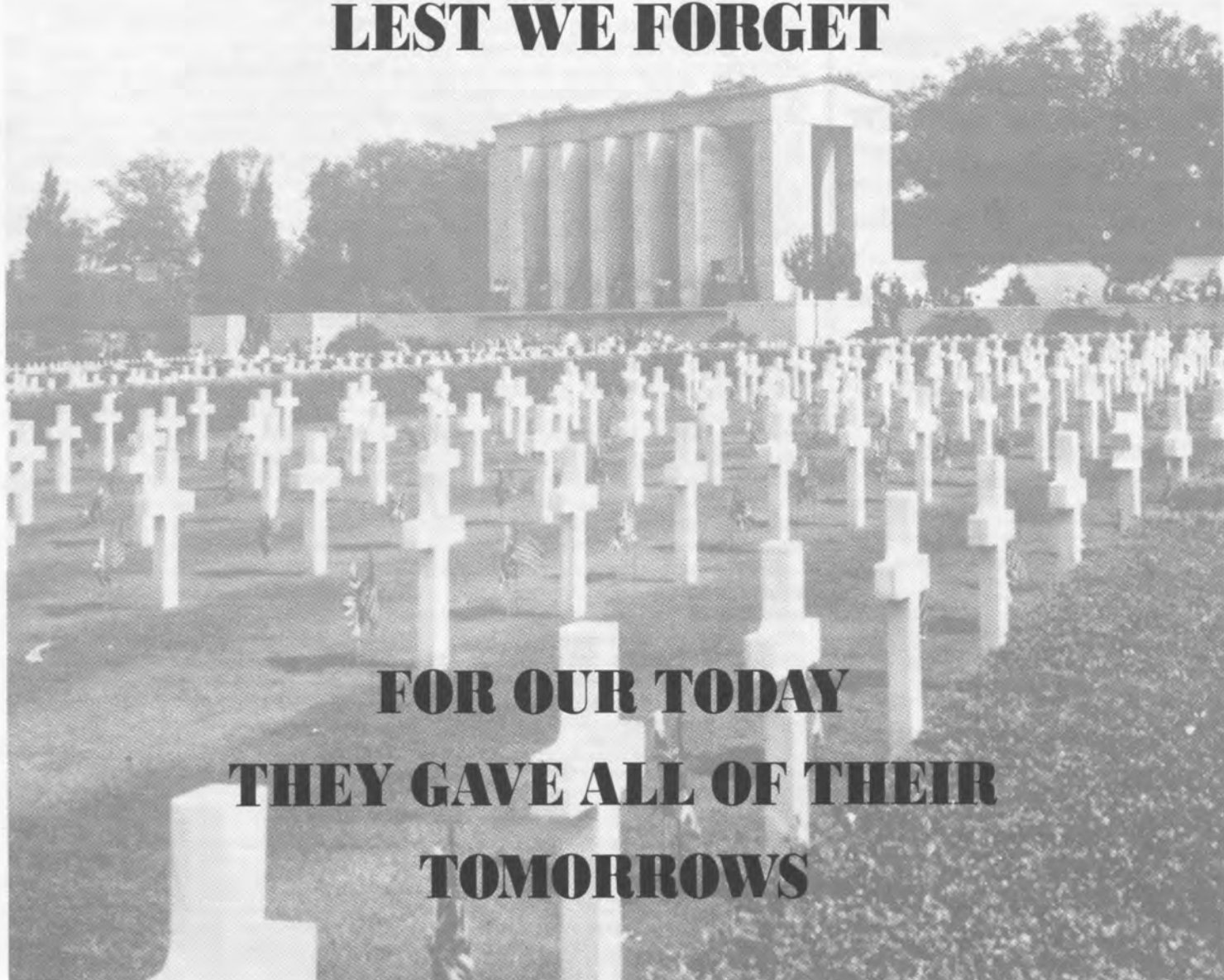


Volume 35 Number 2

Summer 1996

# **MEMORIAL DAY 1996**

## **LEST WE FORGET**



**FOR OUR TODAY  
THEY GAVE ALL OF THEIR  
TOMORROWS**

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# SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



# JOURNAL



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Summer 1996

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

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

Please submit all material for publication to the editor by the 15th of December, March, June, or September. We make every effort to mail your Journal within 45 days of the deadline listed above. Your receipt of the Journal will be anywhere from one to four weeks later, depending on the U.S. Postal Service — especially your own post office.



# President's Message: Howdy From Texas!

BY GEOFF GREGORY (467th)

First things first! Relative to my photo change in the last *Journal* I wish to report the following. At the Southwest Regional Dinner on March 2nd, picture #2 received eight walk-up votes; picture #1, zero. I knew you would be interested in this bit of information.

A few more tidbits before continuing. I call your attention to a "rash" of conventions, reunions, air shows, etc. which have been publicized lately. They seem to be "legit," but the solicitation of groups and units of the Air Force, without any particular association from the past, should give you cause to pause. They mail invitations like chaff. I suppose they are playing the percentages that they will get a certain number of takers per invites. **JUST BE AWARE THAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE NO KNOWN CONNECTION WITH THE ZADA OR OUR GROUPS. SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR THE REAL THING.**

The regional dinners seem to retain their popularity among our members. I am told that the West Coast dinner was attended by over 300, and the Dallas dinner in early March drew over 200, including the Executive Committee.

That Executive Committee meeting here in Dallas was a very productive and spirited one, indeed. So much business was conducted that we ran out of time, and overtime, as well. We were sorry that Jordan Uttal was ill and had to miss a very fruitful and interesting meeting — we wish him a speedy recovery. The whole meeting enjoyed the "VE PARADE" tape immensely. By the way, you can send an "English" version to your British friends for \$49.50 + \$5.50 shipping — contact Joe Dzenowagis, 4397 Okemos Road, Okemos, MI 48864.

I am pleased to report that the FMLA Oversight Committee presented a draft of a new agreement with Fulbright. Neal Sorensen, committee chairman, reports that pending review by attorneys, both ours and theirs, this draft will replace our old agreement with Fulbright to supply an American presence in our Memorial Room, and the first such appointment has been made. This marks the first time a librarian has been funded by the income from the American Librarian Fund, raised by the membership of the ZADA. Ms. Linda Berube (BEAR-ah-bee) of Lawrence, Massachusetts is the lucky grantee, and she is looking forward to the beginning of her service. Her qualifications are superb, and we are looking forward to her participation beginning in September, 1996. Ms. Berube plans to be with us in Milwaukee as our guest. Please take a moment out of your busy day to meet and greet her. We want her to come to know us and what we stand for.

Also in Dallas, we received disturbing news from Bud Koorndyk, our representative to the Board of Governors. A sudden and precipitous drop in English interest rates resulted in a shortfall in the Trust's investments relative to the funding of the Memorial. We have provided monies to help this situation, and relieve the pressure on the purchasing of new books. We will carefully watch the efforts of the Board of Governors to alleviate this current financial pinch. Incidentally, these above mentioned funds were a direct result of your donations given with your dues remittance. Thank you!

With the advent last year of a new *Journal* editor, it became apparent that the Executive Committee wished to make that position independent of any supervision (save that of the ExCom itself). This will require a change in the ZADA Bylaws, which will be presented to the membership at the business meeting in Milwaukee for your approval. Once approved, the new editor, Ray Pytel, will indeed be an *independent editor*. We all wish to sincerely thank the Editorial Review Board for the excellent job they did during the difficult days when we were without an editor. This board, composed of Jordan Uttal, Bud Chamberlain and Charles Freudenthal, will remain in place as a *shadow* committee, ready to step forward and serve again if needed. This committee will also serve as a primary "search" committee should they ever be needed in that capacity.

The above is just about all of the major points covered by your Executive Committee at the meeting in March. Much other general business was also dealt with at that time, and I know you would have been proud of the performance of the Executive Committee.

Oh, yes! There is one more item I wish to pass along. At the Southwest Regional Reunion, the Dallas dinner committee presented a very special LAP ROBE to Evelyn Cohen. It depicts the Lone Star State Flag of Texas, with TEXAS imprinted on the top and bottom and both sides. Evelyn has agreed to fly it outside her window when the Philadelphia "IGGLES" play the Dallas Cowboys next year! I am also happy to report that Evelyn is recovering nicely from recent arthroscopic surgery performed on her knee.

This is my last article while serving as your President. My term of office ends with the Milwaukee convention in June. It has been a great honor and indeed, a great pleasure, to have been of service to this wonderful organization we call the 2ND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION. I hope I have added a little something as I have passed your way. The president's chair will next be capably filled by a fine gentleman, Neal Sorensen. Help him with your support.

God bless you all! Take care of each other! See you in Milwaukee. ■



**CONGRATULATIONS  
Jewish War Veterans  
of the United States  
of America  
On Your 100th  
Anniversary 1996**

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

All changes of address should be sent to the ZADA Vice President Membership:

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Do not send material to Box 627, Ipswich, MA. It is being phased out, and letters sent to this address must be forwarded, with considerable delay.

# Musings from Minnesota

BY NEAL SORENSEN



*"Oh to be in England, now that Spring is here!"*

It was spring in 1944 when 2nd Lt. Edward Shroyer's B-24 bomber crew, and I as the navigator, lifted off from Goose Bay, Canada for a direct flight to Nutt's Corner, Ireland. The odds were somewhat less than 50/50, that fifty-one and a half years later, on November 1, 1995, I would be taking a different route to another part of the British Isles on a more peaceful venture as Chairman of the 2nd Air Division Association/Fulbright Memorial Library Award Oversight Committee.

The committee's assignment was to fly to London for a November 3, 1995 meeting with Mr. Robin Berrington, cultural assistant and chairman of the United Kingdom Office of the Fulbright Commission. Our mission was to seek concurrence from Mr. Berrington for amendments to our original document of July 3, 1991. The 1991 agreement was to have been the basis for establishing a full time "American presence" at the Memorial Room in Norwich through selection of a scholar by Fulbright to fill that position. Nearly four and a half years after July 3, 1991, that position was still unfilled.

As all of you who donated money to establish the Fulbright Memorial Library Award know, our purpose as stated in paragraph 3 of the 1991 agreement was as follows:

"Dedication: The award shall be a memorial to and from those who survived in honor of those who gave their lives while serving with the 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force, USAAF in England during World War II."

Mr. Jordan Uttal, Honorary President of the 2nd Air Division Association and one of its founding members, reported recently that nearly 6,700 of our comrades-in-arms who were killed in action are numbered on the Roll of Honor being inscribed for the Memorial Room Shrine. The shrine will be a special place for all of us when we visit the rebuilt Memorial Room and reflect on those who died for America. Truly, our duty, during the years God has in store for us, is to support and endow this living memorial.

Back to November 1, 1995: The three of us

who were to meet with Mr. Berrington were Mr. Chuck Walker, committee member; Mr. Geoff Gregory, president of the 2nd Air Division Association (ex-officio member of the committee); and me. After letters, faxes and telephone calls to Mr. Berrington, an appointment was arranged for November 3rd at Mr. Berrington's embassy office. We had made airline reservations on August 31st to ensure seating. Our flights were to leave on the evening of November 1st. Arrival between 7:00 and 8:30 a.m. on November 2nd would afford us a day to conquer jet-lag and review our agenda.

Traveling on Delta Airlines, Chuck and Geoff had a routine flight, arriving in London at about 7:00 a.m. Greenwich time. My story was a disaster! Arriving at the Minneapolis-St. Paul Airport two hours ahead of time, I was cryptically informed, "Sorry, Mr. Sorensen, your flight was overbooked. Here is a \$500 delay certificate. Next!" (nodding to the person in line behind me).

Patiently I stood my ground, explaining that two men were to join me in London for an important meeting with the Cultural Attaché of the U.K. Fulbright Commission. What options were available? The ticket person knew of none, so I asked for her supervisor. I reviewed the date on my tickets and the seat assignments received two months earlier. The best they could do was a guaranteed seat on a November 2nd flight, which would get me to London about two hours prior to our scheduled meeting.

In the meantime, Chuck and Geoff would wonder where in the world I was! Trying to contact their flight by aerial telephone was the first effort. No dice. Delta had no telephones on that airplane. How about through the pilot's radio? Against regulations! I set my alarm for 1:00 a.m. Minneapolis time (arrival time in London for Geoff and Chuck), their plane was just landing! Constant paging at 15 minute intervals netted no response. After two or three calls, the lovely British lady in the paging service (recognizing my voice) would say, "Sorry, Mr. Sorensen, most passengers are very tired when they arrive. They just don't expect to be paged."

As a last resort, I faxed them at the Elizabeth Hotel at 3:00 a.m. and went to bed. My friends did not receive the fax — the taxi driver dropped them off at a different Hotel Elizabeth (there are three in London). The hotel accepted them happily, sans reservations!

If you are still reading this epic of frustration, I'm sure you have surmised that my November 2nd Northwest Airlines flight took off late — and it did. We landed in London late, so hoping to save time, I hired a taxi, hit traffic, and arrived one hour late.

Fortunately, to expedite our meeting, a comprehensive agenda had been sent to Mr. Berrington in mid-October. Much of the agenda had been discussed prior to my arrival, but Mr. Berrington graciously acceded to my

request for a complete review. He understood our concern that four and a half years after our 1991 agreement was signed and \$550,000 entrusted to Fulbright, there was not yet a scholar to be "an American presence" at our Memorial Room in Norwich.

In our review, exact language changes were discussed, amended and written. To ensure complete understanding, both Mr. Berrington and I initialed the end product (with the stipulation that our agreement was the first step — both of us being required to seek confirmation of our actions; he with the Fulbright Commission, I with the 2nd Air Division Association Executive Committee). At the time this column is being written, the Fulbright Commission quarterly meeting has not yet been held. We are hopeful that they will act favorably on the agreed changes. The 2ADA Executive Committee approved the Oversight Committee report on March 1st at our Dallas planning meeting. Signed agreements, as amended, were sent to Mr. Berrington prior to his March 14th meeting — we await the result.

There may be a moral — or perhaps a lesson — to my story. As a 23-year-old navigator, our crew briefed, took off from North America, and landed in the British Isles ten hours and fourteen minutes later. No sweat!

In 1995, after 51 years of flying progress and two months of advance reservations, I reached the British Isles "a day late and a dollar short." I'm glad Northwest Airlines didn't run the Army Air Forces!!

Epilogue: Lt. Shroyer's crew led a charmed life through its bombing missions. Seven times we returned with three or less healthy engines on what we laughingly called our "Ford Tri-Motor." Our engineer, Sgt. Edward Johnson, counted over 300 patchable flak holes suffered by the tough old birds we crewed on bombing missions. Two of these planes were shot down over the target — when we were on leave. Our Memorial Room in Norwich is a living monument to those two crews and to the many others who gave their lives.

Truly, we who remain are blessed. ■

## FAIRMONT / BRUNING 1996 REUNION JUNE 15 & 16, 1996

This is a special invitation to those who trained and worked at either or both of the Fairmont and Bruning Bases during WWII — 451, 485, 504, 16, 98, 467, 456, 449, 487, 489, 507, and 508. The 1996 reunion will be held at the Fairmont Air Field and the surrounding communities. For further information, contact the Fillmore County Historical Society, P.O. Box 333, Fairmont, Nebraska 68354.



# THE EDITOR'S COMMENTS

BY RAY PYTEL

We have been called on our first "noticed" error. We forgot to give credit to Jim Goar of the 392nd BG for the GI Jane copy on page 17 of the Winter *Journal*. Jim Goar is the co-editor of the 392nd NEWSLETTER. Sorry, Jim, we usually try to give credit for every submission. This policy should please the writer, and it protects the *Journal* editor in case the article "bombs!"

We have received many favorable comments on our "Little Friends" series, and we intend to continue to print stories about their activities for several reasons — one because some of the fighter and scout groups were an integral part of the Second Air Division, and two, because the bomber crew members should know of the many sacrifices and accomplishments of our "Little Friends" (. . . *err*, *Friends*) as our crew's radio man, Tom Hart of Lubbock, Texas, called them!

There is a plethora of adventures that we did not hear or read about our "escorts for the day" while protecting the "Big Friends," plus I feel that it is necessary to "round out" and put on permanent record for future historians how the Second Air Division activities fitted into the entire 8th Air Force picture. So, now . . . encourage your "Little Friends" to send us "Their Stories!" No dilly dally!

We have also started on a series called "In Retrospect," reprinting stories which appeared in the *Journal* ten, perhaps fifteen years ago, stories which created considerable interest and comment at the time. Many, I would say the majority, of our current 2ADA members have joined since then, and I am sure they would enjoy seeing these stories "again" for the "first time!" So now you "old timers" get in gear, and tell me your favorite article or story that you feel would bear repeating for the "new crowd" and the older members who want to refresh their memories. Otherwise, I'll have to close my eyes, pull out an old issue of the *Journal*, open a page and reprint whatever "stuff" I find there! (That's my "scientific" method . . . it gets things done!) You do not have to send the story if you can give me the date and page of the *Journal*, plus the title of the article you would like to see in print again.

## AND NOW FOR THE FUTURE STUFF . . .

For the upcoming "Profile" series: Who would you like to see profiled in this future series? So far we have scheduled the Dzenowagis family, Joe, Helen and their offspring, who have been very active in providing us with many different VCR tapes over the last dozen or so years (and their son Vic with the great B-24 Schlitz promotion, described so ably by Bud Chamberlain on the front page of the *Spring Journal*.)

Not everybody has to be an actual 2AD veteran. They can be members of the Heritage League or associate members — for example, we have also scheduled Mary Beth Barnard for a future "Profile." Mary Beth has been very active as a 445th historian, as an officer in the Heritage League, as a member of the Board of Directors of the Kassel Mission Me-

morial Association, and as an archivist with the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum at Savannah. Today, she is still active in most of these jobs!

Who would you like to see profiled? It can be anyone, past or present — someone who may have been active in the various offices of the many groups, the 2ADA, or the Heritage League, someone who has worked "behind the scenes" for the good of our members, or a group, or the 2ADA, the Heritage League, or the whole Mighty 8th. There is also a gold mine on the other side of the pond!

Your suggestions are needed — or better still, write one up! I'll be overjoyed, or "joyed" to say the least!

## AIR MUSEUMS AND WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO SHOW US?

Now hear this — all of you members living near an interesting air museum, why not write up an article on what's there? There are hundreds of such museums all over the USA, Canada, and for that matter Great Britain, Germany, and the whole world! I am sure many of you readers have been there, seen everything there and said, "Why didn't someone tell me before?" Why can't someone tell the rest of our members, so that when they travel, they can put it on their agenda? Well, it's your job now. This could be a good "series" of articles . . . another future project for our *Journal*! Let's hear from you now! A hundred years from now someone may be researching the *Journal* and your article will make our "era" live for him or her. It may be your grandchildren's children.

## FAMOUS "LINES" OF WWII . . . HOW MANY DO YOU REMEMBER?

There were many, many "lines" used by the Allied and Axis powers . . . some of them were more famous than others, but all were well publicized during World War II. Here's a memory "refresher" for you! You remember the lines, now tell us the significance they had in WWII:

One: The Gothic Line. Two: The Mannerheim Line. Three: The Siegfried Line. Four: The Maginot Line. Five: The Kammhuber Line. Six: The Atlantic Life Line. Seven: The Chow Line. Eight: The "Big Inch" Line.

## ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE'S "10 CONUNDRUMS"

How many did you answer correctly? If you answered them all "right" or "close enough" you may be the winner of the coveted "First Prize!"

One: After the conquest of France, and riding high in his glory, Hitler boasted to his men, "The side that makes the least mistakes



Editor Ray Pytel and wife Twyla Kieffer. Several people asked if we'd print a picture of "THE WHOLE EDITORIAL STAFF." OK, here it is!!!

will win WWII." (Then he forgot to conquer England before invading the Soviet Union, compounded by a declaration of war against the U.S.) Quote from *WWII Magazine*.

Two: Will and Ariel Durant, historians, calculated that only 268 of the previous 3,449 years have been free of war, and none since Christ. Statistics found in the current book entitled *On Origins of War*, by Donald Kagan, Yale historian. (Blessed are the peacekeepers, for they shall forever have a job!)

Three: Hermann Goering, upon his surrender. Quote found in a Department of Defense pamphlet picked by the 453rd's Ralph "Mac" McClure. Or "A Short Life in the Fat Lane" for "old Herm."

Four: General George Patton upon taking command of the Third Army. In addition, he said: "I'll go through France like a knife goes through butter." (And he did!) From *WWII Magazine*.

Five: "14 Karat Gold" Plato the Greek philosopher, 427-347 B.C. student of another "It's all Greek to me" philosopher 470-399 B.C. Just "So So" Socrates (rhyming with mo' crates) from *Patience and Fortitude* by G.B. Blaine.

Six: The bell! named after a popular 19th century British boxer, Benjamin Caunt, also called "Big Ben" by his admirers. (He had his bell "rung" many times in his heyday). From *In Britain* magazine.

Seven: Admiral "Bull" Halsey, to carrier flyers upon hearing of the Japanese surrender. He did not believe the kamikaze pilots would give up their "heavenly destiny!" From *WWII Magazine*.

Eight: Philip Wylie, in his book *A Nation of Vipers*. This was in the 1920s . . . apparently things have not improved since then! From *Quotes in American History*.

Nine: No, not a reference to Corporal Adolf Hitler . . . this was 1916, and the speaker was President Woodrow Wilson. (They had a better grade of troublemakers then!) From *Quotes in American History*.

Ten: The Duke of Windsor, who resigned as King of England, visited the U.S. and made the astute observation. From *Quotes in American History*.

"KAPUT!" (That's the "Very End" . . . if the Germans won the war!) ■

# Report on the Memorial Trust

BY E. BUD KOORNDYK

I am sure that what is uppermost on the minds of our membership is the status of the ongoing process of rebuilding the Norwich Central Library, and more specifically the role of the Second Air Division (USAAF) Memorial Room in the rebuilding process.

The process has been systematically approached, because in order to realize the goal of attaining a "Technopolis" dream in Norwich, much preliminary work had to be accomplished. The ultimate goal is to win an award of £39.5 million from the National Lottery money. The Millennium Commission will decide whether to grant funds for a hi-tech library, visitor center and business center for the year 2000.

The first step in the process began last year by a committee, on which Hilary Hammond served, to come up with a complete program describing the needs, long-range and otherwise, of what they envisioned the new library should consist of. This task alone proved to be herculean in nature, and many weeks, months, and midnight night-owl sessions were spent to complete this chore.

Then, prior to the New Year, four prominent architects of international status were asked to make and present renderings of their concepts of what the "Technopolis" should look like and what it could accomplish to make the most up-to-date and modern library facility in all of Europe. These four proposals were pictured and thoroughly described in all of the local papers.

From the four renderings, the committee selected international architect Sir Michael Hopkins to complete the design of "Technopolis."

One of the steps taken on the financing side was to complete a matching fund program of £39.5 million, which would then match the £39.5 million grant from the Millennium Commission if approved.

Now where do we stand at the moment and where do we go from here?

This entire project is now being studied by the Norwich and Norfolk County Councils for their approval. The matching funds they must provide have been recommended by the committee and now awaits their approval.

The decision from the Millennium Commission on the requested grant should be known by the first of May.

If all financing is approved, the architect will proceed with plans and specifications, bids will be received from interested construction companies, and the rebuilding process will begin.

Hilary Hammond informs me that the goal to complete the project is still the latter part of 1999 or the year 2000.

From our point of view, it cannot proceed fast enough, considering the age of our members. Our friends in Norwich keep telling me that they are positive a delegation of hardy souls will be in attendance for the dedication of our new, larger by 50%, and more attractive 2nd Air Division (USAAF) Memorial.

A brief reminder for all group VPs whose groups are not yet listed in the Special Endowment Financial Report to consider a donation of \$1,000. Their group will then establish a corpus from which the income generated will purchase books in their memory into perpetuity. Any questions — please call me. ■

## Bold ideas, big money

The major breakdown of the £79 million project is as follows:

- £29 million for the library itself, a third larger than the old library, with 110,000 books, 220 study desks, and 59 computer stations.
- £18 million visitor center including a reality time machine to explore Norwich's past and future.
- £9.3 million "agora," a meeting place with shops, restaurants, and visitor and tourist information center.
- £3 million hi-tech business center, 300 seat lecture theater, eight meeting rooms and forty work stations.
- £6.7 million networked computer center to internet with homes and businesses.
- Because the "Technopolis" will be built over the area which at present is a parking lot in front of the old library, a new parking facility, multi-storied for 400 cars, will be built on the Chantry site opposite Technopolis. £5.4 million is the projected cost of this structure.

## NEW MEMBERS

### 44th

Myron Brewster  
Odis F. Carmichael  
Michael Fitzmaurice (AM)  
Maxine Marinos (AM)  
Christopher McKenna (AM)

### 93rd

Elden R. Appel  
Joseph Balate  
William S. Bryant  
Arthur P. Bukoven  
Joe A. Buland  
Bruce G. Craig  
Richard D. Davis  
Guin B. Ellison  
Leslie L. Giles  
Ira P. Hatch  
John A. Julian  
Michael Koury  
John W. Miceli  
Thomas R. Murphy  
Harold E. Rudy  
Jack Schmidt  
James L. Schrock  
John W. Scott  
George Shaw  
N.J. Wilson  
Dorothy H. Matlock (AM)

### 389th

Orland Call  
Frederick J. Crockett  
Raul Madrid  
William C. Stevens  
Helene A. Denton (AM)  
Teri Hucbert (AM)

### 392nd

Winston Dorrell  
Richard L. Giesing  
Harold W. Prouse  
Henry Wilk  
Thomas J. Byrne (AM)  
Emily Long (AM)

### 445th

Henry S. King  
A.R. Meier  
Frank J. Russo

### 448th

Glenn W. Doyle  
William J. Harkins, Jr.  
Phillip D. Ray  
Victor Troese  
Helen Ingebrigtsen (AM)  
Savidetta M. Sidner (AM)

### 453rd

Charles W. Cleary  
Jerry Shulman  
Rose Becker (AM)  
Scot Croxford (AM)

### 458th

Charles Dykstra  
Byron E. Logie  
Charles H. Neeland  
Alvin J. Simas (93rd)

(continued on page 7)





# NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY JAY H. JEFFRIES, JR. AND JULIAN K. WILSON

OK, Pytel, you and your "conundrums!" I had to look that word up! It was described as "1. A riddle the answer to which involves a pun or play on words." Anacreon indeed! Give us a chance, or rather yet, in keeping with the above definition, try this one on for size: On March 7th of the current year, Jay caught a slug from a round that had been fired in the ETO in 1944! Oh, Jay is doing just fine, thank you! How come?

Regardless of the fact that we have entered our period of attrition, we still have old friends who have just found us. A recent new member is **CHARLES W. CLEARY**, 5601 Glenrich Drive, Dunwoody, GA 30338. Welcome, Charles. Please join your own 453rd BG Association too. We've also heard from **GEORGE M. HABER, M.D.**, who seeks membership. He lives in Los Angeles.

We have had mail and telephone calls from **ED BECKER, WIB CLINGAN, JOHN HILDEBRAN, MARTIN JARABEK, RALPH McCLURE, JACK OWENS, REID SPRAGUE, MILT STOKES, HERMAN SUMMERS, AND ABE WILEN.**

Abe reports that some of our 453rd snowbirds in Boca Raton, FL are doing more than just basking in the sun. They are utilizing the physical presence of our B-24, "All American," and that other four-engine WWII bomber, what's-it's-name. Abe, along with **BILL EAGLESON, BOB JORDAN, GEORGE SNYDER AND TOM WELCH**, all from the 453rd, have been deeply involved in a fresh program to provide first hand orientation for 375 middle school children to our planes and their relationship to the total conflict of WWII.

This was a big undertaking that involved some fifty men representing both air and ground crews who live in the Boca Raton and Ft. Lauderdale areas. Congratulations, guys, on a job well conceived and executed!

**ED BECKER** reports great progress in his planning for the 453rd blowout in Jackson, Wyoming. The tentative dates at this writing involve September 5th to the 8th. We will be hosted at the Snow King Resort. Included is a western style chuck wagon dinner with show for the 6th, and a banquet on the 7th. A special mailing will provide you with details.

Because fall follows close on the heels of Labor Day in Jackson Hole, Ralph McClure cautions us to bring along a warm jacket to wear should we opt to take in the vista from the top of the ski lift above Jackson. Ralph and Agnes also recommend the Snake River raft float. They speak from experience.

Seems like everyone out there is researching or writing a book, or creating a memorial. One biographer who seeks your participation

is Gary Fishgall, 211 West 80th Street, #1B, New York, NY 10024. Gary is researching the life of James Stewart in preparation for writing Stewart's biography. Gary has sent us a written validation from Stewart's own publicist to carry out this work. Gary seeks contact with those of you who came into contact with Jimmy Stewart during WWII.

There seems to be a lot of inertia present with the change of group officers. Past 453rd group vice president **WIB CLINGAN** continues to be sent mail for our group. We are most appreciative of his continuing involvement via telephone and letter on our behalf. Thank you, Wib!

We also must insert thank you's to **JACKIE AND FRANK THOMAS** who handle our group roster and the collection and distribution of our group monies. **BERT BIEL** records the happenings at our meetings, and writes up the minutes for the record. Kudos to **WILBUR STITES** who creates our exemplary 453rd BG Newsletter.

Choosing not to invade their privacy by mentioning names, we still must recognize that there are several of our own who are involved with severe, critical illnesses. For them, we offer our prayers for their relief and recovery.

There is a solicitation for funds to complete a memorial to the B-17. Our rationale in mentioning it resides in the fact that a good number of our original crews had their origin as crew trainees for heavy bombardment while in B-17s. We have it on good faith that the B-17 was more of a kite that could be flown with only one hand, sort of like cruising down Main Street in a convertible. So 'cause some of you originals may have an old attachment to the B-17 as well as the Liberator, it is for you folks that we mention the following:

A partially funded project is underway with the goal being to install a monument to the B-17 in the Study Hall sculpture garden at our Air Force Academy in Colorado. The monument will consist of a 1/6 scale model of a B-17 cast in bronze, affixed atop a pedestal of polished granite. Two memorials there are already completed and in place, a P-38 and a P-47. The sculptor, R. Henderson, seeks your financial support. Get details from him at 49501 HWY 50 West, Cañon City, CO 81212, tel. 719-275-4931.

This makes one wonder why all of the B-24 people of all of the air forces don't get a similar project started for our plane. It would look really neat perched on that polished pedestal, don't you think?

Another project we have been asked to participate in calls for us to come up with the first names of the following 453rd people: **ROSS,**

**SCHAUERMAN, SIMMONS, THACH, and WALKER.** If you can provide any of them, please drop us a line.

In as much as our editor, Ray Pytel, was present at the annual Southern California reunion dinner last February at the Officers' Club on the El Toro Marine Air Station, I am sure it will be reported on elsewhere (*please see page 33*). Suffice it to say that Jay was co-chairman. He was assisted by a committee that included **DOUG LEAVENWORTH** and **DAN READING**. Their spouses, **JANE** and **MURIEL**, seldom mentioned but always overworked, did their thing too. **JIMMY STEWART**, while not able to gad about to such affairs, sent his regrets in the form of a short message that left all of us who listened to it with new resolve. It was the best prepared such message that this writer has heard in a long, long time.

If there is such a thing as an "aura" that can be generated to fill a room, the reading of this greeting by **DEL MANN** generated one, and Jimmy Stewart needs to know that he is unique among men, and loved and admired by us all. We all wish him well.

Lastly, our thanks to all of you great folks out there who continue to support us in any way as best you can. It may have only been the "luck of the draw," but those who came to be assigned at any time to Station 144, Old Buckingham, created a class outfit then, and a group that still continues to bear that tradition. ■

## NEW MEMBERS CONTINUED

### 466th

Lewis J. Venegas

### 467th

Clarence A. Barnes

Jack T. Beverly

Shirl W. Richmond

Merrill K. Witt

### 479th FG

Ray L. Shewfelt

### 489th

Walter S. Godlewski

### 491st

Alan S. Johnson

Richard F. Welsh, Jr.

Peter L. Bur (AM)

John S. Formon (AM)

### 492nd

Willis K. Dickson

Charles McLaughlin

Bill Strehorn

Thomas J. Byrne (AM)

Donald F. Evans (AM)

Helen C. Kristynik (AM)

### SM

Peter W. Alden

Ray Bowden

Milton Shalinsky

# TO BRING YOU UP TO DATE: The Roll of Honor • Special Contributions for Books The Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL, 2ADA HONORARY PRESIDENT

Although I had to miss the 2ADA Executive Committee meeting on March 1 & 2 and the Annual Southwest Regional Dinner, due to illness, my reports on the above subjects were presented and accepted as submitted. I take this opportunity to spread the word to my fellow members in this manner.

## ROLL OF HONOR

All of the data pertaining to the original Roll of Honor destroyed in the fire on 1 August 1994, plus all the hundreds of corrections, the close to 700 additions and a very few deletions, are in the hands of a calligrapher in Norwich. The contract for the replacement, on vellum, has been let (something over £9,300! Insured!!) and work has been started. The most recent word is that the work should be finished in early July, and we are assured that we will be as proud of the replacement as we were of the original.

In addition to the hand-lettered vellum edition in its place of honor in the Memorial Room, there will be a photocopy for visitor reference, and another copy maintained in another location in Norwich. Also, two copies will be coming back to us, one for our continued maintenance and safekeeping, and the other for presentation to the Mighty 8th Heritage Museum in Savannah. We are grateful to the Governors, to Hilary Hammond, and to Phyllis, Lesley, and Christine for pitching in so devotedly to the recreation of this tribute to our fallen.

## SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR BOOKS

This program has been in effect, officially, since September of 1980 when, in conjunction with the Board of Governors, we afforded our members the opportunity to contribute funds for the purchase of a book (or books) in memory of specific individuals. The honorees could be fallen comrades, wartime comrades, units, personal friends, family members . . . whomever. Since we began this project, we have recorded close to 300 such donations. Believe it or not, so far in 1996, we have had twelve such gifts, almost as many as in all of 1995! Five of these twelve have been from crewmates, five from widows, one from a daughter in honor of her father's 80th birthday, and one from a brother.

Each book so donated bears a personalized bookplate indicating the name of the donor, the honoree, and any brief details the donor wishes to include. This is a great way to honor a loved one.

To participate, just send a check *to me* for \$30.00 per book (yes, the cost has just gone



Presented to  
2nd Air Division (USAAF)  
Memorial Room  
Norwich Central Library

By (Your Name)

In Memory of (Name of Honoree)  
Details? Group, Rank, Job?  
Date of Death?

up) *made out to the 2nd Air Division Association* with specific details for the bookplate. In due course, the gift will be acknowledged from Norwich, along with the name of the book purchased with your funds, and a copy of the bookplate. Copies can be sent to the families of the honorees if you so desire.

## THE FRIENDS OF THE SECOND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL

Opposite this page you will find a message from the current chairman, John Page, which indicates the dedication of his organization to the cause of the 2nd Air Division Memorial. In the Spring issue of the *Journal*, Geoff Gregory was kind enough to include word of last November's Thanksgiving party, which is an annual event of the "Friends."

We encourage your support of this group of "Friends," most of whom live in the areas around our old bases. The idea sprang up eight years ago at the urging of several members of the Board of Governors.

Membership is available to you for \$5.00 single or \$8.00 per couple. I will accept your checks, *made out to me* (to avoid the excessive currency conversion charges on small checks) and I will remit to England in sterling.

I am pleased to add that fifteen of our Executive Committee members renewed their memberships at the last meeting, and I will welcome your participation.

I look forward to being with you in Milwaukee in June. Meanwhile, BE WELL, and take care of each other! Cheers! ■

## FOLDED WINGS

### 44th

William E. Drumel  
Jack Marinos  
Frank Orehowsky

### 93rd

Leon R. Glick  
Roland C. Shanks

### 389th

Joseph K. Wall  
Alex Zimmer

### 392nd

Ben F. Foote  
J.D. Long  
Edward J. Moran

### 445th

Roy E. Alberghini  
William P. Kane  
Oscar P. McKeever  
Donald R. Nelson

### 446th

Henry L. Gancarz  
Joseph W. Morrissey

### 448th

Richard H. Elliott  
Harold Ingebrigtsen  
Thomas J. Keene  
Henry Pedicone  
Harold W. Smith  
Archie H. Von Tersch  
Bryant Wilson

### 453rd

Peter S. Becker  
Ralph L. Colvin  
James G. Lano  
Ralph E. Woodard (389th)

### 458th

G. Lionel Goudreault  
Robert A. Hunter  
William A. Matthews  
James F. Mortinson  
John R. Sherwood  
Maurice E. Speer  
Joseph E. Swanson  
Anthony J. Vito

### 466th

John M. Capps  
Robert D. Lamy  
Harold Schneiderman

### 467th

Fred H. Deiber  
James W. Littleford  
A.P. Wheelock

### 489th

Joseph H. Hess  
Loren A. Schmidt  
Donald J. Schreiter  
Harold E. Smith

### 491st

William Craig  
Louis H. Stormer





This forward fuselage section of a rare wartime B-24D Liberator is the latest acquisition for the Imperial War Museum's American Air Museum project at Duxford.

## GREETINGS FROM THE FRIENDS OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL

BY JOHN PAGE, CHAIRMAN

Greetings, Second Air Division Association friends.

This has been a long time coming, as I have not been able to put my thoughts into words, but now have given it a shot. I might get shot down by a bit of flak from friends as well as enemies alike.

At last spring has arrived. As you walk the country lanes, the buds are showing with spring flowers beginning to show colour. It is a stark reminder that a fortnight ago, the North Norfolk coast was lashed by storm winds and ravished by high seas which breached through the sea defences, and the rest of eastern England battered by high winds and snow which caused road and rail problems. But, not as bad as the eastern side of the USA.

In December of last year, we held a members' evening where we were privileged to see the video of the parade held in Norwich last May. As many letters to the *Journal* said, many a tear was shed, and this was the case also on the 12th December.

The nights are finally getting lighter, so now the outside meetings can proceed, starting with "Model Aircraft Flying at Tibenham" (445th) during March, a visit to Wendling (392nd) on April 21st, and a coach party to North Weald for a fighter meet on May 11th.

We of the committee are hoping that these activities will generate new members.

On a personal note, I hope the godfathers of the City and County have got things right, as after all, the thing most people in Norfolk want

is our library, and not least, the beloved 2nd Air Division Memorial!

Discussions are going on locally, pro and con, about the Technopolis idea for the future of the library. We of the "Friends" were formed to support the Memorial Room, and that we will do. Our thoughts and feelings are always with the 2nd Air Division.

All the best!

## DUXFORD ACQUIRES RARE B-24 EXHIBIT

This forward fuselage section of a rare wartime B-24D Liberator is the latest acquisition for the Imperial War Museum's American Air Museum project at Duxford.

The fuselage section came to Duxford from the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. and discussions are now underway to decide how best to present the exhibit.

Little is known about the aircraft except it is an early D model, was a movie prop, and may have been used as a training aid at some point.

The American Air Museum in Britain will house Duxford's outstanding display of historic U.S. combat aircraft from a B-17 to a B-52 and an F-111. Using aircraft and other supporting exhibits, the American Air Museum will explain the significance of American air power and its part in twentieth century history. Among the specific themes involved will be the First and Second World Wars, Vietnam, the Cold War, and the Gulf War.

Following a ceremonial ground-breaking ceremony last fall, building work has progressed on the £11 million project at a most impressive rate. It is anticipated that work will be completed within 16 months and the building will be open to visitors by mid-1997.

The Duxford '96 Air Show on September 15 will be staged in aid of the American Air Museum project, which still needs £1.3 million for completion. The show will feature many Duxford-based American aircraft including the Bearcat, Skyraider, Hellcat, Wildcat, Corsair, F-86, T-33, Catalina, and the Fighter Collection's Tigercat. ■

## Thanks From England

I would like to say a very sincere "Thank You" to the 2nd Air Division Association for the truly wonderful flowers and cards that you sent to me in hospital during my major surgery in February. The flowers could not have arrived at a better time, as they came on the day after my op when I developed an infection, and they were a great boost to my morale. What a wonderful family you are to think of me at this time from all the way across the Atlantic, and Jean and I were deeply touched, as always, by your friendship.

I am glad to report that I am now safely back home, the operation was a success and I am well on the way to recovery. Who knows, we might even make it to Milwaukee, but if we don't, then rest assured that we will continue to work hard to serve your unique and living Memorial here in Norwich. One of the best things that has happened in our lives was meeting you in the Forties and having the great pleasure and privilege of that friendship continuing right up to the present day. You came as friends, you stayed as friends, and you have remained friends, and we, and our children and grandchildren, will always remember you with pride and affection. God bless.

Yours sincerely,  
David J. Hastings ■

# 458th BOMB GROUP



BY RICK ROKICKI  
BOOK ENDOWMENT FUND

There's an old saying that goes something like this: "If things were going any better, I wouldn't be able to stand it." I can say this now about our Memorial Library Book Endowment Fund. After returning from Dallas, where the mid-term 2ADA Executive Committee meeting and later the Southwest Regional Dinner was held, I had a virtual "mail storm" of contributors to our book fund. By March 8th, we had 41 responses and a total amounting to \$2,200.50 (including a contribution from a Headquarters member), in response to my last *Journal* article which stated that we were about 20% short of goal. At the Executive Committee meeting I gave Bill Nothstein a check for \$1500.00 with the feeling that we would reach that amount by April 1st. Again, may I say how proud I felt that our group came through again. The 458th just completed another successful mission.

I've been asked a few questions regarding how the endowment fund works. Very simply, the money earned in interest is used to buy books annually. The principal is never used, although the total principal can be added to at any time when the equivalency of £100 is raised. The principal is invested by the Charities Official Investment Fund (COIF). I will be advised as to the number of book purchases and the titles as generated by your contributions to this fund. Another check of at least \$700.50 will be sent to make the above total.

## GROUP & SQUADRON INSIGNIA

In a very short space of time, ALL group and squadron patches have been sold. I really didn't expect this great a response, so I immediately called my North Carolina supplier and reordered. I obviously failed to consider the number of new members we've added since the last time I offered these insignia for sale. They were pictured in the Spring 1996 *Journal* on page 28.

All insignia, embroidered in proper colors and size, are \$10.00 each, except the 8th shoulder patch which is \$4.50. Please make your checks out to me and send to 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. If you wish to call or fax to find out if your desire is in stock, call 410-766-1034 or fax 410-969-1452.

## ON FINAL

The photo at right shows G. Lionel Goudreault taking the "eyes right" salute from British military parade participants a few years ago during our "Salute to the Villages" at Horsham St. Faith. Sorry to report that Lionel made his "last flight" in February of this year. You always saw him in uniform at our reunions and conventions, and I, for one, shall miss him. I've also received word from several members who report that John Sipos and Jim Mortinson passed on recently.

Dick Butler is another 458th member who recently received his DFC, fifty-one years late. It took the House Representative from his district; letters from Bob Vincent, Charlie Aillet and George Strand; and two years of red tape cutting to get this done.

"Taffy" Hill would like to hear from other crew chiefs, line chiefs and aircraft mechanics, and in particular, Leon Fredericks. Howard R. Hill was known as "Butterball" in those days and lives at 33 Alan Road, South Hamilton, MA 01982. C'mon all you ground crew guys, let him hear from you. Maybe we can get a small reunion going. I recall Dan Roberts doing a similar get-together a few years ago.

I received a small paperback booklet (total 24 pages, size approx.

7" x 10") titled *Airfield Focus*, which features Horsham St. Faith in Book #4. It gives the history of the airfield from 1939 to the present, with some 458th photos. Included is an incident where two German prisoners escaped, stole a British training aircraft, and landed just off our field after running out of fuel. This happened in 1941. I received this informative booklet from Les Willis (an associate of the aircraft museum at Horsham) and don't know the cost; however, it is published by GMS Enterprises, 67 Phyll, Bretton, Peterborough PE3 8QQ, England.

I've had several requests for information on the A-2 flight jacket. I have order forms from two suppliers who will give you the best price available and the 2ADA will get a small rebate check. I will send you a form on request.

You may have read of the various "scams" played on WWII veterans who have sent their photos, medals, group and squadron insignia, etc. to dealers and collectors of such items and were "ripped off." I have been in contact with a reputable collector who is in my area. He specializes only in WWII fighter and bomber group "patches." Only genuine original insignia, no reproductions. I had a British paratrooper and RAF cloth wings that he bought from me, and the money went into the Book Endowment Fund. If you have an original group or squadron insignia and wish to sell it, drop me a note. I will handle the sale and it will not leave my house until the money is in my hand. You risk nothing. My original 754th patch is on the A-2 jacket I gave my son several years ago. I found out that a size 40 will never fit a 46 frame, and made it conditional that the patch stays.

Here's an example of how we get new members. I received a letter from Louie Brunner, former 491st copilot, saying that he met an ex-458th airman while on a cruise to Mexico. He gave me his name and address and I sent an application to Alvin Simas. Receiving no response, I followed up with a second one. In his reply, Al said he was with the 458th for only about six weeks before being transferred to the 93rd (apparently not recognizing that the 93rd and 458th were but two of the fourteen bomb groups in the Second Air Division). After I sent him a *Journal*, he replied with his membership application. Thanks, Louie, your help was much appreciated!

And finally, I've had another letter from the MSP; this from Florida. It had a £5 note plus a few Queen Elizabeth 32 pence stamps. It appears that our mysterious traveler may spend the balance of the winter in the warmth rather than in England, which has experienced a winter somewhat like ours. As you may know, the Mystery Stamp Person started this several years ago with the idea that he would supply stamps for those who write for answers, but neglect to include a postage stamp for a reply. In any case, he certainly proved his point and I feel it's time to thank him and move on . . .

I'm looking forward to seeing many of you at the Milwaukee convention in June. We have many 458th members who live in the area and I hope they can attend. Our last convention held in this area was in Dearborn, Michigan in 1991. See you in Milwaukee! ■





# 489TH NOTES

BY  
RALPH L. BELWARD

The Annual Southeast Regional 2ADA Reunion was held on Saturday, February 3, 1996 at the Clarion Hotel in Orlando. The 489th's Formation Fun / Orlando 1996 took place over the following four days. Working together like this produced better attendance for both parties.

Three of the 489th members attended the 2ADA dinner in Mess Dress uniforms, causing heads to turn most admirably. Photos are not yet available. The other members and the ladies made a total of 17. We had 21 register for this event, but death, illness, and the very unusual weather over the entire nation caused cancellations. Several who did make it spent nine to twelve hours in various airports, but because they were all seasoned flyers, they hung on and made the Formation. We are delighted that they did, and applaud their dedication. Many 489ers arrived ahead of schedule in anticipation of the aforementioned weather conditions, and the hotel management rose to the occasion, making room for early arrivals, with no penalty for them not being able to up pick their reservations. This is my opportunity to thank all of the members for their support of the Formation.

It was so cold that the scheduled two days of golf were canceled by popular demand, but the hospitality suite was equal to the extra time. Everyone did just what they wanted to do. Tall stories were told, old friendships were renewed, and new ones were made. The food and drink was enjoyed by all — the popcorn was a huge favorite.

Formation Fun / Orlando 1996 got off to a great start on Monday night, February 5, in the Universal Tower, Center Stage. Jim Nelson started it off with great dancing music for an hour. Tom McQuoid acted as MC for the scheduled program that started and ended on time. Formation Fun Frolics was a show-stopper. It opened with Shroyer's Singing Sensations doing two numbers: "Isle of Capri" and "Seems Like Old Times." This set the scene for an evening of fun and laughter. I did a number in my Limey accent (Dad was British) about Little Albert Rumsbottom and his parents trying to cross on a ferry. Its title was "Two Pence Per Person, Per Crossing." Gini did "When I Grow Old," followed by The Dancing Browns (I.D. & Lil) doing a beautiful tango. Then our BBBs (Best British Buddies) came on stage. It was like an old English music hall performance. They told stories and sang, complete with motions. They had everyone singing before they finished. The words were totally different from those that they started to use. Such fun! Much laughter!

Dr. Sandy Gaylord did a soliloquy on Safe Faxing, which got a standing ovation. Pat and John Lamar did a George Burns & Gracie Allen type of thing with John asking questions and Pat answering them. That rascal Pat never told John how she had changed the answers, which were all attributed to ladies of the 489th. She never looked lovelier nor did John ever look more perplexed as the unexpected answers came his way. It was a WOW. Harry Wagnon, a Georgia Cracker, did one that had us all wondering what language he was speaking. It ended with a letter from the Cracker Grandparents to a Grandson that was a rib tickler. Joe Loadholtes, our resident humorist, did a monologue about the BC that really shook everyone up. The title was "If You Got To Go, Go Early." Those of you who know Joe can use your imagination on how this was done. And so it went. The finale was the entire cast singing. All received prizes, for it would have taken Solomon to judge who was best. This was followed by dancing.

"Arabian Nights" was also a hit on Tuesday evening. The 489ers were transported by bus to Kissimmee for the dinner show, which was utterly marvelous. Beautiful horses of many kinds performed in many ways. My favorite was "Airs Above The Ground" by the lovely Austrian horses saved from Hitler during WWII.

Wednesday night was our final dinner for this Formation. For the first time we did a memorial candlelighting service. Neal Sorensen wrote and spoke the words. Mickey Baskin was Keeper of the Flame. The candlelighters were Vera Havanec, Viola Shenefield, Ed McNichol, and Dick Dietrick. The red, white, blue and gold candles stood in front of six potted white mums. After the candles were lit, from the back of the room came the beautiful voice of I.D. Brown singing Taps. Lots of mascara was running at the conclusion of this part of the service. Everyone who attended the dinner took home B-24 pencil sharpeners which had been placed at each place setting. Only one setting at each table was marked on the back with a red X, which meant that winning person took home the lovely varicolored plant at that table. The food and company could not have been better.

So Formation Fun / Orlando 1996 ended. Five men in Mess Dress added grace notes to the evening. Several others said, "Wait until next year; we will get ours out of mothballs."

During this dinner the annual raffle of the 489th BEAR, donated by Frank and Marge Hoffman, took place. This year's winner was Betty Wall. Door prizes followed. Then the crew with the most members present were each gifted with a space shuttle desk set. Pilot Pete Werdung and his crew were the winners.

As you can see, the Formation Fun dinner was super. In addition to our very special BBBs, we had children and grandchildren of members and former members. That was indeed very special.

An unscheduled event that added greatly to our Formation was the presence of the All

American B-24 at a local airfield. Several members spent close to an hour flying the Dusk Patrol in the All American, which is the only completely restored and flying B-24. We had a P-51 and an AT-6 as well as a Moonie for escort. This was made possible by the presence of Sharon D (Vance) and her handsome husband, Jim Kiernan, who are sponsors of the All American. It made this old copilot's heart speed up a notch or two. What once was an everyday thing took on the trappings of "We really are doing it again." We WWII guys are very grateful for another chance to fly in the old bird again. Thanks, Sharon and Jim!

Thus we reached the end of Formation Fun / Orlando 1996. If you are interested in joining our next Formation, watch the 2ADA *Journal* and the 489th Newsletter for dates and details. All are welcome! It's a wonderful family joined together by World War II. ■

## GETTING EVEN

BY JOSEPH DONOVAN (453RD)

The following incidents took place over a two or three week period in the fall of 1944. (I was the radar navigator aboard the Liberator involved.)

We were at 8,000 feet having just completed our equipment checks and practice runs when we became "the target of opportunity" for about six Mustangs also on practice runs. For about ten minutes, "the boys," as the saying goes, "had their way with us." Finally, alone, we headed for Old Buck while thinking of devious ways to even the score.

About a week later, again on a practice run and flying at about 12,000 feet, we spotted the Mustangs cruising sedately in formation about 5,000 feet below us.

Seizing the opportunity, our pilot did a long letdown and glided past the Mustang formation with all four engines feathered! This ended Phase I — score, EVEN. Not long after that, Phase II began.

The Mustangs decided that Old Buck's runways needed cleaning, and proceeded to do one of the finest dust jobs ever seen. I recall one "51" flying down the runway with the bottom of its prop arc not more than a foot off the macadam.

Soon after, we paid a visit to the Mustangs' home — wheels up and throttles to the wall. Sitting in the top turret, I looked UP at the guys in the tower as we flew by.

Thus the competition ended — score again tied.

Were these foolish things to do? In retrospect, yes. But then, we were in our early twenties and invulnerable. ■



## 389th Green Dragon Flares

BY FELIX B. LEETON

I have just returned from Dallas and the 2ADA Southwest Regional Reunion, which we have attended for several years. The 2ADA Executive Committee meeting was held in conjunction with this reunion, and since it was my first full exposure to this body, I found the experience especially interesting.

The picture I got of the 2ADA is of an organization of aging veterans who are fortunate enough to have an opportunity to establish a base from which we can leave a lasting record of our brief encounter with history. The centerpiece is, of course, our Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library. Bud Koorndyk painted a vivid picture of the possibilities of establishing a database that, through modern communications, will take us into the 21st century at the forefront of accessible information about the part we played in World War II. There are other interesting projects that address the same general theme, including the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, and in England, the Imperial War Museum at Duxford is underway. To a lesser degree, the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio and several other installations do a good job covering the broader subject. The Smithsonian in Washington is the most famous, but they have never heard of a B-24!!

BUT, the project available to each of us (and for the price of a postage stamp) to individually help to advance the available record of the B-24s of the 8th Air Force in World War II, is to contribute our own *personal biographical sketch*, hopefully with a picture or two, to Volume II of the Second Air Division History Book which Turner Publishing opened up to accommodate those who missed the first time around. I hope all of our members have submitted their biographical sketch or revision for this important project.

We are now getting ready for Sacramento and the April gathering of the 389th, and then — the big one in Milwaukee! By that time, it won't be too long until football season and we can start all over again! ■

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## German Government Honors Hassenpflug

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BY WILLIAM DEWEY (445TH)

On September 1, 1995, Walter Hassenpflug, who headed the successful project to erect the Kassel Mission Memorial Monument near Bad Hersfeld, was awarded the highest obtainable civilian medal by the Federal Republic of Germany "for his exemplary achievements . . . which led to former foes joining hands on the once battled-over soil in a conciliatory gesture."

The Meritorious Service Medal was bestowed on Walter Hassenpflug by District Magistrate Alfred Holzhauer on behalf of Roman Herzog, President of the Federal Republic of Germany. According to the *Ludwigsau Messenger* newspaper article of 2 September, this award was to recognize Walter's achievements as a researcher of local history and erection of the Fliers' Memorial.

"Together with former U.S. flier William R. Dewey, Walter Hassenpflug in 1990 translated into reality the idea of a joint memorial for Germans and Americans to commemorate the dramatic air battle over the Seulingswald Forest. In the process he received support from the then-mayor, Wilfried Blum; from Hans-Otto Weber, the president of the People's League of the German War Graves Commission; and the Bad

## GOtha: LEST WE FORGET, PART 2:

BY RAY MOULTON (389TH)

It appears that General Kepner beat General Ted Timberlake to the punch when it came to awarding commendations for excellence during the big raid on Gotha on February 24, 1944 (see the *Spring 1996 Journal*, page 14). It was on that raid that the 389th Bomb Group led all the groups of the 8th Air Force that participated in that raid.

We experienced trouble near the initial point with the lead crew in our first element which included our full Colonel. Apparently the bombardier and navigator became extremely ill and for some reason opened their bomb bays and bombed a target without much damage; then the lead element turned away and headed back to England. The fourteen planes in the second element realized the mistake and that Gotha was several miles away, and we headed for it. We were about twenty minutes ahead of schedule, and thus were on our own without fighter support. We opened our bomb bay doors and started a long and steady bomb run. The lead bombardier "killed the course" and drew a bead on the aiming point so that at the proper time all bombs would go in "train" with twelve bombs landing 100 feet apart for 1200 feet. As for myself, I had the Norden all set up and running. With our course accurately set I used my Norden to look ahead to see what I would be hitting with my twelve bombs. Our bomber was on the extreme left of our element, and the only thing in our path was one very large factory building. All the rest of our path was nothing but soil and grass. I suppose that I broke the rules then and there when I decided we had come too far for me to just dig holes in the landscape with my bombs. I took my Norden and zeroed in on that big factory, and at the split second that the sight indices met, I salvoed all twelve bombs at that factory. At impact the factory vanished in a pile of rubble. The rest of our element dropped their bombs in train over the major portion of the Gotha factories and within seconds it seemed that every fighter in the Luftwaffe was shooting at us. I know our element shot down several fighters, but sad to say, the German fighters knocked down seven out of the fourteen of us that had bombed Gotha.

After returning to base and a fitful night's sleep, I got up and rushed down to our war room to look at the strike photos which recorded every bomb blast from our group. I could see that ten of my twelve bombs went into the factory, and two bombs hit very close to the foundation. The records of the 389th show that the fourteen of our planes that hit Gotha inflicted tremendous damage to that target, which was further damaged greatly by the other bomb groups that followed the mighty 389th Sky Scorpions to Gotha. ■

Hersfeld Forest Superintendent's office. As a result of his research, there have been several previous meetings of former enemies, lastly on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the air battle on September 27, 1944, during an impressive ceremony at the memorial site in the Seulingswald Forest where the former victors and defeated got together for an hour of contemplation, jointly commemorating the tragic events" (*Ludwigsau Messenger*, September 2, 1995).

Although both of Walter's parents were killed during a bombing by 8th Air Force B-17s, he holds no resentment, and has been a catalyst in turning enmity into friendship. Hassenpflug has been tireless in tracking down accurate details of each American and German airman who participated in the Kassel Mission disaster, and in discovering the crash sites of every aircraft involved in the battle.

Walter Hassenpflug and his wife Liesel are expected to attend the Kassel Mission's 52nd Anniversary Meeting at the Marriott Hotel and the U.S. Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio, on September 27, 1996. For information about the meeting, contact KMMA Inc., P.O. Box 413, Birmingham, MI 48012. ■





## 491st BOMB GROUP

POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

# the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY HAP CHANDLER

*"Like many flyers, I took much for granted and for the most part believed we survived by the grace of God. Each episode, whether on the airfield or in the air, had rhyme and reason, yet my mind remains dull. I joined our 2nd Air Division Association late, therefore missing many articles which would have provided information to fill in the blank spaces." — Anonymous*

Dues are past due. Please forward your fifteen dollars to Evelyn Cohen if you have not already done so.

### 2ADA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING, DALLAS, TEXAS

I flew to Dallas the morning of March 1 for the mid-year meeting of the Executive Committee. I was one of fourteen group vice presidents in attendance. 2ADA President Geoff Gregory diplomatically dispatched a lengthy agenda containing several items of interest and importance to our association.

First, a delegation of three, chaired by Neal Sorensen, and including Geoff Gregory and Chuck Walker, flew to England and met with the Embassy representative of the Fulbright Commission. At the conclusion of this cordial and productive conference, a new agreement was reached with the Fulbright Commission regarding the responsibilities of each of the three parties involved: the Second Air Division Association, the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, and the Fulbright Commission. This new agreement, which better addresses 2ADA concerns, was enthusiastically received by the Executive Committee. Resumes of the final candidates for the post of Fulbright Scholar were then presented to the committee. The experience and qualifications of the individuals under consideration for the post were judged to be outstanding by the librarians in attendance, and the successful candidate will be in Norwich before the end of the year.

Bud Koorndyk, 2ADA representative to the Board of Governors, discussed the status of plans to rebuild the Norwich library. It has been proposed that the library include "Technopolis," the latest and most comprehensive library technology available. This will include an expanded Second Air Division Memorial Room as part of the new building. Plans for our unique, one-of-a-kind memorial are being carefully pursued. Our officers and trust representative have been most diligent in representing our interests and cooperating with Norwich in their campaign to rebuild. Just a word regarding our representative, Bud Koorndyk: He is doing a superlative job represent-

ing our association with our British counterparts. Ringmasters join me in sincere thanks and good wishes for Bud's continued service in this vital undertaking. His detailed report can be found elsewhere in this issue (see page 6).

### BOB GLASER'S CREW REUNION IN CINCINNATI

Seven members of Robert Glaser's crew had a crew reunion at the 491st 1995 reunion in Cincinnati. Five were accompanied by their wives. Harry Lundeen, retired dean of the dental college at the University of Florida, has produced an outstanding video that includes interviews with crew members and maps of the European campaign as they flew their missions. Included was a graphic description of the anti-

aircraft (flak) defenses of Magdeburg, a five-time target of this crew.

### 18 SEPTEMBER 1944: "OPERATION MARKET GARDEN"

Paul Pouwels, Mariendonkstraat 9, 5154 EG Elshout, Netherlands, writes that a "plaquette" is being considered to honor the Jim Hunter crew. It would be placed in a chapel near the crash site pending approval by the town council. Jim Hunter was the 491st lead pilot on this low level mission. Unfortunately, he crashed on withdrawal near Udenhout, Holland. Only one member of the crew survived. Since approval of the town authorities is pending, no date has yet been set for the dedication of this memorial.

(continued on page 14)



Glaser Crew Reunion (L-R): Ken Rathman, engineer; Richard (Dick) Lewis, navigator; Robert (Bob) Glaser, pilot; Wilfred (Bill) Schwankl, copilot; Harry Lundeen, tail gunner; Cecil Losee, nose gunner; and Joe Garelick, waist gunner.

### THE XB-24

"Wild Bill" Nelson's daughter, Terrie Seltzer, discovered in a Connecticut antique shop a picture of the first B-24 as it taxied from the Consolidated hangar onto Lindbergh Field, San Diego, 29 December 1939. Bill flew a later B-24D to Ploesti with the 389th Bomb Group.

Bill reports that he hopes to travel to Georgia this summer. Welcome to the land of the 8th Air Force Museum, the Summer Olympics, and the barbecue!!



## 491st Ringmaster Reports (continued)

### HERITAGE LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP

John Formon, Jr., whose father was a pilot in the 852nd Squadron, has become involved with the model makers who are preparing exhibits for the Mighty 8th Heritage Museum in Savannah. He is constructing a model of "Lookin' Good," a legendary 852nd airplane which his father flew during his combat career. In the course of John's research he has contacted the surviving members of his father's crew. John planned to be in Miami for a reunion March 22-24 with four members of his father's crew. These dates are the 51st anniversary of the 491st low level mission supporting the crossing of the Rhine at Wesel, Germany.

His father noted: "We were at treetop level doing 220 mph on the way out." *The Stars and Stripes*, 25 March 1945, which contains this handwritten note, reported that "the C-46 'commando,' giant troop-carrying aircraft, made history by tumbling the first paratroops from both sides at once." This increased the number jumping from 18 (Normandy invasion from C-47s) to 36 (from the C-46). Nowadays, hundreds leap simultaneously from today's transports. How far we have come since that drop!

John plans to bring the completed model to Savannah for our 491st reunion prior to its permanent exhibition in the museum.

### GETZ & CREW COAT OF ARMS

The B-24 crew commanded by Dr. C.W. "Bill" Getz, then a 19-year-old first pilot, decided to take a more serious approach to nose art. The result was the "Coat of Arms" shown below. This was reproduced in white leather for the crew's A-2 jackets as well as displayed on the airplane. The following letter from Getz explains:

"While at Pueblo, Colorado we selected the coat of arms for our B-24 instead of the usual female form or Disney character. Perhaps we thought of ourselves as knights of old on a mission for God and country. Who knows what goes through the minds of teenagers and barely-turned-20 young men soon to face some frightful experiences? So we selected a heraldic shield. And for the fields of the shield, we decided on four. The cross represents the spirit of prayer for the safety of the crew. We were young, and seldom discussed it, nor would we have necessarily admitted it, but we were well aware of the possibility that we could be killed. Diagonally opposite the cross is another form of "spirit," in this case "spirits" — of Tennessee Mountain Dew in recognition that some members of the crew were moved by different spirits at times. This bright idea came from Tennessean copilot Johnny Crowe. The machine gun and bomb, of course, represent the mission of the plane.

"In all good heraldic emblems there is usually (1) a family name, and (2) a family motto. These were usually in Latin. We could not quickly locate a Latin dictionary, but did find a French one. For the "family name" — in this case, the plane representing the whole family — we turned to page 13 of the dictionary and went 13 words down for the first word. We probably picked on "bad luck" 13 to show our youthful disdain for



superstition. Although in our hearts there may have lurked the fear of the unknown; outwardly, together, we were the macho guys that nobody could touch. We continued on to pages 113, 213, etc. until we got two nouns that went together reasonably well for a name, and *Le Simulacre Renégat* (The Phantom Renegade) finally evolved. Now that is pretty corny, but the process was unique.

"The motto presented a different problem. We wanted something that would include the whole crew, and express a sentiment shared by all of us. I don't remember how we arrived at the final idea, but what we adopted is very sentimental, and includes wives, families, and girlfriends: *L'Esprit Des Ceux Que Nous Animous* (The Spirit Of Those We Love). I'm afraid the language is fractured French, and we cannot vouch for the accuracy, but the crew knows what it means, and that is all that counts. We now have a new motto: *A Team in Combat — Friends for Life.*"

This crew flew its tour in record time, just over sixty days, in the summer of 1944. Bill Getz then volunteered for fighters and flew with the Second Air Division Scouting Force. The crew has had a number of reunions over the years and has just located their seventh member. They plan to be in Savannah for the next 491st reunion. ■

## An Unforgettable Ride: July 21, 1944

BY KEN BOYD (PILOT, 491ST)

The whole Second Air Division hit the front and scattered like quail. When we emerged at 24,000' I could see anything but green and white tails. After ten or fifteen minutes seeing only scattered tail markings, I decided to descend. Just before breaking out at 12,000' we experienced turbulence. Thinking it was prop wash, I descended to 10,000' where I found out they were throwing heavy flak at us. We climbed back into the overcast and took evasive action. Upon emerging once again we observed an ME-109 coming at us — it was Swiss, and this called for evasive action again as we were probably over Swiss territory and they defended their neutrality vigorously.

I asked the navigator for a heading to England, and after much confusion, took an arbitrary course. I decided we were sitting ducks up there at 10,000' so we hit the deck amidst all kinds of light and heavy flak. By dodging, jerking, and making like a fighter, we started for the coast and elected to cross it at 19,000'. There was still a heavy undercast as we approached the English coast (and unknown to me, heading directly for London).

A straight-in heading, without ten degree turns, called for this B-24 to be considered hostile. A Spitfire appeared, so back up into the undercast we went.

Upon descending again, the engineer informed me that we were out of fuel. Coming down, we were headed right for and below the altitude of a series of barrage balloons. Calling for Mayday and informing

the crew to get ready to bail out, I was preparing to bring it in on a ploughed field ahead, when an English lass informed me over the radio that I should be right over an English field.

At that time I saw an English twin-engine bomber appear to land in the woods — if he could make it in then it was worth a try. Coming in on the final approach, the field was small, bumpy, and grassy.

The ship was handling extremely erratically and I thought we were out of fuel. When we finally made the short, bumpy landing, there were about 300 people cheering us. It was a factory field where these people, all handicapped, turned out one twin-engine bomber a month.

The ailerons were shot out and two engines quit — out of gas.

We stayed there for a dinner for heroes — by their standards.

I managed to borrow 500 gallons of gas, and they replaced some bicycle links in the aileron controls. We prepared for takeoff.

Turbos cracked in to maximum, at full throttle we lined up in the back yard where the lady had hung out her washing. I would guess that some of it ended up somewhere in downtown London. We made it out, made it to 35 missions and home for Christmas 1944.

I believe the copilot on that mission was a Lt. William Martin. He was a first pilot on another crew, flying his obligatory first mission as copilot. I would bet his remaining missions would be a little less harri-some. ■



# A SALUTE TO THE SCOUTING FORCES

By ROBERT E. KUHNERT (355TH FG)

It is time to recognize a unique and little-heralded operational concept and organization, which proved to be of vital importance in aiding bomber forces to complete productive missions with minimum misses or aborts because of weather. It is fitting that we highlight the Weather Scouting Force for what became a formal combat organization that was "born" at Steeple Morden, with the 355th Fighter Group as host.

Action was begun on solving the weather scouting problem in 1943. Initially, a B-17 or B-24 was sent aloft to check weather in bomber assembly areas, reporting back on findings prior to bomber formation takeoff. This procedure left much to be desired, for weather enroute to — and over — the target was important and subject to change rapidly, not necessarily in accordance with analyses from weather farther back, along the coast, over England, and systems approaching over ocean areas. Real-time weather scouting just ahead of the bomber stream enroute, and in the target areas, was needed.

An attempt was made to utilize the fast British Mosquito from the 7th Photo Recon Group. The mixture of missions: Photo Recon, Radar, Night Photography, required extensive aircraft modification. All this, coupled with a "give away" feature of the Mosquito loitering in target areas, its resemblance to the JU-188 (a "Mossy" was shot down because of such mistaken identity), the Recon craft being an unarmed non-combatant, all merged to make this approach unsuitable.

Short-range, war-weary P-47s were used for monitoring formations in assembly areas. It finally evolved that the P-51 was the most suitable aircraft for the purpose. It had sufficient speed and range to immediately precede bombers to target areas and to scout and report enroute and target weather; it looked like a standard fighter airplane (not drawing attention to a special type aircraft); and it was, of course, an "off-the-shelf" P-51 with standard fighter armament.

And so was born the Scouting Force, Experimental Squadron, activated at Steeple Morden perhaps in early June 1944, utilizing P-51s from the 355th Fighter Group. Col. Budd Peaslee, a bomber pilot, was named its commanding officer. Former lead bomber pilots, with the necessary knowledge of bomber requirements, were selected and cross-trained into the P-51. The unit was formally organized and designated the 1st Scouting Force on or about 20 June 1944.

While at higher headquarters, John Brooks made several visits to Steeple Morden to fly a few missions with Col. Peaslee's small unit. On 12 August 1944 Lt. Col. John A. Brooks III was sent to Steeple Morden to build and command the 2nd Air Division Scouting Force. He selected nine former lead bomber pilots, while fighter pilots were received from other division fighter groups to enhance the combat strength of the Scouts.

In September, 1944, Col. Peaslee moved his 1st Air Division Scouting Force to Honington to operate with the host 364th FG. A 3rd Air



*The 2SF emblem is an appropriate selection. In early days, troops used Indian Scouts, so it was decided (we're not sure by whom) that an Indian Scout would be depicted. Where to find an Indian Scout model? It has been whispered that Major Frank Elliott posed for the sketch. We have no additional information on the heraldic significance, nor do we know the artist's identity.*

Division Scouting Force was created at Wormingford, with the 55th FG. At Steeple Morden, home of the 2nd Air Division 2nd SF, the host 355th FG established a fifth maintenance flight, designated "E" Flight, and provided maintenance personnel and airplanes. The Scouts became "part of the family."

In operation, bomber pilots flew positions 1 & 3, and fighter pilots flew positions 2 & 4. A second flight, composed of all fighter pilots, flew 500 to 1,000 feet higher, away from the sun. When a large number of targets had to be covered, a third flight would go out a bit lower (composed as the lead flight). Number 9 was a spare. Although the primary mission was weather scouting and reporting, the Scouts would fight if attacked, or to protect the bombers. In case of attack, the Fighter Flight would bounce the enemy, with the lead flight covering or joining the fray as necessary.

There are many stories of Scouts mixing it up with enemy fighters, which we will leave to follow-on histories. We will, however, cite one interesting engagement led by Lt. Col. John Brooks. One flight had departed for another scouting task, and one element of two returned to England for maintenance reasons, leaving John and his fighter pilot wingman, Bill Whalen, alone as they came upon a gaggle of more than 100 enemy fighters forming up. Instead of running, John took his two-ship element into the "V" of the loose formation, keeping his cool and holding his fire until he was within range of the leader. John ordered tanks dropped and began firing. Eight enemy airplanes went down, including the German leader and his wingman, which completely surprised the remaining enemy pilots. John Brooks bagged two, and Bill Whalen got three. There were other probables, as reported by the neighboring bombers, and some mid-air. The enemy attack was completely demoralized and broken up. John Brooks' calm, patient approach, going for the enemy leader, was a brilliant tactical move, born of a mature, experienced combat

pilot's mind. For his daring and courageous attack, Lt. Col. John Brooks was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the nation's second highest award for valor in combat. The presentation was made by the "top brass" of the 8th Air Force: Generals Spaatz, Doolittle, and Kepner.

Further evidence of John Brooks' devotion to duty occurred the day British General Montgomery crossed the Rhine. John spent 12 hours in the cockpit of his P-51, flying two missions: one of seven hours duration and the other five hours long. That takes stamina, concentration, and dedication.

The original principles under which the Scouting Force was organized and operated were sound, and proved the concept vital to successful bombing. An indication of the efficiency and dedication of the Scouts was gleaned from a report of 18 January 1945 concerning the 2nd SF. In 67 missions to that date a rendezvous with the bombers was missed only once; in the same number of missions it was necessary to turn the bombers back only once because of dense clouds from ground level to nearly 30,000 feet; in the same period the 2nd SF failed to take off only once, when a half-inch of clear ice formed on props and wings as they taxied out. Some launches were accomplished in practically zero-zero conditions, with takeoffs made "on the gauges." Combat wing leaders were completely satisfied with the results of the Scouts, and no unsatisfactory reports were received.

There is almost no mention of John A. Brooks in the published writings we've read. One of the motivating forces in doing this piece is to rectify that. John Brooks saw combat in B-24s, flying the devastating low-level Ploesti raid of 1 August 1943 (which ranks with Schweinfurt in vicious opposition and heavy losses). His grasp of bomber operations and requirements was outstanding. He recognized, early on, the need for weather scouting. John flew war-weary P-47s to scout assembly formations, thus creating his interest in fighter airplanes as ultimate tools (he had flown Gen. Doolittle's personal P-47 and P-38 while at Headquarters, honing his fighter talents).

A report written to the Commanding General, 8th Air Force, 21 April 1945, reveals that the Pacific air forces were interested in a Scouting operation. The author of the memo, Brig. Gen. Walter Todd, DCO, 8th Air Force, recommended that Lt. Col. John A. Brooks III be sent on temporary duty to the 21 (USA) "... to present the concept of operations and requirements for a Scouting Force to the 20th Air Force and Army Air Forces HQ." His reputation was well established and respected in high official channels.

A report written to the CG, 8AF, 18 January 1945, reporting on Scouting Force operations, states that in 1943, John A. Brooks "... while serving at Headquarters, advanced the idea of employing ex-bomber pilots flying fighter airplanes as Scouts."

We have no desire or intent to degrade the efforts of others who were involved in the

(continued on page 16)

## SALUTE TO SCOUTING FORCES (cont.)

process who have been given visibility in print. We respect all who participated as gallant men pursuing a new tactic voluntarily in spite of associated risks. We hope encourage future writers to grant Lt. Col. (now retired Brig. Gen.) John A. Brooks III his rightful place in history as a leading figure in the Scouting Force concept and application. If he is not recognized as the originator of the concept, surely he must go down in history as a "co-conceiver" and implementer of the concept, a most ardent proponent, and perhaps its most capable leader. John Brooks is certainly the personification of the quality implied in the oft-expressed phrase... "The Right Stuff."

As a parting note on this story, let's look at the combat record of the 2nd Air Division's 2nd Scouting Force. We said earlier that their mission was not to fight, but they didn't shirk the challenge when faced with enemy attack. You may find their box score very interesting:

	Air	Ground	Total
Destroyed	13	2	15
Probable	2		2
Damaged	5	3	8

Five air victories go to Bill Whalen; two to John Brooks, and one each to Lts. Castleberry, Ceglarski, Marmon, Rodebaugh, Wilkins, and Maj. Whitlow. An excellent record compiled under the skillful leadership of Lt. Col. John Brooks. In comparison, the other two Scouting Forces tallied a combined total of five. Interestingly, ME-262 jet fighters were bagged by Lts. Ceglarski and Wilkins. ■

## THE 2ND AIR DIVISION SCOUTING FORCE

### Commanding Officer

Lt. Col. John A. Brooks III\*

### Executive Officer

Major Frank B. Elliott\* (446 BG)

### Operations Officer

Major Robert V. Whitlow\* (458 BG)

### Intelligence/Pers

Capt. George T. Weathers\* (44 BG)

### Navigators

Lt. Jacob Abolafia

Lt. George Currie

Lt. Eleo Decima\* (458 BG)

Lt. Hoit D. Frierson\* (446 BG)

### Bomber Pilots

(with units from which detached)

Capt. Robert E. Bertleson\*† (389 BG)

Capt. Roger Counselman\* (453 BG)

Lt. Helmut Dimpfl (44 BG)

Capt. Robert A. Edmonson\* (44 BG)

Lt. Charles W. Getz III (491 BG)

Capt. Henry R. Hayes, Jr.\* (93 BG)

Lt. Hills (589 BG)

Capt. Gordon W. Lamers (458 BG)

Capt. Leonard H. Monefeldt†

Capt. Robert F. Moore\* (445 BG)

Capt. Richard Nyman (458 BG)

Capt. Kenneth Parten (491 BG)

Capt. James Stauder\*† (392 BG)

Lt. Joseph Towrey (446 BG)

Capt. John L. Weber\* (458 BG)

Lt. White (392 BG)

Capt. George Ziegler\* (466 BG)

\* Initial Cadre

† Killed in Action

‡ Experimental SF

### 2nd Scouting Force Fighter Pilots (with parent units from which received)

#### 4th Fighter Group

Lt. David R. Allen

Lt. William H. Bancroft

Lt. George W. Ceglarski\*

Lt. William E. Hornicle\*†

Lt. Walter R. Hughes

Lt. William P. Rowles

Lt. William E. Whalen\*

#### 56th Fighter Group

Lt. John A. Gerber

Lt. Wallace W. Knief

#### 355th Fighter Group

Lt. Marvin H. Castleberry (354 FS)

Lt. Richard M. Dillon\* (358 FS)

Lt. Howard E. Greenwell (357 FS)

Lt. James L. Kilmer\*‡ (354 FS)

Lt. Robert M. McLearn (354 FS)

Lt. Charles R. Rodebaugh (354 FS)

Lt. Kirby D.E. Smith

Lt. Sumner C. Williams\*‡ (354 FS)

#### 361st Fighter Group

Lt. Leon H. Marmon\*

Lt. John G. Percival\*

Lt. Robert L. Williams\*

#### 479th Fighter Group

Lt. Glenn D. Lindley\*

Lt. John H. Miller\*

Lt. Thomas H. Orrick\*

Lt. George R. Rossman

Lt. Ray L. Shewfelt

Lt. John K. Wilkins, Jr.

## A CHAPEL SERVICE TO REMEMBER

BY CHAPLAIN LEONARD P. EDWARDS (458TH BG)

Upon the arrival of our 458th Bomb Group at our overseas station at Horsham St. Faith outside of Norwich, England, the first duty of the chaplain was to report to the commanding officer. Obviously the next task was to find designated housing. Then came the task of finding the chaplain's office and the chapel.

Horsham St. Faith was a permanent British airfield and everything was supposed to be in place. The housing and office were easy to locate. But the chapel proved to be a problem. There was a beautiful chapel on the base, paneled and furnished with pulpit furniture and pews. The problem was that there was only room for fifty worshippers at a time. With some 2,000 men in our unit, seating for fifty would not nearly meet our needs.

After searching out several possibilities, the chaplain was given permission to use one of the enlisted men's mess halls for both the Catholic and Protestant services. This served us very well until our services grew in numbers

and we finally ended up in an unused mess hall on the second floor which became an adequate chapel for our stay on that base.

One beautiful spring Sunday morning, which I guess is rare in East Anglia, our set-up crew had prepared our downstairs mess hall for our Protestant chapel service. Everything was in place and the fellows came in to worship.

You might be interested to know that two dogs had adopted some of the enlisted men and came to chapel service with them every Sunday. The dogs seemed to sense the sanctity of the service and usually laid down near their new-found friends. We did have a disturbing problem with one of the dogs. I do not know whether or not dogs snore, but I do know that one of the dogs certainly breathed very loudly when he went to sleep. So his buddies tried to keep him awake during the service.

All was going well that fateful Sunday. The men were singing well and were attentive as the service progressed . . . until a cat jumped

up on the window sill. The window had been open to let some of that beautiful spring warmth in. She sat there for a moment surveying the area, and then spotted the dogs, or at least one of the dogs. Well! Dogs did not belong in her territory, so she proceeded to put the dogs out of the mess hall . . . but remember, a Protestant church service was taking place.

Not for long! A cat and dog fight (literally) blossomed into a donnybrook. How does one describe the hissing and barking, the sudden chaos? Chairs were being tipped over as the men tried to separate cat and dogs, other fellows were scrambling to get out of the area, and others were trying to figure out what was happening and where there was a safe haven.

At last, calm was established. The men who had fled the scene of combat were coming back in, and a restless peace settled upon the area.

As gracefully as possible the chaplain called for a word of prayer and pronounced a timely benediction. ■





## RAY PYTEL REPORTING

Remember the "Big Weeks" during February 1943 and February 1944? Well, Twyla and I just experienced the "Big Weeks" of '96, with attendance at the El Toro Marine Air Base near Irvine, CA on February 24, and then a week later at Dallas, TX on March 2nd. These regional 2ADA reunions included visits with several friends and former crew members rounding out the picture! Topping it off there was an Executive Committee meeting in Dallas on March 1st and 2nd. "Another day with the 2ADA!" Three weeks straight for us. There were 323 at El Toro, and over 200 at Dallas. We had dinner with our wartime pilot Jack Pelton and his wife Bette in Irvine, CA, and with radio operator Tom Hart and his wife Pat in Texas.

I have just heard from the French Air Attache with the good news that they will replace the French Croix de Guerre which was consumed by the fire at the 2AD Memorial Room and Norwich Library in 1994. It may be past the turn of the century (1-1-2001) before the new facility is dedicated, but I am trying to see if the French Air Attache in London could attend and present us with the replacement at that time. (I plan to be there — don't you?)

The French Air Attache in London presented the 445th Bomb Group with the citation awarding the French Croix de Guerre with Palm to the entire group at our 1990 reunion in Norwich, some 45 years late, because when the actual proclamation was made by the French government in 1946, the 445th BG had been deactivated for a year and there was no one around to receive the citation!

It is with great sadness that we read the obituary of one of our members, Roy E. Alberghini, who served as a lead navigator with the 445th BG. He had a master's degree from the University of Vermont, and spent 30 years in education and coaching. In conjunction with the death of Roy, his son Paul wrote to me:

"I should inform you that in my father's obituary, it was suggested that in lieu of flowers, contributions be sent to Bud Koorndyk for the Memorial Trust. You may hear from him concerning this; if I have erred in some way by directing contributions to him, I apologize. The decision to do this was made in great haste, as Pop died late Friday morning and we had a 7 PM deadline to meet for the newspaper. I tried looking through several of his *Journals* when we got back from the hospital, but couldn't find anywhere to direct our friends to.

"I have written to Mr. Koorndyk and apologized to him, and also suggested that someone might like to assume the duties of receiving these donations. As I said to him, I am sure that this situation will come up with greater frequency in the years ahead.

"Thank you for your assistance; my family appreciates all that the association does. Dad

was very, very proud to be a member. He got to see the Memorial Room a few years ago and loved it. I hope to get to Norwich one day soon to see it for myself (as soon as it is rebuilt).

"Thanks very much . . . Paul M. Alberghini, 14 Orchard Hill Road, Cumberland Center, ME 04021."

In conjunction with the above, Bud Koorndyk has told me that \$1270 was contributed towards the 2AD Memorial Room, and he will take the money over to England on his next trip.

The 445th BG has also started a drive to collect at least \$1,000 towards a Special Endowment Fund for the Memorial Trust. Bud Koorndyk suggests that each group set up a book endowment. Some groups have already completed their project! Bud has fully described the fund in previous issues of the *Journal*. Write a check made out to the 2ADA, with a notation on the check for "Special Endowment Fund," and mail it to me now!

We are also continuing the "Manna for Savannah" museum drive, and if you haven't yet contributed to this drive, do so now!

### DEATH OF OUR NEMESIS

No doubt many of you have also heard or read about the death of our nemesis . . . old foe General Adolf "Dolfo" Galland. He died at age 83 on February 9, 1996 after recent heart surgery (see page 18). (Yes, he had a heart!)

Steve Birdsall wrote in his *Log of Liberators* that "Dolfo" was very instrumental in advocating "Sturmgruppe" tactics for all his fighters, or "Jagdeschwaders." Birdsall says: "By August [1944] Jagdeschwader Four had its Gruppe II specially equipped with the FW 190A-8, a sleek, heavily armored fighter with the sole design of shooting down four-engine bombers. Their cannon armament was formidable: two 13mm and two 20mm guns complemented by wing mounted 30mm cannon. The tactic was a simple line abreast attack from the rear, to swamp the bombers. The group that would learn about Gruppe II of Jagdeschwader 4 was the 445th." We lost 30 out of our 35 Liberators, nearly wiping out the entire group! It was the new version of the "American Cavalry," good old P-51 Mustangs from the 361st Fighter Group that came to the rescue . . . like the "Army" in the old Westerns, just when the old "wagonloads" got nearly all "spread out" all over the prairie! But this time it was the Liberators and its crews that got spread out! Yes, on September 27th, 1944, the fickle finger of fate pointed at us, the 445th. It was our turn in the "fickle pickle" barrel!

The two "Adolfs," Dolfo and Hitler, did not see "eye to eye" on many issues and in the way that Adolf Hitler conducted the air war. For example, early in the war, after the defeat of France, Hitler asked Dolfo what it would take to defeat the defiant Brits in the Battle of Bri-

tain. Dolfo reportedly replied that he could use "a squadron of Spitfires!" (Hitler called his frustrated pilots "cowards!")

During the Normandy invasion Dolfo demanded that Hitler release the approximately 1000 ME-262 jets, Hitler set aside as bombers, telling Hitler that he might as well "surrender now" if the Allies were able to continue their mastery of the air. Hitler reduced General "Dolfo" to a "night fighter" commander. Later, Goering put him in charge of some of the ME-262s which Dolfo secretly started converting to their original and primary role as fighters . . . but except for a few fleeting spectacular kills, it was too late in the war to do much good. However, it sure scared a lot of us B-24 and B-17 crewmen out of our wits when one of them slashed and flashed through our formations! We should all be thankful to Hitler for another one of his great mistakes — not listening to his generals.

After spending two years as a POW, Galland decided to go "overseas" as a consultant to the Argentine government and in 1955, after seven years, he returned to West Germany and was asked by NATO to become head of the new German Air Force. "Blackballed" by the French, he became a consultant to many aerospace companies in Germany and abroad, and he continued to make friends with former enemies.

Galland's contact with former Luftwaffe pilots resulted in his nomination to Honorary Chairman. Contacts with former enemies — Britain, USA, Canada — deepened, and he received respect and high esteem from his former opponents. In 1971 he participated in the British Commonwealth Aircrew Reunion in Winnipeg. Later he lectured to many U.S. fighter groups in Germany, Britain, and the USA.

Dolfo did admit in the book *Galland, A Pilot's Life* that the jets used as fighters would not have won the war; only prolonged it for about a year. (But they sure would have taken many, many more 8th AF lives and planes!)

After the war, General Galland was a guest speaker at a RAF reunion in London. He told them about one of his "close shave" experiences with a Spitfire, saying that he could not shake the Spit off his ME-109's tail. In desperation, he used his final tactic — firing all his guns, which released a lot of smoke, making it look as if the ME-109 were on fire. Gallantly the Brit turned off the pursuit, thinking his adversary was done for, and had to leave his plane! Something about "chivalry and honor" between the enemies, remember?

Upon hearing about this episode, one RAF pilot in the audience got up and exploded, "Why you SOB, it was me that you done that to!" and proceeded to start WWII all over again!

In the late '80s Galland toured the USA and visited the EAA convention at Oshkosh, at which time he was introduced to many of his WWII adversaries including B-17, B-24, and B-26 aircrews from the 8th, 9th, and 15th Army Air Forces attending the air show and exhibits. He indicated that Goering and he both rejected the idea of shooting at aircrews that bailed out, but that some individual Luftwaffe pilots may have done so in the heat of the battle. "You probably had some of that, too,"

(continued on page 18)

#### 445TH BOMB GROUP (continued)

he commented. He referred questioners to his own conduct, described in the book *Galland — A Pilot's Life*, as follows:

"9 August 1941, in heavy air combat over the Pas de Calais, Galland downed two Spitfires from a formation. Another staff officer claimed a third aircraft. An RAF pilot was seen bailing out: Wing Commander Douglas Bader. Bader, a brilliant combat pilot with two artificial legs, struggled from his impacted Spitfire, leaving one of his artificial limbs jammed in the machine. Injured while landing his parachute, Bader was rushed to the military hospital at St. Omer. His first request was salvage of the artificial leg from the wreckage of his Spitfire. It was recovered and immediately repaired by the mechanics of JG-26.

"When Galland learned the prisoner was capable of walking on the repaired limb, he asked to have Bader brought to his headquarters at Audembert. Bader seemed to appreciate the welcome he received.

"The JG-26 group commanders also were invited to join Bader and Galland for afternoon tea. Afterwards, the commander invited his guest for a tour of the airfield installations. Bader, becoming more at ease, asked to have a message transmitted to England . . . "He (Bader) is feeling well and asks for his spare set of artificial legs, a new uniform, and pipe and tobacco." Galland promised to do everything possible to fulfill his guest's unusual request. Bader was especially interested in the ME-109 which was giving him and his RAF comrades so much trouble. He was invited to climb into Galland's aircraft, where Galland answered Bader's many questions. However, Galland was forced to refuse Bader's request to be allowed a short test hop in Galland's ME-109. That same evening, after a cordial farewell, Bader was returned to St. Omer hospital.

"Galland immediately contacted Goering in order to forward Bader's request. Communication was established with the RAF via the international rescue frequency, and receipt of the message was confirmed. This action became proof that chivalry and humanity had not completely disappeared between these two air forces. Shortly afterwards, the airfields of JG-26 on the Channel coast were bombed by the RAF; immediately following the attack a message confirmed that, in addition to the bombs, a container with Bader's articles had also been 'delivered.'

"After the end of the war, the two met again when Galland was a prisoner in England. On that occasion, the famous British pilot presented Galland with a box of excellent cigars. This was the beginning of a life-long friendship between the two."

Just like anyone else, "Dolfo" had his own ego problems — he would not acknowledge the fact that he was shot down 18 to 24 times by B-26, B-17, and B-24 gunners; it was below his dignity, he claimed. He was always pictured with a cigar in his mouth, and the planes of his squadron carried a Mickey Mouse "nose art" insignia. We must now say goodbye and adieu to a formidable and respected foe. ■

## DEATH OF ADOLF GALLAND: FOE EXTRAORDINARY

BONN, GERMANY — Adolf Galland, one of Germany's most famous fighter pilots during World War II, died Friday (February 9, 1996) at home in Oberwinter after recent heart surgery. He was 83.

Maj. Gen. Galland is credited with shooting down 104 Allied planes during World War II. From 1937 to 1938, he flew missions in support of Spain's Gen. Francisco Franco during the Spanish Civil War.

Flying a biplane, Maj. Gen. Galland dropped bombs on Poland when Adolf Hitler's troops invaded the neighboring country in 1939.

In 1942, Galland was promoted to major general at age 30, becoming the youngest person in the German military to hold that rank.

He flew combat missions over Britain and France and was decorated for his air victories. He fell out of favor with Hitler for criticizing the way the dictator was conducting the war.

But Maj. Gen. Galland continued to fly. Toward the end of the war, he was among the pilots allowed to fly the Nazis' new ME-262 jet fighter.

After his release from an American prisoner of war camp in 1947, Maj. Gen. Galland became an aviation consultant to Argentina and later to West Germany. ■

## Y.A.F. LIBERATOR AWARD

The annual Yankee Air Force "LIBERATOR" Award was presented at the University of Michigan ROTC annual tri-service awards ceremony to Air Force Cadet Marisa C. McCulloch by Y.A.F. President Donald G. Harner. The award is presented to the AFRTOC sophomore whose attitude, enthusiasm and leadership best exemplify the image and the heritage of the World War II B-24 Liberator air crews. Previous recipients are Scott C. Below, John P. Greenaway, Amy K. Jardon, Amy R. Porter, and Christopher J. Southard.

This award was originated by Harold W. Sherman, Y.A.F. Library Chairman, and was first presented in 1991. The award is a framed photograph of the "MICHIGAN," a Consolidated-built B-24J-161-CO (44-40429) bomber of World War II, on whose nose was painted a picture of a female cheerleader with a backdrop of a football game in the University of Michigan stadium. The nose art was done by Bartigan, the greatest combat artist of the war. The "MICHIGAN" served with the 64th Bomb Squadron, 43rd Bomb Group, Fifth U.S. Army Air Force in the southwest Pacific theater of the war. ■



THE GENERAL AND HIS MICKEY MOUSE NOSE ART



On behalf of your Heritage League Executive Committee I submit this article as the last of my tenure as President of the 2AD Heritage League. Having been afforded the privilege of serving the 2ADA, its veterans and their fallen comrades in this capacity for four years has been a very special blessing for me personally. While I won't be serving in the same capacity, I shall remain most interested in the continued growth of the league and its commitment to supporting 2ADA goals. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for this wonderful experience; words can't accurately describe all that it has meant to me to have been able to share life with my dad's veteran comrades and their families.

Since the 48th Annual Second Air Division Association Convention held in July, 1995, the Executive Committee of the Heritage League is most proud to report that the league's membership has increased to 810 members; we have reached 10% of 2ADA membership within eight years of becoming chartered by 2ADA. This is most gratifying, and we sincerely appreciate the support of 2ADA veterans. The league's leadership continues to believe that our organization will become increasingly viable as more and more first and second generation relatives and friends become aware of



the tremendous contributions made by Second Air Division Association veterans and their fallen comrades. In view of increased public awareness and the league leadership's continued dedication to "carrying the Second Air Division banner" into the 21st century, we are ensuring that 2AD veterans and their fallen comrades *will not be forgotten*.

In 1992 the league's first executive committee, comprised primarily of children of 2nd Air Division personnel, took the helm of the league. At that time, we pledged to seek a location wherein 2ADA veterans and their fallen comrades would be paid homage to in

a manner similar to the marvelous Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library. As you are aware, the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum is being dedicated in May, 1996; thus another of our primary goals will be met. While this very special museum represents a most deserved tribute to Eighth Air Force veterans' contributions and sacrifices, the really dedicated support of this long term goal *must be ever ongoing* if we are to have their heritage become alive in the minds and hearts of American youth. The league pledges its continued support of the museum in whatever manner needed to ensure that Second Air Division personnel "live on into perpetuity!"

We are most pleased with the slate of nominees for the Heritage League Executive Committee for 1996-1997. Installation of the elected members will take place at the 49th Annual 2ADA Convention in Milwaukee this June. If anyone is interested in offering his or her services to the league in the capacity of an officer or as a subcommittee member, please contact Jeane M. Stites, 9334 Kahl Road, Black Earth, Wisconsin 53515.

Once again, on behalf of the 2AD Heritage League Executive Committee, *so proudly we hail and support Second Air Division Association veterans and their fallen comrades.* ■

### 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 below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Work Phone \_\_\_\_\_

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, or any group thereunder. 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.

There was no particular reason to expect this day would be any different from any other of recent memory. Since I had been made squadron navigator of the 700th Squadron, 445th Bomb Group (H) of the Mighty 8th Air Force, things were kind of out of control anyway. The responsibilities of training replacement crew navigators, mission lead responsibilities, briefing responsibilities, and just getting to know my new crewmates, were providing any number of what would, in later years, become known as "Maalox moments."

My former lead pilot, Captain Lewis P. Merrill, and the rest of his crew had finished their tour on the 13th of September, 1944. In the process of finding me a new crew assignment with 21 missions behind me, the squadron C.O. had made me squadron navigator (one of my ambitions). After flying first with Tieber, then with Strickland, and then with Heitz, I was finally assigned to Steve Tieber and his lead crew. They were equipped with "Mickey," so now with pilotage and radar navigation assistants to help with my DR navigation, I thought life should be a little brighter if I could just make myself acceptable to the Tieber crew!

All lead crews had to fly their equipment each day, weather permitting, even if not on a combat mission. The previous day, in addition to check-flying our own equipment which proved to be 100% combat ready, I only had two replacement crews to fly with, check out their navigators and sign them off. Following our own equipment check, I took my first ride late that morning and they checked out OK. On the afternoon check ride, however, and after we were airborne, I was advised by my "student" that he would be unable to do any pilotage for me because he didn't have any maps! Since I did have mine, after I lectured him on always having the local area pilotage maps in the flight bag, I gave them to him and told him I wouldn't need them back. I'd simply replace them that evening when I went through the navigation shack.

The next morning, our lead crew day had begun normally when we were called an hour earlier than the rest of the squadron because "lead crew briefing" always preceded the main briefing. The first abnormal thing occurred when we had difficulty finding the latrine because of the fog. Right on the heels of that shock, the next whammy came when we had to shower and shave with cold water. The orderly had just arrived and had yet to get the coal fire heated water started. A week or so earlier, I had tried to fly at altitude without having shaved, and a sweaty oxygen mask at minus 40 degrees C taught me to never try that again! During our weather briefing we were advised that the ceiling would be "marginal" at takeoff time but the target was important and if it did lift to minimums locally (300 feet), the mission would go because Europe was CAVU.

I can't recall now what delayed me (another anomaly?), but I was late getting to my locker to pick up my gear (helmet and oxygen mask,

## ONE MORE REASON THE B-24 REALLY WAS BETTER

BY R.F. (DICK) GELVIN (445TH)

heated suit and boots, mission kit, custom-fitted parachute harness, Mae West, etc.) Anyway, someone had borrowed my chute harness which I kept on top of my locker. I rushed into Supply, grabbed the first one I came to, making sure it had "loops" and not "clips," jumped into our jeep and headed for the ship.

When we got there, I ducked into the nose wheel well, threw all my stuff into the nose compartment and then went on back, crawled up to the flight deck and settled down to wait for the takeoff. Even though the ceiling was still "zero" through the soup it was getting gray outside with the coming of dawn. It wasn't long before we were advised to start engines and the mission was on.

Having taken our proper place in takeoff order and with a green light, Steve poured on the coal and we lumbered down the runway . . . and lumbered, and lumbered, which was normal with a full load of bombs. When we finally broke ground and as I started toward the nose, the bombardier asked me if I'd pull the bomb safety pins for him. While this did take a little time, I said "No problem," and upon completion of this (crew relations) effort, handed him the pins and proceeded to the nose. Glancing out the right observation window as I passed, I noted we were already into the "soup," though it was noticeably lighter. I pulled out my pencils, charts, E6B (the then-modern day, navigator's computer), turned on my "G-Box" so it could warm up, and proceeded to get ready for business.

We had been airborne for at least 10 to 12 minutes by this time and I finally noticed my altimeter, which I had our crew chief relocate to the back corner of my work area. To my surprise, it only registered 160 feet, even after I tapped on it a couple of times. I knew it was working the day before, and I had set the pressure reading. Part of my job included making a log entry of our altitude every ten minutes, but rather than abort for something that simple, I thought I could just call the flight deck for a reading.

My radio was on the "command" channel, so I had to switch over to intercom to let them know I would be bothering them every ten minutes and why. When I switched channels I came in on the end of a conversation in progress: ". . . and bail out!" This really got my attention, so "Navigator to pilot!" I signaled.

"This is the pilot — what do you want?" Steve replied.

"Well, first off I want to advise that my altimeter isn't working and I'll have to get a reading from you guys every ten minutes. My question is, what's this bail-out business?"

Tieber came back, "What does your altimeter read?" "One hundred sixty feet," I replied.

"There's nothing wrong with your altimeter, and to answer your question, if we can get enough altitude in this bucket of bolts, we are going to bail out! I have a real bad vibration and while we did manage to clear the trees, I'm having a hell of a time keeping this thing airborne, let alone get my altitude!"

For some reason, I stuck my head up in the astrodome and looked aft. From that position one can see about the top four inches of each rudder. I advised Steve, "The right rudder is vibrating very badly but the left one is steady." The engineer went back to the waist and finally into the tail turret for an even better look. He reported that there appeared to be something wrong with the trim tab on the right rudder. By now we had almost 500 feet altitude but were still totally in the soup! Steve said that when we got to 800 feet he was going to order everyone over the side.

Now I was going to accomplish another of my ambitions, in that I had been looking for an excuse to join the Caterpillar Club ever since I started flying! I got the substitute harness off the floor where I'd thrown it and put it on. Jesus, even with the take-up totally in place, the leg straps were clear to my knees! Putting my headset back on, someone in the waist was already saying he *wouldn't jump!* I chimed in and said, "I have a problem!" At almost the same time, Steve said the vibration had gone away and we were climbing in almost a normal fashion. Following another trip aft, the engineer reported the whole rudder was gone from the right side.

At about 3000 feet we broke through the first layer of clouds, but within another 600 feet we were back into a second layer. It was also about this time that the copilot reported the mission had been recalled, so now we could start to worry about other airplanes that might be letting down, trying to find their way home.

With 3000 feet, a couple of reluctant "bail-outees" and a load of bombs (with safety pins removed), somewhere over East Anglia, our crew began to think a little more clearly and sweat with a little more profusion. "Give me a heading to the Wash," Steve requested. "After we get rid of these bombs we won't make quite as big a bang if we do hit something!" "Take mag heading 035," I replied without even looking at a map. One thing I learned early was, when the pilot wants a heading, he means *now!* A correction will be acceptable later if necessary. I proceeded to dig through my stuff for my pilotage maps — NOTHING!!! Oh yeah — that student yesterday that I lectured about *always* having local maps, before proceeding to give him mine. I had forgotten to pick up a new set of my own. *Can't do anything about that now*, I thought to myself.

(continued on page 22)



Once upon a time, in 1944, there was a terrific "swinging" big band based at North Pickenham, England. The G.I. musicians came from all parts of the U.S.A. with ranks from PFC to Captain.

While in England, at that time, every musician in the Army Air Force usually headed for the Red Cross club as soon as he had unpacked his barracks bag. One of those musicians was a piano man, Lt. Elwood Morris Jones, Jr., "Jonesy" to his friends, stationed with the 491st Bomb Group at Metfield.

During one of his trips to London, while

put in charge of the band, since they were always available. The band continued as "The Rhythm Bombshells" and went from eleven pieces to at least fourteen pieces before disbanding in July, 1945 when many of us left for the States on the famous troop ship *The Queen Mary*.

The band was privileged to have a terrific assortment of stock arrangements (charts), many Glenn Miller originals, which helped make The Rhythm Bombshells a great sounding band. The more we played, the "tighter" we became. At North Pick, the band played

Ottumwa, Iowa, who would "pull rank," then we would get our "wheels."

Jonesy, our piano man, recalls sitting on his bunk early one morning and taking off his shoes after a band job, when the orderly came in to call for a mission. Fortunately, he was able to take a good nap in between briefing and "start engines." He also recalls a couple of humorous events:

At one job, the piano was so flat that he had to transpose "up a step" so the band could tune to it. Then, after we played in a band contest, Lt. Bill McClelland, our trombonist, fell backwards off the stage and wound his trombone around his neck. No, he wasn't hurt, but he had to go to London to get his trombone straightened out.

Jonesy and Bill McClelland met at the 1985 reunion of the Second Air Division Association and both agreed that the band kept all of us sane through those stressful days and nights.

Chris, now of Malden, Massachusetts, has been in touch with the following former band members: Elwood Morris Jones, Jr. (piano); Donald M. Whited (bass); Laverne Sevilla (tenor sax); William McClelland (trombone); Carl Lepon (alto sax); and Russell Hellwig (drums). If you know the whereabouts of any of the other members of The Rhythm Bombshells of North Pickenham, or can identify any from the 100th mission party photo, please write to Chris (Drake) Dracopoulos, 39 Harris St., Malden, Massachusetts 02148. We would be most grateful!! ■

# the Rhythm BOMBHELLS

## 491st Bomb Group, 1944-1945

BY CHRIS (DRAKE) DRACOPOULOS

at the officers' mess hall in the Mt. Grovenor House Hotel, he met an old college chum. He turned out to be the Director of Military Bands in London and was friendly with the SHAEF Special Services Officer.

Soon thereafter, "Jonesy" had enough instruments and stock arrangements at Metfield to start rehearsals. They named the band "The Rhythm Bombshells." The band members were evenly divided between the operational crews and the ground support, and rarely did a mission interfere with their band jobs.

This was also true when the 491st was transferred to North Pickenham after their bomb dump blew up at Metfield in August of 1944 and they replaced the 492nd, which had lost more planes in combat than any other bombardment group in U.S. history (in three months of combat missions).

Chris (Drake) Dracopoulos was assigned to Station Defense in February of 1944 and worked with Special Services at North Pick. He was the drummer who led a small band that played for base dances, and was the master of ceremonies at the weekly "record hops" in the Enlisted Men's Aero Club.

The local pub in the nearby town of Necton was one of the "in hangouts" where on many nights, while on a six hour pass, Chris played the badly out-of-tune piano. G.I.'s from North Pick and Watton, "chicks" from the A.T.S. (Auxiliary Territorial Service, England's WACs), stationed nearby, and "old timer" locals gathered for "mild & bitters" (we Yanks paid for many of them) and a lot of hours of "sing-a-long"!! Does anyone remember those nights???

When the 491st arrived at North Pickenham, around the second week of August, 1944, Chris and Tommy Young, the guitarist, were

for weekly dances at the enlisted men's aero club and the officers' club.

One of the highlights was playing for the 491st 100th mission party, which was a resounding success. Between April 25th, when the missions ceased, and July 1945, we booked the band to play for dances also at neighboring bases which were not fortunate enough to have a base band of their own. Needless to say, we were greatly appreciated. At times the motor pool would give us a hard time when we requested transportation. Chris would call on Lt. (later Captain) Kenneth "Red" Plummer, our tenor sax and trumpet player, a native of



The Rhythm Bombshells perform at 491st's 100th mission party. Back row (l-r): Capt. Donald Whited, Chris (Drake) Dracopoulos, Tommy Young. Middle row (l-r): Capt. Kenneth "Red" Plummer, S/Sgt. William "Bud" Babcock, ???, Lt. William McClelland, ????. Front row: Lt. Eddie Zysko, Sgt. William K. Carithers, Lt. Thomas Parker, Jr., 1st Lt. Emanuel M. Knobloch, M/Sgt. A.K. "Pete" Chauvin, ???.

# A COINCIDENCE NONPAREIL

by Ralph "Hap" Nicholas, Jr. (448th)

On October 26, 1995, while attending the fall luncheon of the Western Pennsylvania Wing of the Pennsylvania Chapter of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society in Monroeville, PA, a group of veterans, some with their wives, perhaps eighty in number, settled down randomly at tables for eight. After having enjoyed the buffet, we settled back comfortably to reminisce, as we do quarterly each year.

To set the tone, I had arrived in England in December of 1944 having survived a disquieting voyage on the high seas of the North Atlantic aboard a troop ship called *The New Amsterdam*.

The 8th Air Force, based throughout England, was comprised entirely of American personnel. I was a B-24 Liberator bomber navigator assigned to the 714th Squadron of the 448th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, at Seething Air Base just outside of Norwich, and had 21 missions over Germany by the time the war ended.

Two seats to my right at the reunion luncheon sat Tony Chardella, who, during WWII, was assigned to the 359th Fighter Group, a P-51 Mustang base at Thetford Field, located a short distance from East Wretham, England.

He said to me, "Hap, did you ever, while waiting your turn to become airborne, bomb racks loaded and the four engines 'revved to maximum,' tear down the runway and not get off the ground?"

I pondered his question for a few moments and replied, "We might have, Tony, but frankly I don't recall."

"But," I continued, "I can recall an incident which is sort of the reverse of your question. We were returning from what had been an exceptionally long mission and were circling over our airfield, as were the other Liberators in the bomb group, preparatory to landing. We

**I can still see Tony's widened eyes and his mouth agape as I regaled him with my tale, after which he blurted, "WAS THAT YOU?!"**

were low on fuel, and I can still see our engineer, Rufe Nichols, frantically pumping the last of the vapor into the four engines, with first one engine 'conking out' and then another, so that our pilot, Tom Horton, had no choice but to 'peel out' of the formation and look for an emergency landing area, which fortunately we found, some miles away. But having minimal power and thus little control of the airplane when we spotted a landing field, we were forced to land on the last *half* of the runway.

"I was standing on the flight deck between the pilot and our copilot Ed Schreiber as we hurtled toward the concrete at what seemed to be a 45 degree approach.

"With minimal time to react, they pulled back on 'the stick.' We hit the deck, and I can still see their four feet pressing the brake pedals

as we bounced toward a thicket with the forest looming behind it. Just as we lurched off the end of the runway the right tire blew, which caused us to 'groundloop.' We spun like a top on the tire rim before coming to a stop in stunned silence . . . not fifty feet from the thicket! Though none of us were hurt, we were shaken to the core."

I can still see Tony's widened eyes and his mouth agape as I regaled him with my tale, after which he blurted, "WAS THAT YOU?!" When my gooseflesh subsided, I learned that he and several of his buddies had observed

the entire sequence of events and were uncomfortably standing not many feet away from where our bomber came to rest.

His version differed slightly from mine. They watched the right wing hit a wooden shack, with a reverberating crack after which the right tire blew, causing the spin.

Our ten-man crew, chilled to the marrow and in abject silence, was trucked back to Seething after dark. We were indeed "counting our blessings."

I close on a jocular note:

Tony informed me that since the plane was beyond repair, they "liberated" our fifty caliber machine guns (presumably to be fitted to the fighter planes) and our survival rations. He grinned and said, "We particularly enjoyed the candy!" ■

## ONE MORE REASON (continued)

I didn't tell anyone about my problem, thinking it would only make the issue more cloudy (that's a pun, son). I just got out my area maps with G-Grid lines on them and started plotting fixes. With three or four in a row, I could lay a straight edge next to them and not only see where we were, but where we were headed as well.

Someone suggested putting the pins back in the bombs before we dumped them, and to this day I don't recall what they did with those pins. We did stay between the cloud decks, which at least reduced the collision problem. I was taking a "G" fix about once a minute, and after we were 45-50 miles out over the sea, I advised Steve that it was OK to dump the bombs. I noted in my log where we unloaded, hoping if there was anything down there, it would be a German sub and we could claim a sinking! And another dangerous situation was passed.

Steve then asked for a heading to the nearest air base. This was going to take a few minutes, because air bases were not on the area G map. I had to locate one on a different map, then plot its location on the G map. I gave him a heading of 180 mag, pending location of "the nearest air base."

While I was finding, plotting and calculat-

ing, the rest of the crew was comparing bank rolls! The bottom line of that discussion was that between everyone on the crew there was only about two pounds six, and they couldn't see how we could "go visiting" on that! Then I heard, "Pilot to navigator . . ."

"Navigator! Go," I replied.

"Give me a heading home!"

"Roger! Take mag heading 138 degrees, ETA 22 minutes."

From there on it was downhill all the way. Steve began letting down at the same time as we headed for the "Barn" and I continued to plot "G" fixes in very rapid succession. As we approached the field, our indicated altitude was now down to 300 feet, but there was absolutely *nothing* visible below us. When Steve called the tower, he was surprised to hear they were worrying about us! It seemed there had been a "midair" and since we had not reported in, they were wondering if it involved us.

Having let down now to 150 feet and still getting only glimpses of the ground, I advised we were in the vicinity of the field, which Steve, in turn, relayed to base, requesting flares which might help. Everyone was looking out the windows for something familiar when a "yellow-yellow" almost hit us. With that, Steve knew where we were in relation to the runway, and turned in to land, which happened without

further incident.

As we taxied into our hardstand, a jeep pulled in beside us. It was our new Squadron C.O., Johnny Burke. After raising hell in general for not acknowledging the recall, etc., etc., Steve finally got through that our interest was not in the mission but just in saving our collective ass(ets).

When the smoke cleared from that tirade, everyone walked back to the tail to look at the right fin without the long departed rudder. Walking over to the left side, Burke reached up and grabbed that rudder, saying something like, "I guess you were lucky to have this one in place." As he grabbed the fin, the whole tail assembly moved on its mountings!!

"Jesus, it's a good thing you got on the ground when you did — this thing wouldn't have held together another ten minutes!! You guys better take seven days R&R and get this one behind you!" was Capt. Burke's response.

We immediately decided we wanted to see Scotland.

→ → → →

*While we were on R&R, an investigation found that an ammo truck had backed into the right rudder the previous night. An "in the dark" inspection at the time did not reveal the broken trim tab control arm. ■*



## Attlebridge Tales



by Earl Wassom

Two very basic goals taught to everyone entering military "boot camp" were: (1) to destroy the capability of the enemy and thereby end hostilities, and (2) to ensure that our safety was secure. In other words, "get the enemy" and "save our hide." I was impressed with this philosophy. And to reinforce this idea, the "makers of war" since the beginning of time have tried to protect their warriors by providing fighting gear to save and protect them; from the armor worn by Egyptian and Babylonian charioteers in times past to bomber crews of B-24s flying over Germany in the 1940s.

The designers of aircraft "built in" redundancy systems, i.e., dual ignition systems for the engines; ways to get the landing gear down if the hydraulic system failed to work; fire extinguishing systems; and self-sealing fuel tanks; just to name a few. Having ten 50 caliber guns on board was comforting when attacked by incoming German fighters, and even more comforting were the "little friends," our own P-38s, P-47s and P-51 escorts. But flak was another matter. Whether it was box (barrage) flak or tracking flak, there was really no defense against it.

But help was on the way. Creative RAF scientists came up with the idea that by jamming the German radar that controlled the aim of the AA gunners on the ground, some confusion would be created. It was tested by the RAF on their night missions and the idea was soon incorporated by our own USAAF planners to use on daylight attacks.

When this system was adopted, our B-24s began carrying this RAF devised counter-measure equipment. Designated aircraft in each formation were equipped with a metal chute located in the waist of the aircraft to distribute "chaff" (called "windows" by the English and "angel hair" by the Germans) composed of small metal strips of tin foil. This was thrown from the plane as the target or a "flak pocket" was approached. As this "chaff" (held together in bundles of a few hundred each) hit the slip stream, thousands of false blips appeared on the enemy's radar screens. This simple system was effective! Aircraft losses due to flak were reduced dramatically. It was amusing (if one can be amused over a target deep in Germany with flak guns pumping hundreds of 88mm shells a minute) to watch the formation ahead of us increase the amount of chaff dumped as the sky grew black with flak. In our aircraft, my two waist gunners provided interesting "talk show" entertainment to the rest of the crew as they operated their "bucket brigade" sowing chaff. Once safely home, these two crewmen confided that as soon as the chaff left the aircraft, they felt their anxieties ease "knowing" that flak was being diverted away from them.

The men of the ground echelon felt concern for our safety as well. Irv Schreiber, in a letter to me, declared that his story would not have the "dramatic appeal" provided by typical combat missions. As a radar mechanic, the major part of Irv's work was to service radar gear on the aircraft. As chaff was introduced, this was something vaguely related to his specific duties and was apart from his radar assignment. Yet, Irv made it his responsibility to verify the chaff dropoffs on each aircraft both on and off missions. Chaff was packed in cardboard containers approximately 2' x 3' in size. He drove to each aircraft in a weapons carrier loaded with boxes, and added or removed chaff as it was warranted. Short missions into Germany with little expected flak received six cartons for each aircraft, while deep penetrations into enemy territory received ten cartons. Irv stated that "it felt good to know that the availability of chaff helped air crews' chances to return on missions."

And many, many other factors helped us to return. The fuel tanks and oil reservoirs were always filled; the oxygen supply was replenished; bombs were secured on the racks in the bomb bay; ammunition, medical kits and food supplements were on board; and the crew chief and his assistants, who often

receive the accolades, press coverage, and medals . . . but Irv Schreiber failed to note the "dramatic appeal" the ground echelon personnel had for those of us who flew the planes they cared for and maintained. They had no control over our destinies once we were airborne, but they stood confident that they had made their aircraft airworthy and were proud as their aircraft lifted from the runway. When the mission returned, they inwardly celebrated when "their" air crew taxied in and gave a thumbs-up signal to them that all went well. We who flew recognized and still honor the value and valor of these dedicated men of the ground echelon.

### GETTING AROUND

This year the Second Air Division Association Executive Committee held their mid-year meeting in Dallas, Texas. On Thursday, February 29 and Friday and Saturday, March 1 and 2, we enjoyed three productive business sessions. Saturday afternoon, 2ADA members began gathering at the Sheraton Grand Hotel, Dallas-Fort Worth Airport for the 12th Annual Southwest Regional Reunion. I was pleased when I looked over the roster of attendees to find listed from the 466th BG the following: Frank Bostwick, Rod Darelius, Henry Grady, Irvin Gratch, Perry Kerr, Gerry Merket, Rob-



ONE OF THE "CASTLES ON THE PERIMETER"

worked all night, were standing by. These were deliberate acts performed by ground echelon personnel. They "sweated us out" and their dedication made our return possible. Those who were aircraft crew chiefs, responsible for the maintenance of the engines and airframes, literally lived with their planes. Near the revetments and close to their aircraft, they constructed their own housing which they affectionately called "castles on the perimeter." These "castles" were made from cast-off crating, discarded airframe parts, worn-out engine oil which fueled their heating systems, and as a spin-off from the "chaff" project, they used the cardboard boxes to insulate their home-away-from-home.

In the eyes of the media reporting on the air assault against Germany, the air crews did

ert Pettersen, Elmer Romigh, Andrew Talafuse, James Walker, Howard Reichley, and, of course, Bill Nothstein and I who were with the Executive Committee. With the members were their wonderful wives, guests, and families. On Sunday morning, those who had not yet left for home gathered for breakfast together. As in the case of the Midwest Regional Reunion and the Florida Regional Reunion which I have had the privilege of attending, I always find it a real joy to meet 466ers that I did not know during those hectic 1944-45 years in England.

### CORRECTION

Henry Tevelin was the wing lead navigator with the Tikey crew on the 11 June 1944 mission to Blois, France (see the Spring 1996 issue of the Journal, p. 27). Sorry for the error! ■



## Open Letter To the 93rd

BY ALFRED ASCH

It has been a cold, hard winter here on the East Coast, especially where Naomi and I live at Rockville, MD. We are looking forward to attending the dedication of the Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum at Savannah, GA on May 13, 1996 and the 2ADA reunion in Milwaukee starting June 12, 1996. Naomi and I delivered all the items for our display case to the museum on the first of March, 1996. I have been informed by the museum staff that they were going out on contract to have the case built and, I believe, to have our items professionally mounted in the case.

Cal Stewart has assured me that the printing of our history book was on schedule for publication in April 1996. He requests that all of us make certain he had our correct address for mailing the book. His address is: P.O. Box 631, O'Neill, NE 68763. Hopefully you will have received your book(s) by the time you receive this *Journal*. You will recall that I ordered books to donate to USAF and other organizations that will make good use of our history, to leave a legacy for generations to come about our prestigious B-24 Bomb Group, Ted's Traveling Circus.

I have committed to helping build up our museum at Hardwick, the 93rd Bomb Group Museum, Station 104, Hardwick, Norfolk. For those of you who have not returned to England since WWII, Dave Woodward bought our old airfield years ago for a farm and has preserved several quonset huts and one of the mess halls. He and Paul Thrower are working to build up our museum in the quonset huts and to some extent, the mess hall. Parts of the runways at the intersection remain. I have copies of material given to the 8th AF museum for our display and have offered Paul Thrower these items. As of this writing, I have not heard from Paul.

I have received a letter from Luc Dewez, 8 Paul Pastur Street, 5190 Ham-sur-Sambre, Belgium, asking for information about the 93rd as it relates to raids against targets in Europe. He holds conferences about the war and is trying to get better pictures about B-24s to supplement those he gets from books. I am suggesting to him that he buy our history book, which is a good account of our group. However, if any of you have pictures you want to send to him, please do so.

Naomi and I attended the regional reunion in Orlando, Florida on 3 February 1996 and had a very enjoyable time. A note from Therese Nefcy (Mrs. Girard Nefcy) sums up our feelings better than I could, so I quote:

"We recently gathered at the 2ADA regional reunion in Orlando on February 3. The following crew members of B-24 air crew FF111BJ9,

328th/392th Bomb Squadrons (H), 93rd Bomb Group (H), at the invitation of waist gunner Walter Smelt, spent a four-day reunion at the Clarion Plaza Hotel and attended the day-long reunion on the 3rd: pilot Elmer C. Vangness; copilot Girard Nefcy; navigator John L. McGowan; bombardier Sam Harris; and waist gunner Walter Smelt. Several wives also attended, and a good time was had by all, especially at the banquet with the speakers.

"Sam Harris told an interesting and unusual story about his training days that your readers might find amusing (see page 26). It's about a lost bomb sight during training which he had to pay for after the war."

I have asked our former vice presidents to develop a slate of nominees for presentation at our business meeting at the 2ADA reunion to elect a vice president for the coming year. I have always felt that the membership should be given a choice for the VP position rather than by election by acclamation. Also, we must find someone to be the publisher of our 93rd BOF newsletter. Paul Steichen has informed me that after one more publication he can no longer perform this function.

There is still time for you to order your group and squadron patches. The group patch is \$4.75, squadron patch is \$5.75. Send your order to Floyd Mabee, 11524 Zimmerman Rd., Port Richey, FL 34668, or to Paul Steichen, 22912 Nadine Circle, Torrance, CA 90505.

Naomi and I hope to see you all in Milwaukee in June. ■

## The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum Presents the WWII Story of the Second Air Division

BY RICHARD M. KENNEDY, PAST PRESIDENT, 2ADA

How does the song go? . . . "The Wind Beneath My Wings." This couldn't be more aptly applied than in the case of the 2ADA support for the Heritage Museum. May I, at this point, put on my cap as a member of the Heritage Museum Board of Directors and express the board's gratitude to our 2ADA members who have so generously contributed to this magnificent stateside tribute to our "Mighty Eighth."

In addition to the significant monetary assistance so generously provided, the intangible but vigorous moral support expressed by the 2ADA members will be forever reflected in the truly splendid edifice we can all be proud to call our Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum.

Most prominently recorded in the displays and records telling the story of the Mighty Eighth will be the notable deeds and actions of the men and women of the 2nd Air Division. As we are all well aware, our activities were somewhat unique in that our efforts centered around, and were devoted primarily to, getting the B-24 Liberator to designated targets and then back to East Anglia. The accomplishments of the individual groups, collectively known as the Second Air Division, are legend. However, the achievements of the division as

a major strike force in the overall patterns of 8th AAF battle plans, have yet to be fully portrayed.

While we are all well aware of the countless memorials, mainly in England, commemorating group activities and losses (including our 2AD Memorial Room in Norwich), nowhere do we find a complete accounting of the impact the Second Air Division had in the successful operation of the Mighty Eighth Air Force.

Finally the story is going to be told, graphically, accurately, poignantly, and authored, in the main, by those who had a direct hand in the making of the history that will be vividly but tastefully portrayed in our Heritage Museum.

If I may be allowed a personal observation, the creation of this Heritage Museum, devoted solely to the accomplishments of this never-to-be-repeated strike force, is long overdue. It's time the people of the United States had an opportunity to obtain, on this side of the Atlantic, a visual and oral presentation of times and events that, quite frankly, should never be overlooked or forgotten.

The storyline will trace the activities of the Mighty Eighth from its inception in Savannah, Georgia in 1942 to the part the present day 8th plays in the national defense scheme. As would be expected, heavy emphasis will be placed upon the role of the 8th during the

years 1942-1945.

This project that we will, I'm certain, proudly recognize as our Heritage Museum, promises to provide not only veterans but their families and following generations endless opportunities to observe in various settings and recreations the experiences, both mundane and violent, of those who made this heritage a singular part of United States military history.

In again expressing deep appreciation to all 2nd Air Division Association members for their continuing support, I want to include the board's gratitude to our very own 2AD Heritage League. We must all recognize the responsibilities this dedicated group of second generation "Division" members have shouldered. Indeed, we the "originals" are so very proud of your willingness to perpetuate the story of the 2nd Air Division. Heritage League support continues to be a source of great hope and strength.

So, come one — come all! All roads lead to Savannah! If you can't make the opening May 13-14, the facility will be open seven days a week thereafter. The museum staff eagerly awaits your visit. Become a Heritage Museum member and enjoy the benefits — you helped make it possible. Plan a visit either as an individual or with your group. ■





BY RALPH ELLIOTT

If anything was learned at the last Executive Committee meeting in Dallas, it was the realization that we have only a short time to put our house in order to guarantee that future generations have access to our historical papers and memorabilia, and to ensure that *our* history is presented as *we* lived it. Much of that action will necessarily involve the Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library. Problems with the staffing and our insistence on an American presence there have, for some time, centered mainly on whether we could regain control of the \$650,000 being held by the Fulbright Commission. Unfortunately, the debate had become acrimonious and difficult. In November, pending a legal review by both sides, that issue was satisfactorily resolved when 2ADA Fulbright Oversight Committee members Neal Sorensen, Chuck Walker, and 2ADA President Geoff Gregory met in London with the new U.S. Cultural Assistant and Fulbright Chairman, Robin Berrington, and worked out a new agreement. The purpose stated in the agreement is "To insure (in) perpetuity . . . the availability of a professional American presence . . . at the Second Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich, England." Action now needs to be taken to retrieve funds being held in the American Education Foundation account, which was set up to hold the recaptured Fulbright funds, and to place the foundation in an inactive status until 1999, when its backup status can be ended, if, as expected, the Fulbright agreement continues from that point into the future. Central to the agreement is the provision for either party to cancel the agreement upon sixty days written notice after 1999. I feel that the Memorial Library Award is in good

hands and that the new agreement is fair to both parties.

Of course, this does not end the funding problems at the library, and we will be addressing the subject of library support and funding at the Executive Committee meeting in Milwaukee in June. Memorial Librarian Phyllis DuBois, whom many of you know and have met at recent 2ADA conventions here and in England, has been remarkably effective in presenting America and the 2nd Air Division to the British public, but funds for her salary are short, and there is some question as to how long she can remain in the job. The board is working on a solution, but I suspect we will need to be more generous with our support if the Memorial Room is to continue to function as we would like it to. Money being held in various funds for "future contingencies" might better be allocated against library deficits to help guarantee that there is a future.

The fire of August 1, 1994 certainly complicated things, both for the Norwich Central Library and for our Memorial Room, but like Phoenix rising from the ashes, it has also opened endless possibilities. Perhaps most exciting is a proposal labeled "Technopolis: The Millennium Library." Technopolis is planned to consist of a new building in Norwich on the site of the old Central Library and the adjacent car parks, plus electronic links to the branch libraries across Norfolk, some fourteen telecottages and a range of public and commercial services made available to homes and businesses who would dial into Technopolis. There would be a total of 220 study spaces in the library as a whole, of which fifteen would be in the 2AD Memorial Room. Nine of these spaces would be provided with networked PCs, giving access to Technopolis services as well as major U.S. libraries, through the Internet.

It is not my intent to describe here all of the library problems and possibilities in any detail; only to pique your interest so that you will read further into the other reports and articles on the subject elsewhere in the *Journal*. Some of this makes heavy reading, but the Memorial Room is the lifeblood of the 2ADA's existence, and some understanding of actions being taken or contemplated by the Executive Committee is critical when it comes to library support by the entire membership. Understanding is also necessary to ensure support for the Memorial by the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association. Where funds are limited, it is important that they be carefully allocated. ■



If a trip to England is in your travel plans for the near future, you may want to consider a visit to the Norfolk and Suffolk Aviation Museum, just outside of Flixton.

A recent letter from Alan Hague, director of the museum, tells of donations, expansion and progress, including mannequins to display some of the uniforms recently donated, and an additional hut is being renovated and will provide even more space for the memorabilia from our flyers which they have to display. Alan is always anxious to expand the exhibits of the 446th. This museum is a volunteer effort of the British Aircraft Preservation Council and has grown each time we have visited it in past years. They are always eager to visit with Americans and talk with us about our experiences in their country. The 446th contact in Bungay, John Archer, can furnish more details about the museum.

Joseph Broder, poet laureate of the 446th, planned to visit Norwich again in April "where I will again see phantom '24s race down ghostly runways" as he revisits Flixton. Joe was a navigator with the 707th in "Old Hickory."

A letter from Luc Dewez, of Belgium, who is 33 years of age, says he became an 8th AAF enthusiast through books and because his parents were members of the Belgian Resistance. He says he uses his spare time paying "tribute to preservation and remembrance of crews who manned the heavies over occupied Europe." He seeks information and photos of "real crews, real planes, real targets," etc. His primary interest is to link B-24s and Belgium, planes which crashed in Belgium and routes in and out over Belgium.

The following are aircraft about which he would like more information. He feels that there may be 446th planes among them:

- 18 December 1944, a B-24H crash landed after being abandoned by crew near Brussels.
- 20 February 1944, a B-24 crash landed at Binche (near Mons).

- 1944, a B-24 made an emergency landing at Orcq (near Tournai).
- 1944, a B-24 made an emergency landing at Marquain (near Tournai).
- Winter 1944, a B-24 made an emergency landing at Ramegnies-Chin (near Tournai).
- 22 February 1945, a B-24 crash landed at Ophain, Haumont wood.

A note from Bill Booth sadly reports the death of one of his crew members, J.T. Bush of Bixby, Oklahoma. Bill says, "We put in 29 missions together, plus internment in Germany with all the trimmings. This makes five members left."

If a trip to England is not in your summer travel plans, save time June 13-16 to meet your friends at the 2ADA convention in Milwaukee. And we look forward to flying our missions once again and winning the war September 19-22 in South Fallsburg, New York. I will be there and hope you will, too. If you have not yet joined your fellow 446ers at the annual get-together, or if you have not yet attended a 2ADA meeting, you will find it a great experience with or without old friends. There are hundreds of old friends you may not yet have met. Take time to come and to share.

Thanks to those who have sent news and other bits of information for this column. Keep it coming. ■

*Norwich skies are filled with American airmen and American airplanes*

*B-24s roam, haphazardly at first, then move into formations. Splashers and bunchers are navigated.*

*Harlequinesque painted bombers, no longer combat serviceable, provide leadership; flyers tag along.*

*Flotillas of ships, maximum efforts all, roar over Yarmouth and Southwold and Dungeness.*

*Big Week has begun.*

*Finally, light cracks the dawn and it is, once more, the last week in February.*

*It is 1944!*

— JOSEPH BRODER (446TH)



# 392nd B.G.

BY OAK MACKEY

## CONSCIENCE:

*That tiny voice that always ruins a good time!*



Among the many greetings Maxine and I received last Christmas, one was very special. It was from the students at the Beeston Primary School. It said, "Merry Christmas & A Happy New Year, from Beeston C.P. School," and most of the students at the school had signed it. Included with the Christmas card was a very good drawing of a bird in a tree surrounded by a border of red poppies. It was done by Robert, who is just five years old. And there was a letter from little Edward Sidgwick. He says, "Dear American Friends: I liked the letter that you sent Beeston School, and the photos you gave us. I liked the VE Day Fair we had. My name is Edward Sidgwick. I liked VE Day so much that I want you to come again very soon. Yours sincerely, Edward Sidgwick." There was also a letter signed by teachers Debbie Houston and Di Walthers, and I want to share it with you. It appears here on this page of the *Journal*.

On January 4, 1944, the 392nd BG flew mission #22 to Kiel. Twenty-five crews were briefed, the 579th Squadron was in the lead, Major Myron Keilman in command. There were fighter attacks and flak was intense in the target area, six airplanes were lost. In B-24H "Queen of Peace" serial number 42-7637 from the 577th Squadron were 1/Lt. L. Page, pilot; 1/Lt. D.L. Heineman, copilot; 2/Lt. D. Hickerson, navigator; 2/Lt. W.H. Pettigrew, bombardier; T/Sgt. J.J. Duggan, radio; T/Sgt. R. McNamara, nose gunner; S/Sgt. E.R. Baker, top gunner; S/Sgt. F. Quagliano, tail gunner; S/Sgt. T. Zeanak, waist gunner; and S/Sgt. W.E. Axvig, waist gunner.

Damage to the airplane is unknown, but they diverted to Sweden, and crash-landed near Smedstorp. The crew was interned for the duration. In February of this year, I received a letter from Mr. Alan Hague, curator of the Norfolk & Suffolk Aviation Museum. Seems he was at the airfield near Bungay, home of the 446th BG, using a metal detector and looking for relics or parts of B-24s from those days of long ago. One item he found was an engine cowling strap, made of aluminum, about a yard long and three inches wide, with fittings on each end. Stenciled on it was A/C serial number 42-7637, the serial number of "Queen of Peace" from the 392nd BG. It is a mystery how a part from a 392nd BG airplane was found at the 446th BG base fifty years after the war. I have checked my 392nd BG roster, and none of the "Queen of Peace" crew are 2ADA members, so I can't go to them for information. If

any of you knew the crew, or ever flew or maintained "Queen of Peace," please write to Alan M. Hague, 29 Water Lane, Lowestoft, Suffolk, NR32 2NH, England.

You are all aware that Willis H. "Bill" Beasley is the group vice president for the 492nd Bomb Group, since you read his report in every issue of the *Journal*. He is also 2ADA Liaison Officer to the Heritage League of the Second Air Division. So what is the Heritage League all about? It is a league of descendants and other relatives of the men who served with the 2nd Air Division of the Eighth Air Force during World War II. Its purpose is to perpetuate the memory of those who died while serving their country in the Second Air Division. Also, it will continue to support the 2AD Memorial Room and the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum after we have passed on. Those eligible to become regular members are spouses, brothers, sisters, children, and grandchildren of those who served with a unit of the Second Air Division. There are also provisions for associate members — basically, anyone who demonstrates an interest in the League and who has friends who are regular members are eligible to become associate members. Perhaps you have family members who have shown some interest in what you did during the war. Encourage them to join the Heritage League. For more information and a membership application, see page 19 of this *Journal* or write or call Willis H. Beasley, 1525 Garfield Street, Denver, CO 80210, phone 303-756-4766, fax 303-759-3684.

The Executive Committee of the Second Air Division Association met in Dallas, Texas, on March 1 & 2, 1996. There are articles in this *Journal* which merit your attention. Please read them.

Good friends, that's all for this time. Adios!

Beeston Primary School  
Chapel Lane  
Beeston, King's Lynn  
Norfolk PE32 2NQ

December 1995:

Happy Christmas from the children and staff of Beeston School.

To those of you who have written and sent photographs to us, thank you! We all get together when we read your letters and share your news.

We have some very happy memories and this year Remembrance Day was very special. The children particularly remembered our American friends when we had the two minute silence. They have all written letters and you will find one or two enclosed, some decorated with poppies.

We are rounding off the year with a "1917 Music Hall" which we plan to put on for parents and friends. Many of the songs learned for the V.E. Day anniversary celebrations have been incorporated into our production. I'm sure you will recall the community singing we all shared in the playground last June, so you will have some idea of how we sound.

Thank you so much for making the trip to England in 1995 and for giving us the privilege of sharing your memories and experiences.

Please accept our good wishes to you and your families for a very happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Yours sincerely,  
Debbie Houston  
Di Walthers  
Beeston County Primary School ■

## THE EXPENSIVE BOMB-SIGHT

BY SAM HARRIS (93RD BG)

In early 1944, in training as a bomber crew for B-24 bombers, our group was assigned to a B-24 at Chatham Field, Savannah, Georgia for a practice mission.

We went to the plane assigned. There was a Norden bomb-sight in that plane and I, apparently, signed for it. In any event, it was later deemed my responsibility.

Before we got off the ground, the plane was said to be unsuitable for training missions due to some faults, and our crew was sent to a different B-24 down the line. We boarded the second bomber, which had a bomb-sight in it also, and went on the training mission for a few hours. I was training to be lead bombardier. None of us gave the day much thought. We eventually went to England and performed our bombing missions.

After the war, I received a letter from the government telling me I owed money for the bomb-sight from the first plane, which I was responsible for, and to please remit \$350.00 which I owed for the missing, presumed lost, bomb-sight.

I didn't believe I was responsible, and many letters on the subject were exchanged between us.

I didn't have much money, and I had a family, but I finally had to pay them. I started paying installments, and then the State of Illinois voted a veterans' bonus and I used some of that to pay the Federal Government. I don't think anyone ever found out what happened to that Norden bomb-sight. I didn't take it. ■



There we were — 26,000 feet, 10:16 AM, September 27, 1944, somewhere south of Kassel, Germany, flying above a 9/10 overcast — and then, “BOOM!”

We had just completed our group turn away from the target and were beginning to get the formation tightened up. On this day we were flying the #3 position on the wing of squadron leader Cecil Isom. The officers in Isom's crew shared the same quonset hut with us and were good friends.

Just then, tail gunner Harry Lied broke in on the intercom, “Bandits at 6 o'clock level, ten or twelve across,” and this began the most hectic eight to ten minutes imaginable, followed by two hours of “walking on eggshells,” flying an aircraft that was a virtual time bomb.

I immediately began an intercom check to assure that all crew members were alerted, but before I completed the “check-in,” Lied interrupted. “They're firing — looks like their wings are on fire — they're closing fast . . .” The intercom went dead before he completed his message. Without the intercom, I had no idea of the degree of destruction going on around us, but I did see that the sky was filled with gun bursts like flak. My concentration immediately centered on the things necessary to keep us flying.

I knew we had taken a number of hits. The controls went slack, the #2 engine began to run very rough, and I could see that the oxygen pressure had dropped considerably. As I struggled to find our problems, I quickly realized formation flying was out of the question, and we had separated from Isom, about 200 feet below and to his left rear. I engaged the autopilot, and to ensure adequate flying speed increased RPMs and boost. By then we had FW-190s swarming around us and our whole plane was shaking from the firing of our 50s.

While we were alerting the crew, copilot Paul Pouliot, who had been standing by on the fighter channels throughout the mission, began to contact fighter groups. The German fighters' first pass knocked out all of our radios just as he made first contact, but Paul did not realize this immediately. He was trying so hard to reach someone that he got red in the face as if he were trying to yell at them in frustration. So neither Paul nor radio operator Bob Bennett could let anyone know our position and situation.

Basically the German fighters attacked en masse from the rear, lobbing their 20mm shells into our formation until they came within range of our 50s; then they peeled off and came up under our formation, hanging on their props as they pumped shells into our bellies, uncontested. This confirmed that they knew our ball turrets had been removed (to improve handling characteristics at high altitudes — and it sure did make the 24's easier to fly formation). The ball turrets wouldn't have helped much anyway on this day — there were just too many German fighters.

By then I could begin to sense the unbelievable catastrophe taking place in the sky to our right and high. Our position in the formation on the extreme low left gave us a near complete view of the entire group that was left — but all I could see was Isom. Planes on fire, planes blowing up, parachutes cascading from damaged planes. 20mm shells burst like heavy flak; lots of smoke; but the most eerie — the sight of two groups of four props corkscrewing forward from their ships but maintaining

## The 29th & Next to Last

BY JACK MERCER (445TH)

formation, and then slowly turning over to a horizontal plane as they lost forward momentum and began floating downward like loose windmill blades. No doubt these aircraft were lost because pilots did not follow proper procedures for increasing power rapidly. They sheared their props by ramming thrust to the wall before increasing RPMs sufficiently.



Kneeling (l-r): Robert Bennett, radio operator; Harry Wheaton, ball turret; Donald Selway, gunner; Kenneth Kribs, flight engineer; Harry Lied, tail gunner; Ted Huiten, nose gunner. Standing (l-r): Milton Fandler, navigator; Paul Pouliot, copilot; Jack Mercer, pilot; George Noorigian, bombardier.

In the ensuing air battle we encountered two special situations which we will always remember. Apparently one of the FW-190s misjudged his vertical attack from below on Isom's ship which was about 200 feet above and 200 feet ahead of the position we were able to maintain. He nearly stalled out, then rolled out directly towards us at 12 o'clock level, firing wildly when he saw he could not complete his attack on Isom. Both Paul and I were trying frantically to get some gunner's attention, but what can you really do to contact a gunner some twenty feet away when you have no means of communicating? Here was this guy looking right down our throat, firing away like mad, and we could do nothing. We both knew we had been had! But suddenly the nose gunner, Ted Huiten, and top turret, flight engineer Kenneth Kribs, picked this guy up. They both fired in a continuous burst for such a long time, I wondered why their guns didn't burn up or jam. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the guy blew up — and we flew safely through his debris.

Near the middle of the attack I found a FW-190 camped very close under our left wing, far enough forward that I could see very clearly into his cockpit (I could almost read his

instruments). We knew previously that the Germans were wanting a PFF (or radar) ship, and this guy was apparently “looking us over.” He was able to get in a position where neither the left waist, the top turret, nor the nose turret could touch him, and, as I mentioned, the Jerries knew our ball turrets had been removed. He looked quite comfortable sitting so close under our wing and knowing that our guns could not touch him. Boy, I'll remember that portrait — the piercing eyes looking out over his oxygen mask, his goggles on top of the black helmet — and again, so clear that I could have read his instruments if I had had time to look more closely. Oh, how I wished for the “45” they took away from us before D-Day. I would have even used the “Very” pistol or maybe thrown a rock or something if I had it. Just to do something, I used the autopilot aileron control to lower the left wing towards the 190

as quickly as possible. Apparently the pilot flinched and drifted from his safe position, and Harry Wheaton, left waist gunner, got a good shot at him. Suddenly, without any sign of damage to the FW-190, the canopy came off and the pilot ejected into space, no more than 100 feet from us. Apparently Harry's shots hit his ejection control. The last I saw of the German pilot, his chute had opened and the 190 was headed straight down, with still no outward appearance of damage.

With help from Wheaton, Kribs began cranking the main gear down, then kicked the nosewheel out. We did not get a “green light” on the instrument panel that the gear was locked, and could not tell for sure with our visual check. As we circled the field once for landing, we tried to shake the gear into a locked position by wiggling the wings, but still no “green light.” The crew prepared for a crash landing.

Successful landing? You bet! Paul worked the autopilot rudder control to assist in lining up, and the landing was almost normal except for the excessive speed required for a “no flap” landing. Touchdown was relatively smooth, and when we rolled to a virtual stop we found there was sufficient pressure in the brake accu-

(continued on page 31)

# IN RETROSPECT

## World War II: When Rules "had" to be Broken . . . and the War Won!

### 31 TIMES UP – 31 TIMES DOWN – BYE BYE AIRPLANES

by Dan Underwood (44th)

FIRST APPEARED: ZADA JOURNAL, MARCH 1984, VOL. 20, #1

I made my debut in the ETO on August 12, 1942 with the 820th Engineers and my MOS number was that of a .50 cal. gunner on a half track. In early 1943 the Army Air Force put out a bulletin for qualified personnel to transfer to the 8th Air Force to become aerial gunners.

After six attempts involving requests for a transfer, the then Commanding Officer approved, and approximately five weeks later I was accepted by the 8th AF.

I was sent to Kirkham Lane for gunnery training and was instructed to report to a Major White. When I arrived at Kirkham, I was advised that Major White and his training crew had been sent back to the U.S., to Wright-Patterson in Dayton, Ohio.

I stayed at Kirkham for six weeks of training by the British and all that while there was no flight time involved. The only training I received was on the British .30 cal. (waist only) where they had four mounted. Also there was no actual firing of the guns involved.

After a bit of this "non-training," I was shipped out to the 506th BS, 44th BG. On the second morning after I arrived, a wake-up man from the picket post woke me at about 3:30 AM and told me I was flying with Capt. William Duffy. Thinking this was my first training flight, and very first time airborne in a plane in my life, I was quite eager to get the show on the road.

**I soon realized that this was no training flight, but the real thing. Having asked for it, I had to follow through . . . Larry Vincent took me to the plane and showed me the oxygen system, heated suit, etc. Things I had never seen before.**

Everything being new to me, I followed the rest of the men to combat mess with my ears open, listening to the other gunners. I soon realized that this was no training flight, but the real thing. Having asked for it, I had to follow through.

At briefing I was introduced to Larry Vincent, a gunner on Capt. Duffy's crew. I told Vincent the whole story about my "non-training," and his reply was that Capt. Duffy wasn't going to like this. The two of us then found Capt. Duffy and explained the facts to him. Duffy was furious — not at me, but at Headquarters for sending an untrained man into combat. He told me that due to the bad deal I had received, I could refuse to go up. I said, "Capt., if it's OK with you, I will go, because if I turn it down I might never get another chance."

Larry Vincent took me to the plane and showed me the oxygen system, heated suit, etc. Things I had never seen before.

It was an 8½ hour mission to southern France, and I flew the hatch gun. Flak and German fighters seemed to come from everywhere, as at this time there was very little fighter support. I was so scared, I prayed more in those 8½ hours than I had in my first twenty years on earth.

I went on to fly 29 more missions as a spare gunner, flying with nine different pilots and crews, and completed my tour on November 8, 1944. My 31st time in the air was flying home in a plane piloted by Admiral Byrd. 31 times off the ground and I have never set foot in an airplane since. ■

### THE INFORMALITY OF THE WARTIME ARMY

by David G. Mayor (BAD-2)

FIRST APPEARED: ZADA JOURNAL, DECEMBER 1978, VOL. 16, #1

Those of you who were at Warton in December of '43 will remember that pile of crates that showed up one morning and were stacked out behind hangars 1 & 2. I remember because the assembly of the contents of those crates brought me one of my first tasks at Warton.

Those crates contained the first of 391 Stinson L-5s and Piper L-4s that were assembled (and repaired) at the world's greatest air depot. I was given the job of preparing these grasshoppers for test flight and then storing them until the enlisted pilots from the artillery came to claim their new and 'powerful' mounts in which to become the "Terrors of the Luftwaffe."

One day while working on the ramp, a seedy-looking L-4 taxied up and a young sergeant got out. He said that he had been told that we would store his airplane for him while he enjoyed a couple of weeks' leave in Blackpool.

"No sweat. Leave it right there and we'll shove it in the hangar for you 'til you get back." At the end of the work day it was wheeled in among its younger cousins to await the return of its pilot. As usual I noted its vital statistics in my little book, closed the hangar doors, and promptly forgot that the little waif of the artillery even existed.

A couple of weeks later, a stranger wearing the chevrons of a staff sergeant came up to me and asked if I remembered him. I didn't, but I asked if I could help him.

"I'm the guy that left his Cub with you a couple of weeks ago." The light dawned. "Didja have a good time in Blackpool?" I asked. "Just great," says he, "but where is my airplane?" "Over there in Hangar 31," says I in a most unconcerned manner.

"Well," says he, "I have looked in there and can't find it." Giving him my best condescending look, I took him in tow and said, "Here, I'll show ya."

We entered the open hangar door and I commenced looking around for that beat-up excuse for Mr. Piper's pride and joy. I wasn't having much luck, so I asked him if he remembered the number of his ship. He did, and spit it off the end of his tongue as if it were his ASN.

I reached for my little book and ran my finger down the columns of serial numbers until I came to the one in question. I glanced over to the right hand column and I'm sure that I must have turned white at what I saw.

"Gee, Sarge, I sold that ship to some guy last week who came to pick up a new Cub."

"What!!! You sold my airplane? What kind of an operation are you guys running here? Where's the engineering officer?!"

Here is where that old G.I. ingenuity came into play. Knowing that if I didn't act fast I was in deep, deep trouble, I said, "Calm down. Here is a whole hangar full of new aircraft. Take your pick." His face lit up like a Christmas tree. "You mean I can have any one of these new planes and no questions asked?" As he spoke he headed for the nearest Stinson.

"Hold it . . . hold it!" I said. "You can have any L-4. The L-5s don't count." He was only slightly put out, but that was overcome at the prospect of getting a nice, new airplane to replace the bag of bolts he had left with us. "You mean that I can have any of the L-4s in this hangar?"

"Why not," I said. "Who's to know 'cept you and me, and I'm sure as hell not gonna tell!"

"Terrific!" he exclaimed. As I pulled the prop and got him started he quipped, "I'm gonna sent the rest of the guys up here for furlough. You not only have a great time in Blackpool, but ya get a brand new airplane to boot!"

He taxied merrily away and off into the calm, cloudy Lancashire grey yonder. I thought to myself, as he flew outta sight, he's happy and so am I, if Captain Baland doesn't check. Fortunately he never did. ■



# One Day in the Life of Aviation Ordnance

BY BEN HOOKER (458TH)

It is late evening, May 7, 1944, and the second shift of 754th Ordnance is reporting for duty. The 754th is part of the 458th Bomb Group (H) stationed just outside Norwich, England. The ordnance office is a little cubicle located along the side of the big hangar near the control tower. As we enter, the clerk doesn't look up from his typewriter, for he knows that someone will ask the inevitable questions, "Have we been alerted?" or "What is the bomb load?" Most of the time he doesn't know any more than we do, so his answer is usually meant to deceive. If we can find out the type of bomb ordered we can speculate on the target, or at least the type of target.

As the day crew has cleaned up most of the work, a few of us drift down to flak suit storage under the pretext of checking their condition, but actually to goof off more than anything else. Someone decides he is hungry. We ante up the shillings required to send for a few pounds of fish and chips, and he slips out through a hole in the fence and comes back shortly with a bundle wrapped in a London or Norwich newspaper.

Flak suits are just about as popular with the air crews as car seat belts are now. Pilots (particularly new ones) usually sat on them until a heavy barrage ventilated the cockpit — then they had a change of attitude. It is our job to place one for every crew position.

At about 2200 hours the order comes down — the mission is on, and a lot of work by a lot of men is required this night before the big birds can fly. Of course we still don't know where the target is, but we later learn that it is Brunswick. Bomb load is 12 – 500 lb. GP, with M-103 nose and M-106 tail fuze, instantaneous. All crews mount their bomb service trucks (BST) and race to the bomb storage area. Since all four squadrons are vying to be first to load, there is some confusion and traffic congestion. After a wait that seems interminable, we are finally loaded with bombs, fins, fuses and other accessories required to put together a bang big enough to ruin Herr Hitler's day.

The big birds (B-24s of the 754th) are sitting on the hardstands waiting for the eggs to be loaded. Each bomb is moved by dolly to the bomb bay, hoisted and attached to the shackle, fused, arming wires attached, and safety pins checked and tagged. This is repeated until all aircraft are loaded. My notes indicate that AC #276 is already loaded from a previous mission, probably aborted. Normally if a mission is scrubbed all bombs must be removed and returned to storage, making double work.

Dawn is just breaking as we finish the last plane, and it won't be long until preflight and then the air crews show up for the day's business. We head for the mess hall and some hot chow, and then to the barracks for some "sack time."

I'm just barely asleep when one of the day crew awakens me to inform that one of the planes we just loaded has crashed and burned on takeoff. It is "Belle of Boston," AC #42-52404, and the pilot is Lt. Paul Kingsley, my cousin. I can't get back to sleep, so I sit on the side of my bunk and smoke a cigarette. I have previously witnessed crippled bombers come in and the customary red flare arcing skyward indicating wounded on board, but for the first time I'm really aware that



754th Ordnance at work: Charles V. Smith (with bomb fin), Ben Hooker (pushing bomb dolly), Harry Black (pulling bomb dolly), Arthur Giroux (fusing bomb).

people are being killed in this war.

I attend the military funeral for Lt. Kingsley at the Cambridge Military Cemetery, and later, when his body is brought back to the States I act as pall bearer at a second burial service.

Paul is buried in the same cemetery where my father and mother are laid to rest. When I visit the cemetery I invariably gaze at the 8th AF insignia on his grave marker and I'm transported in memory back to the date also inscribed there, May 8, 1944. ■

## The Norfolk Vintage Pilot's TEN COMMANDMENTS

SUBMITTED BY DAVID J. HASTINGS • WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO PHIL RISPIN

1. Beware the intersection takeoff, for verily the runway behind thee and the altitude above thee are no more than a hole in the head.
2. Be thou not ignorant of V speeds, that thou mayest not approach high and fast, for the ditch at the end of the runway lieth in wait for whom it may devour. Neither shalt thou neglect to check frequently this airspeed on final approach lest the earth rise up and smite thee.
3. Ignore not thy checklist, for many are the valves, switches, levers, and handles waiting to take vengeance upon thee.
4. Look to thy left and to thy right as thou journeyest through the skies, for behold the other aeroplane cometh quickly and thou shalt meet it in the air.
5. Buzz not, lest thou incur the wrath of thy neighbour and bring the fury of the Civil Aviation Authority upon thine head and shoulders. For lo, many are the fools who perish when the aeroplane smiteth the birds of the air or the trees of the field or the wires of the electricity company.
6. Take the measure of thy fuel, for verily, a tankful of air is an embarrassment at 10,000 feet. Yea and even more so on departure. For what profiteth it a man that he hath a full fuel truck at the airfield yet loseth his life for the sake of an empty tank.
7. Push not through the scud, lest the angel Gabriel be waiting on the other side.
8. Trifle not with the thunderstorm, for thy wings and tail feathers are like to be shorn from thy aeroplane and thyself be cast down upon the earth.
9. Beware the weather prophets, for the truth is not always in them.
10. Thou shalt not commit overcrossing, neither shalt thy center of gravity be beyond limits, for the laws of gravity will surely judge the ignorant and the errant. ■



## BY H.C. "PETE" HENRY

In my 8-Ball column in the Spring *Journal*, mention was made that the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association voted to switch their attention from the control tower project to the Arrow Air complex and Will Lundy sent me a letter he received from Nigel Wright, the owner. They have changed the signs at the entrance to the airfield to Arrow Air Center and have a very large, painted Flying Eight-ball to welcome people to the airfield. The clubhouse is undergoing renovation at present. As for the 8-Ball museum, they hope to extend the building into the paddock which is situated behind the offices, in order to make another room which will provide space for uniforms to be displayed, as well as a "reading room." The hangar is going to have a museum area wherein there will be aircraft which have historic interest but will be in flying condition. As mentioned in the Spring *Journal*, it is hoped that the wall art from the 14th Combat Wing can be obtained from the Rix family for use on the construction of the new "reading room" for pilots.

Sometime during the holidays, I received a letter from a young man in Belgium, 33 years old, who is an 8th Air Force enthusiast. His mother and father were members of the Belgian resistance, having met during the war and marrying when it was over. He has prepared a show entitled "Over Berlin with the Flying Fortresses" for audiences. He is now interested in preparing a book about the 8th AF operations over Belgium, but information about the B-24 and her crews is in short supply. He would welcome oral and written stories, first-hand details, diaries, photographs, documents, official reports, copies of navigators' logs, positions and flight routes to and from targets, and mission maps of the individual mission routes. I have already sent him a photograph and story of one mission from my diaries. Anyone interested in contributing should send material to: Luc Dewez, 8 Paul Pastur St., 5190 Ham-sur-Sambre, Belgium.

Most of you, I am sure, are aware that the Northeast suffered through the "Blizzard of '96" in January, and one thing for which I was thankful for was to have a new book written by Jake Elias, *War and Women*, to keep me occupied. Of course, fictitious names were used, but reference was made frequently to Shipdham so the reader is aware that the missions were flown by the 44th Bomb Group and the main character, Leo, was in truth Jake Elias. Jake was wounded on one of his early missions and spent a month in the hospital. He still carries flak fragments in his leg as a grim reminder of the most painful episode in his flying career.

His tour ended in 1944 and he returned to the United States with a DFC and fond memories of East Anglia. The book has 437 pages, and I found it very interesting as it brought back many memories of my stay at Shipdham, Norwich, and London. If you are interested in obtaining a copy, drop a line to: J.T. Elias, 7 E. Union Street, Nanticoke, PA 18634.

John Rhodes (67th SQ) has never attended any of our conventions, but sent a thank-you card to Evelyn Cohen for the fine job she does for the 2ADA. He flew 34 missions on Henning's crew. Only one Purple Heart was awarded; to Joe Rodriguez, the radio operator. John and his wife, Wilma, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on the Big Island of Hawaii in 1995. Congratulations.

One of our new 44th BG 2ADA associate members is Thomas D. McKenna, who is the brother of pilot James P. McKenna (506/66 SQ) who was killed in action on 6 August 1944 flying with the 66th SQ on a mission to Hamburg, Germany with twelve on board (three navigators — "Mickey Ship" radar equipped). MACR 8081 states: "Just after the target, this aircraft was hit by flak and went into a tight spin. Two chutes were seen at first, then eight more. The pilots apparently were able to pull out of the spin once or twice, but then it would go into a dive again. It blew up when it crashed in the target area with seven of the twelve men surviving." (This information is from Will Lundy's book, *44th Bomb Group — Roll of Honor and Casualties*, pp 296-298). Tom's son, Brian, also recently joined the 2ADA as an associate member of the 44th BG. We welcome both McKennas to the 44th BG and the 2ADA.

You can help save the association money and, at the same time, assure that you receive all of your *Journals*. In the month of January, Evelyn Cohen processed over 200 address changes which accompanied dues statements, and still had a bunch more to go. This indicates that a large number of members failed to receive at least one issue of the *Journal*. This wastes production and mailing costs and causes you to miss important information about the 2ADA. Evelyn urgently requests that you notify her directly and promptly of an address change. Write to Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. Note that this does not apply to "snowbirds" who are simply moving between known summer and winter addresses. They receive *Journals* at each address.

In the Summer 1994 8-Ball column and again in the Spring 1995 8-Ball column, mention was made of a monument to be erected at the crash site in Illfurth, France, of 1st Lt. George H. Maynard (pilot, 66th SQ) who was killed along with six of his crewmen. Superintendent Roland B. Prieur of the Epinal American Cemetery wrote to me in January advising that the inauguration had been scheduled for 29 January '96 but, due to adverse weather conditions, this has been rescheduled for Saturday, 8 June 1996. I answered the Superintendent advising him that this paragraph would appear in our Summer 1996 8-Ball column, but it might be too late for our members

to plan to attend. He said that he planned to be at the ceremony and would be honored to represent our group. I sent him a note of thanks.

In the final edition of the 68th Squadron Association Newsletter, which was mailed in February, editor Bob Krueger wrote that it grieves him to see his forces dwindling down, but all good things must come to an end. I also am saddened by this termination, because I have enjoyed reading their newsletters since 1979 and have attended several of their reunions. One and all are invited to join the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association and the Second Air Division Association. For more information write to me, Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831.

Will Lundy said that he and Irene spent a wonderful week in Hawaii 19-27 December 1995 and I assumed that it was to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. When queried on this, he advised that it was their 49th anniversary on 26 January 1996. It took 18 months to get Irene out of England, but they were married six days after she arrived in the States. I am sure there are many 2ADA members who celebrated their 50th in the past year, including Mary and I on 1 May '95, Kay and Mike Fusano (44th/HQ) on 24 December; and Ceil & Rick Rokicki (458th BG) on 29 December.

In the Spring 1996 8-Ball column there was a section with Jim Auman (66th SQ) reporting about a crash in or near Shipdham on 5 June 1944 requesting information from any others who witnessed the crash. Ray Marner (506th ground crew) sent the following information, which will be passed on to Jim.

From the log of Ray I. Marner, Jr., S/Sgt., 506th Bomb Squadron, 44th Bomb Group: "June 5, 1944. This evening, as I came into the site (Site 2), I heard a motor drone and looked up as a B-24 went into a flat spin and fell 3000', crashing about two miles from here. Three explosions followed and flames shot up a couple hundred feet. No one got out. The wing from #1 engine was torn off and slowly floated down. What a sickening sight. Two firemen from here were killed when they went to fight the flames." This account was published in Norm Kiefer's book, *The Green Nosed Flying 8-Balls*, page 428. It was noted there that Will Lundy had no account of this crash in his book, *44th Bomb Group — Roll of Honor and Casualties*. The firemen who were killed might not have been from our base but could have been from an RAF base or were civilian firemen.

Ray also sent me a Polaroid shot of his Iowa vanity plate, "44 B GP" which is similar to the license plate published in my Spring column.

A letter was received in February from Kendrick William (93rd BG) advising that a good friend from the 44th BG, John W. Allen, Sr. (506th SQ), passed away 20 April 1995. John was pilot of "Southern Comfort II" that was shot down 21 July 44 and he became a POW. Max Stiefel (66th SQ) telephoned to say that Lawrence J. Platt (68th SQ) passed away 21 February 1996, and Evelyn Cohen received word that Frank Orehowsky (506th SQ) died since the first of the year. We send our condolences to all of these families. ■





## 492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

In the Spring issue I reported that the 492nd had been designated as a 50th Anniversary Commemorative Community by the Department of Defense. We now have received an official flag and certificate made out to the 492nd Bomb Group. I think we can be proud of our accomplishments.

Thomas Byrne, nephew of Austin Byrne, has contacted me and subsequently has become an associate member of the 2ADA and the 492nd BG. He has been researching his uncle's military career and fortunately found our association. Austin Byrne was a command officer in the 492nd BG. He was killed in action while flying with the 44th BG and is listed on the Roll of Honor.

Robin Janton, son of Robert Janton, crew chief of the "Super Wolf," "Alice," and other planes of the 492nd BG, 859th BS, has also contacted me. Robin's father was transferred to the 467th BG when the 492nd was disbanded. He would welcome hearing from anyone who might have known his father. His address is: Robin Janton, 23573 Pole Ridge, Laurelville, OH 43135.

A few days in the San Diego sunshine, before attending the 2ADA Southern California Reunion Dinner on February 24, were very refreshing. We had lunch and great conversation with Gene and Renie Gossett. Gene looks as fit as a fiddle following an aneurysm repair some time back. He is now playing 18 holes of golf once a week. Renie has made remarkable progress following a stroke and a bad fall. The 2ADA dinner was outstanding, and as always, it was great to see the members of the 492nd BG. In attendance were the Beasleys and their guests, the Harry Vaupels, George and Hope Duke, Carl and Verla Johnson, Tom and Mary Anne Nelson, Harry and Sally Orthman, George Proconiar, Bill and Kitty Riggle, and Bill and Molly Sparks. Carl Johnson was one of the candlelighters, lighting the candle in remembrance of the Battle of the Ardennes. Del Mann gave a great entertaining presentation followed by a sing-along. There was lots of hangar flying and greeting old friends. All too soon, it was time to leave.

We arrived in Denver on Monday the 26th and boarded a plane on Thursday, February 29th to attend the 2ADA Executive Committee meeting in Dallas, Texas. The committee met on Friday and Saturday, which culminated in attending the 2ADA Southwest Reunion Dinner. The dinner was excellent. What a pleasure to meet two former members of the 492nd and their wives, first-timers who live in the Dallas area, Bill & Lee Strehorn, and Charles & Jewette McLaughlin. Both couples were lucky recipients of a prize given during the drawing. Bill Strehorn was a candlelighter, lighting the candle in remembrance of the Battle of the Ardennes. I met another former member of the 492nd BG, Rod Darelus. He was also a member of the 466th BG. In addition to Norma and me, Bob & Dorothy Cash, Jim McCrory and his son Jason, Joan Horak,

Charles & Jewette McLaughlin, and Bill & Lee Strehorn were representatives of the 492nd BG. We spent an additional day in Dallas as guests of Bob and Dorothy Cash, who graciously showed us the sights of Dallas before we had to head back to Denver and the snow.

At last count there were approximately sixty Happy Warriors planning to attend the grand opening of the Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum. It should be a grand affair. The 492nd BG is staying at the Ramada Inn in Pooler, a stone's throw from the museum, along with the Georgia Chapter of the 8th AFHS, which is having its regional reunion in conjunction with the museum opening. They have extended a cordial invitation to the 492nd members to join in whatever activities we can fit in. I'll have a full report later.

### THE BLUE LION PUB

For the past year, there has been an ongoing issue about saving the Blue Lion Pub in North Pickenham. The Blue Lion was a place to relax for the men of the 492nd and 491st Bomb Groups during WWII. While attending the 2ADA reunion in Lexington, Kentucky in July, 1995, I received a phone call from a reporter from Swaffham. The article, extracted from the Swaffham newspaper, follows:

#### "BATTLE TO SAVE THE BLUE LION"

The fight to save a Norfolk village pub was taken up across the Atlantic yesterday as U.S. veterans from the Second World War saw red over the closure of their beloved Blue Lion. The Grade II listed pub at North Pickenham, near Swaffham, is under threat with its owners planning to turn it into a home. But the move has brought a sound and fury from U.S. flyers stationed in West Norfolk a half century ago.

Airmen from the American 2nd Air Division 491st and 492nd Bomb Groups would relax in the Blue Lion after their wartime bombing raids. Now the future of the pub, which lies a short distance from the remains of the wartime airfield, is clouded. Owners Pubmaster want to convert it into a home and build two more alongside. Landlord Mike McGuffin and wife Gill say trade is good enough to keep the pub open and are waiting for a reply to their offer to buy it.

The parish council has registered its protest to Breckland District Council, which looked at Pubmaster's plans in August. But American veterans vowed to carry on fighting to secure the pub's future from across the Atlantic.

As they gathered in Lexington, Kentucky for a reunion, they vowed to send off a volley of protest letters and petition to the pub's owners. Veteran Bill Beasley, 73, speaking from America, said: "It seems like everything is disappearing, the past is almost gone. . . We are all deeply saddened by the pub's closure. We had so many happy times there; I remember it as if it were yesterday."

Blue Lion customer Russell Ives is writing a history of the 492nd and has protested about the closure to the Prince of Wales, in his role

as head of English Heritage. Only in May the Blue Lion, its bar packed with last war pictures and memorabilia, played host again to grizzled American veterans, who plan to enhance the local war memorial. About 50 arrived, many with relatives, for a sentimental reunion.

Beasley, from Denver, Colorado, has written to the managing director of Pubmaster, protesting the closure of a pub which weaves a spell not just on veterans, but their descendants who still visit. Pubmaster has said the planning application allows them to look at all options for the pub's future.

Mike McGuffin said, "To them it is memories. I am not in the least surprised they feel so strongly. It is not just the vets who come back, but the sons and grandsons now." Gill said it was nothing to see elderly men moved to tears as they stood in the public bar, surrounded by their wartime memories.

The last I heard, the pub was most likely going to close at the end of March, 1996. Alas, the end of an era. Nostalgia cannot prevail. ■

### THE 29TH AND NEXT TO LAST (continued)

mulators to set the brakes one final time. We all knew we were very lucky and that someone had been looking over us, but were even more reassured when a small Bible fell on Bob Bennett when we touched down. We later learned that one of the ground crew kept the Bible in a small space in the radio equipment on the flight deck so he could read in his spare time. Needless to say, he didn't get the Bible back — Bennett appropriated it.

Battle damage? Maintenance records from the Manston Repair Depot covered more than six full pages — over 300 items. Over 275 shrapnel holes in the waist and tail sections (90% on left side), damage to approximately 45% of the stringers in the waist, a 20mm dud in the #2 gas tank, a six by one-half inch sliver off the trailing edge of one #2 prop blade, severed rudder cables, shattered elevator cables, damage to the gasoline transfer system and gas lines in the bomb bay, shrapnel in both main tires, and also #2 engine and prop, left vertical stabilizer and rudder, left horizontal stabilizer and elevator, and left bomb bay door were damaged beyond repair.

We were so happy just to be on the ground that we didn't even gripe about our overnight stay in an RAF billet awaiting transportation back to Tibenham. Not that we particularly liked the evening meal of "boiled mutton," two small potatoes, three small tomatoes, a slice of dark bread (tasted like sawdust), and some awful English tea. Breakfast was just as bad.

Only upon our return to Tibenham at noon the next day did we learn the gory details of Kassel, thirty planes and crews missing, and we had not hit our assigned target of Kassel but dropped our bombs about thirty miles northeast, close to the town of Gottingen. The lead navigator apparently misread the radar scope which was used for navigation since the mission was flown above an overcast. This navigational error placed our return route from the target to England virtually over at least five German fighter bases in the vicinity of Eisenach, and sealed the fate of the 445th. ■



# Orlando 1996

REPORT BY RAY L. SHEWFELT, PILOT YF-M  
(479th FG & 2AD Scouting Force, 355th FG)

The Fourth Annual Florida Regional 2nd Air Division Association Reunion was held at the Clarion Plaza Hotel in Orlando on Saturday, 3 February 1996. Attendance was swelled to over 200 by the large number of "snowbirds" and visitors from 17 states, including seven from California. While the majority of attendees were B-24 bomber group personnel, we also had five P-51 pilots, all from the 355th Fighter Group, four of whom were with the 2AD Scouting Force.

Col. Lawrence G. Gilbert, C.O. of the 392nd BG, was our host and master of ceremonies.

B/Gen. John A. Brooks, III, 389th BG, 2nd BW HQ, spoke on the needs of the 2AD Memorial Library. He is a survivor of the B-24 low level raid on the oil fields of Ploesti. In September 1944 he organized and commanded a special P-51 squadron, the 2nd Air Division Scouting Force. For its 9 February mission during which he had two enemy aircraft victories, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

Col. Alfred Asch, who at one time flew as General Brooks' B-24 copilot, gave us a report on the status of the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum at Savannah and its need for continuing financial support.

A Norwegian guest, Oscar Kaalstad, told us of his memories of his boyhood in Norway and his witnessing of the bombing of the heavy

water plant and hydro electric facility.

The speaker for the evening was one of our "Little Friends," L/Col. Norman J. (Bud) Fortier of the 355th FG. The 355th, known as the Steeple Morden Strafers, destroyed 502 enemy aircraft on the ground, more than any other 8th Air Force unit.

Bud Fortier, fresh out of flying school, was the first pilot to report into his squadron when it was formed here in Orlando in January 1943. He flew "tail end Charlie" on the squadron's first combat mission in September '43. On 25 April he was squadron operations officer and led the squadron on its last mission. He flew both P-47s and P-51s for a total of 112 missions, and is credited with 11 enemy aircraft destroyed.

Bud discussed problems with escort as well as the P-47s' voracious appetite for fuel which made it necessary to expedite takeoff and form-up. Sometimes the group went into coastal bases and launched from there. The conversion to P-51s was most welcome. This enabled the fighters to go anywhere in Germany and stay with the bombers.

The fifth annual Florida reunion will be held once again at the Clarion Plaza, on Saturday, 1 March 1997. Consider a Disney vacation next winter and join us for a day and evening of nostalgia. The hotel rates are very reasonable. See you then! ■



B/GEN. (RET) JOHN A. BROOKS III



L/COL. (RET) NORMAN J. FORTIER

## 12th Annual Southwest Regional

REPORT BY J.R. "RAY" LEMONS (445TH), REUNION COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN



2ADA Treasurer Bill Nothstein: "Please, may I go to the bathroom now?"



Earl Wassom (466th Group VP) pays a bill!

We are pleased to announce the largest attendance ever, in excess of 200, at the 12th Annual ZADA Southwest Regional Mini-Reunion on March 2, 1996 at Dallas/Ft. Worth Airport. This region comprises the states of Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas. It was an honor to have the ZADA Executive Committee officers, members, and their guests attend our meeting.

The Executive Committee members were especially enthusiastic about a "grand tour of North Texas and the 'hometown' (Tioga, TX, near the "Canadian" border) of Gene Autry" one evening. The "tour" was arranged by ZADA President Geoff Gregory and Honorary President Jordan Uttal. Just like WWII, there were some navigational errors, but the "target" was finally reached, and a dinner of delicious barbecued ribs was enjoyed by all. Too bad Jordan Uttal had to be ill at the "opportune time" — he would have been "ribbed" to death! Get well soon, Jordan.

Ray Pytel said that Jordan Uttal became ill when he heard Pytel was going to quiz him on the book he gave him about English history, *1066 and All That*, a serious tome on the antics of the residents of the Old Isle.

Speaking of "antics," our guests from the Executive Committee produced two events of some note (see photos at left).

Every group was well represented, and it was a pleasure to meet with old friends, make new ones, and enjoy the fellowship that is typical of the 2nd Air Division Association. General Lew Lyle, president of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, drove in from Arkansas just to be with us and gave a brief presentation on the current activities and status of the museum, which is to have its grand opening on May 13, 1996 in Savannah, Georgia. Another of the highlights was the presentation of the Dzenowagis videotape "PARADE" which was made last year during the 50th anniversary celebration of VE Day in Norwich, England.

We will meet again in 1997 at the same place and hope to see all of you here again. ■



# 15TH ANNUAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL REUNION DINNER

REPORT BY DICK BAYNES (466TH)

The 15th Annual Southern California Regional Reunion Dinner on February 24 (always the last Saturday in February) was a sell-out. Unfortunately we had to turn down some last-minute callers. This was the eleventh year we have held the event at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Officers' Club, and the meal was up to their usual excellent standards.

Members and guests were greeted by Dan Reading (453rd) and Bob Mead (445th), and directed to the three registration tables manned (or should we say "womened") by Margaret Baynes (466th), Muriel Reading (453rd), and Agnes Rowe (448th).



Reception Ladies (L-R): Agnes Rowe (448th), Muriel Reading (453rd), Margaret Baynes (466th), and Jane Leavenworth (453rd)

C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain (489th), 2ADA past president, served as master of ceremonies. The program was opened with the lovely Maria Gunnarsson, wife of Frank Grew (448th), leading us in the National Anthem. The traditional lighting of Eight Candles for Remembrance followed, with members of our bomber groups, fighter groups, and Heritage League participating. Malcolm "Mac" Dike (466th) gave the invocation, followed by a welcome from our Marine Corps host, Colonel Stephen Mugg, Assistant Chief of Staff, G-4.

While the excellent meal was being served, Beth Ertz, daughter of Julian Ertz (44th), played World War II era music on the piano for our enjoyment. Joe Moore (466th) provided the sound system for our speakers and the music. Following dinner, special guests were introduced: Dr. James Lodge and Mrs. Jane LeMay Lodge; and Ann Mann, wife of our speaker, Delbert Mann (467th & 491st). The following 2ADA officers were also introduced: Bill Beasley, 492nd Group VP, and his wife Norma, 2ADA Director of Correspondence Services; Jay Jeffries, 453rd Group VP and his wife Anna Jane; Charles McBride, 448th Group VP and his wife Agnes; David Patterson, 2ADA Secretary and his wife Joan; Ray Pytel, Journal Editor & 445th Group VP and his wife Twyla; Chuck Walker, 2ADA Past President, his wife Maxine, and son Chuck, Jr.

Charles "Chuck" Walker (445th), immediate past president of the 2ADA, read a letter of greetings from our current president, Geoff Gregory (467th).

Something new was tried this year with a sing-along during the break period, led by Bera Ertz Dordoni and Beth Ertz on the piano, both daughters of Julian Ertz (44th). Prior to the main program, Bera Dordoni sang a tribute from the Heritage League, with words that she had written to *The Wind Beneath My Wings*.

Our speaker, Academy award winning director Delbert Mann (467th & 491st) was introduced by Julian Ertz. Delbert Mann, one of our own, gave a most inspiring talk about his experiences in World War II and his moment of decision while flying in the 467th Bomb Group, to pursue a career in the theater when the war was over. After earning his master's degree from the Yale School of Drama, he soon became involved in the "Golden Age of Television," directing live TV in

New York City. Hollywood beckoned, and he won the Academy Award for the first film he directed, *Marty*. After that he won numerous awards for his directing and has served the industry in many important positions; as President of the Directors Guild of America, President of the Directors Guild Educational and Benevolent Foundation, and Board of Governors of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. Del told us about directing various films relating to the military, especially *Gathering of Eagles*, the story of the Strategic Air Command, and the cooperation he received from the military during the filming. His fascinating and interesting stories were rewarded by the crowd



Left to right: Cochairman Dick Baynes (466th), guest speaker Delbert Mann (467th), and cochairman Jay Jeffries (453rd).

with a standing ovation.

Cochairmen Dick Baynes (466th) and Jay Jeffries (453rd) thanked Delbert Mann on behalf of all present and gave him a plaque in recognition of his excellent presentation. Jay Jeffries then introduced the other dinner committee members, Fred Bromm (445th), Bud Chamberlain (489th), Julian Ertz (44th), Doug Leavenworth (453rd), Joe Moore (466th), Dan Reading (453rd), John Rowe (448th), and Paul Steichen (93rd).

Doug Leavenworth and his super salesperson wife, Jane, supervised the raffle, which raised a record amount for our Second Air Division Association projects.

After closing remarks, Maria Gunnarsson and the Ertz family led us in the "Air Force Song" and "We'll Meet Again."

We'll meet again next year, *the last Saturday in February*. Put it on your calendar. ■



Eight Candles for Remembrance (L-R): Walt Meyer (453rd), Charles McBride (448th), and Paul Cool (445th).

# The 448th Speaks



BY CATER LEE

At this writing we are just around the corner from spring in the southern United States. We have had an unusually cold winter — hopefully there wasn't too much damage to fruits and vegetables in the growing areas.

It appears that our northern friends had a more than usual amount of snow and cold. As we sit in our warm homes, no doubt many of us are thinking ahead to spring and summer and trips we have planned.

Leroy Engdahl made a trip to San Antonio and looked over hotels bidding on our 448th's 1997 group reunion. He was ably assisted by fellow 448th members Larry Wolfe, who lives in Universal City right next to Randolph Air Force Base, and William "Bill" Hensey, who lives in northwest San Antonio. With the help of these two fine gentlemen Leroy's job was made easier. They eliminated several hotels they felt were not up to our standards.

The Holiday Inn Northwest is located just off Loop 410 and Highway 37, which is convenient to heading east to Randolph where we expect to have lunch at the officers' mess and a base visit. It is also convenient to head south to visit Lackland AFB where we expect to attend the graduation ceremonies on Friday morning, visit old aircraft dispersed on the grounds, and have lunch at the officers' mess there. Both Larry Wolfe and Bill Hensey are retired Air Force and belong to these clubs. They will be most helpful when it comes time to start making plans for our 1997 reunion in historical and beautiful San Antonio, April 10-13, 1997.

The sales manager for the Holiday Inn is most anxious to have our group and has extended the price of \$69.00 per day plus tax, for three days prior to and three days following our reunion. Leroy was very impressed with him and his staff, and the hotel location which gives a beautiful view of the city, especially at night. The hotel gives free shuttle to and from the San Antonio airport, as well as to two large shopping mall areas. They also provide free parking for those who drive. More details will follow later at an appropriate time.

No doubt Savannah, Georgia is currently on the minds of many of us. A few members of the 448th planned to be in Savannah for the dedication ceremonies on May 12 & 13, and then in August we expect to return there with a very large contingent of our members for our annual group reunion, August 28th through September 1st.

We have one hundred and sixty hotel rooms reserved at the beautiful Hyatt Regency at a price of \$79.00 plus tax. I will send out a mailer probably in late May or June with full details, but start planning right now for this glorious occasion, and seeing the city where the 8th Air Force had its beginning in 1942. A full and entertaining program is planned.

On a sad note, those of you who know Bill and Helen Davidson will be saddened to learn that Helen passed away December 29th. She felt bad at our San Diego reunion but no one would have known it. She had cancer and passed away quite suddenly after discovery was made. I'm sure Bill would be happy to hear from his many friends. He says he is planning on being in Savannah.

Leroy Engdahl talked to John Dixon and his wife Charlene of Coldwater, MS the other day. Although John had to have one of his legs amputated and he is wheelchair bound, he sounded in good spirits and hopes that somehow they can make the Savannah reunion. I'm sure John and Charlene would love to hear from their many friends. They made our first reunion in Colorado Springs in 1975 and haven't missed any since, I believe. John says he can still boil eggs in Coldwater. All the best goes out to these lovely people.

We would like to hear when any of our members or their wives have serious illnesses so we can recognize them in the *Journal* and their good friends can write or call to help cheer them up.

On the first and second days of March, Charles McBride attended the 2nd Air Division Association's Executive Committee semi-annual meeting in Dallas, Texas as the 448th BG representative. Many subjects were discussed and voted upon by the committee, most of which are not considered of immediate interest to the 448th. However, three subjects merit our attention and are covered below.

(1) The 1996 annual reunion of the 2ADA will take place in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 12-16 June. As in the past, I encourage all 448th members to attend this event and partake of the interesting activities and events planned for this occasion.

(2) The 1997 2ADA convention will be held at Irvine, California, May 23-25. The 1998 2ADA convention is tentatively planned for Oakbrook Hills, Illinois, near Chicago.

(3) If any of our members change their residence addresses, that information must be forwarded to Evelyn Cohen, Membership Vice President of the 2ADA, in order to continue receiving the quarterly *Journal*. Since the *Journal* is not published as a First Class document, it cannot be forwarded to a new address. Likewise, if a 448th member of the 2ADA fails to pay his annual dues, he or she will eventually be removed from the active rolls of the 2ADA, and this includes stoppage of the *Journal*. To reactivate one's membership, the annual dues of \$15.00 must be forwarded to Ms. Cohen, whose address is 06-410 Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114.

We wish everyone health and happiness, and we hope to see you in Savannah. ■

Experience The  
Spirit of Flight

## EAA AIR ADVENTURE MUSEUM

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

The EAA Air Adventure Museum is located at the EAA Aviation Center in scenic east-central Wisconsin and adjacent to the grounds of the annual EAA Fly-In Convention, one of the world's largest aviation events. Located 80 miles north of Milwaukee, just off Highway 41 at the Highway 44 exit in Oshkosh, WI, the EAA Air Adventure Museum contains some of the most significant and spectacular contributions to the world of aviation. Exciting aircraft displays, theater and video presentations, and fascinating galleries are all part of your total aviation experience.

You will see more than 90 historically significant aircraft and discover aviation's rich and colorful heritage. Visitors will get an up-close look at some of the most significant combat jet fighters in aviation history, including American F-86 Sabres, Soviet-Bloc MiGs and British-built fighters. The spectacular Eagle Hangar brings the World War II chapter in American and world history to life. See such famous airplanes as a B-17 Flying Fortress, an XP-51 Mustang, a P-38 Lightning, and more. In other areas of the museum, you'll watch as daring air racers dive for the finish line in pursuit of a championship . . . or experience a 1930s flying expedition into the heart of the Amazon jungle!

See and hear the sights and sounds of the "Barnstormers" from aviation's earliest days at Pioneer Airport, located just behind the museum. See numerous vintage aircraft, including an original Ford Tri-Motor and a flying replica of Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis." Conditions permitting, you can even see these rare airplanes take to the sky during special aerial demonstrations! Children can learn about the world of flight in their own "Junior Aviator Theater." The EAA Air Adventure Museum offers an unforgettable experience the whole family can enjoy.

For more information, contact:

EAA Air Adventure Museum  
P.O. Box 3065  
Oshkosh, WI 54903-3065  
Tel. (414) 426-4818



You should receive this issue of the *Journal* in May. This reminds me that the 49th Annual Convention of the 2ADA will be held in Milwaukee, June 13-16, and I would like to see a good turnout from HQ. As I said in the HQ newsletter, I am taking with me to Milwaukee pictures of the banquet table at each of the first six reunions, 1948, '49, '50, '51, '52, and '53, for your enjoyment!

Most of you will remember that *Target Victory* was published by 2AD from 16 July 44 to 16 May 45. It presents a remarkable picture of the last eleven months of valiant and successful efforts of the Division leading to the defeat of Germany in WWII. Recently, I received a letter from Warren Alberts indicating that, while going through some of his memorabilia, he ran across a set of the weekly issues. In the issue of February 3, 1945, he found a "Souvenir Supplement" with a short background of Generals Doolittle, Hodges, Kepner, and some others at HQ. Since I cannot publish the entire four pages in a single issue of the *Journal*, I will include something from it in future issues. I hope that these will bring back some memories.

Reprinted from the February 3, 1945 issue of *Target Victory* is this capsule of Major General William E. Kepner. If you have forgotten about his career prior to taking command of 2AD, this will remind you of it.

**MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM E. KEPNER  
COMMANDING, 2ND AIR DIVISION**



The combat and ground teams of 2nd Air Division are privileged to serve under an outstandingly colorful Commander. Since pinning on a Good Conduct Medal in the U.S. Marine Corps (1909-13), he has pursued a many-front career through Infantry, Cavalry, Air Corps, U.S. Navy (attached service), and holds virtually every rating for both heavier and lighter-than-air craft.

The Kokomo Indianan earned a DSC, Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre, and Purple Heart at Chateau-Thierry, where as a young officer he captured a German machine gun and turned it against the enemy. Rated a Command

# DIVISION



**BY RAY STRONG**

Pilot (prefers traveling about in first-line combat planes); Senior Balloon Pilot; Zeppelin Pilot (trained under Dr. Hugo Eckener); Aircraft Observer; Combat Observer; and Balloon Observer; he acquired fame in 1928 by winning National and International Balloon Races. In 1934, as a Major, he led a record altitude ascension to 60,613 feet, earning a DFC. In the stratosphere the balloon burst, but all three aboard bailed out and saved their scientific data.

He became Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Defense Command, in 1940; Chief of Staff, 1st Air Force, 1941; organized and commanded 1st Air Support Command, 1st Army, 1941; Commanding General, 4th Fighter Command, 1942; Commanding General, 4th Air Force, 1943.

In 1943 he became Commanding General of 8th Fighter Command (ETO), his leadership playing a key part in the mounting Allied air superiority. While building an invincible fighter force, he emphasized "the first duty of the fighters is to destroy the GAF and to bring the bombers home." Low-level fighter assaults were pioneered by his units shortly before the invasion and climaxed during Normandy operations.

Accepting command of the 2nd Bomb Division's forces in August, 1944, he has coordinated top fighter groups with the Liberator bombers into a force both versatile and unified — 2nd Air Division.



Here is a little story which I received from HOWARD NISBET, who is one of the regular attendees at our annual conventions . . .

"One day I ferried two 2AD officers who were going on leave, from Hethel to somewhere near Ipswich. I was flying our (NC-78) Cessna Bobcat that was assigned to 2AD HQ. On returning to the 389th Hethel Air Base, several miles away, I had called in for a straight-in approach and was given permission to proceed. All of a sudden a P-51 Mustang cut in front of me on the final approach. When both the P-51 and the NC-78 parked at the 2AD ramp, out stepped General Griswold. The General came over and apologized for cutting me out on the final approach. It wasn't too close — I told him that I had much closer encounters in combat. Anyway, the General was very nice and gave me a ride back to 2AD HQ in his command car!"

And this about HENRY X. DIETCH . . .

Henry was Assistant Division Judge Advocate General. He conducted court martials, convened boards of inquiry, and wrote legal opinions. He was a graduate of John Marshall Law School prior to WWII. A long-time resident of Park Forest, IL, he practiced law in downtown Chicago for many years and was a Circuit Court judge from 1977 to 1984. He served as Mayor of Park Forest from 1950 to 1955. Henry has a long list of service to professional, civic, and community organizations. He has been writing a newspaper column called "Judiciously Speaking" for the past fifteen years, with a circulation in suburban newspapers of 125,000. Obviously, Henry has made and is still making a significant contribution to the life and times of his community. And, it must be noted, he was one of those present at the meeting at Howard Moore's apartment in 1946 where the Second Air Division Association was born!

Here are a couple of incidents which Henry remembers from his time assigned to HQ.

"While in London during a buzz bomb experience, I was in a theater almost hit by one. Chandeliers shook like leaves and dust from the building covered us all."

And there was this:

"As an Assistant Courts and Board officer at HQ 2AD, one of my first assignments was to attend a coroner's inquest with respect to one of the Division men who had been accused of killing a British serviceman after a pub brawl. The inquest was conducted by the coroner as if it were a Supreme Court case, with due decorum, meticulous procedure, and ancient ritual. The cause of death was determined to be 'a striking of the head against a curb after a knockdown in a fair fight.' Our man was found to be not responsible and was acquitted. Justice was served."



Once again, I want to remind everyone that you should be thinking about what you want done with your memorabilia which you brought home from Horsham or Ketteringham Hall, either now or when you are no longer around. It may have great historical or archival value. I urge each of you to get it out, make a list, and decide if any of it should be sent to our Memorial Room at the Norwich library. Much of this material is valuable to historians and researchers, and they use our collection extensively. Some of what we had was lost in the fire. However, don't send anything until you have contacted Phyllis DuBois, whose address is on the inside front cover of this *Journal*, and tell her what you have. She will then advise you as to whether it is appropriate for it to be sent to the library. Or, if I can help, write to me or give me a call. ■

# Willow Run Story Retold from the Heart

## Author weaves personal history into book about birth of an industrial giant

BY JOHN MULCAHY, STAFF REPORTER, THE ANN ARBOR (MI) NEWS • SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1995

Ypsilanti's links with Willow Run are often intimate and personal, spanning its transformation from farmland to industrial hub, its role in World War II and its continuing effect on local culture.

That holds especially true for Warren Benjamin Kidder. The Kidder family farm at the corner of Ecorse and Denton roads was one of several bulldozed in 1941 to build Willow Run Airport and the Willow Run bomber plant. The destruction included uprooting the painstakingly cultivated strawberry and asparagus patches, the family-built barn, and the flowers Kidder tended and sold for pocket money.

"When they ripped through those, I was sick," says Kidder, who was 14 at the time. For 25 years, until he bought his own home, Kidder said he had periodic nightmares about the farm's destruction.

Kidder, now 69, went on to lead a successful life. He served in the U.S. Merchant Marine, earned a degree in engineering, started his own company and developed a widely used device for controlling traffic signals. He also founded the Kidder Foundation Trust, lived in Mexico and Alaska, and survived near-death in an Arctic adventure.

When he returned to Michigan from Denver, Colorado in 1985, a writing professor at Lansing Community College determined Kidder had been the last person to live at Willow Run and encouraged him to write the definitive history of the area through the bomber plant days.

Two to three years of research followed, with Kidder gathering information from the Ford Motor Company archives as well as from a daily log — discovered among his mother's belongings — of the building and operation of the Willow Run bomber plant.

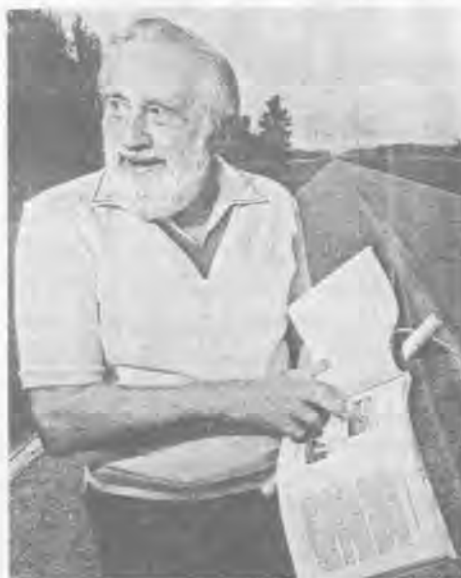
The resulting book, *Willow Run, Colossus of American Industry — Home of Henry Ford's B-24 Bomber*, is being published by Kidder's foundation.

Kidder believes the book will appeal to former bomber plant workers and their children, as well as to autoworkers, military people, and the general public. The plant entered the national consciousness after Pearl Harbor, Kidder says.

"Willow Run was the national symbol of revenge for Pearl Harbor. Henry Ford came out and said we're going to build a bomber an hour, and that's what turned people on," he says.

The book combines Kidder's personal reminiscences of his Willow Run home, the struggle of his parents, Elmer and Eva Kidder, to build their farm, and an immense amount of technical and historical detail on how Charles Sorensen of Ford forged Willow Run into the biggest factory in the world, capable of producing one B-24 bomber an hour at the height of its wartime production.

For example, the appendices of the book tell everything from the number of rivets (242,752) needed to complete the major sections of the



Warren Kidder returns to the area where his family's farm and childhood home once stood. The property was bulldozed and became part of Willow Run Airport and the Willow Run bomber plant. Kidder has written a book about the history of the plant. PHOTO BY ROBERT CHASE

plane, to the total length of the assembly lines (5,450 feet), to the minutiae of B-24 construction (278 feet of rubber tubing, 226 cable assemblies, 90 pounds to 120 pounds of camouflage paint per plane, etc.)

Readers less concerned with engineering may still want to know that the plant had its own hospital, that pilot Charles Lindbergh test-flew airplanes at Willow Run, or that German-born architect Albert Kahn, who died in 1942, designed the plant.

Kidder has also turned up many photographs of Willow Run before, during and after bomber plant construction.

While he has not seen the book, Michigan reference archivist Le Roy Barnett says he has seen some of the material used in writing it.

"What I saw made my eyes light up, and I look forward to getting my copy," Barnett says.

Kidder's focus on production distinguishes his book from others about Willow Run, notably Marion Wilson's *The Story of Willow Run* and Lowell Carr's and James Stermer's *Willow Run, A Study of Industrialization and Cultural Inadequacy*. Kidder himself worked in the Willow Run plant producing airplanes for the Kaiser-Frazer Corp. after the war when the company produced both planes and autos. It was an experience that he believes helped him write his book.

"I could relate to their problems," he says of the people who built the plant. "Because I worked on airplanes, I knew what to look for."

Still, some of the most appealing passages of the book are drawn from Kidder's memories of his childhood home, before Willow Run became a national symbol.

During his research, he came across some photographs, taken by Ford employees, of his

*"Willow Run was the national symbol of revenge for Pearl Harbor. Henry Ford came out and said we're going to build a bomber an hour, and that's what turned people on."*

family's house at its new location on Belleville Road, where it was moved and still sits.

"They were so well taken that I could see the pattern in the drapes in my mother's windows," he said.

That kind of detail has helped Kidder come full circle from the young boy sickened by seeing his family home destroyed.

"It puts a big period to that thing that I've carried around with me," he says.



*"Willow Run, Colossus of American Industry — Home of Henry Ford's B-24 Bomber," may be ordered by calling 1-800-754-6830, access code 30. The cost is \$39.95 plus tax and shipping (total \$45.00). Or write to W.B. Kidder, 3617 Christine Drive, Lansing, MI 48911. ■*

### Thanks from The Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum

11 April 1996

Mr. Geoffrey Gregory  
President  
Second Air Division Association  
3110 Sheridan Drive  
Garland, TX 75041

Dear Geoff:

Dick Kennedy delivered a most generous check on behalf of the Second Air Division Association, that not only completed the 2ADA pledge, but exceeded the original commitment! This check has significantly helped us in meeting our financial obligations to Chatham County, thus ensuring the success of The Heritage Museum. We took some pictures of the check presentation in the Combat area of the museum, which will be forwarded to you at a later date.

On behalf of our Board of Directors and staff, please express our sincerest appreciation to all members of the distinguished Second Air Division Association, for the unprecedented support provided to The Heritage Museum. The Second Air Division Legacy will live forever in this special facility.

I look forward to seeing you at the Grand Opening.

With kind regards,  
Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, Jr., USAF, Ret.  
Chairman and CEO ■



# THE PX PAGE

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

## **"NOT AS BRIEFED"**

**BY WRIGHT LEE (445TH)**

**NEW BOOK BY EX-P.O.W. IS BEST SO FAR!**

**Reviewed by William R. Dewey**

Wright Lee's narrative about his combat and P.O.W. experiences as an 8th AF B-24 navigator tops any book I've read on the subject. Wright was an excellent record keeper and his 235 page book is loaded with illustrations, photographs, and maps and is based upon his diaries that his brother saved for him. Although focusing on the author's own experiences, an excellent overview of the Air War against Germany is presented to the reader. Life at Tibenham, combat over Fortress Europe, and prison camp at Stalag Luft I, Barth, is accurately detailed. You'll relive the war, as I did, as you follow Wright Lee's WWII military career.

Written in unusual "flashback" style, the book is part autobiography, part history, and part reminiscences and nostalgia. As Wright mentions in his introduction, 80% of the book is quoted directly from his diaries. Pre-combat and aviation cadet training periods are reconstructed from letters written home. The author's brother, Cater Lee, a bombardier with the 448th at nearby Seething, retrieved Wright's diaries and records after he was declared M.I.A. The book also chronicles the almost parallel careers of the two brothers.

An irony is that Wright Lee survived the ghastly Gotha mission of 24 February 1944, on which the 445th lost 13 planes to enemy fighters, only to be shot down by flak on 9 March during a mission to Brandenburg, outside Berlin. Another irony — after the war Wright Lee spent 25 years in sales management for Wyandotte Chemicals, which was purchased in 1969 by the giant German corporation, BASF. The BASF plant at Ludwigshaven was Wright's target on 7 January 1944!

Your 8th Air Force historical library is not complete until you have added this great book to your collection. It is available both in hardcover (autographed) and soft cover. The difference between cost and selling price is a tax-deductible contribution to the Kassel Mission Memorial Association (KMMA, Inc.) Hard Cover, Autographed, \$24.95 + \$3.05 S&H = \$28.00 (includes tax-deductible contribution to KMMA of \$11). Soft Cover \$14.95 + \$2.05 S&H = \$17.00 (includes \$6 tax-deductible contribution to KMMA). Send your order to:

**KMMA, Inc.  
P. O. Box 413  
Birmingham, MI 48012**

## **458<sup>TH</sup> BOMBARDMENT GROUP UNIT HISTORY**

**BY GEORGE REYNOLDS**

The new fourth edition contains 88 pages (2 in color), 297 photos, and a daily mission summary for the group's entire 14 months in the ETO, aircraft serial/nickname ties, a KIA list and the Azon Bomb project. Essentially the same as book III with some editorial/photo changes or corrections. Available in July, 1996. Price is \$30.00 (foreign \$37.00, airmail \$40.00 in U.S. funds). Contact:

**George A. Reynolds  
4009 Saddle Run Circle, Pelham, AL 35124  
Tel. (205) 988-8791**

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## **"PARADE"**

**A 2ND AIR DIVISION VIDEOTAPE TO TREASURE**

Of all the many fine 2AD military history videos produced by Joe Dzenowagis (467th) and his family, the one they made in Norwich last May is priceless. "PARADE" is a 56 minute video of the events of 7 May 1995 and the VE Day parade in which we marked the 1945 victory with our British friends. Copies are available for \$49.50 plus \$5.50 for postage and packaging. Contact:

**Joe Dzenowagis  
4397 South Okemos Road  
Okemos, MI 48864  
Tel. (517) 349-3246**

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## **"BEHIND THE WIRE"**

**NEW TAPE AVAILABLE FOR RENT  
FROM 2ADA FILM LIBRARY**

We recently purchased from the 8th Air Force Historical Society a copy of "Behind the Wire," a story about Allied airmen in German captivity during the Second World War.

The charge to rent this tape is \$5.00. Please return the tape via first class mail because we have only one copy. Order from:

**Pete Henry  
164B Portland Lane  
Jamesburg, NJ 08831**



To the editor:

In the article by Joseph Broder on the Hamm Raid, April 22, 1944 (*Spring 1996, page 31*) the emphasis was placed on German night fighters following us back to our bases and shooting us down in our landing patterns. I was on this raid, and hearing everybody yelling "Bandits, bandits" while we were trying to land was indeed wild. But no mention was made of why we went on this afternoon mission to bomb the railyards at Hamm.

When we dropped our bomb loads there was a violent explosion on the ground, and a mushroom-like cloud (later to be associated with atomic explosions) rose up so fast that our plane was buffeted about like a lark, even at 22,000 feet.

The losses we suffered coming home that evening were indeed tragic, but our intelligence that prompted the raid in the first place was right on the ball. Whatever we blew up on the Hamm railyards that evening I am sure had a very negative impact on the German war machine.

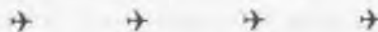
Ed Rosenberg (44th)  
Pembroke Pines, Florida



To the editor:

I am conducting research on how combat aircrew of the 2nd Air Division felt about the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I would like for anyone who flew combat in the 2nd Air Division to please send me their comments, views, and rationale for their views. Typewritten documents are appreciated, otherwise legible writing will be fine. I started with my dad and his B-24 crew, and now I'd like to hear from the rest of the Division! Please indicate your crew position and dates of service in the ETO.

Richard B. Dondes  
21 Firethorn Court  
East Brunswick, NJ 08816-2778



To the editor:

We authors sometimes go more than the measured mile in pursuit of some minutiae which, when we discover the answer, both surprises us and confirms our suspicion. My friend Dick Beyers, a 9th Air Force veteran who manned a gun in a very cold airplane, the B-24, has long speculated on just how cold that breeze was that he felt while flying four to five miles above the earth. Recently he wrote that he had the answer.

Seemingly Dick wanted to know what the "wind chill" was, and posed his question to a radio station weatherman who briefly cogitated, then ducked the question. I think he asked what the wind chill factor would be if the temperature was -60 degrees and the wind was 160 miles an hour. The "learned" radio weatherman responded by saying such conditions do not exist. Sorry, fellas, there's a new generation on earth that doesn't recognize the realities in our memory.

Not to be put off, Dick tried Travis Meyer, meteorologist with Tulsa, Oklahoma's KTUL Channel 8. Bingo, Dick scored! Meyer noted, "We had to 'huddle' in the weather office to figure that out. We estimate the wind chill to be a near -150 degrees. Can't live long in that!" Dick added, in a communication to me, that some estimates go as high as 200 to 250 below.

The above only proves why so many of us have migrated south to warmer climates. We're still trying to thaw out!

Ray Ward  
Air Force Historian/  
Snow Bird

*Editor's Note: The "cool climate" up there was the least of our concerns — unless our electric suits or shoes caught on fire, and then we had the double hazard of first being burned and then frostbitten on the same mission. Being "shot" was #3 on the list.*



To the editor:

Our crew trained at Boise, Idaho and went overseas to Horsham St. Faith (458th BG, 753rd SQ) in December 1944. We would like some information about our pilot, Captain James Gardner. We flew several missions together before he was promoted and transferred to the lead squadron and we lost contact with him. If anyone has any information about him, please let us know. Thanks!

Willard Rodermel  
837 Holly Road  
Beloit, WI 53511



To the editor:

After 52 years and a lot of time and effort, I finally located the two Women's Land Army girls who came to my aid after I bailed out of our burning B-24 over our base at Seething (home of the 448th BG and 715th BS).

During our group reunion in England in August 1995, I struck up a conversation with a Mr. John Guxmer and a Mr. Tony Jeckells.

These two Norwich men were involved in the tower renewal. I inquired if they remembered the fateful Hamm raid and the resulting confusion that night as we were pounced upon by enemy fighters.

I was flying as a waist gunner with pilot A. Skaggs' crew when we were hit by the enemy planes and set afire. The fire was in the rear of the bomb bay to tail. I was wounded by shells in the left calf. At that moment I observed Sgt. Eugene Gaskins, ball gunner, bailing out the right waist window. I grabbed the side of my window and jumped.

After our descent from about 800 feet I hit the ground abruptly. Gene landed in the same field, and in the darkness he located me. He tended to my wound with his scarf.

He said he had noticed a light and he would go get help. As he approached the farm he saw people in uniform. They were members of the Women's Land Army. Two of them helped to carry me to the farm house, and gave me tea and cigarettes and lots of attention.

Mr. Gunther said he did remember, and he volunteered to drive us around the area in an attempt to locate the site of my landing and the farm. Many miles and hours later, we came up with nothing.

We had to leave, but John said he would continue the search. A month later I received a letter from John stating that he had located the women and the W.L. Hostel. The women were Mrs. Pat Taylor and Mrs. Beattie Northfield of Norwich.

Mrs. Taylor was delighted to hear from me and did indeed remember that night. She informed me that Beattie married an American. (The Yank was Melvin Zitsay, and if anyone has any info on them, please get in touch with me.) Mrs. Taylor asked about a small Catholic missal that I had in my hand when they reached me that night. She was right, I did have such a missal, but I don't remember ever taking it out of my flying suit.

I hope that this letter will bring some info on Mrs. Zitsay, nee Beattie Northfield.

Francis X. Sheehan  
17003 St. George  
Macomb, Michigan 48044





## KEILMANS HONORED AT COSTA MESA

Southern California members of the 392nd BG always look forward to Blanche and Myron Keilman's annual visit to the Orange County area, but after Myron gave most of the troops the news of his oncologist's report back in July, it was a special occasion when they arrived on January 14, 1996 for a two-week stay. It was especially good to see Myron just as outgoing and amiable as ever, enjoying every day.

The highlight of the Keilman stay was on January 24, when Willis Miller, a 579th Squadron lead pilot, and his wife Dorothy hosted a luncheon party at the exclusive Center Club in Costa Mesa with several WWII Crusaders and wives attending. Held in a private room, it was a small reunion compared to some others, but one that will be remembered always. Pictures were taken, toasts were drunk, and a great deal of friendship and good cheer was in evidence. Also, Arnold Dovey presented a certificate to Myron which outlined the career of Myron, Blanche, and their two sons who are pilots via the U.S. Marine Corps.

Those attending besides Willis & Dorothy Miller and Myron & Blanche Keilman were: Bill Barry, Arnold & Cleome Dovey, Jim Cassity, Dick & Eleanor Hoover, Tom McGarry, Keith & Patty Roberts, and J. Fred & Elva Thomas. All departed elated at just what an enjoyable event it had been. All hands are deeply indebted to Dorothy and Willis Miller for bringing about an unforgettable day.

J. Fred Thomas (392nd)



### WHY BE A 2ADA MEMBER? THE JOURNAL ALONE IS WORTH MORE THAN \$15 A YEAR!

The Second Air Division in Europe was made up of fourteen bomb groups, five fighter groups, plus other attached units, and, for all intents and purposes, these groups ceased to exist when WWII ended in May 1945. Luckily for us, that wasn't the end of the Second Air Division. It would take too much space to describe the actions that created the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF and the Second Air Division Association that have been so closely entwined over the last 45 years. Instead, I urge you to read Jordan Uttal's fine articles on pages 15-21 of *Turner's General History of The Second Air Division, USAAF, 1942-1945*, to gain an understanding of our roots within the 2nd Air Division Association and the importance of the 2ADA to the eventual formation and life of the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association. That does not mean that relations between the two organizations have always run smoothly, but there has always been a 2ADA Vice President for the 467th Bomb Group. The big change in the relationship, to the advantage of the bomb groups, was the 1994 change to the 2ADA bylaws that mandated six voting Vice President slots in the Executive Committee instead of three. The effect of the change has been a shift in control of the Executive Committee to a more demo-



392nd Keilman reunion (left to right): Bill Barry, Dick Hoover, Jim Cassity, Willis Miller, Myron Keilman, Tom McGarry, Keith Roberts, J. Fred Thomas, Arnold Dovey.

cratic board that listens to the needs of the groups, not always the case in the past.

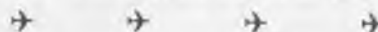
It is now up to those of us in the bomb groups to take advantage of the shift and to become more active in 2ADA affairs, both in membership and in attendance at yearly conventions and scheduled regional dinners. Here's why. First, our most important link to history is the Memorial Room in Norwich, and our point of entry is the 2ADA representative to the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Bud Koorndyk holds that position, and has performed brilliantly in furthering our interests there. The disastrous fire that destroyed the Norwich Library is beginning to be seen as an opening opportunity to an unbelievable future for the library and the Memorial Room with planning now centering on creation of a TECHNOPSIS that would make the library second-to-none in the world. We need to be part of that endeavor. One need only look back to the treatment of the Enola Gay and the end of the war in Japan by the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum to realize that it's up to us to preserve our history as we lived it; not as some juvenile historian rewrites it to suit his liberal, revisionist theories. The Memorial Room will preserve our history and it needs our wholehearted support. Our point of contact is through the Second Air Division.

Second, we probably have another four or five years as a viable group association. At some point, a reduction in numbers will likely make it advantageous for us to regroup within 2ADA, both for the pages we "own" in the *Journal* and for the conventions, where the 467th always has its group dinner. The main objection to 2ADA conventions in the past has been the large number of people in attendance, and our people have preferred the smaller, stand-alone 467th conventions. As we lose members to age, we need to be able to still function as a group but may eventually find it

easier to function under the umbrella of the Division. The 467th has certainly benefited by its independence, but we lose nothing and have much to gain by increasing our membership in 2ADA and our attendance at 2ADA functions. It may be too expensive or impossible to attend both the 2ADA and the 467th conventions in the same year, but, when circumstances permit, such as a 2ADA convention or a regional 2ADA dinner in your area, you might find it worthwhile to attend. It will certainly broaden your knowledge of important happenings where the Second Air Division Association is involved: the Norwich Library and our Fulbright librarian, Savannah and the 8th AF Heritage Museum, and the new American addition to the Duxford Air Museum in Cambridge, to mention a few. Less than half of our 467th members belong to the 2ADA, and 467th attendance at 2ADA conventions is usually small, but it will be to our group's, as well as your own, advantage to increase both. The cost of 2ADA membership is only \$15 per year, and the *Journal* alone is worth more to you than that. Make your check payable to "2ADA" and send to: Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. Meanwhile, you and the 467th will continue to be represented by an active 467th Vice President on the 2ADA Executive Committee.

Ralph Elliott (467th Group VP)  
6000 Rafters Circle  
Tucson, AZ 85713-4365

*Editor's Note: All you Group VPs should make sure Ralph's succinct comments appear in your group's newsletter, so that the message reaches the right people. If you don't have a newsletter or don't want it in there, why don't you get about 10-20 of your group's 2ADA members to mail say 5 to 10 letters with a copy to all non-2ADA members? I'll supply the copies free! Just ask!*



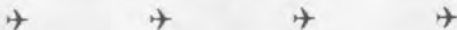
To the editor:

Our 445th BG crew flew over with the group on November 18, 1943 and arrived in England on December 1st. We were listed as original crew #23. We flew our first mission on December 16, 1943 and our second on December 20th. On the second mission we were hit with a lot of flak and our pilot, Lt. Joseph Martineau, lost his left eye. We then got a new pilot, Lt. Charles Mathews, and flew 28 more missions with him. Our last mission was on May 24, 1944.

On the morning of the invasion we were in Liverpool waiting for a ship to bring us stateside. We were home for a thirty day furlough, then went back to England and flew fourteen more missions, for a total of 44.

I am enclosing a picture of our original crew #23 with Lt. Joseph Martineau.

William M. Michelli (445th)  
Azusa, California



Top right: Crew #23, 445th Bomb Group. Standing (L-R): pilot Lt. Joseph Martineau, copilot P.D. Riblet, bombardier Lt. Willard Vaughn, navigator Lt. Robert Toeppe, T/Sgt. Howard Emmons. Kneeling (L-R): S/Sgt. William Michelli, S/Sgt. Anthony Silzer, S/Sgt. Clovis Roux, T/Sgt. Dave McGillvary, S/Sgt. James Millard.



## THE LAST CREW OF "LASSIE COME HOME" 458TH BG

Pictured at left, kneeling (l-r): Sgt. Vincent P. Hyland, NG; Sgt. John D. McNeely, WG; Sgt. Lawson, TG; T/Sgt. Walter H. Denton, FE; Sgt. Frederick G. Wiehage, TTG; Sgt. Rollin E. Chapman, RO. Standing (l-r): Lt. John J. Clayborn, N; Lt. Blanshan, CP; Lt. Stanley E. Diehl, P; Lt. Echdal, B.

Lt. Leo W. Hecht replaced Lt. Blanshan for the 14 January 1945 mission and Lt. Echdal was not aboard. Sgt. Lawson was the lone survivor in the crash of 44-40283.

If anyone has additional information about these airmen, please contact me.

George A. Reynolds  
4009 Saddle Run Circle  
Pelham, AL 35124

### SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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