boll weevils think I’m led to exaggeration, let me explain that late in cadet training I started a game with myself of trying to fix a mental picture of familiar aircraft wingspan at the end of a known runway distance. I was well aware then how a 110 foot Liberator wing looked at the end of our main 6,000 foot runway at Old Buck — for a fact, those little Libs in 453rd garb with which we were in formation, were *not that big*. We’re told that the AA guns’ muzzle velocity is near that of a GI rifle, almost twice the speed of sound. Surely, I also don’t understand how even that speed plus the explosive thrust of a 105mm flak gun (which this one obviously was) could lift a mass of perhaps 33,000 pounds (nearly half our fuel gone) to that height! How did that impact hit our exact CG? We did not tip forward or backward. How did the impact hit our longitudinal axis within a few inches? A small deviation right or left of this flak burst would surely have blown off the wing, igniting the main fuel tank, making one huge fireball. Earlier I had seen three such fireballs — not pretty. How did the timing of this flak burst coincide with our safetied bombs which had to be not more than 20-30 feet below us, protecting the main fuselage? I calculated that approximately 1/200th of a second sooner or later on this burst would surely make us a fireball. One reason for our survival, I’m convinced, was prayer. Six of us were diligently praying (I asked five after landing); I feel we all were. The Almighty was apparently not finished with us yet.

Now we were suddenly lonely and vulnerable up in the sky, so we hurriedly poked our machine downhill, power back, and found our assigned place in formation. It didn’t last long — our Old Buck buddies steamed off and left us. Less than three minutes after we restored cruise power, our No. 4 engine’s cylinder head temperature gauge needle hit the high peg, oil pressure to zero; we had to feather it. While

our group was still close, we started checking the engine for fire and for damage otherwise. The gunners noted several holes in the horizontal stabilizer, the fins, and wings outboard of the engines. Another miracle — not a single control cable, trim tab, aerial, nor any radio equipment was hit. Final count late that day showed 28 holes in the A/C, but no large, tearing gaps, thankfully.

None of our crew was injured; all made it through our vertical wild ride, but the horizontal remainder of our trip was really grim. No way we could make it home from under 20,000 feet when we were pulling maximum power on our three good engines without overheating, and living with a 200 feet per minute descent. No holding altitude, loaded as we were, and we dared not dump our guns and ammo yet, since we were a choice feast for Nazi fighters. Jack Gneiting, our navigator, figured out we should stay well south of the heavier defended coast, so we headed west toward Cologne, hopefully minimizing flak and likely the shortest distance to friendly territory. Allied ground forces had crossed the Rhine River not long before.

Ready for another miracle? Maybe just a mystery, solved only about three years ago by a book given me by my son, Stuart, titled *Fighter General, The Life of Adolf Galland*, 1990, AmPress Publishing. At under 10,000 feet, well inside Germany, we were “almost” joined by another B-24 with tail ID of our 2nd Wing — it had a white horizontal slash on a black fin. Our new acquaintance flew off our right wing almost line abreast, but stayed almost 100 yards away. He flew with us at least 25 minutes, never wavered, never answered our radio call on any channel, had no gunners, had waist doors installed (I’d never seen such on our A/C). Our gunners noticed first that no turrets were moving — a mandatory procedure for 8th AF bombers in a combat zone. We noted that the pilot had a slightly different helmet on than ours, though we couldn’t make out his face. He wore no flak helmet... very strange. He did not respond to our signal to close up formation. We discussed the option of shooting him down — he was spooky; but we couldn’t be sure if he were a big bogey, and we were the crippled one, not he. We didn’t have long to think on it; as we neared the Rhine River he banked sharply away from us and headed east, back to his Nazi lair.

As noted on page 231 of *Fighter General*, above: “(General) Galland set up a travelling circus (Wanderzirkus) of Allied aircraft that were in flying condition. He remembered how helpful it had been when he had patched up one of the first downed B-17s so fighter pilots could board and fly in the American bombers, simulating U.S. gunners as Luftwaffe fighters made mock firing passes. That helped morale. The travelling circus expanded this idea . . .” “... Allied aircraft of all types toured fighter training schools, operational training units, and active fighter bases. German pilots flew in these aircraft. In the bombers, they were placed in different crew stations and got first-hand experience on the aircraft they were trying to down.”

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RACKHEATH REVISITED

by THOMAS A. NELSON (453rd, 492nd, 467th)

Although the permanent personnel of the heavy bombardment squadron to which I was assigned from October, 1943 to July, 1945 functioned under three different numbers, attached consecutively to three different groups, we ended our tour of duty in England on the estate of Sir Edward Stracey at Rackheath. To digress a bit, we assembled at March Field, California, as part of the 733rd Squadron in the 453rd Bomb Group and went overseas in December to Old Buckenham. Later, we assumed a new identity as the 859th and moved to North Pickenham as part of the 492nd Bomb Group. In August 1944, we relocated to our final ETO destination as the second 788th of the 467th Bomb Group at Rackheath.

The Nissen huts that we occupied on the 467th's base were separated from the expanse of lawn in front of Sir Edward's manor, known as Rackheath Hall, by only a row of trees and shrubs. Repressing our tourist instincts, we respected Sir Edward's privacy by not wandering about the building's immediate premises. But the urge to revisit the area of the impressive, three-story hall did not die; I vowed to do it some day.

The first opportunity occurred in 1994 when my wife, Mary Anne, and I were in Norwich for reasons unrelated to World War II memories. We managed time for a pleasant visit to the Second Air Division Memorial Room in the Central Library on Saturday, July 30. As it turned out, we were the last association members to see it. We witnessed the ominous black smoke rising from the disastrous fire on Monday, August 1.

Phyllis DuBois, Memorial Trust librarian, had previously arranged for us to be escorted to the 467th base on Sunday, July 31. Tony North and Mike Parnell guided us to the 467th monument, the control tower, hangar, and remnants of a runway. Unfortunately, a locked "Golden Gate" off Wroxham Road, and a "no trespassing" sign, deterred us from even a glimpse of Rackheath Hall on that date.

From Phyllis we learned that the hall had fallen on hard times. Vacated, the building's interior had been vandalized. Valuable materials, such as marble from fireplaces and copper fixtures, had disappeared. Thieves went so far as to strip off the lead roof. In 1993 a Northamptonshire developer purchased it and began restoration. Work was suspended while applications to convert the hall into seven luxury flats (apartments) ground slowly through the maze of government bureaucracy.

The 50th anniversary of VE Day in May, 1995, presented another opportunity, so Mary Anne and I signed up to participate in the events organized for the 2nd Air Division's return to Norwich. We were impressed by the layout and facilities of the temporary Memorial Room that had just opened. We elected to join the 492nd contingent going to North Pickenham on the day set aside for the base tours. Thus, May 11 became the day to attain our objective, Rackheath Hall.

Again, Phyllis had arranged for an escort. Kevin and Jayne Clarke, with their sons, Martin and Christopher, picked us up at the Hotel Nelson. Crossing the base from Salhouse, we stopped briefly at the 467th monument located in the Rackheath Industrial Estate, the former base's technical site. Following lunch at the Green Man, we returned to the monument where Ralph Davis and Vincent Re of the 467th were photographing it, later joined by 467th Group C.O. Col. Shower. Then the Clarkes, Mary Anne, and I drove along the narrow, concrete back roads that had connected some of the living quarters sites. Breaking out of the woods and rounding a bend in the rolling hills, we caught sight of venerable Rackheath Hall.

A gate across the short driveway, which leads to the column-supported roof over the coach entrance to the hall, was locked. As we gazed at the stately structure, a gentleman walked over to us from behind the building. We told him who we were, so he obligingly unlocked the gate and accompanied us as we roamed around the grounds. Living nearby, he was hired to be the caretaker of the property. Having the presence of a caretaker to patrol, and with boarded first floor windows and entrances, the security was greatly improved.

Considering its long disuse, the hall's external appearance is reasonably good. However, lacking gardeners to control the vegetation, the grounds behind the hall are a veritable jungle. The glass greenhouse is partially collapsed, but traces of the formal gardens and walkways

remain. The stables are still standing, also. An elongated pond extends to the rear, crossed by a footbridge. The caretaker told us that Col. Shower used to stand on the bridge and meditate about the pending missions of the group.

Concerning the conversion of Rackheath Hall, the caretaker said he expected that restoration would resume soon. At least we know the hall was not razed and may some day awake from its slumber. ■



*Rackheath Hall on May 11, 1995.
The 467th Bomb Group base was on this estate.*

OUR LONGEST DAY (continued from page 25)

We improved our descent to about 100 feet per minute, but still could not hold altitude. Now in friendly territory, we headed directly for Manston RAF (emergency) Air Base near the southeast corner of England. We prayed that we would not have to ditch in the frigid North Sea. We were aware that at this time of year, our maximum time to live in this water was five minutes.

As soon as we neared the coastline, we dumped overboard all of the "heavy metal" no longer needed: our ammo, machine guns, flak suits and helmets, even our fire axes — they'd be no use in ditching a B-24 since float time averaged well under a minute. Welcome relief came as we reached Manston RAF Base. With surplus heavy items gone, more fuel used, and denser air, we now could hold our 1,000' altitude. No indication that our hydraulic system was damaged, we quickly tested our toe brakes, which seemed firm, and now felt riding home to Old Buck was not too risky. We landed without incident, a while after the group returned and debriefed.

It took some time for us and our ground crew to examine the plane's condition, counting holes, etc. One more aberration (minor miracle): we had a tough search for the reason the No. 4 engine was out. No holes could be found anywhere in the engine cowling or fairing. Taking off some of the cowling finally revealed an oil line completely smashed closed without cutting it. Nearby, the mechanic found a flak chunk about 7" x 3 1/2" x almost 3/4" thick. This chunk had come from ahead of our engine through the air intake with no noticeable prop damage, and rattled around, chipping some of the cylinder head cooling fins, apparently before it hit the oil line. We had flown right INTO that flak and swallowed it.

Our intelligence troops took longer than usual to debrief us, helping us figure out in detail what happened. They didn't seem to know of another case when our own bombs had been both a "sword and shield" and prevented the distinction of being war casualties.

You may wonder how I remembered the above in such detail. It was the most dramatic event in my life, changing my outlook of faith, and I've reviewed it in my mind hundreds of times just as though it happened five months ago. It happened exactly fifty years ago today as I write this. Another wonder hit me recently, looking back. This 8:20 hour flight took place only one month and two days before Nazi Germany surrendered. Six hours of the mission felt somewhere between tension and panic. Yogi Berra was right: like baseball, war "ain't over till it's over." ■



BY RALPH ELLIOTT

In my article in the Summer 1995 *Journal*, I recounted the story of the P-51 crash at the 467th 200th mission party that included the name of the pilot who was killed, 2nd Lt. R.C. Young. May 20 brought a letter from William M. Brown of Lincoln, Nebraska with the information that his crew, from the 328th Squadron of the 93rd Bomb Group, had rotated to the States in early April 1945 with the exception of his copilot, 1st Lt. Robert C. Young 0820873, who stayed in England to train as a fighter pilot. In May of '45, William says he heard that Young had been killed in a training accident, but he never learned any of the details. Everything checks out except the rank, and I'm sure that's a misquote in Bowman's book, since I doubt that any officer who completed a tour in a B-24 left there as a second lieutenant. Perhaps Col. Shower or Jim Mahoney will have something to add to the story.

Let me repeat an appeal I have had from Phyllis DuBois, trust librarian, for *travel information* that is more specific than in past requests. What Phyllis needs are lots of fold-up advertising leaflets, the kind you find in motel and restaurant racks all over the country. She already has all the AAA tour guides she can use, free from AAA. If each of you will make a collection of leaflets and maps from your area and send them to the library, it will be of great help to those who are planning a trip to the U.S.A. After all, you are the best judge of what a visitor to your area should see. On a related note: Someone set fire to Old Tucson last April, and 70% of it was destroyed. Loss of movie sets and memorabilia, such as original posters signed by John Wayne, are irreplaceable. They will rebuild, but how do you replace history? We found out from the Norwich library fire that it's a long, difficult process, but we can each help a little bit. The library address is inside the *Journal* cover.

The parade and memorial service in Norwich were unforgettable, but for the 29 veterans and their families from the 467th, the highlight of the week may well have been Monday, May 8, the actual VE Day 50th anniversary. While David Hastings had a major role in setting up the whole 2nd Air Division program, he and his wife Jean outdid themselves when it came to the 467th "Day at Rackheath and Salhouse."

How heartwarming it was to step off the bus at Rackheath Community Center to be met by the local people with sincere friendliness and thanks for our return. Col. Shower and I replied to their welcome remarks with a new understanding of what our presence then and now has meant in their lives. Joe Dzenowagis Jr. was there with his big video camera, and his sidekick Bill Kubota handling the microphones, to record the day's events, as they did the entire week of the 2ADA visit. We're looking forward to ordering the tapes when they are ready; they should be fantastic, especially with so much footage pertaining to the 467th, of which Joe Sr. is a member.



Col. Shower unveils and dedicates plaque marker on new gates, May 8, 1995.

Following a memorial service at Salhouse Church, Col. Shower unveiled the marker on the new gates that were provided by Jim Coffey's crew. From there, we went to the 467th airfield memorial at the old airfield for dedication of the new lights. We stopped back later that evening to see the lighted flags and marker which were an inspiring site — and perhaps the only lighted 8th AF memorial in England. We owe our thanks to Robert Lomax and family of Lomax Developers Ltd. for installation of the lighting, and steps are being taken to arrange a trust

fund to ensure the perpetual care of the monument. For those who aren't aware, the marker is on ground that has been deeded to the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association. It sits on a corner of the parking area for Lomax Developers, and Robert has even filled his office entrance with 467th memorabilia for visitors to see. Thanks are also due to David and Jean Hastings for their part, and continuing interest, in the project.

A nostalgic lunch at the Green Man Pub sent us off to RAF Neatishead, where we were met by the new station commander, Group Captain Barry Titchen, for a tour of the underground bunker housing the military radar for all of Great Britain. I use the words "new commander" only to point out that within the hour Barry had become one with the 467th in a friendship that now has lasting ties. He and Col. Shower and I collaborated on the golden shovel to plant a special tree in honor of the 467th Bomb Group on the site of the old 467th huts that had been moved there from Rackheath and had served for many years as a mess facility at Neatishead. The ravages of time dictated their removal, except for one that has been saved and is being maintained as part of our history. Barry and his wife Helen shared our table at Salhouse Lodge for dinner that same evening, and we were honored to have them as guests at our 467th tables at the final 2ADA banquet at the Norwich Sports Center on Thursday.

The VE Night Dinner at Salhouse Lodge, again arranged by David and Jean, was the perfect ending to a perfect day. Ken Meazey, the leading musician of Anglican Big Band fame and composer of the unique 2nd Air Division Fanfare that was played on Sunday at the Norwich Cathedral service, had volunteered to play for us throughout the dinner. Would you turn down Glenn Miller? We were delighted to have Ken as our guest at the final 2ADA banquet — small payment for a grand favor.

On a final note, we visited the old control tower, which is in a dilapidated condition as part of a junk yard. After many years of trying to buy it for restoration to its original state without success, there seems to be some movement toward its finally being put on the market. I can't think of a better use for 467th money than input into such a purchase and restoration. We are in the process of preserving our marker well into the future; the tower is within walking distance, and what a memorial that too could be.



467th visitors at the 467th Bomb Group marker at the Rackheath base, Rackheath, England, May 8, 1995.

If I learned anything from our visit to England in May, it's that fifty years have not dimmed the feelings nor severed the bonds that tied us to that little island so long ago. As I walked down the sidewalk on Sunday after leaving the line of march to the cathedral (just couldn't keep up), I was brought close to tears as people stopped me to shake hands and to thank us for coming to help when they had needed help so badly in those dark days of the '40s. They thanked us also for coming back again to share in the celebration of that anniversary. I don't think I realized until then just how close to defeat they really were by the time we came to help — or how different our world might be today if we had not gone at all. The thanks were genuine; it was a glorious day. ■



RAY PYTEL REPORTING

Last March, Twyla and I visited Texas, and among other things we attended the mini reunion at Dallas. We also checked up on our WWII radio person, Tom Hart, and his wife, Pat, at Lubbock. Great weather, great friends, great reunion and great hospitality!

All hail broke loose the night of the banquet, and parts of greater Dallas-Fort Worth had "baseball size" hail. Now I know why the baseball strike was settled — unlike the rest of the U.S., where hail is measured by golf balls, if the strike went on too long Texans realized that the term "baseball" would soon be archaic and forgotten, forcing everyone to wonder what size their hail is!

Just five weeks later, Twyla and I found ourselves on a British Airways 747 heading for Heathrow (London). I spent my 75th birthday on May 5th in the air, and lost six hours of it! Shortest one I ever had, and believe me, I tried to shorten some earlier ones by various means, and some ended up longer than I wanted.

Most of the 2ADA VE Day celebrations will be described in the *Journal* by other writers, so I will limit my comments to the Tibenham visit and to matters that affected only the 445th.

The service at All Saints Tibenham Church included coffee and biscuits — that's "cookies" to us — where we met with many of the locals who remember our "friendly invasion" of 1942-45, including Johnny Wenn and his wife, Jenny. Johnny was the notorious 12-year-old "laundry boy" who collected Hut 14's laundry for his mother to do.

Our newest member, Herbert Schwartz of the Kansas City area, came on his own to England, because he found out about the existence of the 2ADA too late to go through the regular channels. Herb was on the infamous Kassel mission as a tail gunner on French's lead crew, whose B-24 sputtered out over France. He and his brother also attended the parade in Norwich, and eventually planned on going to Grimm's fairy tale land to see the joint 8AF-Luftwaffe monument.

Big families was the theme for the day — Chuck Walker brought his son, Chuck, Jr., and daughter, Susan Horlock; John and Elsie Knizeski came with John III and his wife; Tony and Lois Bertapelle had a "tribe" from nearby Aslacton; Joyce Chalifoux's family (Joyce is the widow of Eddie Chalifoux, a 2ADA member of the 462nd Sub Depot), plus other members of the Bertapelle family who toured the English countryside "by car." Who did I miss?

The All Saints Church is in need of more kneeling pads. You can contact me or Mary Beth Barnard for details. This church is older than even some of our members, and has a stone or concrete "rise," where our modern

churches have a wooden fold-down kneeler, some padded with cloth. Times have changed in the last thousand years, and people complain that it is hard on their knees to kneel on stone or concrete. Hence came the little wooden blocks covered with cloth that the church members put on the "rise" to soften or cushion the area of contact. Each person has a block or "kneeler" made available to him or her. The 445th members' wives made about twenty after our last visit to the church in 1990. (The kneeler is sometimes called "priedieu," furniture for kneeling.) I said I would see what I could do, so now it is up to the ladies of the 445th — let's not let them down. Twyla reminded me that this is called "needlepoint" stitching.

Some sixty 2ADA members volunteered to be "schoolteachers" in the Norwich general area. I haven't heard from all of them, but some



Needlepoint by Twyla Kieffer, wife of Ray Pytel

I talked to said that it was a great experience! The students asked very pertinent questions, and were quite knowledgeable about WWII and "America," as they call us Yanks — there is hope for this world yet. I am not naming all of the "teachers for a day," and to pick out a single one or two would not be fair or even "carnival," so enough said, unless someone wants to write a whole article on this subject.

The Jimmy Stewart Museum, located in his hometown of Indiana, Pennsylvania, opened up on his birthday, May 20 (he's only 87). When complete, the museum will have wall murals, various artifacts, photos, awards from both his movie and military careers, an archives room, gift shop, and theater. The curator of the museum advised me that they would welcome genuine WWII mementos. Write to the Curator, James M. Stewart Museum, P.O. Box 1, Indi-

ana, PA 15701, or phone (412) 349-6112.

Bill Dewey, head honcho of the Kassel Mission Memorial Association (KMMA) advised me that they are having a reunion of all the Kassel mission survivors, September 26, 27 & 28, 1996 at the Dayton, Ohio U.S. Air Force Museum. The entire 445th is invited, as well as any 2ADA member within shootin' distance. It's likely that this'll replace the 1996 midwest mini reunion, and expand knowledge about the Kassel mission, and without too many conflicts, it should be a great opportunity for those of you who were asking for a separate 445th get-together. It will also provide a chance for those 2ADA members from other groups to visit the museum, as well as to partake in the Kassel events, which have not been well covered outside of the confines of the 445th. Tentative guests include author Martin Bowman, Walter Hassenflug and Walter Lemke from Germany, and perhaps several Luftwaffe pilots who flew that eventful day, September 27, 1944. Check with KMMA for details.

Dewey announced that KMMA is working on a new book, *The Kassel Mission Chronicles*, which is projected to be published in 1997. In order to raise funds for this and other projects, KMMA has been authorized to sell the books *Great American Air Battles of WWII*, by Martin Bowman; and *Liberator, America's Global Bomber*, by Alwyn T. Lloyd. Both are excellent books. "Air Battles" covers the 445th quite extensively and for the first time it puts the B-24 on equal footing in coverage. *Liberator* is a massive "Searsmont and Warbuck" 560 page catalog of just about everything you ever wanted to know about the B-24, and much, much more!

The price for *Great American Air Battles* is \$24.95 plus \$4.00 for shipping and handling. The tax deductible portion is \$12.00. The *Liberator, Global Bomber* book is \$39.95 plus \$4.00 for shipping and handling. \$16.00 is tax deductible. As our British friends would say, "You can't go wrong, Yank!" Send checks to KMMA, P.O. Box 413, Birmingham, MI 48012.

Jim Withey, our crew's (Jack Pelton's) original navigator was, as they said in the "right circles," on the ball, knew his stuff, quickly was discovered to be in the right place at the right time, and to find distant places exactly where they were supposed to be. As a reward he was taken away from us, and made a lead crew navigator. On his last scheduled mission he overslept, and got on the flight line too late, and the plane took off without him! To add insult to injury, the pilot said that since it was a lead crew, they still had one navigator on board, and went on to the land of fermented cabbage without him. (Was it "bottle fatigue," Jim?)

Now Jim had a mission to make up, so he volunteered to go with anyone needing a navigator — and ended up with Don Reynolds' crew. The date was September 27, 1944, the target: Kassel, Germany. Following the time honored principle of "never let a good deed go unpunished," the Germans quickly issued a "21 gun" or 150 FW-190s invitation to an eight

(continued on page 29)

466TH ATTLEBRIDGE TALES (continued)

friendship with the villagers. Each American family was presented with a VE Day parchment citation and a specially designed porcelain plate made specifically for the 466th BG. Following a cake-cutting ceremony, and more fellowship and photographs, we had to leave. As our bus moved into the lane to return to Norwich, scores of our British friends exchanged farewell waves with us as we left the village, probably for the last time!

The 466ers were in the Norwich area for seven days. There was a VE Day parade in Norwich, a memorial service in the cathedral, a reception given by the Lord Mayor, speaking engagements in the area schools, the dedication service for the new temporary quarters of the Memorial Room, a memorial service at the American Cemetery at Madingley near Cambridge, side trips, and, of course, shopping. On Thursday, May 11, we enjoyed the final banquet with hundreds present in the Sports Arena in Norwich. Of special interest for the 466ers, we were privileged to have our own little celebration — a 50th wedding anniversary party for Bob Pettersen and his war-



50 Years . . . Sybil and Bob Pettersen

445TH BOMB GROUP (continued)

month stay at one of their luxury spas, which Withey could not refuse. Now 51 years later, he wants to know who was the lead crew pilot who refused to pick him up?

The AF Heritage Foundation of Utah, Box 612, Roy, Utah 84067 needs donations to help in their plan to recover two B-24s from the swamps off the Aleutians. Col. Art Kidder's P-38 was recovered from the same area and is being restored to be on display at the Hill AFB Museum. Contact the foundation for more details.

Briefing, the San Diego based Liberator magazine's Fall '94 issue has extensive coverage by an Australian, Dick Spennemann, of the various B-24s and their components still lying in the waters of the Marshalls and other Islands, photographed and detailed to what crews flew them, and what happened to them. Salvage of some of the planes or parts is being contemplated, and who knows, someday another B-24 may be available for display at some museum. In the meantime the natives are using B-24 parts for cooking, decorating, fencing, and just about anything you can imagine.

This is unconfirmed, but the June 1995

time English bride, Sybil. There were eleven of their family members present, occupying one of our five group tables. We were also honored to have our special guests, one couple at each of the four other tables, the Brightys, the Thomsons, the Clarkes, and the Wuests.

We owe special gratitude to the planners for this great occasion — our own 2nd Air Division Association team headed by Evelyn Cohen; and David Hastings, Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF, and his co-workers in England. ■

HERITAGE CENTER NOW THE MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE HERITAGE MUSEUM

The Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Center, currently under construction in the town of Pooler, west of Savannah, GA is now known, as of April 1st, 1995, as the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum.

"After careful deliberation during its February meeting, the center's board of directors decided to change the name to 'museum,'" said Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, Jr., chairman and chief executive officer. "Most people know instantly what a museum is, but many people have told us they don't exactly know what a heritage center is."

Shuler noted that most people already refer to the facility as "the museum." "So the board of directors thought it would be best to change the name to museum and make it easy for everybody to remember. Legally we will exist as the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center, but we will be doing business as the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, and that's how the world will know us."

Shuler asked for everybody's patience and understanding during the period of transition from center to museum. "As with any large change like this, it will take a while to complete the name change," he said. "We have a lot of printed stationery, envelopes, and other things we will try to use up so we don't waste money. But we are convinced this is the right thing to do for the long term."

The name change will not affect the plans for the facility. It will still include a library of Eighth Air Force and related books, films, and tapes; Eighth Air Force personal and unit archives; an artifacts and memorabilia museum; meeting facilities; gift shop; book store; and snack bar.

Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum officials expect the \$15 million facility to be a major tourist attraction, meeting and convention center, offering activities and events that will educate, entertain, and motivate all who enter.

The target date for the grand opening of the museum is May, 1996. ■

issue of *Warbirds of America* reports that an aircraft graveyard was discovered sixty miles north of Brisbane, Australia. After VJ Day, the Australian Navy under U.S. orders dumped hundreds of new U.S. fighters into the ocean still in their original crates and covered with protective grease. A P-51 just raised was found to be in excellent condition.

Belated medals section: Gene Fippinger of Berwyn, IL finally hit the medal jackpot. Shot down January 5, 1944, just about six weeks after arriving at Tibenham, he spent the rest of the war as a guest of the Luftwaffe. Awarded none of the earned medals at the time of discharge, the Air Force finally on March 25, 1995 awarded Gene the Purple Heart, Air Medal, and POW Medal. They were presented at the 928th Airlift Group stationed at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago. (I heard about it on a newscast in Abilene, Texas!)

John Mann of Manawa, WI, now living in Kaukauna, WI, was belatedly awarded his Distinguished Flying Cross after a five year struggle, for bravery in releasing hung up bombs during a severe flak attack with the bomb bay doors wide open. The target was Koblenz, Germany, December 23, 1944. John

and I corresponded for several years, and actually met for a few days in 1944! John's crew came to the 445th after the Kassel mission, and our crew finished October 3rd, but his crew started to fill up our Hut 14 after the Kassel trip, so they were most welcome. T'wuz lonely there!

Finally, the true confessions department: Chet "Smitty" Smith admits that one night after some heavy duty pubbing he and two or three of his buddies spotted some geese in a pond while on their way "home," and grabbed three or four. They killed one and cooked it, but found it too tough, so they let the other ones loose around the huts. Someone else grabbed one and hauled it into Hut 14 when he came back from a large "liquidation sale" at the local pub — thus the midnight mystery of the wild goose (I mean wild), is solved.

By the time you read this we should be celebrating the anniversary of the day the Japanese cookie crumbled, the original VJ Day, August 14, 1945. Don't forget to send in your experiences! Without those experiences, in combat, on base in England, or anywhere, be they serious, funny or otherwise, our columns would be dull and void! ■

Good day to you and yours, wherever you may be! Diana and I hope you are enjoying life to the extent possible.

This will not reach you by the time of our 2ADA reunion in Lexington, Kentucky, but it will reach you before the 453rd BG reunion in San Antonio, Texas. It is scheduled for October 23-25, with departure on the 26th. The hotel will be the Menger, where about 80 rooms have been reserved. I have talked with Harry Winslow and with Mo Morris. Each have told me that all is going well with the arrangements. Linda Andersen is writing a letter, I understand, for mailing to the 453rd members, which you may have received by now. I have no information concerning costs so far, but that will come with the mailing, I presume.

We have talked with, heard from, and visited with a few, so what I shall do now is make known to you some of the information gleaned from such contacts. **SETH HAYWOOD** wrote of a mission he was on to Berlin — very scary! He also said that once when a buzz bomb cut out over our field while hightailing it out of their hut, **O.K. LONG** got stuck in a window he was trying to go through. **BOB BARNETT**, 713 Silver Ct., Blue Springs, MO 64014, hopes to hear from those of you who knew his father, **LEROY BARNETT**, who died in 1986. Leroy was a radio operator with the Jack Speer crew, flying "Iron Pants." **RUSSELL DE MARY** wrote and sent some nice articles, which I have forwarded to Wilbur Stites and to the *Journal*. Interesting information. **PHILIP LEVICK** wrote from Gleadless Valley, Sheffield, England. He and three others had been out to Old Buck, and he wrote telling of how much they had enjoyed it.

We had a nice talk with **SOL STERN**. Sol was born in Germany and flew his missions with the 453rd before becoming an interrogator after his missions. He lives in Santa Monica, CA. **CARL MOSS** was found living at 1774 Harvey Drive, Williamston, MI 48895. We sent Carl an application. And **JOE SALAZAR** found **LLOYD JOHNSON**, 10941 Bel Air Dr., Cherry Valley, CA 92223. Lloyd was with the 732nd or 733rd Squadron. He has been sent an application as well. **HARVEY JOHNSON** called from Tacoma. It was good to talk with him again. **STUART WRIGHT**, 16 Alexandra Mansions, West End Lane, West Hampstead, London NW6 1LU would like to hear from any of you who has information re "Corky Burganday Bombers." Lt. Nortridge's crew flew this a few times. Were you or anyone you know part of the air or ground crew for it? I know "Corky" was transferred to the 466th BG.

MARTIN BOWMAN wrote. He has a book on the Stearman that many of us flew almost completed. **JIM AVIS** has been helping Martin. **BOB PEDIGO** wrote to say hello and sent information about a Civil War drummer boy. **MILTON HUSSEY**, 10043 Aztec Village, San Antonio, TX 78245-1156 has found some WWII



photos taken by a young photographer named **KENNETH COLE**. Ken was with the 732nd Squadron. Milton would like to hear from anyone who has information about Kenneth Cole. We've heard from **BILL EAGLESON** (he flew in "Corky.") Bill is always busy, always working for the 453rd BG and we always enjoy hearing from him.

ABE WILEN is another busy body — he recently hosted the arrival of the "All American" at his area in Florida. I understand it was outstanding! **ANDY CUMMINGS** has called and written. We hope to get together with him soon, as he is sometimes in our area. **BILL VOIGHT** has written to say that **JERRY BAIER** is not well. That's bad news. He also wrote of their first mission in "Plucky Lucky" on 25 November '44. They went to Bingen, Germany and dropped on the marshalling yards. After losing a couple of engines, they had the good fortune to make it back. We've also heard from "**DUSTY**" **RHODES**, **JULIAN WILSON**, "**MAC**" **McCLURE**, **BILL GARRETT**, and **DON PARCELLS**, but surely that is enough name dropping for this issue.

NEW MEMBERS: We mentioned **ANDY CUMMINGS** earlier, and he has indeed joined with us. He now lives in Saratoga, CA, but we knew him at Old Buck when he was with the 732nd Squadron and crew chief for "Arrowhead." **PAUL HARPER** has come aboard. Paul lives in Greenville, MS. He was with the 734th Squadron and flew with the Bob Brickerstaff crew. **RUSSELL "DUTCH" SCHMIDT** lives at Shelby Twsp, MI. He was with the 735th SQ.

And now for the bad news. We regretfully report that we have lost **GEORGE R. NETZEL** of Seaside, OR. He had 32 missions in "Rag Doll." **ROBERT LANGENFELD** and **RAYMOND SULLIVAN** have taken their final flights, as have **JOHN D. O'LEARY** and **RICHARD WITTON**. **DONALD WILLS** (aka COP), who flew with Doug Leavenworth's crew, has passed on. **MRS. WALTER EASDON** has written that Walter is now in a nursing home. He would appreciate hearing from you. Write him at 1537 E. 111 Place, Northglenn, CO 80233.

Several of our group have recently returned from a trip to Norwich and Old Buck, where they took part in the 2AD celebratory events. **PAT RAMM** called to say that they all

seemed to enjoy the gatherings, and I'm sure they did. Pat and Agnes hosted our group at their home. They once again arranged for a wreath to be laid at Madingley Cemetery from the 453rd.

At Old Buckenham those present visited the school and were warmly welcomed by staff and students. **JIM & DOROTHY DYKE** presented the school with two flags — one was our nation's flag, and the other was a U.S. Air Force flag (see the pictures below). They also presented some 453rd Bomb Group lapel pins to some of the older students. Well done, Jim and Dorothy!



ANA JANE & JAY JEFFRIES celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on May 26. The **READINGS**, **GARRETTs**, **LEAVENWORTHs**, and **CLINGANs** were privileged to be with them on that occasion. Diana and I are latecomers — we will have our 45th this year, while the Readings, Leavenworths, and a whole heap of others have already had fifty years of bliss.

DWIGHT BISHOP and "**DUSTY**" **RHODES** have been corresponding in an effort to resolve the fate of "SQUEE GEE." They think they do have it resolved, but I'm sure they would like to hear from you if you have any information concerning "SQUEE GEE."

Another plea: If you move, please keep Evelyn Cohen and Frank Thomas informed as to your correct address! And please keep your dues current — both 2ADA and 453rd BG.

That's all. Take care of yourselves, may the good Lord bless you, and Diana and I will see you in San Antonio, Texas, in October. Thanks for letting us visit with you. ■

SECOND AIR DIVISION UNIT INSIGNIA: CAN YOU RECALL THAT PATCH?

BY ROGER A. FREEMAN

Introductory Note: In December of 1994, Roger Freeman was asked if he would write something for our Journal. At the time, he was facing a deadline for still another of his books regarding the Eighth Air Force. Despite those pressures, Roger was kind enough to research and prepare the following article.

Roger Freeman has been a member of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust since 1978. He is certainly one of the most respected historians of the air war in Europe, whose prolific writing has benefited from continuing diligent research. Probably his best known book has been "The Mighty Eighth," first published in 1970.

Roger was a personal friend of our deceased editor Bill Robertie, and our association and our Memorial have enjoyed his unwavering support. We appreciate his taking the time to contribute this piece to our Journal.

— Chuck Walker, President, 2ADA

It has always been my interest to collect and record facets of 8th Force history that cannot be found in official archives. Unit insignia is in this category, for while it might be thought that the appropriate authority in Washington would hold such details, the fact is that little Second World War cover is available.

There are two reasons for this. In the first place, many groups and squadrons designed their own insignia, or to use the colloquial term, patches, and never bothered to have them approved. Approval could only come from the Heraldic Section of the Army Air Forces, who had strict guidelines on what was and what was not permissible. In many cases, examples of unit derived insignia sent for approval were not passed, but this didn't stop the units concerned from continuing to parade the patches, usually painted on their A-2 jacket pockets, and sometimes woven cloth form from local manufacturers. The consequence of lack of official approval was that the insignia had no official recognition and was not recorded or considered valid. Historically this is nonsense, for an insignia displayed by a unit while it was an entity should be recognised.

The other reason for the loss of original insignia is that postwar successor organizations frequently decided to throw tradition out the window and design a new insignia more in keeping with the unit's current roll, or simply because they did not like the original. Thus one finds that the insignia officially approved for a squadron in World War II has been replaced and no record of the original kept.

Over the years I have endeavoured to collect the designs and colours of the original insignia, and the following is the current standing for 2nd Air Division combat groups and

squadrons:

44th BG — An original shield device with the motto "Aggressor Beware" seems to have been little used. Colours unknown to me. In combat the 44th preferred to use the Flying Eightball, the nose cone of which incorporated the four squadron colours. The same device was used by individual squadrons with the individual squadron colour only for the nose cone. The 66th used red, 67th yellow, 68th white, and the 506th green. Eightball patches were common on jackets and were to be seen on aircraft. Only the 67th BS had, additionally, an approved insignia.

93rd BG — A flaming torch shield insignia in blue and gold was used by the group HQ on stationery and displayed in the HQ building. The four squadrons all had patches, but I have been unable to obtain any information on the colours used in that of the 329th BS. Only the 409th BS insignia appears to have been officially approved. There are at least three versions of the 330th's whale design. All patches were well used by group personnel.

389th BG — The group insignia was unofficial, and is said to have been based on the inn sign of the Green Dragon pub near the Hethel base. The designer was lacking green paint and used turquoise. The patch was regularly displayed by group personnel. The squadrons all had patches, but there now seems to be confusion over the original designs and those rendered by a member of the 389th veterans' association in more recent years. I have the actual design for the 566th Fightin' Sam insignia, but would welcome any positive help on those of the other three squadrons. The squadron patches were little used, going by photographic evidence.

392nd BG — An unofficial group patch was to be seen on many A-2 jackets at Wendling, and a good colour example is in hand. The 392nd history authorities assure me that no squadron insignia was ever devised, and this appears to be the case, despite a few veterans still insisting that they remember seeing patches on jackets that definitely did not feature the group knight. While I believe the experts, there is always the hope that someone somewhere will produce a squadron patch. The members of one of the 3rd Division bomb groups were emphatic that no insignia existed for their group, yet only last year a new member produced a genuine wartime patch.

445th BG — No group insignia is known, and it probably never existed. All four squadrons had officially approved insignia, but those of the 701st and 702nd were replaced post-war. I have colour cover on all four.

446th BG — The group and all four squadrons had insignia, but none were officially approved. I have a good example of the group insignia and very poor renderings of the squadron insignia. If anyone has a good colour print of the squadron patches, please get in touch.

448th BG — A somewhat complex group shield and four excellent squadron patches. However, only that of the 714th BS is known to have been officially approved. I have good colour representations of all in hand.

453rd BG — Interestingly, two unofficial devices exist for this group, neither of which appear to have been in common use. Likewise, the only squadron known to have insignia is the 735th, which also had two unofficial devices, one being applied to the pilot's armour plate panel on the sides of its B-24s. So far, no evidence of patches for the other squadrons and no explanation why the group had two devices.

458th BG — No group insignia known. All four squadrons had officially approved patches which were well displayed on jackets.

466th BG — Unofficial insignia for group and squadrons. Each squadron used a different playing card symbol and the group shield had all four, hence the group nickname Flying Deck. Use of squadron patches was spotty, and there were some variations in the designs.

467th BG — Unofficial group insignia and four approved squadron patches. All were well displayed during the final months of hostilities. The 788th BS patch was originally that of the 859th BS. When the 492nd BG was broken up, its 859th BS transferred to the 467th to become the 788th, the original complement of this unit having been transferred to Carpetbagger work.

489th BG — Unofficial group insignia in hand, but no squadron insignia known.

491st BG — Unofficial group and squadron patches. Good colour renderings of the squadron patches required.

492nd BG — No group insignia known. Only squadron insignia known is the Happy Warrior of the 859th BS, which has been adopted by the 492nd BG association.

All of the fighter group insignia is known and recorded, apart from the 479th FG, which apparently had none. All fifteen fighter squadrons assigned to the 2nd Air Division had patches.

The author will be pleased to hear from anyone who can add, correct, or otherwise help to establish the complete range of 2nd Air Division insignia. The purpose is to preserve a record of these designs which will eventually be submitted to the archive in Norwich. I should stress that I am not a collector of patches, only their designs and colours. ■



389th Green Dragon Flares

BY GENE HARTLEY

This is the last *Journal* for which I will have the pleasure of providing this column. The next *Journal* will see the 389th Bomb Group with a newly elected group vice president. I know that your new VP will appreciate the high level of support that you have given me.

Jay Dodman was a pilot with our group. In 1948, while at the University of Oklahoma City, Jay wrote a free verse poem detailing a mission over Berlin. Since this work merits a wider reading than our 389th newsletter, I offer it as this quarter's Green Dragon flare. Jay lives at 2131 So. 227th Drive, Buckeye, AZ 85326-3872.

ASSIGNMENT BERLIN

BY JAY DODMAN

*The roster told the story to the field's three dozen crews
The night before. So most of these potential heroes
Retired around ten. Some had written lines to folks
Back home, and others tried out telepathy before
They closed their eyes.*

*And long before the sun was out of bed. The
Call-boy came through the barracks looking for
Pilots. He woke me up and made me scribble
My name on the pad. Then I
In turn woke up my boys. It was the
Custom of the field.*

*Breakfast wasn't much, but the half-mile
Bicycle ride in England's crispy morning fog
Made heavy flap-jacks, powdered eggs and prunes
A royal dish. Lavishly, we cached enough
To last the day.*

*A long, squat, sleeping building, called the sleeping tomb
Wedge in between the "H.Q." and the ramp.
Woke when we entered. Then drowsed and smoked
With us until the C.O. and the operations officer came in.
Someone yelled "tenshun" to bring us back to life.
We waited silently, and in suspense, to know our mission.
A huge Mercator was unveiled to bring all Europe
Into the room. Big-headed pins of blue and white
And red held strings of similar tones in lightning
Pattern from the English isle, across the North Sea,
Over Holland, zig-zag over Germany to Big Berlin;
Then back again, but southerly, through France,
The Channel; London; to the field.*

*Silence, scarcely breathing. Then it was true.
"Big B" was the prize today. Those rumors were on the level,
"Why didn't I write Mom last night," "I'm glad I wrote my folks;"
"Just gander at those flak fields;" "yeah, and Jerry has his jets;"
"I hope Fate's good to me today;" "I'll need my lucky start."
And there were those too scared to grin or joke.
"Take-off is at 5:05, and Hethel's color's green,"
The C.O. said. "Form over the buncher 15 high, and tight.
Better keep it closed, and keep it hot. Jerry will
Be up today in force. Stay in the river. Put those
Eggs in the nest, don't scramble 'em.
See you all at fourteen. Good hunting!"*

*The weatherman we'd nicknamed "Liar" took the stand
With his fistful of authentic data. "This soup will
Clear at take-off time. You'll be on the needle
To about six grand. Broken cu to ten. You'll see
The sun at mixing altitude and time — clear as a bell
At only minus twenty C. Watch out for contrails.
Have a good time. See you at fourteen!"*

*The operations officer headed for the board, and with a
Cue stick took us over the route. "It's the Lincoln Highway*

*To the coast. Keep on the road, but record all flak you spot.
Toss out the chaff on the run and keep pouring it on
Through the breakaway. Hit the current on the double
And head for home. If you have to walk, remember
Half of France is Monty's.*

Bring 'em home, boys. See you at fourteen."

*We groped our way to the trucks and piled in with all the stuff
That keeps a flyer from freezing or starving to death up there.
Dumped off at our ship, the "Sky Wolves," the crew
Saw to the loading while I checked the "boxcar"
From stem to stern. Started engines, listened to them purr,
Tested hydraulics, sounded the radio, dialed in each
Crewman to see if all was set for take-off.
We waited silently, for the flare to send us
Off and up.*

*And there it was, as green and devilish as a dragon's eye.
The big ships moved toward "number one" like a herd of
Huge elephants. The leader roared off down the runway
As if trying to escape the noise it left behind, leaped into
The air to lose itself in hovering clouds.
Sky Wolves followed eagerly, roaring in similar ascent
To meet the menacing fog.*

*Round and round we circled in the sky.
One by one, ships gathered in their own formations.
Squadrons of twelve, falling in with proper interval.
Lead ships shooting out their colored flares
To gather close the strays. It was a mighty scene,
A masterpiece of harmony,
For every ship was in its place.*

*Then at the hour, we headed for the coast.
Groups in proper sequence, having proper space.
Turned on the Lincoln Highway for the Zuider Zee.
I saw it then, the river of planes, five hundred miles long
Moving along like a giant whip, with squadrons
For the leather. Determined, impregnable lash of
Destruction*

Cast to cut the heart out of this Germany.

*We saw the coast of Holland moving near, so far
Below. And there, the flooded fields of Zuiderland,
The age-old barrier of many a blood-lust Hun.
We crossed the Siegfried Line, and this was "it."
"Flak at one o'clock!" yelled someone from the nose.
And there it was, and now at two, and three.
Tiny gray cotton balls appearing out of
Nowhere — just there.*

*I tightened on the stick, and glanced down at my
Audience of instruments, all with assuring grins
That they weren't frightened. The black puffs
Kept appearing. Little gremlins born without notation
Coming closer — higher, to our level.*

*The river bent. Those gremlins did no harm.
But cousins came to life just dead ahead.
And they were red — the guardians of Berlin.
Blood-red, that blocked off miles of sky.
Then came the cry on VHF. "Make with the snow.
It's bright eyes when it's Father Time!"*

*We made it snow, and the red flak lost a
Thousand feet of altitude. Our path was clear,
Our run was good, our bombs dropped true,
And Berlin aged a thousand years in just
Ten minutes.*

*The river flowed off to the right
With duped, retaliating eighty-eight
In close pursuit.*

*It's like living in a wilderness at twenty thousand feet
With only other ships, the clouds, and flak to keep you company.
And two of these your feared and hated enemies.
While the other, helpless to assist when disaster runs amuck.
That's what I thought about the moment of the flash and
Roar of that particular A.A. shell marked "Sky Wolves"
As the shrapnel tore through number three engine.*

(continued on page 34)

CALL IT A RERUN

BY THE REV. LEONARD P. EDWARDS, CHAPLAIN, 458TH BOMB GROUP

It was a good night for sleeping in July of '93, and usually I sleep well. But that night I had a busy time dreaming, something I very seldom do. For some unknown reason I was reliving a particular occasion during my time in England as the group chaplain of the 458th Bomb Group, stationed at Horsham St. Faith, near Norwich, England.

One of our B-24s had had to crash land in southern England after being badly shot up over Germany in a bombing run. It had taken the lives of all the crew.

Arrangements were made for a B-24 crew to fly me as the chaplain to conduct a funeral service for the men to be buried in Brookwoods, a World War I United States cemetery.

This sad service having been accomplished, we returned to the airfield for our return flight. It was, let me call it, a makeshift air strip at best. The main runway was made up of steel mesh sheets laid on the grassy field. We taxied onto the air strip, and soon were getting up our airspeed for takeoff. To say the least, we bounced up and down where the mesh sheets were fastened together, and finally, on one big bounce we were airborne. But in the process our nose wheel did not take its usual position and could not be retracted — so we flew back to Horsham with our wheels down. But what would happen when we touched down on our home airfield? Group did not know, Wing did not know, Pine Tree did not know. So all prepared for a crash landing. Out came the fire trucks and the "meat wagons," and we readied ourselves to crash land. Except for the pilot and copilot, all others were to rush to the rear as we touched ground, hoping our weight back would keep the plane from nosing over when the nose wheel touched.

All was set. We made our approach to the field, and when we touched down, the nose wheel snapped into its correct position and we made what could be called a routine landing, many thanks to the men up front.

The base commander, Colonel Isbell, was at the end of the runway, and when he saw me get off the plane he said to me, "If I had remembered that you were on that plane, I would have put you, by parachute, into the North Sea. You are not expendable."

So far, the story is fact.

But remember that I am dreaming. Again we are flying back to base in a crippled plane. In communication with the ground, it is decided that the chaplain must parachute into the North Sea. I was wearing not only a back pack, but also a chest pack. The crew made sure that both "chutes" were in good order, and that I be sure to count to ten slowly before I pull the ripcord.

Out of the plane the chaplain goes, and dutifully counts to ten slowly before pulling the ripcord of the back pack. Looking up to watch that "chute" open, it was now time to

gather my wits.

As had been promised, a British air-sea rescue boat had been dispatched. Sure enough, there it was, headed for my drop point. But what was that just under the surface, very close to the drop point? Of all things, it was a German submarine dead in the water. I do not know how my dream knew that it was German; it just was.

Now an interesting, at least, situation was developing. When the parachute and its passenger dropped into the water, what would the sub do? To shorten a few anxious moments, into the waters of the cold, cold North Sea went the chaplain and the parachute. Right there was the British air-sea rescue craft. I

you name it, but the chaplain was still very cold and wet. The colonel wanted to go immediately to the city of Norwich, as the commanding general was to have pictures taken and speeches made. Still our hero was wet and getting colder.

After much pleading, I was permitted to get a shower and dry clothes, but "on the double." Then a procession of command cars, jeeps, and trucks headed for Norwich.

The speeches, the pictures, the interviews of press and radio, the handshaking, it all went on and on. Why there was no censorship I will never know. Then all of a sudden everyone departed, leaving me in the middle of the Haymarket, alone!

**The crew of the air-sea rescue boat cried out in unison,
"The American chaplain has captured a German
submarine singlehandedly!"**

was letting the men in the boat know in no uncertain terms that there was a hostile sub practically under us. After being fished out of the water, I called for the lines of the chute to be cut and to forget it, which was promptly done. All on board watched the chute drift down and into the cage surrounding the propellers of the sub. At that moment the submarine started its engines. When the screws began to turn, they entangled the chute, causing the propellers to grind to a halt. Now the sub was *really* dead in the water.

The crew of the air-sea rescue boat cried out in unison, "The American chaplain has captured a German submarine singlehandedly!"

The crew wanted to hang around and see what would happen, as the British Navy had been alerted and were on their way to tow the sub into shallow water and capture the Germans. I wanted to get to shore to warm and dry clothes. The boat crew was finally persuaded to head back to port.

Once on shore, there was the mayor of the city in his regalia. Word had spread, and everybody wanted to shake the hand of the new hero. Cold and wet, now wrapped in a blanket, with his wool uniform beginning to shrink, the chaplain pleaded to be given transportation back to his base. At long last I was on my way back to Horsham St. Faith, still very cold and wet.

As we entered the home base, the guard at the gate said, "The colonel wants you to report to him immediately."

"Could it not wait until after a shower and dry clothes?"

"Now," was the command.

In front of headquarters the staff was waiting, handshakes all around, accolades, and

No jeep, no liberty run, nothing. So I walked slowly back to base.

What price glory!

When I told my wife about the dream, she indicated that had she known about the dream at the time, she would have reached over as I woke to see if my hair had dried yet. ■

NEW MEMBERS

(continued from page 5)

467th BG

Dr. Edward W. Branaman
William Elkins
James O. King
Michael J. Sheridan (AM)
Lowrey H. Spencer

489th BG

Joseph A. Dougherty
C.W. Hayes
Charles H. Taylor

491st BG

Lloyd E. Metcalf
Maj. James W. Ponder (Ret.)

492nd BG

Cleatis O. Little
Earl G. Russell

SM

Basil Frost
George W. Heller
Philip Levick
W.P.S. Watts
Doug Willies

There was a moment when no one thought of anything
While fear cut our hearts to tiny bits with a dull edged
Knife, and sent the pieces to the mouth for thorough mastication.
There was a twisting of the stick and pushing left rudder
Hard, to keep under control. I do remember yelling
"Cut number three gas and switches! More power number four."
Old basic stuff at hand in an emergency.

In moments we were out of danger, but crippled badly
For number three had died quickly and easily.
Our most precious engine too. It looked rather peaceful
Out there — resting in death. This was its
Funeral ride to the cemetery; and maybe ours.
I had broken formation after being hit. I looked about
For the river. We were low; losing altitude; slowing down
And running into weather.
"Keep alert," I cautioned the gunners. "We're in danger now."
But they all knew it, as watchful eyes guarded the sky
For doubtful company.

Nor were our fears in vain. Our headsets came to life.
"High at three o'clock, coming down fast. It's an ME-109."
Sky Wolves trembled from the rattle of our fifties
Pouring streams of red-hot rivets at the intruder. And then
I heard another sound — above the roar of our own engines —
Above the angry bursts of our machine guns. It was the
Blood curdling whistle of a hostile ship attacking.
As the German flashed by us at right angles, dangerously
Close, my side gunner screamed, "I got him. I got him!"
I looked through the pilot's window to my side, to see
A disappearing ember, like a discarded cigarette, but
Leaving a long, thin, black, smoke streak
Against a soapy sky.

"We're hit! We're hit!" The cry came from the tail.
All three engines were streaming bleached ropes
Of smoky substance in their wake.
"Take it easy, gang," I called. "Those contrails
Fool a lot of folks."
Just then we hit the weather.
Now what a different feeling flying in the clouds!
Almost claustrophobic, smothered by the nearness of a boundary.
Crowded in the cockpit even though there are but two.
Instruments looking pop-eyed; blurred from being overread
But never lying. The remaining world non-existent.
Ten Noths in an ark.

The next hour knew us in this dismal world, but safe.
We'd dropped two miles; and still but halfway home.
Suddenly, the weather broke. The sun smirked sarcastically
And seemed to say, "You'll feel my heat before this day is through."
"Pilot to radio. Let's get some help." He dialed in Channel C
For fighters. "Little Friend, this is Big Friend, low at Checkers Five.
Alone and sick. Send us a doctor."

"Hold up the fire, boys," I told my gunners then. "We're
Having friends for dinner, so don't be rude."
We watched two specks a mile away, abreast,
Slide close, noses ever straight ahead, attack themselves
To each our wings. A princely escort of Pursuits.
To us, Nobility in all their majesty.

They kept their post 'til friendly France assured us safe.
They waved a wing farewell and darted for the earth,
Their mission spent. We blew them kisses for the
Thanks we felt but could not say.

We crossed the English Channel far behind our group
With very little gas to spare. Saw London come and go.
Saw Hethel just ahead. Called in to land, then
Squatted on the strip as safe and sound as yesterday's
Recorded history.

In the briefing room again, all interviewed about the trip;
Hot supper and the sack just begging for our company.
The C.O. asked, "How was it, men?"
Answering with tired smiles, we said, "Not bad." ■

The Flag

Ed. Note: In this, the final year of World War II golden anniversaries, our U.S. flag has been a central focus in all ceremonies — and rightly so. Since VE Day, Memorial Day, Flag Day, July 4th, VJ Day and Veterans Day bracket this Fall 1995 Journal, it is fitting to feature our national standard again. Therefore, we reprint "Remember Me?" from the cover of our Spring 1991 Journal.

REMEMBER ME?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YOU REMEMBER?

As an epilogue to this poignant story, we reprint an item from the Air Force Association Goddard Chapter May 1995 newsletter, Vandenberg Air Force Base, California.

Our Flag: How do you explain what's right and wrong?

Yesterday she was chosen to hold the flag while her class said the Pledge of Allegiance. She was proud to tell her parents. Today she saw a person burn a flag to attract attention. She asked her teacher if burning a flag was right or wrong. The teacher had to tell her that it used to be a bad thing, but some important people in Washington said that now it's okay. She went home confused. Her parents decided that it was time to get involved. So they called 1-800-424-FLAG and joined the Citizens Flag Alliance, a group supported by the Air Force Association. ■

VE DAY, THEN AND NOW

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

What a difference fifty years can make in a VE Day celebration!

I wasn't lucky enough to enjoy it in 1945 in London, or Paris, or New York, or any other big city. On 8 May 1945 I was at Davis-Monthan Field in Tucson, Arizona, along with the rest of the 489th Bomb Group. We had returned from England at the end of 1944 to transition into the B-29 Super Fort, then move on to the Pacific area.

May 8th at Davis-Monthan was a day of elation, confusion, and grumbling. There was elation because part of the war was over, and Civvy Street was just around the corner for many. There was confusion because nobody seemed to know what was going to happen to the group, or to the people in it. There was world-class grumbling because so many objected to being sent to the Pacific after service in the ETO. For me, there was some of each. I had about seven years of service in, had always planned on a military career, and preferred overseas to stateside duty. I was sort of on the outside, looking in. When the base turned into a separation center, as it did in a matter of days, the makeup of the 489th changed drastically, too. VE Day was over and done with; gone in a flash. The uncertain future was upon us.

Now, fifty years down the road, on a bright, sparkling day, I was at Fort Myer, Virginia, representing the Second Air Division Association at VE Day observances. Nobody had appointed me as the official representative, but I decided that I would consider myself to be one. I was really just another aging face in the crowd, and I suppose I needed some kind of support, like making myself "official," because there were a lot of real heroes that day, and I wasn't one of them.

How did this come about? Well, the night before, I got a call from the White House, of all places; the real one, too, not the hamburger stand you and I remember. We were to be at Fort Myer's old chapel at 0630. Since it was the White House calling, of course we were there. There were two busloads of us, to be escorted to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where President Clinton would present a wreath. We all had to go through a tight security check before we were allowed into our reserved "seats." Well, our escort officer told us we would have "good seats," next to the army band. "Except," he said, "no chairs."

So it was, and after the wreath ceremony the President came over to our group and Helen and I got to shake hands with him. What a way to start the day! Then it was up to the officers club for a big breakfast and a few war stories before heading for the ceremonies at Summerall Field where, incidentally, the Wright Brothers flew demonstration flights for the Army in 1908.

Another security check, and we were seated

(actual seats this time) in the bleachers behind the President, Secretary of Defense William Perry, Secretary of Veterans Affairs Jesse Brown, and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Shalikashvili. At first, so help me, we were seated next to Bill Detweiler, the National Commander of the American Legion, who was leaving for Moscow with the President immediately after the ceremonies. All around us there were Medal of Honor wearers, Tuskegee Flyers in their scarlet jackets, a P-47 pilot with 106 missions, and on my left the first man to land on Utah Beach on D-Day. There were WWII uniforms as well as contemporary ones, campaign ribbons and decorations for valor galore, and younger America willingly stood aside to give us center stage.

Just before the program got underway, Mr. Detweiler was moved to another seat (security people were apparently in charge of all this rearranging), and there was John Eisenhower next to us! I just about flipped when I first saw him; I thought General Ike had been reincarnated! But he was a most friendly person, and we enjoyed talking with him. Helen was next to him, and a number of those who came to shake his hand or to get his autograph introduced themselves to her, thinking she must be Mrs. Eisenhower. She handled it well, of course.

Oh, it was a day of and for memories; a day to remember! The bands, honor guards, roaring cannons, a flyover by planes of all the services, most of which I couldn't really identify, and dignitaries aplenty. The speeches were short and to the point, and though we'd had to go through two security checks, it was all part of the excitement. It was, simply, a time to be both proud of and grateful for this great country and all those who have served, not just in "our" war, but in all our conflicts. I feel privileged to have been even a tiny part of it all. ■

OPENING PRAYER

delivered by the

Former Chief of Chaplains

(Major General)

Monsignor Francis L. Sampson

50th Anniversary of VE Day

Summerall Field

Fort Myer, Virginia

MONDAY, 8 MAY 1995

Almighty God, our Father, you have given us this good land for our heritage. On this sacred day fifty years ago, peace was once again established in Europe, and the joy in all allied countries knew no bounds. But we must never forget the enormous price of that peace. We know, dear God, that your love embraced those service men and women who gave their all for freedom and peace. Reassure them again, dear Father, of our undying gratitude. We pledge our own lives to preserve that peace.

Help all Americans of every racial origin, of every religious faith, of every political persuasion, to know that rights and responsibility are co-relative — one cannot exist without the other; that radio, TV, and the press (entering as they do into the very sanctuary of the American home) be forces for wholesome intelligent living, rather than catering to the morbidly curious; that liberty without law is lunacy; that law without sanction is chaos, and if we expect God to continue to bless America — America must first bless God.

Finally, we ask thy special blessing, Father, on all who wear the uniform in the service of the United States of America.

Amen. ■



Charlie Freudenthal, VIP for a day, at the VE Day 1995 observances at Fort Myer, Virginia.

THE PX PAGE

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

LIBERATOR PORTRAITS

Highly detailed paintings by Mike Bailey, 2ADA honorary member, of any variant of the B-24 Liberator on request. 100% accuracy guaranteed in all details down to rivet seams, field modifications, etc. Approximate size 30" x 20". Exceptionally reasonable prices for 2ADA members. Write to Mike Bailey, 91 Waterworks Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 4DB, England.



"Son! That's My B-24!"

George Lymburn was shot down over Berlin on March 6, 1944. Forty years later, his son Bruce found a picture of the downed bomber in Roger Freeman's book *The Mighty Eighth*. This initial discovery, like the first clue in a mystery, led to a series of moving and dramatic series of episodes between the father and the son. "Son! ..." has proven to be an ideal story for the family.

From the son of Lymburn's copilot: "I was a helicopter pilot during Vietnam and thought we fought the 'tough' war while my father fought the 'good' war. Your story really opened my eyes and made me respect what my father and all of you went through."

Price for the book is \$20.00. Contact:

George H. Lymburn
1225 Taylor Street #403
San Francisco, CA 94108
Tel. (415) 921-1225

NEW 491ST BG PATCH
\$5.00

Harold Fritzler
1130 S.W. Chestnut Drive
Portland, OR 97219-2169

"THE RINGMASTERS" THE HISTORY OF THE 491ST BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)

It is not often that a book demands that one stop what one is doing to read through it. This is clearly a labor of love and a legacy to the families of the 491st. Send a check for \$50 per book (includes shipping and handling), made out to "The Ringmasters," 491st Bombardment Group Association, Inc.

Louis J. Bur
12339 Lennon Road
Lennon, Michigan 48449

A Reason To Live

by JOHN HAROLD ROBINSON (445th BG)

A Reason To Live, written more than forty years after the guns of the Second World War fell silent, is that rare look at war as seen through the eyes and hearts of enlisted men. It is one of the most outstanding books ever written about military life and aerial combat in WWII. Send a check for \$19.95 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling and sales tax if applicable:

John Harold Robinson
355 Red Wolf Drive
Collierville, TN 38017

TWO GREAT BOOKS

Great American Air Battles of World War II, by Martin W. Bowman, is a hard-bound coffee table type book of 154 pages, well researched with personal stories, filled with photographs and 12 chapters covering the Battles of the Coral Sea, Midway, Ploesti, and other low and high profile savage encounters, including the "Battles of the Big League" over Germany in 1944. The 445th Bomb Group's disastrous Kassel Mission is covered in detail. \$24.95 plus \$4.00 shipping & handling = \$28.95 (includes a tax-deductible donation to KMMA [Kassel Mission Memorial Association] of \$12.00).

Liberator, America's Global Bomber, by Alwyn T. Lloyd contains 548 pages, hardbound, loaded with photographs, covering every Liberator assignment in WWII, by every American and Allied military unit. Lloyd has done a thorough job of showing all 19,257 Liberators and Privateers, from the LB-30 to the XB-41, with aircraft serial numbers and battle letters. The most complete work yet published on the Liberator. \$39.95 plus \$4.00 shipping & handling = \$43.95 (includes a tax deductible donation to KMMA of \$16.00). Contact:

KMMA, Inc.
(Kassel Mission Memorial Association)
P.O. Box #413
Birmingham, MI 48012

New Tape Available from 2ADA Film Library

Thanks again to the Dzenowagis family, we now have a copy of their "Royal Air Force Tribute to the 2nd Air Division, 8th USAAF by Royal Air Force Coltishall Honor Guard and Royal Air Force Wyton Military Band." This tribute was performed on the occasion of the 43rd annual convention of the 2ADA in Norwich, England, July, 1990. The charge to rent this tape is \$5.00. Contact Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831. You may also purchase a copy from J. Dzenowagis, 4397 So. Okemos Road, Okemos, MI 48864. Price is \$49.50 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.

And this will probably be the final reminder to purchase the "Diamond Lil" video of the historic flight this Confederate Air Force B-24/LB-30 Liberator made across the Atlantic in 1992 as part of the 50th anniversary celebration. There are six copies left, and the price from Pete Henry is \$25.00 postage paid. Our records indicate that sales of this tape have netted the Second Air Division Association a grand total of \$527.00. ■



To the editor:

As a follow up to my "Bungay Bull" article in the Summer issue of the 2ADA Journal and the accompanying editor's note, I offer the following rebuttal: The editor's note accuses me of unfortunate, precipitous action before learning the complete picture. Interesting statement. With the complete lack of information regarding the Journal editorship debacle provided for both the group vice presidents and the general membership, I must ask — when, if ever, are we going to learn "the complete picture?"

But then, maybe it is being considered to be better this way. It is not just a matter of Journal editorship, it is rather one of control ... and keeping the plebians in the dark allows the patricians to maintain control.

Marvin H. Speidel (446th)
Former Group Vice President

Ed. Note: We stand by our editor's note under Mr. Speidel's Summer Journal column. He continues to infer that some sort of dark conspiracy is at work within the 2ADA — We invite him to expose it to the mutual benefit of all.

→ → → →

To the editor:

No, the B-24 was not an ugly duckling. This elephantine airplane, this "boxcar" as many WWII vets called her, this thin Davis-winged pachyderm was a real monument to flight.

Many an air crew member (myself included) owe his life to this sky monster — to this aerial version of Frankenstein's fiend, this homely yet elegant machine. So what if it wasn't streamlined? So what if it lacked the loveliness, the handsome look of other craft? It flew!

The B-24 was a BIRD OF PARADISE.

Joseph J. Broder (446th)
5601 Riverdale Avenue
Riverdale, NY 10471

→ → → →

Correction

Credit on the Eiffel Tower photo on page 35 of the Summer 1995 Journal should have been given to Jean-Luc Beghin, Los Angeles, California, a friend of the 2nd Air Division Association.

To the editor:

In his "Poop from Group 467" column in the Spring 1995 edition of the Journal, Ralph Elliott asked, "Where in the NASM (Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum) is a B-24?" Well, there is one — or there was, when I visited a few years ago. Hanging on one wall was a display board of about five or six square foot area showing small silhouettes of many aircraft which military air crews had to recognize during World War II. One of those aircraft was a B-24 about one to two inches long. That's how our favorite airplane's place in the history of air and space is acknowledged by the Smithsonian historians — not completely ignored, only 99.999% ignored.

On the larger question of history being rewritten by "politically correct" elitists with some kind of not-so-well-hidden agenda, who didn't participate, and probably weren't alive when it happened, I agree with Elliott. Had the Smithsonian not changed their completely inaccurate version of the Enola Gay story, I would have cancelled my membership and subscription. President Harry Truman's decision to drop the bombs on Japan is one of the reasons that he is one of my few heroes.

D.W. McKenzie (491st)
5418 Primrose Drive
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

→ → → →

To the editor:

Thank you very much for running my letter and photograph about B-24 #51497, "Bachelor's Delight," in the Summer Journal.

Even though I gave you the wrong serial number (my error), I had an answer and a photo by May 20. I also got three answers for SN 51491.

The plane was at the 448th BG (Seething), only a few miles from the 93rd BG (Hardwick). Since both were in the 20th CBW, we evidently flew close in formation. After severe damage on a mission in the late fall of 1944, it was used for spare parts. In the photo the engines, turrets, tail assembly, etc. are gone, but the nose art is clearly visible.

Clarence W. Barton (93rd)
5915 S. Marion Place
Tulsa, OK 74135-7813

→ → → →

To the editor:

I recently received among an excellent batch of nose art photos from the Yankee Air Museum Library, one of an old olive-drab B-24H called "Wolfe Pack." It carries 103 mission symbols, but no other clues to help me trace the aircraft. Can anybody out there give me any more information about this B-24?

Tony North
62, Turner Road
Norwich, Norfolk
NR2 4HB
England

→ → → →

WE CONTINUE TO MAKE FRIENDS IN NORWICH

Each time we have visited Norwich since the war, there has been growing evidence of the abiding good will which we generated in our service days. The Celebration 1995 visit described on pages 19-21 provided overwhelming evidence of that fact.

Actually, many of us are in frequent contact, between visits, with friends we have made over the years. And we continue to make them.

One of our newest friends first wrote to the Journal in late 1994 enclosing recently taken pictures of some of our bases. Just before leaving for Norwich on May 4th, another batch arrived, and I thought it would be well to look up the donor and thank him in person.

Neil Phillipson has lived in Norwich for the past 31 years and is a recently retired pharmacist. Looking for some relaxing retirement activity, and drawn by an ongoing attraction since his youth for the American Air Force, American big bands, and American activities in general, he and a former colleague started to visit the old U.S. air bases around England last year.

To date they have been to 44 bases, and taken over 1,200 pictures!!!

The pictures I have received of our bases have been distributed to the respective group VPs, and on Tuesday afternoon, May 9th, I thanked Neil on behalf of all of us for his interest and friendship.

Incidentally, he served in the British forces in the late 1950s, and has become a member of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, and a subscribing member of the 2nd Air Division Association.

On my return from England I received from him some 40 pictures of the thrilling parade of Sunday, May 7th.

Once again, Neil my lad, many thanks from all of us!

Jordan R. Uttal (HQ)
Honorary President, 2ADA

→ → → →

To the editor:

In the rolling foothills of the Cambridgeshire countryside, under a hot, cloudless sky, hundreds of veterans of the 8th AF came together to pay tribute to their lost comrades. Amongst them were many from the Second Air Division. It was May 6th at Cambridge American Military Cemetery.

Vice President Al Gore gave a very impressive speech, and during ceremonies wreaths were laid on behalf of many military organizations, including the 2ADA. Acting as escorts for the day were active duty personnel, and ROTC groups from Lakenheath High School. There they learned a lesson in patriotism, the cost of freedom, and love of country that text books cannot teach.

John W. Archer
Bungay . Suffolk . England

→ → → →

I Remembered . . . I Still Remember

OK, so his hair had turned to silver and perhaps his waistline was the odd inch or so larger than when we last met, but after 51 years I still recognised him. I am, of course, referring to Ray Pytel, erstwhile American airman, accountant, now retired, but still a group vice president in the 2ADA and a columnist for the *2ADA Journal*.

We first met in Hut 14 at the Tibenham airfield, home of the 445th Bomb Group. I had first gone into Hut 14 at the invitation of a Bernard (Benny) DeLucia, from New Jersey. He asked me if my mother would do some laundry for him. She did — for his crew, and then for another crew, and soon for the whole of Hut 14. We had no electricity in our home, so everything was hand washed, and pressed with the old flat irons that were heated on the fire in winter, and on an old oil stove in summer. Each kit-bag of laundry was carefully marked with a different coloured cotton so there was no chance of a 14-stone guy getting a 9-stone guy's pants or shirts. I transported all this laundry in a baby's seat on the back of my mother's bicycle. It was a three mile journey each way in absolute pitch darkness because of the blackout restrictions. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ground crew and air crew on that base, but never once did I feel threatened nor was I ever molested (much safer than England in so-called times of peace). Air crews came and went in Hut 14. Some did not return from their first mission; others got so near to completing their allotted number of missions, and then went missing. Those I got to know well I wept for. Many times during those years I cried myself to sleep. I was 12, and some of them were only a few years older than me.

But they weren't all sad times. There were some really wild times, like when they set fire to a ripe corn field by firing flares into it, or shooting their 45s through the ceiling; or someone from another hut coming in and putting live bullets into the tortoise stove. Once I narrowly missed death as I opened the door of Hut 14 and a knife whistled past my ear: they had drawn a target on the door and were having a knife-throwing competition.

My friend, Ray Pytel, and his crew members completed all their missions, so I got to know them well. Tom Hart and Harold Kennedy, both being big men, used to throw me around almost like a ball. Jim Henderson I was convinced was a cowboy, because he talked like the ones I had seen in the movies. Little Jim Crosland and I would wrestle; he wasn't much bigger than me. Ray Gilliam was the expert bicycle man; he had enough spare parts under his bed to open up a shop. Ray Pytel was a perfect gentleman! (I have to say that, because I'm hoping we'll meet up again soon.)

Anyhow, it was great to meet up with you again, Ray. We really enjoyed the company of you and your wife, Twyla. These reunions in

England must be very nostalgic and moving times for you all. This last one certainly was for me as I remembered all those "Yanks" who had befriended a little "Limey" kid and made those war years so exciting and enjoyable. I, of course, had the excitement without the danger. I realise now that for you and your comrades it was a time of immense physical and emotional stress. Even at my tender age, I sensed the tension and knew that the "crazy acts" also hid a fear of what might happen tomorrow.

Thank you for bothering to find me, Ray, and thanks for the wonderful time my wife and I had with you and Twyla at Tibenham on VE Day and at the banquet the following Thursday. God bless you all. My special greetings to Mary Beth (Kennedy) Barnard and my friend James Flynn.

I remembered . . . I still remember.

Johnny Wenn
Seventy Greenborough Road
Norfolk, England
NR7 9HJ

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To the editor:

I finally received my Second Air Division History. It's really quite disappointing!

For the most part it's anecdotal, i.e. over 50% of the volume is taken up by biographical sketches of a few survivors. Certainly this is not a story of the accomplishments of the 2nd Air Division during the years 1942-1945. I have read accounts of the RAF who claim the air war in Europe was exclusively through the gallant efforts of the British. The Second Air Division History does not do justice to those who flew the B-24 bombers and indeed to those who made the supreme sacrifice.

If we intended the history to validate our efforts, perhaps we should have researched the archives and given more of an account as to how it all happened. Realizing there were many who were involved from the Pentagon on down, one is at a loss to appreciate the enormity of the task. Airports had to be built, men trained as combat crews, mechanics, ordnance specialists, communication specialists, etc. How did it all come together and how was continuity established? Fuel was needed, bombs of all types to fly missions to knock out all types of targets, replacement of aircraft and flying personnel, etc.

Roger Freeman's Eighth Air Force history is an admirable effort, and I'm sure that other histories of the air war in Europe have been published. Sadly, I don't feel that the Second Air Division History will be much of a monument to those who served in the command.

George A. Risko (491st)
400 N. Hunter Blvd, Apt. 206
Birmingham, MI 48009-5710

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To the editor:

John Mario's "itinerary" for the 467th Bomb Group's "Operation Trolley" made interesting reading in the Summer 1995 issue.

I flew as copilot on two "trolley hauls," May 8th and May 10th. My diary notes indicate that we flew over Mannheim, Koblenz, Bonn, Dusseldorf, Frankfurt, Cologne, Munchen-Gladbach, Brussels, Ghent, Bingen, and Ludwigshafen. It was probably the same trip, but I don't ever remember a narrative being supplied.

All of us on the Sessoms crew looked for the B-24 we'd crash landed near Venlo on the March 24th Varsity Mission. We couldn't find it.

One daredevil flew under one of the Rhine bridges. Another buzzed too close and lost his antenna.

On our "Tour of the Ruhr" we were relaxing and enjoying the sights when a hat whizzed past my window. Faster than I can type, a head flapped out of the nose turret. As I scrambled for my throat mike — which was in my lap — the head became shoulders. Someone was being sucked out of the aircraft!

I pushed full rudder and "slipped" the plane to reduce pressure on the flopping body, and called navigator Izzy Levine. Both he and nose gunner Ed Teevan thought I was kidding. It took a lot of convincing before Ed grabbed the ground crewman who was nearly half out of the turret.

I don't know the enlisted man's name, but I've often wondered if he realized how close he came to being chopped liver.

Clark L. Robinson (389th)
157 Huckleberry Hill
Wilton, CT 06897

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To the editor:

Six of us are looking for other transferees (not volunteers) from the Air Force to the Engineer Fire Fighting Companies. This would entail only enlisted, all having served their tour of duty, from all theaters, and then sent stateside, and transferred to the Engineers to fight forest fires.

This was a job totally alien to any training any of us had in our service with the Air Force. While I'm at it, the Engineer Fire Fighting Companies are not to be confused with the Engineer Aviation Fire Fighting Platoons.

Having written to St. Louis (the home of personnel records), it only took from January to May to get the following answer: "You were discharged by reason of Convenience of the Government." We were of the opinion that this person was from G-2, but that would be slandering G-2. We could have looked at our discharge papers and read that asinine answer.

I personally was told from Maxwell AFB that there was no record of my being transferred from the 458th. Where do they get these guys and gals, with these astute answers? We would sure appreciate a little help from our own kind.

William L. Case (458th)
2544 Glenn Street
Bettendorf, IA 52722

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To the editor:

On March 29, 1944, two B-24s of the 93rd Bomb Group had a mid air collision. The wreckage landed just off Halesworth Air Base, at Henham Estates.

56th Fighter Group personnel responded to give assistance. The firemen had the fire almost under control, when a bomb or bombs exploded, killing 37 people.

On May 11, 1995, a monument was dedicated in memory of those killed. Members of the 93rd Bomb Group were present, including Paul Steichen, a surviving navigator from one of the B-24s involved, and now the president of the 93rd Bomb Group Association. Paul was one of the speakers. The 56th Fighter Group was represented by Frank Gyidik, president of the 56th Fighter Group Association; Richard Warboys, and Bill Billings.

The Americans were pleased that after fifty years there are people who still care — people like Gordon Reynolds, Paddy Cox, Tony Kerrison, and members of the "Friends of the 8th." Many thanks to our English friends.

Bill Billings (56th FG)
102 Stoney Brook Road
Columbia, NJ 07832

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Dear Evelyn (Cohen):

It is a bit difficult to believe that just one week ago today, at relatively this actual hour English time, I was standing on my old air base at Wendling. And I say with all sincerity, thanks only to you. Why you? First of all, you helped me make up my mind to go that day when I called to find out if there was still a chance to get on board, but even more so for the tremendous effort that you put into this project to make it turn out so satisfactorily for everyone. It must have been, at times, like playing mother hen to a bunch of fly-boys who no longer had their wings and who needed more than a navigator to keep them going in the right direction.

I am glad that I had the chance to introduce myself to you as we walked up to the square before forming for the parade. Without that chance meeting, I would have been relegated to the many who had to be satisfied with, "Yeah, that's Evelyn over there, the one with the good conduct medal. She's the one that is the glue that keeps this thing together." And I certainly heard that sentence repeated time and again. My most sincere thanks for all that you have done and continue to do for the 2ADA. We all benefit from your efforts.

Tears come to my eyes right now, as they did Sunday night at the Theatre Royal, as I remember the words that we all sang with such feeling: *We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when, but I know we'll meet again some sunny day.* Sorry I can't be more original, but that says it all.

George Michel (392nd)

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Members of the 56th Fighter Group at 11 May 1995 dedication. From left to right: Frank Gyidik, president, 56th Fighter Group Association; Richard Warboys; Bill Billings; and Gordon Reynolds, one of our English friends.

To the editor:

Back in February of this year, a fundraiser for the American Air Museum in Britain was held in Galveston, Texas at the Lone Star Flight Museum, featuring actor Charlton Heston and a few less known dignitaries at this \$50.00 per person affair.

There was a full house on this foggy night, and Heston was flown in by helicopter as he had been making similar appearances in Houston and elsewhere.

Heston served as a radio-gunner on a B-25 in Alaska, and he said that near the end of WWII his outfit thought they would be moving to an island near Japan, but then the atomic bombs on August 5th and 9th ended it all.

I personally met and talked just briefly with Heston, as you can imagine everybody wanted to meet him. We are honored that Heston would take his time and talent to help with this very important project to fund the American Air Museum in Britain.

At this function I spotted a couple a few years older than anyone else, and I just had to meet them to find out what their particular interest in this affair was. The lady said she had lost her youngest brother, who was a pilot in the 448th Bomb Group, on a raid over Magdeburg, Germany on March 3, 1945. They were hopeful that they might find someone who could shed some light on this fateful day in the life of Lt. James W. Guynes, Jr., serial number 0831159.

Reportedly on the mission their formation was attacked about forty miles north of Magdeburg by a ME-262 jet, and Lt. Guynes' plane flying the #2 position lost the number three and four engines simultaneously, causing the plane to flip to the left and hit the plane flying the #4 position. Both planes fell to the earth with, I believe, only two survivors (for eleven days only) between the two planes.

In 1948, three years after the war ended, Lt. Guynes' wife received a letter from the German doctor who treated her husband, saying

that he felt it was the Christian thing to do. She also heard from the nurse who tended his badly mangled right arm and left leg.

Lt. Guynes had his right arm, which was just hanging by the skin only, amputated. Later his left leg had to also be amputated. Serious infection set in, and Lt. Guynes died twenty-six days after he was captured. He had been able to talk with the nurse and doctor, giving them vital family information as he no doubt felt he would not survive.

His wife did hear some details years later from pilot Sam Hailey from Mississippi, but it was apparently scanty.

At a southwest regional meeting of the 2ADA, held at the Dallas-Fort Worth airport hotel, I met a fifty-two year old cousin who had been in contact with his aunt after our meeting in Galveston, and he also is very interested in hearing from anyone who knew Lt. Guynes, whose body, after two removals and burials in Europe, lies at Ballinger, Texas.

Lt. Guynes also had a young daughter who was then about 3 1/2 years old. She too would like to hear just anything about her father, and all concerned would be most grateful to hear from anyone. Lt. Guynes' aunt, who is about 80, feels I am sort of the missing link since I am the only person from the 448th she has ever met, but I finished my missions on 11 May 1944 and was back in the States on 2 August 1944.

I sent her the page containing her brother's name on our 448th Honor Roll and several pictures, such as our restored control tower and our granite memorials, etc. She was so grateful.

If anyone can send me anything at all about the fateful mission on 3 March 1945, I'll get it to them.

Leroy Engdahl (448th)
1785 Wexford Drive
Vidor, TX 77662

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A V.E. Day Prayer from the "Friends"

Our V.E. Day golden anniversary celebration in Norwich, May 6-12, 1995, included one day for each group to visit the village near which it was stationed. During the day, at an appropriate time, a scroll was presented to each 2ADA veteran from the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial. We hereby express our deepest appreciation to the Friends for the sentiment contained in that scroll, the text of which follows:

Commemorating the 50th Anniversary of V.E. Day, May 1945 to 1995

*A prayer for those who lost their lives and lie at rest
at Madingley Cemetery.*

*Sleep peacefully, you friendly dead, held deep
in Cambridge clay;*

*The years have covered you in shrouds of autumn gold,
and anniversaries paid for with your lives.*

*Decades of sun and rain have mellowed pale stone markers
where you lay;*

and when the lark sings over you,

and starlings vespertinely seek out branches for the night,

then you, plucked from the sky,

and bequeathed to this patch of ground,

are fragments of the English earth; inviolate and eternal.

George Kerridge, London.

Presented by the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, Norwich, England

NEWS FLASH

At the business meeting at the
Lexington convention,
Geoff Gregory (467th)
was elected President of the
Second Air Division Association
and Neal Sorensen (489th)
Executive Vice President.
The two vice presidents,
the secretary, and the treasurer
were all reelected.

There are five new Group VPs:
Alfred Asch (93rd)
Felix Leeton (389th)
Aud Risley (446th)
Jay Jeffries (453rd)
Ralph Belward (489th)

We are pleased that
Ray Pytel (445th)
has been appointed Editor
of the 2ADA Journal.

We wish all of our leaders
continued success!

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

P.O. BOX 627

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