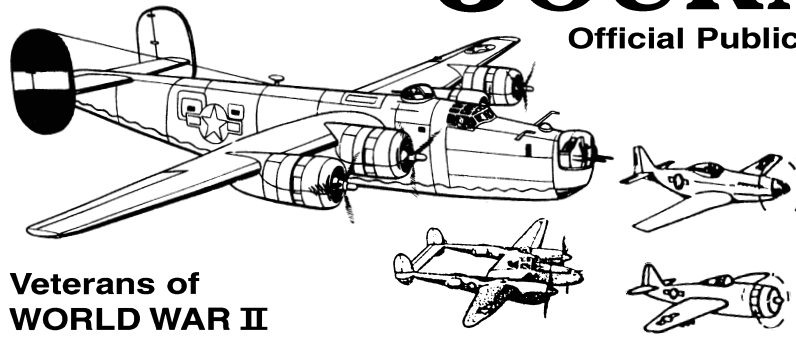


**The 57th  
Annual Convention  
of the 2ADA  
May 27-30, 2004  
Philadelphia, PA  
Details on page 18.**

# THE JOURNAL

Official Publication of the



**Veterans of  
WORLD WAR II**



Volume 42 Number 4

Winter 2003 / 2004

## *Norwich in the Blitz*



Above (left): The bombed out ruins of the Clover Leaf Bar on the corner of St Giles' Street and Upper Goat Lane. Above (right): Bomb damage in King Street. Below (left): The view down St Stephen's Street towards Red Lion Street. Below (right): Life goes on around the remains of Orford Place, looking towards White Lion Street.



*Pictures from a special edition  
of the Evening News*



*See story on page 19 – "The Blitz"*

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# SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



# JOURNAL



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# ★ ★ ★ FROM THE PRESIDENT ★ ★ ★

BY DICK BUTLER (44TH)

On 1 August 1943, 1726 men took off in their B-24D Liberator bombers from Benghazi, Libya on the way to destroy the heavily defended oil refineries at Ploesti, Romania. The code name for this mission was Tidal Wave. Tidal Wave went into the annals of Air Force history as one of the bloodiest and most heroic missions of all time.

Sixty years later, on 1 August 2003, eighty-five of those original 1726 brave crewmen gathered in Salt Lake City, Utah to recall the events of that momentous day sixty years ago and to remember and memorialize their comrades who perished on the mission and those who have passed away since. The eighty-five veterans were joined at this sixtieth anniversary reunion by about 225 other people, including some ground personnel, wives, children, friends, significant others, and others, including numerous historians, who have an interest in the famous low level bombing mission. Twenty-two of the eighty-five were men who were shot down on the mission and became POWs in Romania.



**Together at the Ploesti 60th Anniversary Reunion were eight members of the Original 506th Squadron formed at Pueblo AAF in October of 1942. The 506th joined the 44th BG in February 1943 in England. Front Row (L-R): Nick Garza, Loy Neeper. Back Row (L-R): Bill Newbold, James McAtee, Mark Morris, Dick Butler, Norm Kiefer, Warren Kooken. All but Nick Garza flew the Tidal Wave mission. All are members of the 2ADA.**

The bombing force was comprised of five bomb groups; namely, the 44th, the 93rd, the 98th, the 376th, and the 389th. The 44th, 93rd, and 389th were all stationed in England and were in the 2nd Bomb Group which later became Second Air Division units. The 98th and 376th were stationed in North Africa and were 9th Air Force units. There were veterans in attendance from all five groups, and I was pleased to see so many Second Air Division Association members there. This turned out to be a fantastically successful reunion. Without exception, everyone I talked to agreed that this was the best, most enjoyable, and most meaningful reunion they had ever attended.

The idea for a sixtieth anniversary reunion for Tidal Wave was conceived of by two energetic men of a younger generation, Kent Jaquith and Blaine Duxbury. They are both 2ADA members, Kent being associated with the 93rd BG and Blaine with the 44th. Both are Tidal Wave historians and have attended bomb group, 2ADA, and 8AFHS meetings. They conceived the idea for this reunion five years ago and started working on it at that time, putting out feelers about their idea and finding out what interest there was in staging such an event. Once they determined that a reunion was feasible, they went to work planning, organizing, and coordinating the whole thing. These two, almost single-handedly and at considerable sacrifice to their personal business interests, arranged everything so that we veterans and others would have the greatest reunion ever. The details they thought of and took care of were unbelievable. Everything they did showed that they had one thought in mind, which was to make sure that everyone in attendance had a wonderful time and that the Tidal Wave veterans were truly honored. They sure succeeded.

There were numerous highlights of this reunion, but I will just mention three. Every Thursday evening the Mormon Tabernacle Choir practices for its coming Sunday radio broadcast. We were invited to attend the rehearsal. The Tabernacle was just across the street from our hotel. We had reserved seating near the front. After the Choir practiced for a time, the conductor turned to face the audience — the Tabernacle was virtually full — and read a narrative about the Tidal Wave mission. It was very well done. Then he asked the veterans of the mission to stand and be recognized. We received a standing ovation with what seemed like thunderous applause. After we sat down the conductor announced that the choir would now sing “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” in our honor. It was beautiful, and I would

*(continued on next page)*

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



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 2nd 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 2nd 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 Library of the Norwich Millennium 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 2nd Air Division assigned or attached. Provisions are made for Associate (Non-Voting) memberships and also for subscribing memberships (Non-Voting).

**Please submit all material for publication to the editor by the 15th of January, April, July, or October.**

We make every effort to mail your *Journal* within 45 days of the deadline listed above, with the exception of the Winter issue (October deadline) which is mailed early in January. 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. If you don't get your *Journal* by the next deadline, contact Evelyn Cohen immediately.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (continued)

bet there was not a dry eye in the place.

The next day, Friday, 1 August, we traveled to Hill Air Force Base at Ogden, Utah. First, we visited the Air Museum so we could view the B-24 that is being restored and other famous aircraft. The B-24 was not as far along in its restoration as Blaine and Kent had been assured it would be, but it sufficed for lots of photo taking of friends near the nose of it. An excellent lunch at the Officers Club was next. Then we proceeded to the Hill Air Force Base Chapel for the Ploesti Memorial Service. It was a memorial service that none of us will ever forget. The Commanding General and his people had gone all out on the service on our behalf. Major General Kevin J. Sullivan, Commander OAMA, gave the Ploesti Tribute. Reflections from each of the five bomb groups were given by a representative from each group. The chaplain's message was "Fight The Good Fight With All Might." It was based on "... Fight the Good Fight, holding on to faith and a good conscience" 1 Timothy 1: 18B-19A. Following the singing of "America the Beautiful" and the closing prayer, we proceeded outside for Final Honors. This consisted of a firing team's twenty-one gun salute, the playing of "Taps" with one bugler echoing the playing of the first bugler, and then a fly-over by four F-16 aircraft in a missing man formation. Again, not a dry eye.

The Memorial Banquet was extremely well done. Unusual were the table decorations, done personally by Kent. They were great examples of his graphic art talent. The centerpiece on each table was a stand with a cutout of a bomb image with a B-24D painted on it. The centerpiece of each of a bomb group's tables was done in the same color as were the name tags for each of a bomb group's attendees. Each centerpiece also contained the respective bomb group's insignia. The place mats contained color reproductions of six Tidal Wave postcards that Kent had produced to promote the reunion. We brought our place mats home, had them laminated, and are using them on our breakfast table. There was no guest speaker; just friendly, most appropriate remarks by Blaine. An excellent band played during the dinner time and for dancing later. Many of the band members were military veterans and donated their performance that evening in our honor. A very solemn candle-lighting ceremony concluded the formal program, with Blaine doing a most meaningful reading. Our Tidal Wave veterans had been truly honored.

In my article in the the Fall issue of the *Journal* I had the opportunity to introduce

three new group vice presidents. Now I have the opportunity to introduce, congratulate, and welcome three more new ones. The first one is John L. Lee, Jr. of the 93rd Bomb Group. He succeeds Al Asch, who has been that group's vice president and a most important member of the 2ADA Executive Committee for many years. Please note that I did not say John replaces Al. No one could replace Al Asch. We will miss him at Executive Committee meetings and the interest he always displayed in matters of business. He promoted Association support of the Air Force Memorial in Washington, DC and pushed for interest by our members in the World War II Memorial, also in Washington. Al was one of the committee of four men who undertook the project to fund and place a bronze B-24 model at the Air Force Academy. I don't think we would have that great B-24 memorial at the Academy, where it receives recognition every day from the cadets, were it not for Al's hands-on involvement. I talked to John Lee on the phone, and was impressed by his enthusiasm and eagerness to get involved in Association matters. We look forward to seeing him at the next convention, in Philadelphia.

The new 445th group vice president is

Clarence A. Luhmann. He succeeds Fred Dale, who held that position for many years. We will miss Fred's presence and support at Executive Committee and convention meetings. Declining health has caused Fred to relinquish the position he has filled so well for a long time. Thank you, Fred, for all you did for the 445th BG and the Second Air Division Association. And thank you, Clarence, for assuming the VP position. I will be pleased to see you in Philadelphia.

John (Jack) E. Stevens follows Geoff Gregory as 467th Bomb Group vice president. Geoff has moved to the Association executive vice president position. I can't say like I did in regards to Al and Fred that we will miss Geoff with him always present, stirring something up. But we do thank him for all he has done for the Association and in particular for his support of our Memorial Library. I am very pleased that Jack has agreed to take the position of group vice president for the 467th BG. I know he will represent that group very well and support the Association's goals. Jack has been a long time member of our Second Air Division Southern California Debriefing Team. We meet for lunch each month and Jack is an active participant. ■

## HOWDY FROM TEXAS!

BY GEOFF GREGORY (467TH), 2ADA EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

We have returned from the 467th BG stand-alone convention in San Antonio. Ralph Davis, 467th president, did another fine job, and the hotel was most accommodating and conveniently situated. Sadly, the attendance was down to under 100 — a surprise, since San Antonio is such a great convention city.

It is a reminder that the day of reckoning is approaching the conventions of the Second Air Division Association. The decrease in attendance makes it very difficult to make guaranties required by most hotels. I know Evelyn Cohen has recently been wrestling with this problem. The question of "do we or don't we" was discussed in general terms in Chicago, and will surely come up again in Philadelphia this coming May. Among suggestions I've heard is that we bring conventions to a close in one or two years. Regional gatherings could be substituted, such as those we currently have in Dallas and California. We would retain the structure of the 2ADA, as well as the *Journal*, for the foreseeable future. Presently, there is in place a committee composed mostly of past presidents, which will be making recommendations at the Philadelphia convention. If anyone has "thoughts" on this matter, send them to any member of the 2ADA Executive Committee. NOW IS THE TIME TO SPEAK.

By the time you read this, the 2ADA financial appeal for funds to support the Memorial Library and the 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian Fund will be in your hands. In Chicago, it was voted to **begin** the appeal with the 2ADA membership, and then **expand** it to the **Group Rosters**. A great deal of time and careful thinking was put into this appeal. It presents to our membership, several options for making a donation. Please read the information carefully, give it serious consideration, and act on it as soon as possible. **Your support is crucial.**

"Philly" is a great city, steeped in American history, education and the arts. The recently opened CONSTITUTIONAL MUSEUM is very special, and should probably be on everyone's list. Evelyn has us in a new hotel in the very heart of the old historic district. It should be a great time. Don't miss it! Put it on your calendar now! Hope you enjoyed a great holiday season. Stay well, and "SEE YOU THEN!" ■

# The Editor's Contribution

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

## ANSWERS TO THE FALL QUIZ

British bombers that raided Berlin at night while the 8th AF bombed Germany during daylight: (1) Short Stirling, (2) Handley Page Halifax, (3) Avro Lancaster, (4) De Havilland Mosquito.

## THE DAM BUSTERS SURPRISE

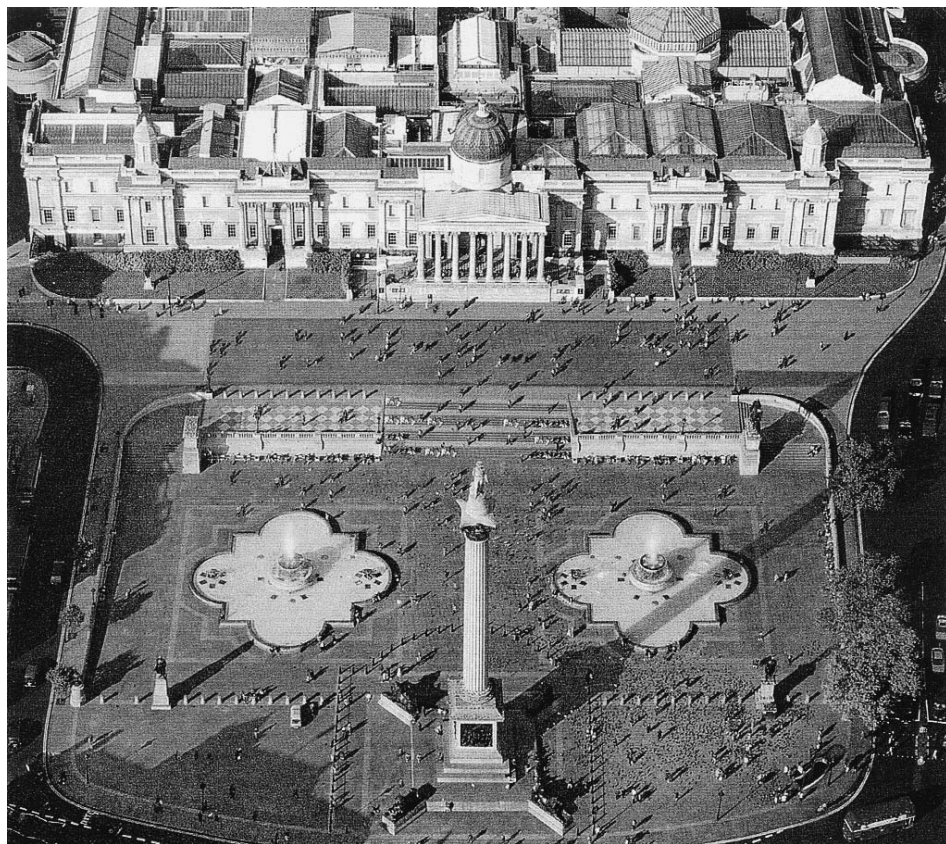
The Avro Lancaster had its bomb bay modified so that specially designed large barrel shaped bombs could be installed crossways in the bomb bay. The bombs had a shaft installed through the center, which were then rotated counterclockwise at 500 RPM just before dropping so they would "spin down" into the deep underneath of the dam.

## WINTER QUIZ

**One:** Five factories produced B-24s during WWII. Can you name the five manufacturers and their locations?

**Two:** Which was the first foreign country to order the Liberator?

**Three:** What was the name of the B-24 found in the desert 16 years after WWII, and why did it end up there?



**Four:** The picture above shows one of London's most visited outdoor spots. If you ever visited London, you probably enjoyed this landmark. It has been in existence for over 160 years.

Although it has been recently "madeover," you still should be able to name the following:

- The location of the place and what it commemorates.
- The building in the background and its purpose.
- The personage atop the tower and the achievement of such person. ■

## NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE HONORARY PRESIDENT

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL (HQ)

Greetings to you all, along with my repeated good wishes for a Happy, Healthy 2004!! I know I don't have to remind you, with whom I served in the mid '40s, that time is moving on with scary inevitability, and I want, so much, for our remaining time together to be pleasurable, healthy, and productive.

### ROLL OF HONOR

In the last issue I advised you all that a list of 195 names to be added to the Roll of Honor, which I submitted to Norwich in late April of 2003, had been subjected to correction by several group VPs. I do thank them, and it was my hope to be able to send in a corrected list by October 1st. However, because I had not heard from the rest of the VPs, I sent in the list in late September with the request that it be held until all the corrections were in, to which they agreed. The list was down to 170.

As of this date, 15 October 2003, there are still a few from whom I have not heard. Rest assured, however, that the project will be completed, one way or another, by the end of 2003 as scheduled by your Executive Committee. Along with my Roll of Honor list at the end of September, I sent forward the list of those Killed in the Line of Duty but not in combat situations. There were fewer than 40 on that list, and it, too, is being kept open until the end of the year.

Similarly, another list of 20 or so names was sent to be subject to corrections in spelling, serial numbers, rank, etc. This list also will be prepared in Old English script, and will be readily available to visitors.

### HISTORY

I have had no questions or comments about the operational information I reported in the last two issues, and I have a bunch more. However I would appreciate your guidance

about what kind of information you might like in the future. How about it?

### PERSONAL

At lunch today with one of my 2ADA friends at a senior facility which I was exploring as a possible new residence, one of the gentlemen at our table commented, in response to a few comments my companion and I made, "It looks like you still have not had enough of the wartime years." It was with great pride that I advised him that our 2ADA had our 56th annual convention in June and that we are well into plans for the 57th, in Philadelphia in May 2004. Yes indeed, there has been much pleasure for me in the 53 of the 56 which I was fortunate enough to have attended. Most of all it came from mingling with all of you who have also attended. I am hoping there will be a bunch of you at our 57th. BLESS YOU ALL!!! ■





## Flying With The United States Air Force of Today

By **DAVID J. HASTINGS, Honorary Squadron Commander, 351st Air Refueling Squadron**

One of the many joys of being one of the USAF Honorary Squadron Commanders at Mildenhall is that you get to fly, and last week the dream came true. I am fortunate that my squadron is the 351st Air Refueling Squadron and they fly the KC135 Stratotankers, which is the military version of the Boeing 707. Although the aircraft is over forty years old, they have the new, more powerful and quiet CFM-56 engines, plus a very updated cockpit.

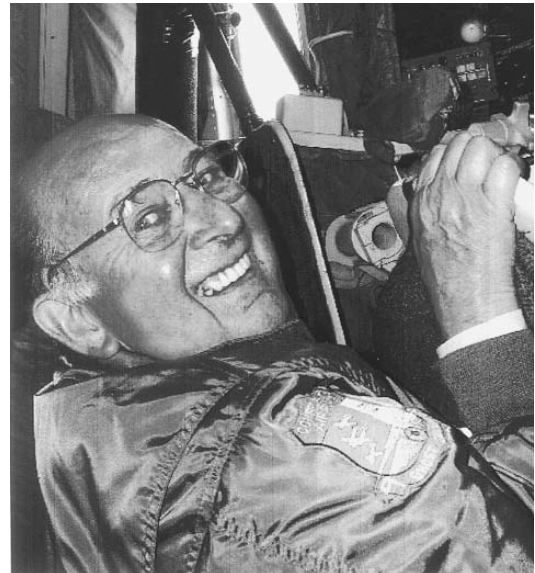
Our instructions were to report to Mildenhall at 0930 wearing comfortable clothing and a warm jacket and expect to leave again at 1800, which sounded like a very full and enjoyable day. On arrival we were taken by bus to the 100th Air Refueling Wing Headquarters for a greeting by the Operations Commander, Colonel Bryan Benson, and my own squadron boss, Lt. Colonel Chevalier Cleaves. This was followed by coffee and biscuits and then the mission briefing with the introduction of our crew. Our aircraft captain was Major James Oconnell, a KC135 instructor pilot. The copilot was Captain Osva Sanchez, the navigator Captain Chris Clements, and the boom operator Staff Sergeant Kate Shoemake. Next followed the very thorough safety and pre-flight briefings given by Kate.

With everyone ready and happy with the procedures, we boarded the bus to take us out to the squadron dispersal and our aircraft. After the walkround and before boarding, we all posed for the official crew photograph beside the nose of the KC135, which was named after the Wing Commander, Colonel Richard T. Devereaux. The 351st ARS had very kindly added in some seats for us in the vast empty cargo deck of the KC135, which has only four small windows. Another big difference from a commercial airliner is that in the event of a depressurisation you do not have oxygen masks that drop down; you carry your own personal system with you at all times. Also on board with us was 2nd Lt. Glory Smith, the great girl from Public Affairs at Mildenhall, who visited the Second Air Division Memorial Library last year and wrote the splendid article on the Memorial for *Marauder*, the station magazine.

Luckily, as I was flying with my own squadron, I was invited to join the crew up front for the start-up and take-off, and what a view from the jump seat. The professionalism of this young American aircrew was most impressive, and you knew that you were in good hands with everything being carefully checked and monitored. With all four engines running and stabilised, we obtained

our clearance from the tower to taxi to the active runway of 29 on a perfect morning for flying. A brief hold, final pre-takeoff checks completed, and then we were cleared to go; and what a push those four engines gave you with the V1, VR and V2 speeds coming in quick succession. Turning north we continued the climb, passing above Kings Lynn under radar control on our way to our task area over the North Sea, where we were scheduled to meet up with the F15s. Moving back into the main cabin, it was time for our snack lunch. I had chosen the ham sandwich, but when the lunch box arrived it was much more, full of goodies as well as two huge sandwiches, and certainly much better than the airlines' economy class meals. Thank you, flight catering!

Now the fighters started to arrive for their fuel, and it was time to go aft to the boom operator's position in the tail and watch the great skill of Staff Sergeant Kate Shoemake in "flying the boom" to link up with the F15s. Lying on a couch she really controls the whole operation and is talking to our flight deck crew as well as the fighter pilot. When they are taking on fuel those F15s are really close, and I was surprised to learn that they are the size of a B-17. It was intriguing to be so near that you could actually see the pilot's face when he was taking on fuel. Also surprising was the way the fighter actually moved our aircraft about when on the boom. Kate explained that to refuel a C17 was even more inspiring! One by



one all the fighters were topped up, with Kate working extremely hard. We also had one F15 who briefly stayed in close formation on our starboard wing, making a fine sight in the afternoon sun high above the clouds.

Then, sadly our mission was complete and it was time to start the descent back towards Norfolk, sliding easily through the clouds and then a straight in approach to our base at Mildenhall, followed by a real "greaser" of a landing on RW29. Back at dispersal we thanked the crew and the ground engineers for a really great flight and were then taken to the Officers Club at Middleton Hall to join all our squadron commanders and be presented with our own copy of the crew photograph taken before we boarded. We enjoyed a quiet drink and buffet supper in their company and then had a chance to express our thanks to them for a truly wonderful day. To fly with the 351st Squadron and the 100th Air Refueling Wing and watch their very professional approach to the task is indeed a great privilege, and we can never thank Team Mildenhall enough for making it all possible. The American Air Force of today proudly follows in the great tradition of the 8th Air Force USAAF that we first met sixty years ago. ■

# Report of the 2ADA Representative on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH)

Journal report time seems to come more frequently as time goes by. Please excuse my short report, but recent months have been busy ones for me. My wife Maxine spent over three months in the hospital and nursing home before we finally got her home. She is doing much better but still takes a good bit of my time. Excuses, excuses.

The Second Air Division Association lost a dear friend on 27 August 2003 with the passing of Edward Trafford. He and his wife June hosted many festive dinners in their "Broad House" home for returning veterans. Some of you may recall the unforgettable night at the Traffords when Andy Low and Jimmy Stewart sang Squadron songs in the top room.



The Traffords were always very generous supporters of our Memorial Library. For example, on the morning of the 1994 fire that destroyed the Norwich Central Library and our Memorial Room, Edward organized a gathering at Broad House to raise funds for the rebuilding of the Memorial. Our sincere sympathy goes to June and the family. We will miss Edward Trafford.

Trust Chairman Matthew Martin informs me a major Appeal will be launched on 29 November for the purpose of raising the Trust Capital Fund to a level which will truly fund the Memorial Library in perpetuity. Our English friends have always been very generous and we wish the Appeal success.

I am planning to attend the November 12, 2003 Governors meeting and expect to have much to report in my next *Journal* article. I will also be attending Lord Carrington's lecture on the 13th. Joe Dzenowagis, Jr. will be in attendance at the Governors meeting and will be accepted as a new Governor. Joe will be a good Governor and his experience in filming so many of our 2ADA events makes him well qualified for the job. We wish you well, Joe.

Our editor informs me he has pictures from Matthew Martin to fill out my space, so I will sign off wishing you good health and happiness. ■



**Left: Chuck Walker presents flowers to Jean Hastings. Right: Matthew Martin (L) holds a photograph of the Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk Sir T. Colman and General Hess dedicating the plaque at the Memorial Library. David Hastings (R) holds a photograph of the Roll of Honor being carried into the Library. On the display table are a photo of The Forum building with St Peter Mancroft Tower in the foreground, and a photo of the flypast during the celebrations for Her Majesty the Queen's Golden Jubilee.**

## BBC "PEOPLE'S WAR" PROJECT

BY TAHITIA ORR, 2ADA/FULBRIGHT LIBRARIAN

The Second Air Division Memorial Library is involved in the launch of a new website created by the BBC. The aim is to create a resource for future generations, mixing family and military history, to create a living document that tells the children and grandchildren of survivors of World War Two what they did and what really happened to them.

People's War can be found at [www.bbc.co.uk/ww2](http://www.bbc.co.uk/ww2). By logging on to the website, you can exchange stories about your wartime experiences or those of your family, to create a picture of life during the conflict. Everyone has a story to tell, no matter how big or small, whether from the war front or the home front, and the BBC wants to hear it. Official records often only tell half the story, and People's War sets out to address some of the more personal unanswered questions.

The aim is to create a resource for future generations, mixing family and military history, to create a living document that tells the children and grandchildren of survivors of WWII what they did and what really happened to them. Stories contributed to the People's War will be published on the website. This means that people from around the world can read your story. There is a writing workshop available online for those wanting a bit of help with their writing skills. Each story is run through by an editorial desk to be categorized and cross-referenced. This places each story within the correct historical context and will make it easier to find.

In November, the Library focused on the People's War for four days, helping people with computers, providing research background, and serving refreshments. Many local veterans and reminiscence groups came to partake, and we got to hear many lovely stories. Please consider logging on to the website yourself and adding your story to the mix! The Memorial Library would also love to have copies of any story you add to the People's War website. Log on to: [www.bbc.co.uk/ww2](http://www.bbc.co.uk/ww2). ■

# 458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY RICK ROKICKI

## MEMORIAL AT HORSHAM ST. FAITH

Christine Armes has advised that our memorial at the airfield is fully funded. I recently received copies of two checks that totaled £600 from our British comrades from the RAF who served at Horsham St. Faith before we arrived there. Although not yet in place, as there are a few technical problems still to be dealt with, we have every reason to believe it will be in place before 2003 year's end.

If you recall, we originally thought we would be able to dedicate the memorial on September 6th, then October 11th. Realistically, it was too tight of a schedule and did not allow any "wiggle room." Now, however, we are inviting all who would like to be present and take part in the dedication service which is planned for early Spring. No fixed date as of this writing. Please write or telephone for further details and information regarding hotel accommodations or B&B if you prefer. Please contact:

Mrs. Christine P. Armes  
5 Primrose Court,  
Thorpe St. Andrew,  
Norwich, Norfolk NR7 0SF  
Telephone: 011-44-1603-700776

Please keep in mind that Great Britain is 5 hours ahead from the East Coast, plus one hour per zone going west to California which is an 8 hour time difference.

## MEMORIAL AT WRIGHT-PATTERSON

After nearly nine years of trying to get our memorial attended to because of the stress crack (see the Winter 2002-2003 *Journal*), the stone has been removed and sent to the manufacturer for repair

## NEW MEMBERS OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

### 93rd BG

James C. Chittenden  
Fernley G. Smith

### 389th BG

Larry McNary

### 467th BG

James E. Benham

### 492nd BG

C.W. Schulze, Jr.

or replacement. Duke Trivette advised that Gail Beams, Assistant Facilities Manager of the museum, has been responsible for having this action taken. Duke still has a presence at the museum and grounds, so he should be the first to get thanks from our members. Hopefully, we will have a photo of the memorial in the future.

## CORGI B-24J MODEL

Communication with CORGI's Jeff Muckler, Director of Corgi Direct Marketing Ltd, confirmed that the company has agreed to make a 250-unit run of the B-24 Liberator specially designed for the Second Air Division Association. I was advised that there were 96 requests already on file. I can only tell you that if you want this beautiful, museum quality model, please don't hesitate to have one reserved for you. Fact is that after this "run" is through, there will be no "second chance." That was fully explained to me and I felt it absolutely necessary to advise you of this. The 33% discount they are giving us is the largest they have ever allowed to an association such as ours. My personal belief is that they have considered our age and our dedication to WWII's most-produced bomber. Production of the model is scheduled for January, 2004. If you have not acted as yet and want to make sure one will be available to you, contact CORGI CLASSICS, P.O. Box 910, Norwalk, CT 06852-0910. Please DO NOT send any money at this time. You will be contacted when the model is available. Mr. Muckler has advised that eight of our members have sent checks with their requests and others have given their credit card numbers. He says the normal procedure is to return these payments because they will not accept payment before the product is available for sale. Use the ad on page 35 of this *Journal* or write me for the latest ad and order form. Hopefully, by the time you are reading this, the model will be available for purchase.

## 458TH BG ENDOWMENT – 2AD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Derek S. Hills, Trust Librarian, recently sent me a list of books purchased in 2003 with our endowment fund interest.

1. *Necessary Is . . .* (Frank Zappa), by Billy James
2. *From Watergate to Monicagate*, by Herbert N. Foerstel
3. *The Great Game*, by John Steete Gordon
4. *The Writing of America*, by Geoff Ward
5. *Dream of Wings* (Muhammad Ali), by Tom D. Crouch
6. *The Phantom Defense*, (Star Wars), by Craig Eisendraft
7. *Missile In Cuba*, (1962 Crisis), by Mark White

## FOLDED WINGS

John E. Gallagher, Jr., former NYC detective, died on July 13, 2003 after a brief illness. He was born on August 25, 1924. When the U.S. entered WWII, he joined the U.S. Army Air Forces attending Michigan State and navigational training at Ellington Field, Texas. His first mission was as a member of Buck Roger Boys. These missions were the first to test "smart bomb" technology back in 1944. As a lead navigator with the 458th Bomb Group, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross along with five Air Medals.

## ROLL OF HONOR

Thanks to the number of replies I had to the names for the ROH, all are now either listed or will soon be entered. Special thanks to Darin Scorza, Ken Holcombe, Bill Case, and Jordan Uttal for this completion.



Have a Great New Year, and don't forget to take your pills! ■



# "HITTING THE DECK" AT KARLSRUHE, GERMANY

BY FRANK W. FEDERICI (445TH)

The mission to Karlsruhe was flown on September 8, 1944 without losing any aircraft. Was it a "milk run"? No. Did our crew and five wing ships drop to 500 feet after dropping our bombs at Karlsruhe? Yes. "Hitting the deck" obviously was not a part of our mission briefing, therefore we were committing a bad no-no that could put our lead crew officers in deep doo-doo.

I chose to submit this story to the *Journal* for two reasons:

(1) The remaining six ships in our squadron were between a rock and a hard place (short on fuel and oxygen).

(2) As a lead navigator I agreed to hit the deck knowing intimately how much more difficult it would be for a high altitude navigator to navigate at low altitude (500 feet) where it is quite difficult to obtain navigational checkpoints.

So I will begin this story while a couple of navigator buddies, Pete Bradley and Fielder Newton, "navigate" with me.

At main briefing our crew became concerned when bad weather was a possibility in the target area according to our "Metro Moe." We took off anyway from our base at Tibenham, England where the 445th Bomb Group was based. Our crew would lead the 700th Squadron on this mission on which the crew was as follows: James A. Williams (pilot), Vincent Mazza (copilot), John C. Christianson (nose turret navigator), Frank W. Federici (navigator), Leo J. Lewis (bombardier), Herbert A. Krieg (engineer), Carl E. Bally (radio operator), Edward Goodgion (waist gunner), Kenneth J. Brass (waist gunner), and Charles W. Bickett (tail gunner). We circled over England until we were in squadron formation and then group formation and left England for Germany, while flying a briefed route which was evasive to the target area. Before the bomb run we encountered cloud formations that forced us up to 27,700 feet. I vividly remember this altitude because it was the highest we ever had to attain on a mission. All of you know that when a B-24 has to fly above 25,000 feet, it is not possible for the pilots to fly a tight formation because the controls become "mushy" (I was told). Therefore, we flew a loose formation on the bomb run, which made us easy prey for German fighters. Since our bomb bay doors would not open, our bombardier had to communicate to the other ships in our squadron to salvo their bombs when they saw flares from our ship. We learned

***I have told this story to only one other person, a low-altitude navigator friend who is qualified to completely understand and visualize the immense amount of navigation involved. If there are any of you 445th "fly boys" who were on this six-ship mission, I would be pleased to hear from you.***

after the mission that our bombing results were good! However, note that our bombs are still in the bomb bay!

This was normally an eight to eight-and-a-half hour mission, but prior to reaching the bomb run, our formation of bombers had to alter course numerous times because of bad cloud formations. We felt that we had been touring Germany. These changes in course were not a part of our briefed courses! The weather was really bad. According to records that I have for the 445th Bomb Group, we sent up thirty aircraft for this mission but only twenty attacked the target (ten ships never made it to the target!) None of these ten ships were shot down, but were forced back by bad weather or insufficient oxygen and fuel.

Shortly after our bombs were dropped and we had turned off the target, we received complaints of shortages of fuel and oxygen. Since we were leading this mission, the officers on our crew had a short conference on interphone which resulted in a decision to HIT THE DECK. So we descended to five hundred feet! We leveled off with five other B-24s behind us in formation over the battle front lines, Maginot (French) and Siegfried (German) near Nancy, France.

What was interesting at this time and also made our crew apprehensive was the presence of our bombs still on board (500# G.P.'s). While German "small arms" fire (rifles and machine guns) were shooting at us from the ground, I could see the flash from their weapons and wondered when we would blow up! Also at this time our instruments were heavily frosted and our wings were laden with ice. We were not "out of the woods" yet! I scraped the ice from my instruments and was sure that Vince Mazza (copilot) was doing the same in the cockpit.

We continued to encounter heavy cloud formations, so our pilot Jim Williams and I agreed to fly zigzag courses to avoid flying through clouds and prevent additional icing on our wings. This repeated altering of course imposed a heavy workload

on the navigator (me) because new sets of calculations for each new heading had to be made and the heading given to the pilot. I could have used one hundred and twenty seconds in a minute instead of sixty! We did this so frequently that it was not feasible for the wing navigators to "follow the lead." I knew they had to rely on my accuracy as we headed for our home base. I had no choice but to accept this responsibility.

Since all of the aircraft in our formation were short of fuel, a decision had to be made wherein I would have to plot a course directly to our home base to assure that we would have enough fuel to reach it. Oxygen was not a problem any more, because we would be flying below 10,000 feet. Thus, our pilot Jim Williams and I discussed and agreed to fly a course directly to our base. This meant that we would *not* fly the briefed and longer courses back to base. It is normally mandatory to fly the briefed courses because a smaller formation like our six aircraft could be jumped by German fighters and shot down. We chose to take that risk instead of running out of fuel. (We were between a rock and a hard place.) I plotted a course directly to Paris, and we climbed on course to a higher altitude so that I could use easier forms of navigation. We climbed up to clear skies and reached Paris at about 9,000 feet while getting rid of the icing on our wings.

We continued from Paris on a direct course to our base. All aircraft arrived with engines running! We went through the usual interrogation by our intelligence officer, and then it is customary to go straight to the mess hall for a meal. (We had not eaten for at least 9 1/2 hours.) I was completely exhausted and, although I was known as a "chow hound," I decided that sleep was more important and started to walk in the snow toward our quonset hut. As I walked toward the hut, I was tempted numerous times to lie in the snow and go to sleep. However, I continued to walk to the hut, when suddenly I was confronted by

*(continued on next page)*



**NORTH PICKENHAM**

# 492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

**BY WILLIS H. BEASLEY**

## 8TH AFHS REUNION

Seven members of the 492nd Bomb Group attended the 8th Air Force Historical Society Reunion, October 13 to October 19. Norma and I did not arrive until Thursday, October 16th. We were in time to hear Dr. Walter Brown's presentation of "Pearls 2003," a collection of published bits of medical wisdom, factual as well as entertaining. Those attending in addition to Norma and me were James McCrory (son of Jim), Beverly & Richard Thompson, and Ralph & Eunice Haines. Billy Johnson was scheduled to attend, but had a death in the family.

An excellent patriotic presentation by Brigadier General James G. Graves, entitled "The American Dream," was given on Friday, October 17. General Graves is Reserve Mobilization Assistant to the Commanding General of the Air Combat Command, Barksdale, Louisiana. James, Richard, Ralph, and I participated in the memorial service at the banquet.

## MEDAL OF HONOR GROVE

In keeping with the Freedoms Foundation mission to educate Americans about our

country's past and heritage, the Medal of Honor Grove was developed. It is located on the grounds of Freedoms Foundation in Valley Forge, PA, in a wooded grove of over fifty acres dedicated to the memory of those who have earned the Medal of Honor. The Medal of Honor Grove is divided into areas for each of the fifty states, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico. The focal point of each of these areas is a seven-foot seven-inch high obelisk patterned after the Washington Monument. Affixed to the obelisk is a state seal, a dedication plaque, and a list of Medal of Honor recipients accredited to that state. Within the state area a small 4 x 6 inch tree marker is placed for each recipient. These markers give the recipient's name, rank and unit, as well as the place and date the Medal was earned.

You may want to consider paying a visit to this grove while you are attending the 2ADA convention in Philadelphia in May. Valley Forge is approximately 37 miles from Philadelphia.



Regrettably, we have lost two more of our

members, George Greiff and Erwin Strohmaier. Rev. Harold Gietz, Chaplain in the 492nd BG, is seriously ill.



## CEREMONY AT MARGRATEN

On September 3, 2003, Enrico Schwartz, Svetlana Reimer, and John Hey attended a ceremony in the Netherlands Cemetery (Margraten) to place copper stars beside the names of the five members of the Lloyd Herbert crew #802. The members are: Lloyd Herbert, Harold Bachman, William Covington, Timothy Tarpey, and Laurence Nursall. These stars indicate that their remains have been located and they are no longer missing in action. The group burial was in Arlington National Cemetery in November 2003.

## BRITAIN'S HOMAGE TO 28,000 AMERICAN DEAD

Published by the *London Times* in 1952, a copy of this book was sent to the next-of-kin of each of the 28,000 Americans whose sacrifice is therein commemorated. You may be able to get a copy from e-bay. The copy we have is in memory of S/Sgt. E.R. Harris, USAAF. The book is hardcover, 69 pages, 8" by 11". It is an excellent addition for WWII collectors.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

When you read this *Journal* it will be January 2004. Norma and I wish all of you a very Healthy, Happy New Year. ■

## HITTING THE DECK AT KARLSRUHE (continued from page 9)

another navigator who caught up to me and said, "Thanks a lot, Frank." He was one of the navigators in an aircraft flying in our six-ship formation back to base. I have considered his "thank you" as the greatest compliment received during my seventy-nine years! He was thanking me for saving his life. I don't remember his name. If there are any of you 445th "fly boys" who were with us on this six-ship mission, I would be pleased to hear from you. I live at 2611 Harlem Blvd., Rockford, IL 61103.

Shortly after reaching the hut, an announcement came over the loudspeaker requesting that the five officers on Jim Williams' crew report to base headquarters. So, Jim Williams (pilot), Vince Mazza (copilot), Leo Lewis (bombardier), Frank Federici (navigator), and John Christianson (nose turret navigator) reported to headquarters, wherein we were interrogated

separately as to why we deviated from the briefed courses. Although we all told the truth, and the fuel supply was subsequently checked on each aircraft to establish that there was less than ten minutes of fuel left in the tanks, we received reprimands. Six aircraft and sixty men's lives were saved. It was the toughest navigation I have ever performed!

One somewhat amusing incident occurred on this Karlsruhe mission, when we leveled off at five hundred feet over the Siegfried line. Our bombardier, Leo Lewis, who had nothing to do since the bomb run, stood up and was low altitude sightseeing through the right side blister window. Leo said, "Look at the lighthouse at three o'clock." He was in my way when I was very busy, so I put the palm of my hand on the top of his helmet and pushed him down while saying, "That is a flak tower, not a lighthouse!" Since we were in our early 20's, we were always ready to have fun.

I have told this story to only one other person, Ray Kroker, a low altitude navigator friend of mine who is qualified to completely understand and visualize the immense amount of navigation involved. I was just doing my job, but this mission stands out in my memory through the years because of the complete exhaustion that occurred and the fact that we were reprimanded as a "reward." Oh, well, you win some and you lose some. Tell me, Pete Bradley and Fielder Newton, were you guys using the E6B computer with me as you read this story?

Although the Karlsruhe mission was significant to me, my most memorable mission occurred the following November 26, 1944 when Jim Williams, our pilot, was killed over Misburg, Germany by cannon fire from a ME-109 German fighter plane. A Misburg mission story was written by our copilot, Lt. Col. Vincent Mazza (retired) and me in 1997 for the 2ADA *Journal*. ■



BY CLARENCE A. LUHMANN

I would like to begin by saying thank you to Fred Dale for being our group vice president for so many years. I have been appointed to take his place. So I will give a brief resume of my life so far:

I was born on April 27, 1922 in southern Minnesota. I went to school at a country school with all eight grades and one teacher. Then I went to the school of agriculture at the University of Minnesota. I graduated in March of 1940.

I enlisted in the Air Force in August of 1942 with the idea that you didn't march much there. When I was called to active duty in March of 1943, I found out that you did a lot of marching. I went to Santa Ana, California for Pre-flight, then to 29 Palms, California for Primary in the middle of the Mahauae Desert, then to Pecos, Texas for Basic Training. While I was at Pecos I married my friend and sweetheart from home. (This year we were married sixty years.) I went to Williams Field at Chandler, Arizona for Advanced Training. On December 5, 1943 I received my wings and 2nd Lt. Commission.

I went to Salt Lake City, Utah, and then to Casper, Wyoming for B-24 training. There our crew was formed. Burr Miller was pilot and I was copilot. From Casper we went to Liberal, Kansas to pick up a new B-24. We went to West Palm Beach, Florida, then flew the southern route to South America to Africa to England where we joined the 445th Bomb Group.

I flew my first mission on May 15, 1944. My eighth mission was D-Day. August 5, 1944 was my 35th mission and my last.

After the war we farmed and I worked as a carpenter. We have three daughters, eight grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

And now, for the first story:

### PATIENCE HAS ITS REWARDS

Sam Mastrogiacomo had waited 59 1/2 years for his "Just Award" when finally the

Air Force caught up with some unfinished business they started on February 24, 1944, and somewhat belatedly awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross which he earned on the famous Gotha mission many years ago.

His story was written up in the book *WWII: Beyond Belief, But True*, with excerpts as follows:

On the morning of February 24, 1944, 238 B-24 bombers took off from their bases in England en route to a Messerschmitt factory in Gotha, Germany. Staff Sergeant Sam Mastrogiacomo rode in the *Big Time Operator* (called BTO by her crew) as a tail gunner in the 702nd Squadron of the 445th Bomb Group.

About an hour into the mission, the formation of bombers was attacked by the yellow-nosed Messerschmitts of Hermann Goering's Special Squadron, an elite group of fighter pilots that knew exactly how to find the vulnerable points on a B-24. A two-hour and twenty-minute dog-fight ensued between Allied escort planes and German fighters, while the lumbering bombers endured repeated attacks all the way to the target.

A favorite German tactic was to come up behind a bomber and take out the tail gunner position to leave the plane open to further attack from the rear. Mastrogiacomo was up to the challenge that day, shooting down three Messerschmitts with his twin 50-calibre machine guns during the running air battle.

One German fighter had managed to get into position to rake the tail section of the BTO with 22-mm cannon fire. The two-inch thick bullet-proof glass windows in front of the tail gunner shattered into opaque spiderwebs, while the electric and hydraulic systems that assisted movement of the rear turret were severed by the shells. Mastrogiacomo was initially stunned by the deadly burst of gunfire, and he could feel a warm spot burning on the back of his neck. He reached up gingerly to his neck and dabbed at the viscous red fluid that covered it. The shaken man recalls thinking in the moment, "Being shot doesn't hurt that bad."

Hearing the series of hits in the rear of the plane, the pilot called out on the intercom, "Sam! Are you alright, Sam?" The tail gunner was too disoriented to answer the call, forcing one of the waist gunners to abandon his gun to check out his injured crewmate. Mastrogiacomo feebly pointed to his dripping neck, half expecting his crewmate to pronounce the wound beyond hope, but the waist gunner said: "Sam, you're not hit! It's only hydraulic fluid!" A severed hydraulic line was squirting hot red fluid directly onto Mastrogiacomo's neck, but he hadn't received a scratch.

Quickly coming to his senses, the tail gunner pulled out the four pins that held the shattered window section in the frame of the turret. Three hard pushes to free the window from the frame failed, but after a quick prayer, the fourth push caused the damaged glass to dislodge. With his

view now restored, Mastrogiacomo was horrified to see that another German fighter was settling in at a range of 100 feet, preparing to take aim on the rear of the bomber. When a gun position was knocked out on a bomber for even a short period of time, experienced fighter pilots knew immediately where to attack that plane on subsequent passes.

"He was so close I could see his face," Mastrogiacomo recalls. The gunner remembers thinking at the time: "My God! He's gonna kill me!"

The tail gunner scrambled to ready his guns, but the dislodged glass panel had jammed in between the two gun barrels, making aiming impossible. Mastrogiacomo quickly turned a hand crank to raise the guns manually, and free the shattered 16 x 20 inch pane. Fortunately, at the moment that the glass finally slipped loose, the tail guns were aimed directly at the threatening enemy plane. Feeling frantically with his foot, the gunner found the flip-fire switch which allows the guns to fire without hydraulic assistance. In the split-second that determined who could deliver the first close-range gun burst, Mastrogiacomo won the race and shot the fighter out of the sky.

The first two of the tail gunner's kills were official on that mission, while his third victim was never confirmed. The bombing accuracy of the B-24 crews was also outstanding on that day, utterly destroying the aircraft factory that had been targeted. Thirteen of the 25 planes from the 445th never returned from the mission to Gotha.

As the crews disembarked from their bombers after landing safely in England, the press corps scurried across the tarmac to find their latest hero. The tale of Mastrogiacomo's gunnery exploits quickly drew a crowd to the sergeant, who found himself surrounded by an adoring throng, including a reporter from *Life Magazine*. The tail gunner's potential fifteen minutes of fame quickly evaporated, however; after seeing the B-24 piloted by Jimmy Stewart (who also flew with the 445th), the fickle press rushed over to the Hollywood star's plane to get the scoop on the mission, leaving poor Sam to ponder what might have been.

The 445th ultimately received a presidential unit citation for the Gotha mission, while Mastrogiacomo had to settle for five Air Medals and a total of three confirmed kills as a tail gunner.

The fifth Air Medal was awarded after Mastrogiacomo's return to the States, for "shooting down a FW 190" but no mention of the other two shot down on the same mission.

Sam indicated that had he still been in England in the 8th Air Force he probably would have gotten the DFC at that time, but he is glad the paperwork caught up with the events after all these years. "No one knows how proud I am that after 59 1/2 years they awarded me the Distinguished Flying Cross," he concluded. ■



## WENDLING 392nd

BY  
LAWRENCE GILBERT,  
CHARLES DYE,  
and JIM GOAR

The 392nd is very much alive and strong; however some of our members are a bit under the weather. John Conrad, our group vice president for the Second Air Division Association and the titular author of this column, is somewhat incapacitated and has asked to be relieved from this duty. As a result, Oak Mackey, past president of the 2ADA, has agreed to assume this duty, and he was duly elected at the meeting in Colorado.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society had a good attendance at the Colorado Springs reunion, as did the 392nd Bomb Group.

The 392nd had 48 registered and as usual hosted the 8th Air Force active duty awardees who received the General Ira Eaker Outstanding Airmanship Award and the Pursuit of Excellence Award. There were in excess of 25 "Blue Suiters" present at the 392nd Rendezvous Dinner; including BG Bobby Efferson and Cyndy, and Roger Freeman and Jean from England. Lt. Gen. Bruce Carlson, CG 8AF, visited our Rendezvous Dinner and presented a very inspirational message.

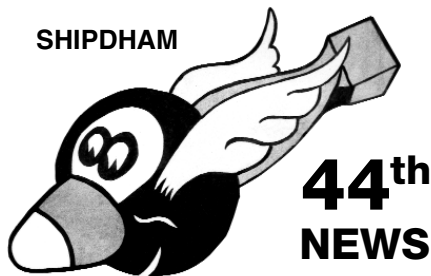
Also present at the Rendezvous Dinner were John Greenwood of the 8AF Memorial Museum Foundation and his wife Valerie; Craig Harris, president of the 8AF Historical Society; and several 392nd BG second-generation members.

The following Directors were elected at the general membership meeting: Mary Rothrock, Stan Zybort, Barney Glettler, and Gil Bambauer. Mary is the widow of Cecil "Rocky" Rothrock, 579th gunner and

a member of one of that squadron's original crews. She blazed a trail as the first female to be elected to the Board and was later elected to the office of secretary. Stan Zybort was a 577th gunner who left a leg in Germany; Barney Glettler was the flying control officer at Wendling; and Gil Bambauer was the glue that kept the 392nd Association together in its early days. All were elected to a three-year term.

The 392nd's own Birdie Larrick, Red Cross director at Wendling, starred in the presentation of "I Was Young, Now I'm Wonderful" at the All Groups Dinner. The show was presented by the Senior Repertory of Ohio Theater Company, and the poignant story is about the process of aging. It was very well received by the audience.

A sad note just received as this column is being written is the passing of Wanda Conrad, wife of John Conrad. The 392nd's prayers and sympathy are with John and his family. ■



BY GEORGE A. WASHBURN

The 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association held its annual reunion in Arlington, Virginia, October 9-13, 2003. Approximately 130 members and guests attended. About fifty people, who came a day early, had a tour of the White House on Thursday, October 9. At the annual meeting, Robert Lehnhausen, our longtime 68th Squadron commander, graciously accepted the position of president for the next year. Sid Paul, 506th Squadron, from Chicopee, Mass., and Leon J. Abbott, General Johnson's grandson, were elected as directors.

Perry Morse, Dick Lynch, and Tony Cianci, along with occasional help from others, set up and manned the refreshment bar in our hospitality room on the hotel's 15th floor, which afforded excellent views of Washington, D.C. The Sunday evening buffet was followed by enjoying a sing-along in the hospitality room conducted by Julian Ertz's daughters — Beth on the piano and Bera directing the singing. Julian treated us to a super rendition of "Old Man River." A fine evening was enjoyed by all, and we are looking forward to next year in San Antonio.

The 44th BG database program has pro-

vided me with a great deal of satisfaction over the past few years. Upon seeing a posting on the B-24 Veterans website referring to a relative who served in the 44th, I check the database, e-mail the person and offer to send a printout of all their relative's missions. A recent contact led to an interesting exchange with a present day Army officer.

Lt. Col. Paul R. Jones posted a notice that his uncle had been a navigator with the 44th Bomb Group. A check of the database showed that his uncle, Paul A. Jones, was shot down on a mission to Brunswick, Germany. Brunswick was obscured, which resulted in hitting a target of opportunity — the Lagenhagen Airfield — on April 8, 1944. Jones and four others became POWs — the other five were KIA. Between the database and Webb Todd's 68th Squadron history I found that April 8 was the worst one-day loss of the 44th BG. Forty-two ships went out — ten were shot down, one crash-landed. Forty men were KIA and most of the rest became POWs. I sent the records to Col. Jones along with copies of pages in Webb Todd's book regarding the mission. These included quotes from his uncle and a crew picture. He was extremely grateful to receive this information.

Col. Jones was named after his uncle, who passed away in 1998. He considered him a great man who was the one who really raised him, gave him his values, and steered his course in life. He wrote, "I feel fortunate that he seemed to confide his war experiences with me. As a teenager, I spent many hours listening to him talk, always in a low key, and never bragging,

about the fine men he served with and the experiences he went through."

Col. Jones served in Vietnam and retired as a Regular Army Officer after 25 years. He was recalled out of retirement and assigned to Central Command at MacDill AFB in Tampa. He recently agreed to stay on for another year. He is also a well-known aviation artist. His oldest son is an Air Force captain — AWACS controller — recently returned from missions in support of our troops in Afghanistan and Iraq. The youngest son has been in Iraq with the 1st Armored Division and fortunately has now been redeployed to Germany. My friend, Cynthia Harmonowski, and I recently had lunch with Col. Jones in Tampa as he was preparing to leave for an assignment in Baghdad. A very interesting man and a truly patriotic family. Following is a quote from one of his e-mails:

"I can tell you this: the perception of today's generation as being lazy and without a moral compass does not apply to the men and women on active duty. These kids all volunteered to serve, and they are just as good, just as dedicated, and just as determined to do what is right and to defend America and its values as your generation was. That's a tall order, as your generation was by far the finest America ever produced."

The 44th BG database is a great source of information and I would urge everyone to send in their biographical forms. I have given forms to Col. Jones so that he may enter what he knows about his uncle — hopefully when he returns from Baghdad. ■



HETHEL  
**389th Bomb Group  
Green Dragon  
Flares**

BY FIELDER NEWTON

By the time you receive this *Journal* the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum's Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center will have opened. The good news is that the Smithsonian finally recognized our beloved B-24 as a worthy WWII aircraft, and has agreed to have a bronze model placed in the Center if sufficient money can be raised to pay the sculptor. It is unfortunate that a restored B-24 will not be among the 300 air and space artifacts that will be housed in the 10-story airplane hangar, but we are gratified with the recognition of the model.

The March 2003 issue of *Air & Space* magazine had an article about the museum that included a picture of the German Bachem Ba-1 Natter which will be displayed. This aircraft was built to defend Germany near the end of WWII. *Natter* is German for viper, and the craft was designed to strike our airplanes with snake-like



quickness. The Bachem was powered by a liquid-fuel rocket engine and four strap-on solid-fuel rocket boosters, and was launched vertically. It was armed with 24 nose-launched rockets, and after being launched from a 74-foot tower it

would jettison the boosters and climb to 20,000 or 30,000 feet. The pilot would then fly to within a mile or two of a bomber stream and launch the 24 unguided rockets. With his fuel exhausted, he would escape by parachute. The article stated that the war ended before the Germans had a chance to prove the effectiveness of this craft. Does anyone remember ever seeing any of this type of craft heading toward a bomber stream? (see photo above)

#### CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA

The 2004 2ADA convention sounds like it will be a great one, with so much history to see in the Philadelphia area. The Hyatt is located near the new Constitution Museum, within walking distance of the museum and the Liberty Bell. I am very excited about the location, and hope that all of you will come in on Wednesday, May 26 for the early bird party so that we can have an extended time together in our hospitality suite. If enough of our group arrive on Tuesday, May 25, we can have a group dinner and an evening in the suite. Please give consideration to an early arrival, since it is difficult for us to have a stand-alone reunion with our limited finances. This is a great opportunity for us to be together and to strengthen our ties and fellowship.

#### 389TH MEMBER APPOINTED TO HALL OF VALOR

I received this letter recently from John W. Morgan. It was sent to him by Linda L. Fuller, staff assistant at the Soldiers & Sailors National Military Museum & Memorial, Pittsburgh, PA:

*CONGRATULATIONS! We are pleased to inform you that our Hall of Valor Committee has approved your application for induction into our Hall of Valor.*

*We are in the initial planning stages for the next Hall of Valor*

*Induction Ceremony. Please mark your calendar for Saturday, March 6, 2004. We are planning a dinner/ceremony to begin at approximately 5:00 p.m. in our Banquet Hall. Further detailed information will be sent closer to the Hall of Valor date.*

*An opportunity to purchase a reproduction of the inductee's plaque will also be made available to family and friends for \$60 without a frame and \$110 with a duplicate frame that we display in our hall.*

*Once again, congratulations, and see you in the New Year.*

The Soldiers and Sailors Museum & Memorial was built after the Spanish-American War to honor the men who served in that war. It has continued to honor veterans who have served in all wars since that time. The Hall of Valor honors veterans who lived in western Pennsylvania at the time of their induction or who currently live there. Recipients must have received a Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, or higher award to be eligible. John Morgan was an early member of the 389th Bomb Group who flew the Ploesti Mission and deserves this recognition.

#### SOME BACKGROUND ON YOUR GROUP V.P.

Received a note from the *Journal* editor, Ray Pytel, suggesting it is customary for new group VPs to give a little introduction of themselves in their report to the *Journal*. Since I was not aware of this, I am including that information now. I graduated from Selman Field Navigation School on August 7, 1944. After a short leave to my home in Sharon, PA where I married my college sweetheart, Marge Cherry, I reported to March Field, Riverside, CA for crew training. There I joined the J.C. Dodman crew. After completing our training we were sent to Hamilton Field, San Francisco, CA. We were originally scheduled to go to the Pacific, but our orders were changed to go to England. We left California, traveled to New Jersey, and shipped out on the Ile' de France from the Brooklyn Naval Yards. After docking in Scotland we proceeded to Stow, England for processing, and arrived at Hethel in late November. Indoc-trination and training followed into December, when we were made a lead crew. More training followed, and we did not fly our first mission until January. I have always been honored to be a member of the 389th BG and to have joined all the men who made it so great.

I look forward to seeing you in Philadelphia. Keep 'em flying. ■



The Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center at the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum features an IMAX theater (foreground), an airplane hangar, and the 164-foot Donald D. Engen Memorial Tower.





446TH BOMB GROUP

## FLIXTON-BUNGAY UPDATE

BY LINK VEAZEY

More than 150 American and British people were present at the Bungay-Flixton airfield (Station 125) on September 24, 2003 to attend the memorial dedication service in honor of the 456 members of the 446th Bombardment Group who lost their lives during aerial combat in World War II.

This service opened with the posting of the British standard bearers and then the posting of the USAF Honor Guard from Mildenhall Air Force Base. The audience was welcomed by Alan Hague, British coordinator for the project, followed by an invocation by the Reverend Sam Lee, pastor of the St. Mary's Church.

Opening remarks were delivered by Link Veazey, president, 446th Bomb Group Association. The unveiling of the monument, draped with two United States of America flags (one of which was flown from one of the buildings at Bungay-Flixton during the war), was accomplished by Alan Senior and John Farrington, also members of the 446th during the war. A British ladies choral group sang the "White Cliffs of Dover" during the unveiling of the monument, as a reminder of the view seen by crew members returning to base after completing a mission over hostile territory. This was followed by remarks and prayer by Major Staler, USAF Chaplain, Mildenhall.

Wreaths were then placed at the base of the monument by Philip Tillman and Alan Hague. The British standard bearers then came

to attention and the bugler sounded Last Post. After one minute of silence, the British parade marshal recited "They Shall Not Grow Old," followed by the singing of "Taps" by the ladies choral group. Alan Senior (446th project officer for this event) delivered remarks. Philip Tillman, brother of one of the 456 airmen who made the supreme sacrifice during the war, followed with very pertinent remarks and the benediction.

The dedication service was concluded with a P-51 Mustang (our little friend) fly-over tribute by Maurice Hammond, a British friend. Upon completion of the dedication service all attendees adjourned to St. Mary's Church for a reception and a very moving and memorable service under the direction of Reverend Sam Lee.

Among the British friends attending the ceremony were: Matthew Martin, chairman of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust; David Hastings, governor and past chairman of the Trust; Roger Freeman, 8th USAAF historian and author; Mark Haddingham, of the family who donated the land for the memorial monument; David Blythe, chairman of the Norfolk and Suffolk Aviation Museum; Ian Hancock, deputy chairman, Norfolk and Suffolk Museum; Michael Bailey, 8th USAAF artist and author; Lillian & Alan Hinsley, who have preserved buildings occupied by the 446th Bomb Group during the war; David & Pearl Neale, chairman and secretary, Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial; Lester Curtis and John Skillings, associate members, 446th BGA; and "Dinky" Payne, American Red Cross girl (Doughnut Dolly) who served doughnuts, sandwiches, and coffee to the airmen returning from missions.

The dedication service was a great tribute to our fallen heroes, and I offer my thanks and appreciation to all those who made it possible. ■



SEETHING

## *The 448th Speaks*

BY KING SCHULTZ

Paul F. Dwyer informs us that the Lt. Jarol Seymour recently listed on the Roll of Honor was listed incorrectly. His name was Seymour Jarol, a pilot in the same barracks as Paul Dwyer. Jarol's crew was one of three such crews shot down shortly after arriving in the 448th BG. Over the years Jarol's name never appeared on the list of 448th members killed in action. We are all pleased that his name now appears on the Roll of Honor in Norwich.

Norman Dunphe, radio operator of crew 611, reports that it really was John Gant of this crew who passed away in May 2002. Norman and crewmates Wilber Semelweis, nose gunner, and Salvatore de Rosa, waist gunner, are trying to find the rest of their crew. All help will be appreciated.

Rick Margulites of the 713th Squadron points out that the squadron had a pathfinder with Sam Auguisl, pilot; George Trane, co-pilot; John Vouvalidis, bombardier; navigators Ron Berryhill & Blake. Rick justly feels the pathfinders deserve special recognition because they saved us from returning to the same targets on many incompleting missions.

Rick Rokicki urges those of us interested in procuring an 18-inch wingspan B-24J model to order the unpainted version from Corgi Classics. Rick feels, and this writer agrees, that the 2AD is

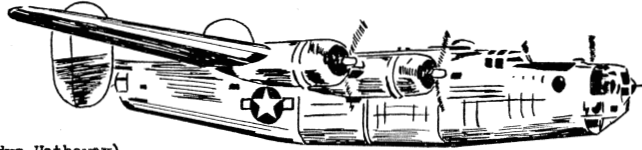
more interested in the unpainted version than those with nose art.

Louis Cepelak raised the question of having patches made of the 448th logo. Cater Lee informs us that he has a good supply of 448th patches for sale at \$3.00. Send him \$4.00 each to cover postage: Cater Lee, P.O. Box 1850, Foley, AL 36536-1850.

There is a large book entitled *The 448th Bomb Group (H) Liberators Over Germany in World War II*, by Jeffrey Brett. It was copyrighted in 2002. Part of its significance is that it contains detailed descriptions of each mission flown by the 448th. This includes accounts of men who bailed out, were captured or escaped, plus those interned in Switzerland and Sweden. It also includes details of targets, bomb loads, fuel loads, routes in and out, details of targets, plus weather details. For those who are seeking details of their own experiences to those who are seeking details of loved ones who never returned, this is an outstanding reference. Included are numerous names of fellows close to the writer such as Cater Lee, Leroy Engdahl, Ed Chu, John Rowe, "Beans" Baker, "Charlie" Stewart Chase, etc. It also has many details of many 24's by name and serial number insofar as to what happened to them. For instance, my airplane "DO BUNNY" was shot down six months after our tour was completed. The book describes the jet fighter attack destroying three engines and crash landing in Germany. A picture of it crashed in Germany is included. This is an excellent reference for all crews of the 2nd Air Division, and particularly those of the 20th Combat Wing. From a personal point of view, it was amazing how little we combat crews knew of the fate of crews that did not return. Due to radio silence, those in deep trouble were on their own and often just did not return. Now this book tells us what happened to them. To secure a copy, contact Shiffer Publishing Ltd., phone 610-593-1777. ■



# EXCERPTS FROM 45 YEARS AGO

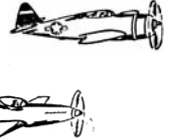


1958

SECRETARY AND PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN:

Hathy Veynar (Nee Gladys Hathaway)  
1125 Bristow Drive  
Annandale, Virginia

# NEWSLETTER



VOLUME 1.#1.

MAY 1958

DEAR TROOPS:

\*\*\*\*\* BITS AND CHIPS \*\*\*\*\*

## HEADQUARTERS 2ND AIR DIVISION

Spring is here! - - And with it another year to start planning for summer vacations. And along that idea - - - plans to include the 1958 REUNION of the 2D AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION! Plans are under-way to make it as nice a Reunion as possible. AUGUST 22ND, 23RD and 24TH are the dates. The HENRY HUDSON HOTEL in NEW YORK CITY the place. There's a limited number of tickets to all current shows available, so get your order in early. The next Newsletter will be coming out ahead of schedule to give you the latest up-to-date plans of the Reunion. However, you can be thinking about what plays, TV shows, etc., you would like to see. As soon as you receive the questionnaire you can fill it out and send it off immediately. We don't want to disappoint any of you, but we do have to know as soon as possible.

Sally Allen has decided to join the "Broken Bones Club" with a broken hip and two broken arms. Understand that's not the club to belong to so hurry and get them mended and terminate your membership with them. Joanne Affronte is quite active in the Air Force Association and takes her reserve duty at March Air Force Base, California, and works with Maj. Ruth McCraw who was stationed with us at Ketteringham Hall. Floyd Anderson is employed by Boeing Airplane Company, Transport Division for the past year and likes the change very much as it gives him more time with his family than when he was "on-the-road" selling giftware. Howie Baum accepted the position of Assistant Business Manager and Purchasing Agent for the Milton Hershey School - a school for orphan boys in Hershey, Pa. Howie and Jo and family were sight-seers in Washington, D.C. and were the house guests of Hathy and Milton Veynar. While visiting there, had a get-together with "Red" Hardin and talked over old-times, old places. Rose Donahue for many months on the sick list is slowly recovering. Get well, Gal. Hal and Virginia "Peaches" Hoerner will be attending the Reunion in August since they are moving to the New York area June 1st for two years and then return to Atlanta. We'll be seeing you there. The Karl Hoppers (Vivian Reimer) are the proud parents of a baby girl born in October making a grand total of three boys and one girl. Major James A. La Ponsie and family are presently assigned at Goose Bay, Lab. and will be returning to the States this coming June. Delores (Homer) McGeary and her husband have named their new baby boy William Homer McGeary. He was born 2 November 1957. Norwood C. Middleton associated with the Roanoke newspapers for almost fifteen years has just become the managing editor of the Roanoke Times. Congratulations!!! M/Sgt. Beatrice Puck will be wending her way homeward from Germany this Spring. "Puckie" hope your assignment allows you to attend the Reunion in August. Mattie Kirkpatrick Reinhardt had as her guest for a few days Roxie Reynolds Pettinato from Essex, Montana. Marge Thompson Erdres also lives quite close to Mattie. Hilda (Berry) Sanford writes that the reason for her absence from the Reunions is her two little queens. Do hope you can make it this year. Eleanor Storms says that they are still stationed at George AFB and she

The Henry Hudson Hotel is located at 353 West 57th Street just 58 steps from the new, colossal Coliseum. Motorists can reach the hotel directly from express highways without driving through traffic congested streets. It is also easily accessible to the Railroad, Bus and Air Terminals, Rockefeller Center, Times Square, Theatre District, Madison Square Garden, Shopping and Business Centers.

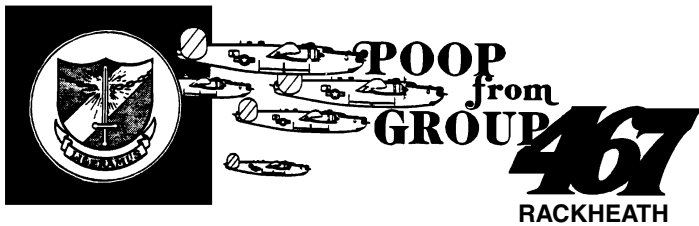
Special rates of \$11.00 per day per couple in airconditioned rooms are available to us for two days prior to and two days after the Reunion.

Reunion schedule of events will be sent to you in the very near future. I have given you this brief resume so that you can be thinking about the REUNION.

## WAF "TENTH" ANNIVERSARY

The WAF will celebrate their "Tenth" Anniversary on 30 June 1958. Many changes and improvements have taken place for women serving in the Air Force since the days we served together in England. Let's try and help them make this a nice celebration by being a self-appointed recruiter and talking to girls who meet the high standards of the WAF and by referring them to the local recruiter. There is still a great demand for Women in the Air Force in all categories. We as ex-service women are in a good position to counsel young girls on the advantages of military service. Let's get behind the WAF and see if we can push them over the top.

(continued on next page)



BY JACK STEVENS

Ray Pytel suggested I introduce myself, and I'm happy to oblige. I was born and grew up in Worcester, MA, and, at the time of Pearl Harbor, was a senior at Colby College. I applied for Army Aviation Cadets and spent Year '42 in the southeastern U.S. (AL, AR, and MS) learning to fly in a series (7) of military training planes.

In late February '43, after completing an Anti-Submarine Warfare course at Langley Field, ten of us were assigned to the 7th Anti-Sub Squadron (7th ARON) at Jacksonville, FL, where we "Junior Officers" were informed we would be copilots on the squadron's venerable B-18s (equipped with special sub-detecting equipment) and would soon leave for Trinidad, in the British West Indies. On 24 March, our Flying and Maintenance Sections flew our B-18s to Edinburgh Field, on Trinidad, via West Palm Beach, FL, Camaguey, Cuba, and Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico. We flew area-patrol and ship-escort missions from Edinburgh Field and other U.S./Allied bases in the Caribbean area and along the northern shore of South America. In July, after the Navy took over all U.S. anti-sub warfare operations, the 7th ARON returned to Jacksonville and, in late September, transferred to Mt. Home, ID. Soon afterward, we copilots, with some 7th ARON crew members, received B-24 transition training and were assigned to the 467th Bomb Group at Wendover, UT for heavy bombardment phase training. The crews were filled out, and my crew was assigned to the 791st Bomb Squadron.

The group's training was completed in early February '44 and we flew our aircraft, via the South Atlantic route, to our assigned base in England, Station 145 (Rackheath). There, we received training in 8th Air Force Operations and began combat operations on 10 April.

On 26 May 1944, after our crew had completed 13 missions, we were assigned to 15th Air Force Headquarters, in Bari, Italy. Lt. Charles Grace flew us to an ATC base in Newquay, in southwest England, and ATC crews flew us, first, in a plush C-87, to Casablanca, Morocco, and then in C-47s across North Africa and to Naples, Italy, and an Australian Air Force crew flew us to Bari. On 3 June, we were assigned to the 98th Bomb Group at Lecce and then to the 344th Bomb Squadron. We flew our first mission there to Ploesti, on 6 June, with a check pilot, and were accepted as well-qualified. Our missions went north to targets in southern France (Cannes), northern Italy (Trieste), and southern Germany (Munich), and as far east as Constanza, Rumania, on the Black Sea.

Although our crew was not scheduled for a lead mission on 22 July, seven of the crew were called to fly another mission to Ploesti (six in the lead plane with our colonel, and our bombardier in the #2 plane). In the target area, anti-aircraft fire was very heavy and accurate:

A. The lead plane lost one engine, another was hit and lost

power, fuel and hydraulic lines were severed, and a waist gunner, throwing chaff out, had his hand blown off. After the formation rallied off the target, crew members administered first aid to the gunner; the engineer transferred fuel, to retain as much as possible, but was unable to effect repair to the hydraulic system. As they neared our base, the engineer kicked the nose wheel out and locked it down and the ball turret gunner cranked the main gear down and locked. But, they ran out of fuel on the approach; the nose wheel hit a stone wall on the edge of the field and flew back, knocking the engineer into the bomb bay and killing him. The plane hit on its main gear and bottom and slid to a stop; the crew members jumped out and ran from the plane. There was no fire. The eight remaining members of our crew served as the burial party for our engineer, T/Sgt. Louis J. Marcarelli.

B. The #2 plane's wing was hit and appeared about to collapse. The pilot signaled the crew to bail out; they all exited safely and were immediately captured. About five weeks later, in an escape plan of Lt. Col. Gunn, the senior Allied POW, under a cover of P-38s and P-51s overhead, the POWs "escaped" to a nearby airfield, where a fleet of B-17s landed, one by one. Twenty POWs ran to each plane, which took off and returned the POWs to 15th Air Force Headquarters for debriefing, a sumptuous meal, and return to their respective organizations prior to their return to the States.

C. The remaining group planes suffered various degrees of damage, none critically.

In a humane sequel, Operations scheduled the other members of our crew, individually, to finish their missions in time to return to the States with our ex-POW bombardier in September, AND, since another lead pilot had been hospitalized, I was given his crew and we finished our missions and came back to the States together in October.

And, believe it or not, when I was about to be married, four years later, the bombardier on that crew notified me that, after consulting genealogical records, he had found that he was related to my wife-to-be! ■

#### NEWSLETTER EXCERPTS (continued from page 15)

is presently working in the Wing Accounting Office to keep busy while her three children are in school. Irene Noble had a call from Tessie (Rice) Stevens and her health has improved so much. Let us hear from you Tessie and how the world is treating you. Bill and Hope Lauer have 3 sons - Rob, Dick and Jack. Bill was a victim of polio several years ago, but is recovering nicely. Maxine (Carter) Gentry affectionately known as "The Little Corporal" during the Old Catton days, married shortly after WWII, and with her husband, Glenn, owns and operates a very modern pharmacy. They reside at 677 Portola Drive, San Francisco, and Maxine would like to hear from any of her old friends. Warmest greetings to all from Henry and Shirley Dietch who reside in Park Forest, Illinois, with their sprouts - Bill, Nancy and Jimmy. Postcards received from Jackie (Gra Hovac) Turchet announce that she and the family spent three weeks in the Valley of the Sun - Phoenix, to be exact. Just how lucky can you get - live in California and vacation in Arizona. ■

# YES, I'M STILL ALIVE!

BOOK BY JACK KINGSBERY (458TH)

BOOK REVIEW BY RAY PYTEL

In the foreword of the book, Jack Kingsbery introduces himself as follows:

*In 1998 I wrote my first book, **Cowboy Wrecks & Rattlesnakes**, a collection of stories about growing up on a ranch, attending college and ranching in South Texas. After reading about my more memorable wrecks, quite a few people called to find out if I was still alive. They also told me they enjoyed the book and were interested in more stories, particularly about my family and my 8th Air Force life.*

*My son Bob, who edited and published **Cowboy Wrecks**, suggested I write a sort of autobiography starting with my grandfather and ending with my retirement from the cattle business. I sat down and started writing about my father's adventures in Mexico, my college years and my World War II experiences, as well as some more amusing and painful incidents that happened during my cowboy years. I hope you enjoy reading this book as much as I enjoyed writing it.*

*Yes, I'm still alive. Thanks for asking.*

While Jack served both as an engineer and crew chief on various Liberators and even a Flying Fortress, he admits his biggest scare was getting a motorcycle ride at 75 mph on a single lane Texas country road at midnight, swerving wildly to avoid a goat that suddenly stepped out onto the road from the tall roadside grass.

While in England he solved the warm beer problem by requiring his B-24 with a new engine to be flight-tested at 25,000 feet to cool a load of "Lone Star" beer that was just flown over from the States on a new B-24 by a ferry crew.

During his stay in England he dodged a few V-1s and later the silent V-2s while visiting London, and when learning how to drive "on the left" he quickly opted to fly back on a B-24 rather than drive when on an off-the-base repair assignment that was suddenly "commanded" and made him "bear left" in his Jeep for the first time in his life.

While most of his ranch adventures were not the "bigger than life" John Wayne type, they certainly were a myriad of weird and risky situations that a city slicker could never even dream up, making for a humorous and interesting, and to most of us an enviable, cowboy life "history" in the Lone Star State of Texas.

The price of the 170-page book is \$17.50 + \$2.00 postage and handling. It can be ordered directly from his "retirement" ranch in South Texas. Write to: Jack Kingsbery, P.O. Box 477, Crystal City, Texas 78839. ■

# The First & Original Cheesehead Story

BY ED SCHWARM (44TH)

As a native Milwaukeean and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin in Madison, I am fully qualified to tell this original cheesehead story. It really happened.

After the war, a friend of mine, Bob Guthrie, founded a water system contracting company, Guthrie and Lyons, Inc. Early on, the partners made all of the service calls. Responding to an afternoon call from a local farm, the farmer's wife told them the domestic well pump didn't work. After checking that the control circuits were OK, they decided to pull the submersible pump out of the well.

As they were unscrewing the well head cap, the wife ran out and told them that was the septic tank and that the well was "over there" (pointing to a vent pipe about 100 feet away). When they told her this was the well and the septic tank was over there, she ran inside. Her husband soon came out and went through the same routine. By this time the pump was out on the ground. The farmer watched quietly, as it was obvious this was the well. The pump was covered with a white slime and the intake was clogged, causing the pump to burn out.

Well, the story slowly unfolded. The farmer had noted that his water didn't taste too good, an indication of possible septic system failure. He was advised to put yeast into the septic tank. However, in his confusion he put yeast into the well. Things didn't improve — so if a little is good, he thought, more must be better. He put in almost 100 pounds of yeast over a few weeks. Then, of course, the pump burned out.

Guthrie and Lyons had to bring in a water tanker, and it took three days of flushing to clean the casing and well before a new pump could be installed. The cost, in 1950 dollars, was reported to be over \$3,000. We don't know how the septic system problem was solved; that wasn't Guthrie and Lyons' business specialty. ■

## A VIKING ACCENT

**A famous Viking explorer  
returned home from a voyage  
and found his name missing from  
the town register.**

**When he complained to a local  
official, he received a profuse  
apology: "I must have taken  
Leif off my census."**

# Second Air Division Association 57th Annual Convention - May 27-30, 2004

**HYATT REGENCY HOTEL AT PENN'S LANDING  
201 S. COLUMBUS BLVD., PHILADELPHIA, PA 19106 • TEL. (215) 928-1234**

*- Program -*

*- Costs -*

Wednesday, May 26    Registration  
                                  Early Bird Party

Thursday, May 27    Registration  
                                  Cocktail Party – Cash Bar  
                                  Group Dinners

Friday, May 28        Buffet Breakfast  
                                  Tour – Atlantic City \*  
                                  Cocktail Party – Cash Bar  
                                  Buffet Dinner  
                                  Film

Saturday, May 29    Buffet Breakfast  
                                  Business Meeting  
                                  Tour of Philadelphia †  
                                  Cocktail Party – Cash Bar  
                                  Banquet

Sunday, May 30      Buffet Breakfast

Single Room ..... \$600.00  
Double Room ..... \$455.00 per person  
Triple Room ..... \$400.00 per person  
Quad Room ..... \$370.00 per person

The above costs include hotel for 3 nights (May 27-28-29) and all events listed. All extra nights: \$99.00 + 14% tax = \$112.86 per room per night. All extra nights and incidentals must be paid to the hotel on check out.

**DEPOSIT OF \$50.00 PER PERSON REQUIRED.  
• BALANCE DUE BY APRIL 15, 2004 •**

**REFUND POLICY:**  
60 days prior to convention – \$15.00 chg each  
30 days prior to convention – \$25.00 chg each  
IF FUNDS ARE AVAILABLE – FULL REFUND

\* Atlantic City – Bus \$15.00 per person – lunch on your own  
† Philadelphia – \$32.00 per person – lunch on your own

**PARKING:** Self – \$12.00 per day – 1/2 paid by 2ADA. Valet – \$15.00 per day – 1/2 paid by 2ADA.  
Directions will be sent with confirmation.

**LIMO SERVICE:** Lady Liberty Limo – Philadelphia Airport Term. B & C – Ground Transportation Desk  
Pickup phone and dial #27 to arrange pickup or 215-724-8888. Cost: \$8.00 per person each way.

**CONSTITUTION CENTER:** We will have 25 timed tickets each day (Tuesday through Saturday) for those wishing to attend the new Constitution Center.

## *- 57th Annual Convention Reservation Form -*

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

Phone Number: (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Group: \_\_\_\_\_

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

Single \_\_\_\_\_ Double (D/D or King) \_\_\_\_\_ Triple \_\_\_\_\_ Quad \_\_\_\_\_

Non-Smoking \_\_\_\_\_ Handicapped – 5 rooms with walk-in showers and 6 with tubs \_\_\_\_\_

Arrive: \_\_\_\_\_ Depart: \_\_\_\_\_

Names of 3rd or 4th person in triple or quad: \_\_\_\_\_

**PAYMENT ENCLOSED:** Deposit – \$50.00 per person \_\_\_\_\_ Paid in Full \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND THIS FORM AND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:  
EVELYN COHEN • 06-410 DELAIRE LANDING ROAD • PHILADELPHIA, PA 19114  
TEL. (215) 632-3992 • FAX (215) 632-8319**



# The Blitz

Excerpts from a special edition of the *Evening News*

It was approaching midnight on a moonlit spring evening and the people of Norwich were getting ready for bed. As the lights went out across the city, a deadly airborne convoy was already on its way.

Its mission? To destroy as much of Norwich as possible.

The date was Monday, April 27, 1942.

In previous months there had been a lull in enemy action over the city and there were those who had started to ignore the sirens (moaning minnies) and not bother to seek shelter.

That night they did so at their peril. The shadow of death was being cast over the city.

A week of living hell that would change the face of Norwich forever bringing chaos and destruction was about to start. Life would never be the same again.

The deep rhythmic note of the powerful engines in the sky was ominous. Between 25 and 30 planes were over the city.



Bomb damage in Pattenon Road

Parachute flares lit up the city, and once the attack had begun there could be no doubt as to its gravity.

First there was the mechanical scream of heavy missiles hurtling down on streets and roofs, yards and gardens.

This was followed by shattering explosions, usually in series, as the stick of bombs took effect.

At the same time a rain of silver fire indicated the course of the

## Traitor's message for Norwich



Jairmany calling, Jairmany calling... the poisonous purveyor of propaganda was broadcasting again.

They called him Lord Haw Haw, but his real name was William Joyce.

The British people would listen to him on the radio and mock his rantings and ravings.

Then one night, it is claimed, he had a special message for the people of Norwich . . . one that sent a shiver down their spines.

He said: "The people of Norwich have a new City Hall. "It isn't paid for yet. But, never mind, the Luftwaffe will soon put paid to it . . ."

Joyce was captured by British troops at the end of the war in 1945 and later hanged for high treason.

The City Hall still stands proud. ■

## Why Norwich?

Stung by the increasing severity of British air raids over Nazi Germany, Hitler's Luftwaffe High Command decided to strike back.

They began poring over Baedeker's guide to Britain — an excellent publication produced for tourists before the war. Representatives had even visited Norwich to take a good look around the Fine City, taking note of "all points of interest" in the 1930s.

The Luftwaffe noticed that in the book Norwich had been described as a place of great historical interest.

So they loaded their bombers and set off over two nights in April of 1942 to destroy as much of Norwich as they could. They called them "The Baedeker Raids."

It was the people who suffered the most, as the bombers missed the City Hall, the castle, and the cathedral, dropping much of their deadly load on residential streets.

Despite the preparations, there was little anyone could do to prevent the attacks. High-explosive bombs destroyed large chunks of the city centre. Streets and roads were flattened; men, women and children were killed or maimed.

The Norwich Blitz left a battered city with broken lives... but the Luftwaffe had failed to break the spirit of the people, who were more determined than ever to win the war. ■

incendiaries, and in a short space of time, the orange glow of great fires could be seen across the fields and villages surrounding Norwich.

The city was on fire.

The emergency services struggled to cope as the raid carried on. Rows of houses were destroyed; factories were burning.

For over two hours the Luftwaffe pounded Norwich, dropping 185 heavy bombs weighing over 50 tons. At 1:25 AM the all-clear sounded.

Then the grim rescue work started.

Mountains of rubble had to be dug and shifted.

Official records say 162 people had been killed and nearly 600 others badly hurt — many with appalling injuries. Hundreds more were homeless, and even the mortuary had been put out of action.

Few people had running water, as the mains had been smashed. A dazed city roused itself on Tuesday.

By some miracle, all the landmarks survived — the cathedral, the castle, St Peter Mancroft and the new City Hall.

The destitute and the bereaved, grief-stricken and bewildered began queuing. Over 14,000 emergency ration cards were issued.

And so many only had the clothes they stood up in, and they could not get any more because so many shops had also been destroyed.

The people had little time to regain their senses. Smoke was still coming from the rubble when the bombers returned.

At almost the same time on Wednesday night, April 29, 1942, the bombers were back.

This time there was some attempt at defence, but the anti-aircraft

(continued on next page)

## THE NORWICH BLITZ (continued from page 19)

fire did little to stop the attack which resulted in, according to official figures, 69 deaths and badly injuring nearly 90 people.

About 112 high-explosive bombs with a higher number of incendiaries weighing about 45 tons dropped across the city, flattening huge areas.

Eyewitnesses said the second attack — although 45 minutes shorter, and claiming fewer lives — was more spectacular and devastating than the first one.

“Those of us who drove through the blazing streets had an unpleasant reminder of old days of Ypres and Armentieres (First World War),” wrote Ralph Mottram, author of *Assault Upon Norwich*.

“The light of flames flickering through jagged gaps in familiar walls, and reflected in pools of water, the crunch of broken glass and plaster beneath wheels and feet, the roar of the conflagration and the shouted orders and warnings were ominously reminiscent,” he said.

Following the raids on Tuesday, Wednesday, and a small one on Thursday, guns and barrage balloons were moved into position in and around Norwich.

But by then it was too late. The city was still smouldering. Water shortages handicapped the fire-fighting. The electricity and sewerage systems had been hit. The gas company was struggling to cope.

The emergency and relief services were stretched to the limits, and at nights women and children pushing prams, barrows, or home-made carts containing what was left of their possessions headed out of the city to sleep in the fields.

For days, vans equipped with loudspeakers toured the streets

## COUNTING THE COST

These are the cold facts of the impact that the war had on Norwich, the air raid casualty figures released by the Civil Defence Organisation. *Note: The population of Norwich in 1940 was approximately 126,000.*

1940:	Killed – 60	Injured – 190	Total: 250
1941:	Killed – 21	Injured – 104	Total: 125
1942:	Killed – 258	Injured – 784	Total: 1,042
1943:	Killed – 1	Injured – 14	Total: 15

**Damage to Property:** During the war there were 2,082 houses destroyed, 2,651 seriously damaged, and 25,621 moderately damaged. That means that 30,354 houses out of a total of 35,569 in Norwich at the start of the war in 1939 were damaged or destroyed.

giving out advice about boiling water, and where they could get help. They also appealed for the able-bodied to remain at their posts.

Then it was time for the people of Norwich to bury their dead ... this was our darkest hour. We will remember them.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

*Editor's Note: In future issues of the Journal we will have additional articles on Norwich and its people caught up in The Blitz. ■*

## Thoughts and Night Sounds

FROM JIM DAVIS' DIARY (489TH BG)  
SUBMITTED BY CHARLES FREUDENTHAL (489TH)

“... I returned to the hut after the evening meal and wrote some letters home. Perhaps that is not a good time to write a letter, but when you are alerted for tomorrow's mission, then try to think of the good things in life.

“I lay down on the cot and wished I could go to sleep, but that was impossible for me, although some probably could. So many thoughts are rushing through your mind. My thoughts would vacillate from loved ones, home, and what everyone might be doing, to what tomorrow might bring; all the dangers and challenges that each combat mission might bring; always aware that tomorrow might end up in a disaster. I guess that always-present ‘fear of failure’ was the most dominating. I entered flying with the reality that we might not survive a tour, but I always thought it would not be today. Maybe tomorrow, but not today. I had a ‘one day at a time’ mentality. If you tried to think of a larger peri-

od of time it would scare you to death. Just to make it through the day was the important thing.”

### THE NIGHT SOUNDS

“In the dark of night I lay there wide awake as thoughts rush through my mind. Suddenly I recognize the sounds that are present every night. I have never forgotten them. The patter of rain drops as they strike the tin roof — and you wonder if you will have to take off in bad weather in the morning. The night is dark and still. Then a truck rumbles down the road, and in the distance you can faintly hear an airplane engine turning over; a cough or two, then the roar as it starts running. At first in slow speed, then accelerating to a higher speed. The engine roar is reduced, then increased, as the ground crews are making their repairs, adjustments, and etc. Then another engine starts, and at times there are several running at different speeds and from

several directions. From time to time through the night you can hear laughter as the airmen return from an evening at the pub or clubs. Sometimes you hear them as they walk by. You can walk around, sit on your bed, or lie there, but the sounds never leave.

“Occasionally there's the bark of a dog, or the song of a night bird. This serenade is played every night, but I can hear it only on the nights I have been alerted to fly...

“The sounds that always got my attention, though, were when the trucks at the motor pool would start up. By the sheer number of trucks you knew it would be only a few minutes until you would hear those footsteps outside your door. The door would open and you would soon be told it was time to go. To some degree I could relate to how it must be for a person on death row to hear the footsteps of the warden coming down the hall . . .” ■

HALESWORTH  
**489TH**  
NOTES  
BY  
JOHN de CANI

An unwritten bylaw of the Second Air Division Association states that “The last man shall turn out the lights.” Since I am the only confessed statistician on the Audit Committee, every year after her annual audit Evelyn Cohen asks me to predict the year in which the lights will be turned out. (Evelyn, by the way, claims that the last “man” will be a woman; namely, herself.) The most recent prediction asserted that our last surviving member, aged 106, will totter to the wall and pull the switch in the year 2032.

But life is a risky business. As Damon Runyon is alleged to have said, “Life is six to five against.” Even when things look good, they needn’t be. Consider the following: If a fair coin (a coin with a fifty-fifty chance of heads) is about to be flipped ten times and we are asked to predict the number of times it will come up heads, most of us would predict five times. In a long sequence of ten flips each, the average number of heads per ten flips is, indeed, five. But the odds are slightly better than three to one *against* the occurrence of exactly five heads in ten flips.

The high likelihood that our prediction will be wrong suggests protecting ourselves against serious error by stating a range of possible values for the number of heads, along with the odds that the number of heads will lie in the stated range. All of the following statements are true: (1) The odds are approximately two to one that the number of heads will be between four and six. (2) The odds are approximately eight to one that the number of heads will be between three and seven. (3) The odds are approximately thirty-three to one that the number of heads will be between two and eight. (4) The odds are approximately four hundred and ninety-nine to one that the number of heads will be between one and nine. (5) Of course, we can be certain that the number of heads will be between zero and ten. Statisticians call ranges like these “confidence intervals.” The range four to six is called a 67 percent confidence interval because the number of heads will lie between four and six two-thirds of the time. Sim-

ilarly, the range three to seven is called an 89 percent confidence interval, and the range two to eight is called a 97 percent confidence interval. In statistics, the most commonly used confidence intervals are 95 and 99 percent.

My report to Evelyn includes a table of our predicted membership and a 95 percent confidence interval for the current year through the year when both the upper and lower 95 percent confidence limits become zero. The most recent report started in 2002 (the current year at the time) and ended in the year 2034. The last person was predicted to turn out the lights in the year 2032 and the 95 percent confidence interval on the year in which the lights would be turned out ranged between 2030 and 2033. Evelyn submits my report to the 2ADA Executive Committee and, as far as I can tell, the committee ignores it. No matter; the fun is in the doing.

These predictions are based on a mortality table and an age distribution for United States white males. (Ideally, we would like such tables for members of the 2ADA and the 489th Bomb Group Association, but they are not available. Most of us are United States white males, so it is probably safe to assume that these tables apply to us. They are available in a volume called *Vital Statistics of the United States*, published by the U.S. Department of Commerce. The University of Pennsylvania Library has the most recent edition.) As of August 2003, 209 former members of the 489th Bomb Group belonged to the 2ADA. For us, the techniques used for Evelyn’s forecast predict that our “last man” will turn out the lights in the year 2025 at age 99, and we can be 95 percent confident that this event will occur between the years 2021, when he will be 95, and 2030, when he will be 104.

As our numbers dwindle we will eventually reach a point where it no longer makes sense to have our own stand-alone reunions. When this happens we should probably throw our lot in with the 2ADA and meet when they do. (While we can no longer stand alone, at least we will never walk alone.) We must also face the fact that we are not getting any younger. My forecasts are based on the assumption that our youngest members were born in 1926 and will be 80 years old in 2006. We can expect to have 147 surviving members in 2006, and we can be 95 percent confident that we will have between 134 and 160 surviving members. Most of today’s octogenarians are in pretty good health. Out of roughly 150 members, two-thirds will be 85 years old or younger in 2006, and we can prob-

ably find four to serve as officers of the 489th Bomb Group Association. We have a lot on our plate, but we can manage well enough if we plan ahead.

As you know if you have read the Fall 2003 *Journal* (bottom of page 3), the 2ADA is meeting May 27, 28, and 29, 2004 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Philadelphia, PA. The 489BGA is meeting at the same time and place. Some possible agenda items are suggested in the preceding paragraph. It’s your association, however; and you set the agenda for our meetings. If you have suggestions for additions, deletions, or changes in the agenda, please send them to me. My FAX number is 215-732-8494. ■

## *Finally, McGovern Had No Regrets*

*Excerpted from the February 24, 1995  
Detroit News, under a byline from the  
Scripps Howard News Service*

GEORGE MCGOVERN, former U.S. Senator and 1972 Democratic presidential candidate, won the Distinguished Flying Cross in World War II for his 35 combat missions as a B-24 pilot in the 15th Air Force. Recently while in Innsbruck, Austria, for a lecture series, he was asked if he regretted having bombed that city. No, he replied, for the usual reasons: they tried hard to hit only military targets, and it was important to defeat Nazi Germany.

He did, however, regret what happened on the way home from Innsbruck. One bomb had hung up in the bomb bay, and aircraft weren’t permitted to land with potential live bombs on board. It finally fell out onto a remote farm house. Ever since, McGovern said, he was bothered by the thought that they might have killed innocent people in the house.

Soon after the Austrian newspaper ran the story, he received word from an elderly Austrian farmer. The man said it was his farm that had been bombed, but his family had heard the aircraft approaching, and had taken cover. No one was hurt. Furthermore, the farmer hated Hitler, and if bombing his farm house shortened the war by even a minute, “he was glad to make the sacrifice.” ■

During the last several months I have had the opportunity to visit with members at two wonderful get-togethers: the 2ADA convention at Oak Brook, IL near Chicago in June 2003, and the 453rd Bomb Group reunion in New Orleans during the first week of September. Each time I spent about a week attending planned activities, visiting with veterans and their families and friends in some of the hospitality rooms, and sightseeing. What a wonderful time we all had.

The highlight of the convention at Oak Brook for me was when I was called to the podium by Jordan Uttal to receive a Distinguished Service Award from the Second Air Division Association. Several months have passed by and I am still overwhelmed. I can't say "Thank you" enough to the nominating committee, to the members of the Executive Committee, and to the membership for bestowing this honor. The plaque is on a wall that I pass by several times each day. Again, thank you.

I look forward to these reunions as a time to meet members, strengthen friendships, develop new friends, and to learn history from those who lived it. There is something very special that occurs when we meet and find the common bond that lies between us. For me that bond includes the stories of the veterans and their spouses. The camaraderie and enthusiasm are something I cannot describe. One must attend to see and feel the pure joy of listening and learning from the vets and their spouses. At the group get-together in New Orleans several Heritage League members attended a reunion for the first time. Some of these members were: Betty Eskew, daughter of Lloyd and Irene Prang; Michael Argentieri, grandson of Albert Biel; and Tom Raiser, son of Jack Raiser. A good time was had by all, and with it, a commitment to meet again at the first opportunity.

Not only did our veterans go off to war, but those who stayed at home did without goods and services so that the war effort would be successful and over in the shortest amount of time. As Mom said, there was a common goal.

My parents, Albert and Claire Biel, sister Rosemary Biel-Lighty, daughter Gretchen Hurner, nephew Michael Argentieri, and my daughter's friend Becky Bulls and I visited the D-Day Museum while attending the 453rd reunion. The subject of recycling was mentioned, and from there Mom enumerated many of the items that were saved and recycled during World War II. Some examples were empty metal tooth-

**THE LATEST  
ON YOUR  
HERITAGE  
LEAGUE  
BY IRENE HURNER**

paste tubes, razor blades, used tin foil, silk stockings, old paper bags, and newspapers. Posters were printed displaying the pounds of such items collected. Mom said that one could not even consider purchasing a metal pot or pan. Glass pots were the only thing available. This brought home the fact that we have had such a long relatively peaceful period with so much available that most in the younger generations cannot imagine saving something like an empty tube.

I have a "Home Card" that belonged to my husband's grandmother. In small letters is the admonition, "Hang this in your kitchen." The card does hang in my kitchen, to remind me of the sacrifices everyone made. Part of the headline written in bold black letters says, "What you can do to help with this war." Suggestions included eating less meat, wasting less, using all

foodstuffs (for example, day-old bread as French toast), double the use of vegetables, burn fewer fires, use wood, and use as little fat and sugar as possible in cooking. The amounts saved were shipped to our armed forces and allies overseas. The last paragraph begins, "Let us remember." It says in part, "There can only be food enough if America provides it. And America can only provide it by the personal service and patriotic co-operation of all of us."

In the spirit of cooperation and working for the benefit of our group, Ludie Morris spent two months crocheting an afghan. Ludie sold raffle tickets in the hospitality room during the 453rd BG reunion. The proceeds were donated by the 453rd to The Heritage League. Our treasurer, Ed Zobac, noted that this is the first time another group has supported The Heritage League with a donation of this kind. How can we say "Thank you" properly?

The Heritage League is continuing its purpose in perpetuating the memory of the Second Air Division and honoring the efforts and sacrifices of its members during World War II on behalf of freedom and peace. We anticipate meeting with the veterans in Philadelphia at the Second Air Division Association convention, May 27-28-29, 2004, and look forward to visiting with our Heritage League members at our general meeting which is currently planned for Friday afternoon, May 28, at 3:00 p.m. ■

**METFIELD / NORTH PICKENHAM**



**491st BOMB GROUP  
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM  
the  
RINGMASTER  
REPORTS**

**BY HUGH M. BENNETT**

The annual reunion of the 491st BG was held in St. Louis, October 8-12, 2003. The Marriott Pavilion Downtown is a fine hotel overlooking the Arch, with plenty of meeting rooms. Many rode to the top of the Arch for a splendid view of the city. A riverboat trip on the "Becky Thatcher," a paddle wheel boat, was very interesting. The memorial service was held at the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, with our own chaplain, Rev. Dr. William McClelland, giving the address.

At our buffet on Friday night we were entertained by the St. Louis Strutters. At

our business meeting on Saturday afternoon, the same slate of officers was nominated and elected for 2004, except for a new secretary, Chris Dracopoulos, and new group vice president, Hugh Bennett. After the banquet on Saturday night, we danced to the music of the Sentimental Journey Dance Band playing big band era music.

Afterwards we bid everyone goodbye and wished each one a healthy year till we meet in Savannah in 2004.

The Second Air Division Association sponsors the Memorial Library in Norwich and solicits contributions from the members to honor the ones who made the supreme sacrifice. My personal opinion is we should also support the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah so that American children can appreciate the sacrifices we as 8th Air Force members made. The 491st BG has a wonderful display there in memory of our deceased brothers.

I hope everyone had a merry holiday season and will have a happy 2004.

God bless the U.S.A. and our troops in foreign lands. ■

## ATTLEBRIDGE TALES



BY JIM LORENZ

### MAIL CALL

In the last issue, I noted that Bruno and Mary Fondriest were our newest members. Bruno agreed to send me some data on just what he did at Attlebridge.

Bruno was classified as a Lineman, Telephone & Teletype MOS 238, assigned to the 466th BG after coming over on the Queen Mary in 1944. The Red Cross had purchased new instruments for the eight band members — in New York City before they embarked. The band was to play for the troops enroute, but nearly all the men — and band members — were ill due to the rough weather and high seas.

In England, the group was assigned to the 466th BG. While their assigned duty had them installing and maintaining the phone and teletype equipment, they also became “The Flying Deck” Orchestra. They, as permanent party men, had to do all the usual neat chores — KP, etc. The orchestra was set up with eight members and three male singers: T/Sgt Chuck Gobrecht (leader and tenor sax), Don F. D’Amico (drums and singer), Elbert McCall (bass fiddle), Tony Solarz (trombone), Walter J. Warhlien (trumpet), Robert J. Sprecher (trumpet), Melton Carpenter (guitar), Bruno Fondriest (accordion), and a pianist (unidentified). The group not only played for our base activities — boxing matches, enlisted and officers club dances — but also played various other locales: 1st Anniversary 1233 QM Co.; 1st Anniversary 472nd Sub Depot; Theatre Royal Norwich (benefit for Great Yarmouth Sea Cadets), Samson & Hercules (benefit for blind fund), and Wellington Pier Pavilion. Bruno remembers playing for our 100th and 200th mission parties (why don’t I remember the Flying Orchestra? I was there for both parties — all I remember is the officers serving dinner for the enlisted men at the 200th and, of course, the Glenn Miller band at the 100th).



**The Flying Deck Orchestra, 466th BG, Attlebridge. Front row (L-R): Tony Solarz, trombone; Walter J. Warhlien, trumpet; Chuck Gobrecht, tenor sax/leader; Melton Carpenter, guitar; Bruno Fondriest, accordion. Back row (L-R): Don F. D’Amico, drummer/singer; Elbert C. McCall, bass fiddle; pianist (unknown). PHOTO COURTESY: BRUNO FONDRIEST**

### 466TH BG ADDITIONS TO THE ROLL OF HONOR

As you may know, 2ADA group VPs have been working with Jordan Uttal for the past three years to update the Roll of Honor in our Memorial Library in Norwich. With great help from the late Phyllis DuBois, John Hey (researcher in the Liberation Museum in Holland), and the two ladies who work at the Bolling Field archives, I was able to confirm that we have only six names to add to the Roll of Honor. One of these was on the original ROH, but was missed in copying it after the 1994 fire. The others were substitutes on a mission, where the original men on the crew were ill. All of the “unidentified” listed as such in our Attlebridge Diaries were identified in the Second Air Division book. I thus put our 466th BG Roll of Honor list at 323 men. Jordan promises to forward his list for all 2AD groups to Norwich in the next few months.

### CIVIL AIR PATROL: PART OF THE AIR FORCE?

The following is an excerpt from an article by Bruce D. Callander: “The Citizen Air Fleet,” printed in the June 2003 issue of the AIR FORCE magazine, published by the Air Force Association.

Minutes after terrorists struck the World Trade Center and the Pentagon on September 11, 2001, the FAA grounded most commercial and private aircraft. Outside the military, the only airplanes allowed to fly were those from the Civil Air Patrol. “It was us and the F-15s and F-16s,” CAP Maj. Gen. Richard L. Bowling, national commander,

stated . . . That night, CAP members made 16 flights from Hanscom AFB, Mass., to New York City, delivering medical supplies . . . CAP is working with the Air Force’s new Directorate for Homeland Security to incorporate new technologies into its operations . . . Except for the new technology, CAP’s role in homeland security will be much like the one for which it was created.

The genesis for the Civil Air Patrol dates back to the late 1930s, when Europe was at war and the U.S. was just beginning to build up its military strength . . . the U.S. had thousands of light planes and a cadre of private and commercial pilots, many not eligible for active duty, but capable for other roles . . . A strong advocate for such a program was Gill Robb Wilson, who convinced the New Jersey governor to create a statewide organization of volunteer pilots. Similar programs sprang up in other states . . . By 1941, Wilson brought these efforts to the attention of the man President Roosevelt had named as America’s director of Civil Defense — Fiorello H. LaGuardia, also mayor of New York City . . . The Civil Air Patrol was established officially on December 1, 1941, seven days before the U.S. formally entered World War II. Operating under Civil Defense, CAP units soon were making courier flights, watching for saboteurs, border patrol agencies and flying fire-watch missions.

In 1942, . . . each adult member was allowed to sponsor one youngster to be a cadet . . . within six months, 20,000 young people had joined . . . Their record convinced Congress to support a peacetime cadet program . . . Women were also a vital part of the Civil Air Patrol . . . Margaret Bartholomew, commander of the Cincinnati courier station, was one of 64 aviators who lost their lives while conducting a CAP mission

*(continued on next page)*





# NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY LLOYD W. PRANG

**D**o you know what it means to miss New Orleans? Ask **WIB CLINGAN**. He'll tell you it's the title of an old Dixieland song. But for many of us who attended the 453rd reunion in New Orleans it's more than just a song title. It's a real feeling that quite a large number of us had when the reunion came to an end. We wanted the good time feeling we had found to last — maybe just a few more days. More than half of the 102 people who attended arrived a day earlier, for the early bird reception. In attendance were 42 members and 32 spouses. The rest were “kids,” “grandkids,” and guests. Also attending were **PAT & AGNES RAMM** from Old Buckenham and **NIK COLEMAN**, who attended as a representative of the Old Buck Flying Field.

Although it was fairly well known by our members that the hotel had generously provided the penthouse for us to use as our hospitality suite, they were not prepared for the grandeur of the Penthouse Suite. This 2,000 square foot facility on the top floor

of the hotel had a grand piano, a fireplace, and an extremely adequate bar area. In addition there was a large expanse of windows, which provided a very impressive view of the Mississippi River. When not looking at the memorabilia that **DON OLDS** had arranged over the 20 foot long display table, one could watch the steamboats and barges as they cruised along.

At the opposite end of the room from the memorabilia table was the bar area. This portion of the room was quite efficiently managed by **JACK RAISER** and staffed by his two sons, **JOHN** and **TOM**. John collects WWII memorabilia. He wore the uniform of a flight surgeon and ordered the dispensation of the after-mission adult beverages. Tom carried out the orders at his station behind the bar.

The room was equipped with a CD player and an excellent speaker system, which produced the sounds of Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Frank Sinatra, Vera Lynn, and others playing and singing the

songs that got us through WWII. Needless to say, this room was well attended all day and extending to late in the evening.

On Wednesday evening we went to a restaurant that can best be described as “old time” New Orleans. Only traditional jazz, read Dixieland, was played there. We were there from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. The food was excellent and the entertainment was outstanding. The band had several of our group marching and dancing to the wonderfully happy music that is seldom heard today. Usually **MURRAY & SHIRLEY SCHWARTZ** are quite “laid back.” This night you couldn't hold them down. They were irrepressible, as were many others. The evening ended much too soon. However, several people continued the good times when they returned to the hospitality suite.

This was a night and a reunion that will last in the minds of the participants for a very long time. I don't think it can ever be duplicated. The smiles, laughter, and good wishes expressed by the participants made all the time and work that was spent on the planning, very worthwhile.

The buffet and banquet dinners on Tuesday and Thursday nights were prepared by the hotel staff, and were excellent, but we'll save these details for the 453rd Newsletter. There'll also be a whole bunch of photos in the Newsletter. ■

## ATTLEBRIDGE TALES (continued)

during World War II . . . . On April 29, 1943, the organization was transferred from Civil Defense to the War Department and put under the Army Air Forces. Assigned to coastal patrol, CAP pilots summoned help for 91 stricken Allied ships and spotted 173 enemy submarines. They bombed 57 U-boats and sank two . . . . CAP towed targets for anti-aircraft trainees, flew search and rescue, hauled priority cargo and ran courier missions. In 1946, Congress incorporated it as a private, benevolent, nonprofit organization. Two years later, it became an official civilian auxiliary of the newly created Air Force . . . . CAP does use Air Force rank and uniforms, regulation USAF clothing but with distinctive CAP insignia . . . . Membership consists of about 4,000 volunteers, about 60% of them senior members; they serve without compensation, pay annual dues, and supply their own uniforms. Today's CAP cadets complete a more rigorous training program than their WWII counterparts. Hundreds of cadets have gone into either the Air Force, Army, or Navy military academies . . . . Retired Gen. Michael E. Ryan, former Air Force Chief of Staff, is a CAP cadet . . . . once a cadet, always a cadet . . . . the Air Force currently has five general officers that are CAP cadets . . . . CAP's resources include more than 3,700

privately owned aircraft, most of them belonging to members. Another 550, primarily single engine Cessnas, are owned by the corporation . . . . the CAP volunteers who supply their own airplanes get reimbursed only for operating expenses — fuel, oil and maintenance at the Air Force rate . . . . Congress solidified the tie between the Air Force and the CAP through 2001 legislation . . . . travel and per diem are now allowed on Air Force missions and provides for an array of sensors, position finders, and other tools comparable to the USAF aircraft . . . . CAP members fly approximately 85% of the search and rescue missions directed by the Air Force Rescue Coordination Center at Langley AFB, VA . . . . they are credited with saving hundreds of lives . . . . CAP's charter for emergency services includes not only search and rescue but also disaster relief. Beginning in 1982, CAP also took on a major role in the war on drugs . . . . CAP is uniquely positioned to play a major role in the new homeland defense effort . . . . It not only has the largest aircraft fleet in general aviation but some 1,000 ground vehicles, a network of 15,000 radios, and an array of airborne photography and sensor devices . . . . their charter also directs it to help stimulate public interest in aerospace issues . . . . CAP provides textbooks and visual aids to teachers . . . . teach-

ers are taken on field trips, flights, and tour aviation facilities . . . . it offers education programs for both adult and cadets at all levels . . . . CAP has partnerships with the Challenger Center for Space Science Education, the National Aeronautic Association, and the Experimental Aircraft Association . . . . USAF's Air University helps to develop many of the materials used by CAP instructors and in-house training for CAP commanders . . . . CAP's structure is a cross between that of a civilian corporation and a military establishment. The Board of Governors serves as the top governing body . . . . the 11 members include the national commander and three other CAP officers, four persons appointed by the USAF Secretary, and three citizens chosen jointly by the Secretary and national commander. The Air Force liaison office is designated Headquarters CAP-USAF and is aligned under the Air University at Maxwell AFB, Ala. It is staffed largely by Air Force military and civilian personnel.

Since 9/11, the Civil Air Patrol has had an 18% increase in membership . . . . CAP is also stepping up its recruiting efforts . . . .

“We are getting a lot more national exposure — to come out of the shell as the Air Force's best kept secret!” states CAP Maj. Gen. Richard L. Bowling, national commander. ■

It is time once again for me to prepare something for inclusion in the Winter issue of the *Journal*. As you probably know, the Winter issue is not mailed until January, to avoid copies getting lost in the deluge of holiday greeting cards and other mailings during the time between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Even at this late date, Ruth and I send our greetings to all of you and trust that you had a merry holiday season and that old Santa didn't miss your chimney!

There seems to be a dearth of news these days that applies to just Headquarters. But that is because you have not been sending me any news about yourself. I am still hoping that some more of you will take the time to write something about your life at 2AD HQ or what has happened to you since that time. I will be glad to put it into either the *Journal* or the HQ Newsletter.

There is one piece of good news. Headquarters has a new member! We haven't picked up many new members in recent years. H.M. (Herb) Berkowitz happened upon a member of the 2ADA living in the same complex who showed him a copy of the *Journal*. Herb had never heard of the 2ADA. He wrote to the editor, Ray Pytel,

## KETTERINGHAM HALL DIVISION



BY RAY STRONG

asking how he could subscribe to the *Journal*. Ray sent him an application for membership in the 2ADA and notified me. He and Evelyn Cohen also sent Herb some back issues of the *Journal* and I sent him some back issues of the HQ Newsletter. I then received the following letter from Herb:

*Thank you for sending me a number of past copies of your very interesting Second Air Division Newsletters. You are an impressive creative writer. I also appreciate the many past copies of the Journal which Ray Pytel forwarded me.*

*At the "old" age of 89 I finally learn of and become a member of the Second Air Division Association. I'd call that learning SLOW.*

*My tenure with the Second Division was from November of '43 to July of '45. I served*

*with the Air Inspector/Inspector General's Office. I was called an Administrative Inspector. My job was intensively interesting and even exciting. I traveled most of the time over the division's extensive English geography.*

*From reading the Journal I conclude that you and a number of others are good examples of why our World War II mission was successful.*

*Please place the enclosed into your discretionary fund.*

Herb sent me a copy of his special ID card that authorized him to "inspect all activities of this command according to AR 20-10." It was signed by Francis H. Griswold, Brig. General, USA, Chief of Staff.

Concerning the very nice check that Herb sent me, I talked to him about it and we decided to send it to Bill Nothstein, our treasurer, to be added to the funds we are collecting for the Memorial Library.

That is about all for this issue of the *Journal*. I would like to see more HQ people at the convention in Philadelphia. There are some of you living in the northeast who should take this opportunity to attend one of our conventions. You are missing a great occasion. All the details are elsewhere in this issue. ■

## Folded Wings

### 44th BG

Albert E. Browning  
Frederick W. Fowler  
George R. Hill  
Charlton H. Holtz  
Santo Russo  
Erwin J. Strohmaier (492nd)  
James B. Williams

### 93rd BG

Robert Boutain  
Harold W. Feichter  
Murray Greiff  
Darrell G. Peck  
Charles E. Richardson

### 389th BG

Clifton R. Browne  
John P. Foster  
Delph Hruska  
John E. Larkin  
Frank Pease

Ora M. Price  
Paul F. Rochette

### 392nd BG

Carroll F. Flewelling  
Philip J. Sweeney  
Ralph W. Ziehm

### 445th BG

John A. Nortavage  
Robert D. Russell  
William H. Vinton

### 446th BG

Donald G. Geary  
Mitchell P. Reno  
DeWayne G. Simmonds  
Walter J. Sullivan

### 448th BG

Gene Gannon  
John Gedz  
Robert J. Hertell  
Elbert F. Lozes

### 453rd BG

Richard E. Brown  
Luther E. Clark  
Ben F. Lewallen, Jr.  
Errett D. Miller (466th)  
Herbert C. Nicklaus  
Robert J. Wexler

### 458th BG

Leslie P. Arnberger  
Richard D. Cramer (466th)  
John E. Gallagher  
Thomas E. Hanley  
Frank T. Kinker, Jr.  
Richard K. Voiles

### 466th BG

William K. Lee

### 467th BG

Lawrence Belanger  
Howard E. Haller

Baxter W. Hensley  
James B. Johnston  
Roland L. Renaud  
William F. Zoske

### 489th BG

Norman Chown (44th)  
Donald C. Hartley  
Elmer R. Sherman

### 491st BG

G.W. Bishop  
Norman J. Canfield  
James P. Disharoon, Jr.  
George E. Kalb  
William M. Long  
Robert Rosendahl  
Gale M. Rucker

### 492nd BG

George Greiff  
John S. Steinger

# "Guns R Us": New Trigger-Nometry

REPRINTED FROM AIR FORCE, FEBRUARY 1944

**Flexible gunnery has been worked out to a mathematical formula, a system called "position firing" which is based upon speed, course, air density, deflection, and many other factors. Despite these calculations it is much simpler and more accurate than older sighting methods.**

If the man behind the gun can't protect his plane from enemy fighters, the world's best pilots, bombardiers and navigators are rendered useless. There is no denying the importance of flexible gunnery to the accomplishment of our mission, and statistics from the combat areas are backing up that fact.

We also are more than ever aware of the difficult and complicated task facing the gunner. The bombardier, for example, aims at a stationary target from a plane being held on a straight and steady bombing run. But the gunner is firing from a platform moving 250 miles an hour in any direction and trying to hit an object moving perhaps 350 miles an hour in a different direction.

Every schoolboy knows that a hunter has to aim slightly in front of a flying duck — has to "lead" it — to allow for the distance the duck will have flown by the time the bullet reaches it. He also knows that if a newsboy on a bicycle aims directly at the customer's porch when he throws a rolled newspaper, it won't land on the porch but probably in the bushes next door because he has failed to allow for the forward motion of the bicycle.

Put these factors together, boost the speed up to hundreds of miles an hour, let the directions be forward, backward, up, down, toward you, away from you, or any combination of these directions, and you get the beginnings of an idea of the gunner's job.

The problem is not easy. Nor is it impossible.

Good minds went to work on it long ago. What it would take, all agreed, would be a means of simplifying the gunner's sighting methods. The task was undertaken simultaneously by three different groups of mathematicians, who took a system developed by the RAF, refined it, and came up with something interesting.

In Detroit, a Navy consultant worked on it. At the Aberdeen Proving Ground, the Ordnance Department provided new ballistic tables and then the National Re-

search Defense Council worked on it. In North Africa, three operations analysts with the 9th Air Force developed an improved sighting system and checked its results in actual combat.

What these experts did was to work out the complicated mathematical formulas governing the relation between the bomber's direction and speed and the enemy fighter's course and speed. Then they calculated the amount of lead, or deflection, which the gunner had to allow to hit the fighter at any instant of attack. To do that, they had to make exact allowances for the bomber's speed, the muzzle velocity of its machine guns, the varying density of the air at different altitudes, the direction of the fighter with relation to the bomber's line of flight, and the fighter's speed and range.

Despite all these variable factors, the braintrusters working independently in Michigan, Maryland, and North Africa came up with essentially the same equation for calculating deflection. The mathematics were formidable, but the answers — and the answers are the gunner's concern — are surprisingly simple. The result is a system known as "position firing." It is a development of great significance. And the beauty of position firing is that it is both simpler and more accurate than the older sighting methods. It proceeds upon the doctrine that while every enemy fighter is dangerous and needs watching, he becomes most dangerous and at the same time easiest to hit when he starts a direct attack. To hit your bomber, he must keep aiming at the spot where his target will be by the time his bullets get there. To keep aiming at this spot, he must fly in a slight curve. This is called the pursuit curve.

Broadly defined, position firing is a method of calculating lead or deflection based on the enemy fighter's angle of attack and the subsequent angles along a pursuit curve which the enemy fighter must follow to get continuous hits on you. More simply, it is a system by which the gunner's

deflections are figured out for him in advance; he comes to use these calculations almost automatically.

As the enemy fighter flies along the pursuit curve, he slides in toward the tail of the bomber he is attacking. Because this curve is predictable, the fighter becomes vulnerable to the fire of the gunner who understands the principle that the forward speed of his own plane is added to the speed of his bullet. The bullet keeps this forward speed no matter what the direction of the aim — above, below, or to either side.

The drag of the air on the bullet is, of course, another factor. This air resistance we used to call trail; now we call it what it really is: bullet slow-down. It is important for some shots, but not nearly as important as the effect of the motion of the gunner's own airplane on the direction of the bullet.

This is not to say that the principle of bullet slow-down may be disregarded. The gunner should fully understand this factor. The combined effects of bullet slow-down and of the forward motion of the gunner's own airplane sometimes lead to faulty observation by the gunner. Many, having observed the behavior of a tracer bullet fired from an airplane, will argue that it moves in a curve. This is an optical illusion; it does, indeed, appear to curve in the direction opposite that of the airplane from which it fired. Actually, except for the downward curve caused by the force of gravity, the bullet moves in a straight line. The explanation of the illusion is that the bullet loses speed as it flies, while the airplane from which it is fired continues to move at constant speed. If the relative speed of the airplane and that of the bullet remain constant, the bullet's path would appear to be the straight line that it is. Gunners, therefore, must not rely on tracers to disclose the behavior of their fire. What the gunner sees as his tracer flies out into space may not be in line with the facts.

Ways of teaching the new system of gunnery have been worked out by the Instructors School (Flexible Gunnery) at Fort Myers, Florida, and these instruction methods are being passed along to AAF gunnery schools. Existing training devices like the Waller trainer, in which the gunnery student bangs away with an electric gun at movies of fighter planes projected

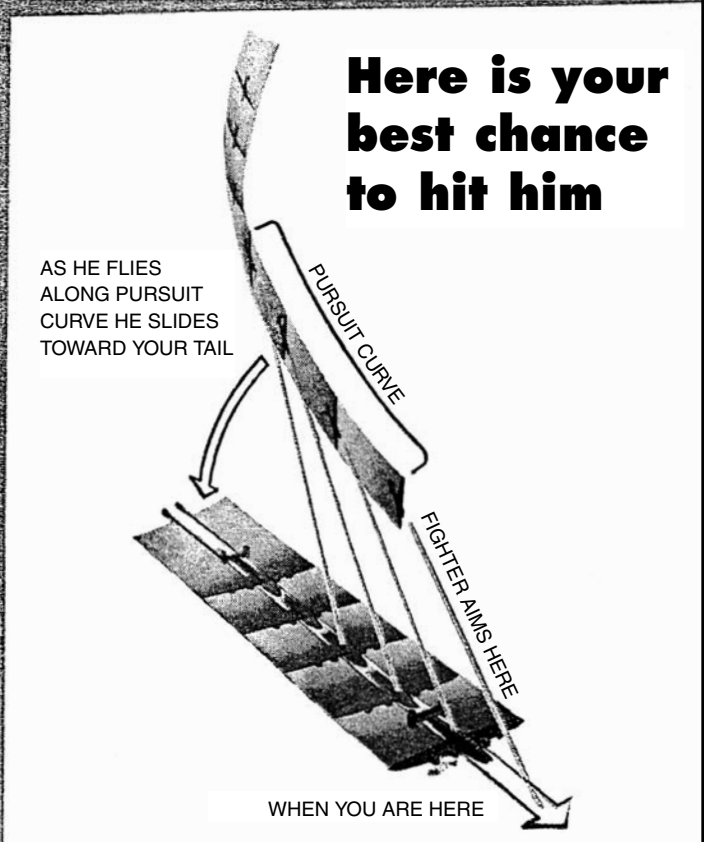
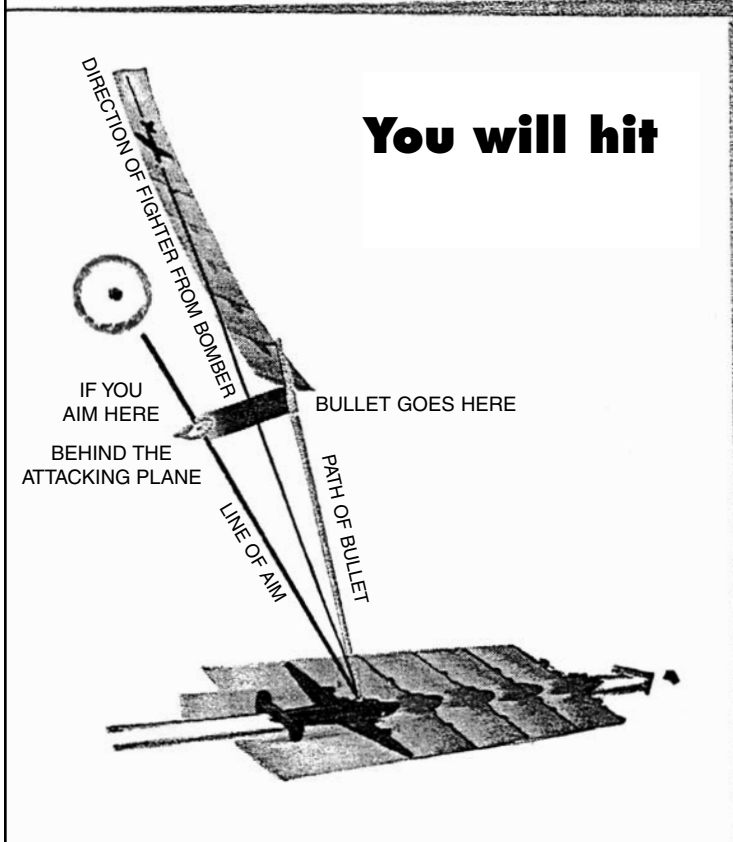
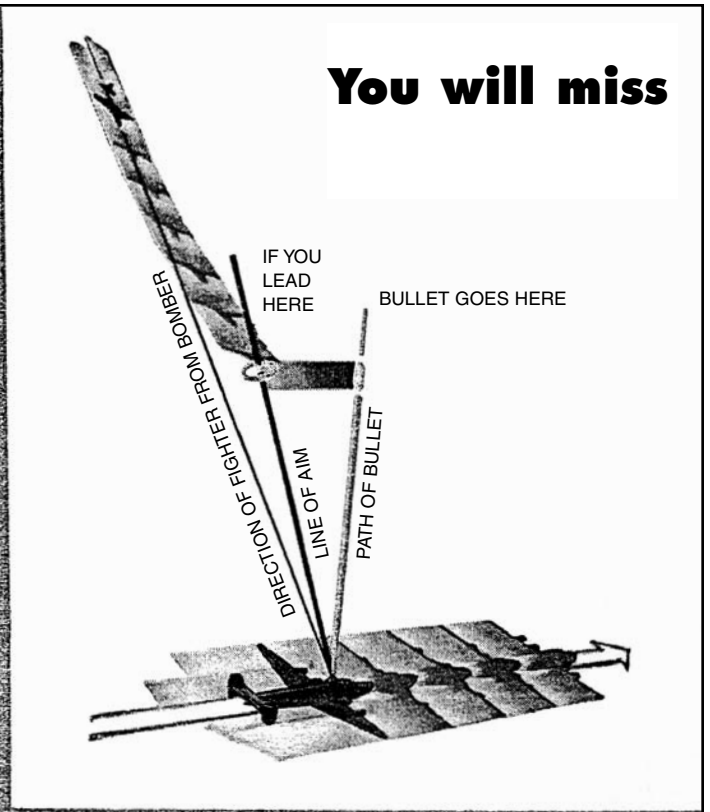
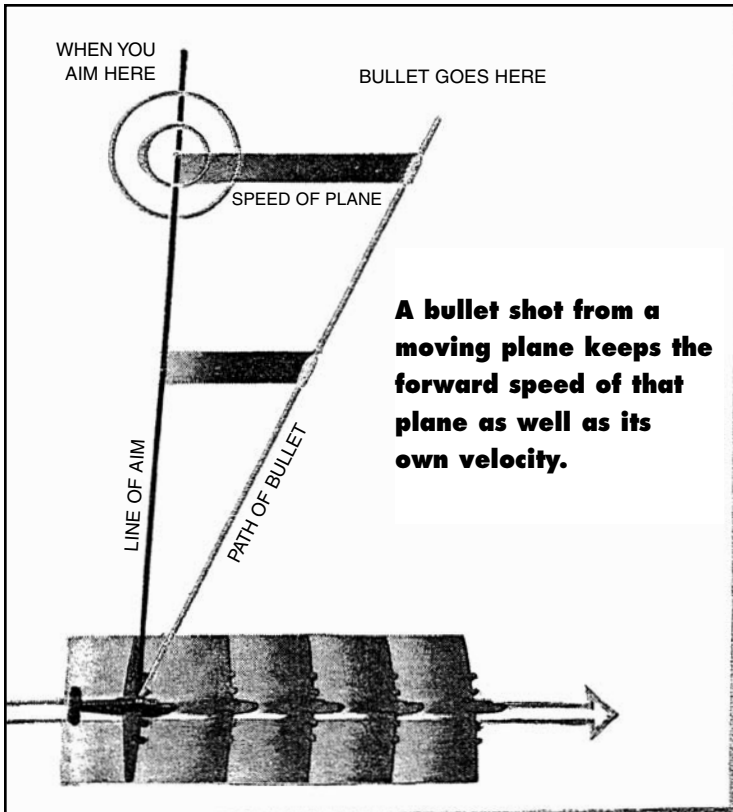
on the inside of a spherical screen, are being adapted to the teaching of position firing. Brand new practice gadgets, which will enable the student to fire real ammunition from a real turret at model airplanes and hit a target only if he has used the right deflection, are being devised.

An animated movie, which will make

the theory of position firing almost as easy to understand as Mickey Mouse, is in the works. So is the new *Gunner's Information File*, a looseleaf textbook that will combine pictures and drawings with a simple text to teach position firing, as well as the complicated workings of machine guns and turrets. A pictorial manual, written in terms

simple enough for a fifth grader to grasp, is being distributed.

The men who know gunnery best are confident that the AAF soon will have thousands of aerial Annie Oakleys who will be able to push the fighters-downed-to-bombers-downed ratio up to the point where it belongs and keep it there. ■





HARDWICK

# Open Letter to the 93rd

BY JOHN L. LEE, JR.

The 93rd BG held its reunion in New Orleans, 14-17 September 2003. All those who attended enjoyed a memorable afternoon cruise on the Mississippi River, a tour of the city, and a tour of the WWII museum. Following a personalized welcoming and briefing, members of the 93rd were asked to join the Honor Roll of the museum. The reunion committee, under the leadership of Al Asch, did an outstanding job of setting up the reunion activities.

The location for the next reunion will be Dayton, Ohio in July 2004. The dates will be announced before March. Your attendance is strongly encouraged.

It was very enlightening and encouraging to me to witness the participation of the associates and younger generation at the reunion. The veterans are reaching the age where time is running out. Father Time is taking his toll, and without the interest of the younger people, the 93rd will be just a part of history.

As the new group vice president for the 93rd, I offer some background on myself:

Before the United States entered WWII, I was employed by the Glen L. Martin Company, now known as Lockheed Martin. This was after my graduation from high school but before starting my college education. At that time the company was producing aircraft for both France and England because hostilities had started in Europe.

When I originally entered military service during WWII, I was ordered to active duty as an aviation cadet. I advanced as far as Basic Flight Training, at which time I failed a test flight and was removed from the program. After volunteering for and completing gunnery school, I subsequently was assigned as a member of a ten-man crew on a B-24 during the latter part of the war. We completed 19 missions over enemy territory.

Only four members of our crew are still living. One of the four is in an assisted living home in California and three of us were in attendance at the reunion. Our copilot, Fernley Smith, was elected as the new president of the 93rd. I am absolutely certain he will, as you can see by his work so far, do an outstanding job. I was also honored by being selected as the new VP. Fernley has appointed Bob Stahl, our third surviving crewmate, to the reunion committee.

I would be remiss if I failed to mention

the outstanding job that Al Asch has done as our former vice president and acting president. He and everyone working with him accomplished an overwhelming task in organizing and carrying out the New Orleans reunion.

At our business meeting, in addition to appointing new officers and associates, we discussed several important subjects. A great deal of discussion was devoted to establishing a memorial at the National Air and Space Museum. The 93rd BG committed to a B-24 model similar to the one now at the Air Force Academy. We have approved funds from our treasury and will encourage other bomb groups and individuals to support this program.

Action was also taken to bring about greater recognition of the contribution made by Ben Kuroki. We are seeking political and official support for this deserved honor earned under extremely difficult and trying circumstances. He went far beyond the ordinary call of duty. Everyone should read about this outstanding USAAF gunner.

The subject of the future of the 93rd is one that we are very concerned about. I feel confident and encouraged that the mantle is passing smoothly thus far to the younger generation. The young people who attended the reunion in New Orleans have demonstrated a great interest and eagerness to carry on the heritage. It is imperative that this is accomplished at this time, since death is so final. We need to find the way to complete this goal in the shortest time possible. To this end we are hoping for a good response from all the members of the 93rd to a survey that President Smith is planning to send.

I would like to tell you a little more about my background. After WWII ended, I returned to civilian life and continued my education under the G.I. Bill, earning pre-law and Juris Doctor degrees while remaining in the Air Force Reserve. After retiring from the Air Force in the grade of Colonel (06), I completed sufficient credits for a bachelor's degree.

My first wife of 54 years passed away in February 2003. I remarried to a lady who had been married more than 51 years and had lost her husband in September 2002. We have known each other for twenty years and she is very supportive and enthusiastic about my new assignment.

I have reflected very slightly on my combat experience over the intervening years, as may be the case with most veterans. A few missions do stand out in my memory, such as one where we had to make a landing at another BG field because our nose wheel would not operate. The aircraft was damaged rather badly, but there were no injuries. We had other missions where we received numerous flak hits. We were attacked by fighters, but at that stage of the war, there was excellent cover by P-51 support. There were two missions that we experienced an attack by ME 262s, the first jet fighters. They were not as effective in fire power because of their speed. They could not perform the pursuit curve as the other fighter aircraft normally did.

One of our missions was to Berlin, and at that particular time the city was the target both day and night for an extended period of time. Berlin was likely the most heavily defended target we had experienced. The crew and our aircraft surviving such a concentration of flak with very little damage and no individual injury had to be a miracle! Two other missions stand out in my memory, and both were to Magdeburg. Our target was oil storage. We failed to hit the target directly on the first day. The very next day our mission was the same, and it was successful. As we flew away, we witnessed the result, a towering dark cloud of smoke with flames leaping high. The display appeared to be equal to our altitude as we flew away. When the war ended in Europe, our crew flew back to the States as a unit.

I welcome the opportunity to serve as your vice president, and will do my best to continue the tradition that has been established over the years. ■

## Hey Honey!

FROM 490BG "BOMBS AWAY"

While attending a marriage seminar on communication, David and his wife listened to the instructor declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other.

He addressed the man: "Can you describe your wife's favorite flower?"

David leaned over, touched his wife's arm gently and whispered, "Pillsbury All-Purpose, isn't it?" ■



After 45 years (1945-1990), I have made the “command decision” to blow the whistle for a referee time-out, to reflect, to collect my thoughts and share some memories of my World War II Army Air Forces (later the U.S. Air Force) flying crew, as a tribute to them, especially to my pilot Forrest F. Anderson, also a member of the Second Air Division Association, 448th Bombardment Group.

Our air crew, whose names follow, met one another for the first time in August, 1944 in Omaha, Nebraska: Forrest F. Anderson, pilot, Gallant, TN.; Arthur R. Seat, Jr., copilot, Virgil, VA; Frank W. Leonard, navigator, Meridan, ID; Jerome Brown, bombardier, Chicago, IL; Harry T. Hutchinson, engineer, Dayton, OH; Ben S. Daniel, radio, gunner, Chicago IL; Charles E. Schmucker, gunner, Denver, CO; John W. Wideman, gunner, Woodstock, IL; Elberon G. Andrews, gunner, Cortland, OH; Douglas J. Fowler, gunner, Atlanta, GA.

Like any military group formation, our crew was made up of persons from all walks of life. We learned very quickly that the main purpose, the objective and bottom line, was that the group conduct itself in a team effort by executing its duties and responsibilities in a cohesive military manner. We were assigned to three months of intensive combat crew training exercises at Casper, Wyoming. These consisted of continued ground school training in our respective responsibilities with related emergency procedures, of flying at different periods within the day, of formation flying, as well as bombing and aerial gunnery exercises. This was the crucial time period to determine if our combat alertness and our ability to act and react under all possible combat situations met the requirements. We got to know one another, officers and enlisted men, during this intense period, as to our personalities, strengths and weaknesses. As I recall we were a group of happy “characters,” enjoying our camaraderie. Our pilot, 2nd Lt. Forrest F. Anderson, was our leader and we respected him highly as an individual, an officer, and an expert flyer. In flying the great B-24, he had the perfect record of making each landing on the *first* attempt. We graduated from combat air crew training at Casper, Wyoming in the fall of 1944, and were immediately ordered to Topeka, Kansas to pick up our B-24M Liberator.

It was a strange feeling when we arrived at Topeka and saw the beautiful new B-24s lined up, and wondered which one would be assigned to us. In due time we were

## ***Flying Back On a Time Capsule***

BY BEN S. DANIEL (448TH)

This article first appeared in the Fall 1990 edition of the 2ADA JOURNAL.



**Standing (L-R): Charles E. Schmucker, Ben S. Daniel, Elberon G. Andrews, Harry T. Hutchinson, Douglas J. Fowler, John W. Wideman. Kneeling: Lt. Frank W. Leonard, Lt. Forrest F. Anderson, Lt. Arthur R. Seat, Jr.**

assigned to serial number 44-50718. I often wonder where it is today? During this time the song “Rum ’n Coke,” made famous by the Andrews Sisters, was very popular; and without hesitation we named our new B-24 after the song. We had our crew photograph taken with the inscription “Rum ’n Coke” on both sides of the aircraft, and mailed it to the Andrews Sisters for their autograph. Either we had the wrong address, or our photograph got lost in the shuffle, or . . . who knows why we did not get it back. After a week of flying the “Rum ’n Coke” to become familiar with this aircraft, we were ordered to Grenier Field, New Hampshire for an overseas assignment. I remember the comfortable and confident feeling each time I heard the four Pratt & Whitney engines start, taxi, and take off into the “Wild Blue Yonder.” During the morning we took off for Grenier Field, before takeoff, we borrowed a Jeep to carry a load on the plane, consisting of enough barracks mattresses for the crew to rest for the eventual long journey to the Eighth Air Force in England. As the radio operator, I purposely selected special radio programs with the popular music of the time so the crew could listen and relax on the flight between Topeka, Kansas and Grenier Field,

New Hampshire, which took about three hours. They appreciated the selections.

As we flew from Kansas to New Hampshire, crossing part of this great country of ours, we enjoyed the scenery and commented on its majestic beauty. Landing at Grenier Field was a thrill, and a first for most of us. It was a short layover, for the following morning we were briefed for our flight to Goose Bay, Labrador. Whoever heard of Goose Bay, Labrador? As we lined up for takeoff that morning, our pilot, Lt. Anderson, reminded us we were leaving the United States. I don’t recall what prevailed — excitement, thrill and/or fright? That afternoon we landed at Goose Bay, Labrador after flying over parts of beautiful Canada. At Goose Bay we were briefed and shown a film on what we could expect to see on approaching our next stop at Bluie West #1, Greenland. The various fjords were pointed out as checkpoints on our approach to the landing field at Bluie West #1. We stayed at Bluie West #1 for several days because of bad weather conditions and prepared for our next flight to Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. (Who would guess in future years it would be the meeting place for President Reagan and Mr. Gorbachev.)

*(continued on next page)*

## **FLYING BACK ON A TIME CAPSULE (continued from page 29)**

During our stay at Bluie West #1, we were captivated by the beautiful Northern Lights in the evening. What a beautiful and unforgettable sight, and to think the other half of the earth was in full daylight. After our short stay at Bluie West #1, we took off for Reykjavik, crossing the cold North Atlantic Ocean, and landed there within a few hours. We were restricted to the air base since we were subject to an immediate call. After a day, we were briefed for our final destination — Valley, Wales.

Between Iceland and Valley, Wales, we realized that we were finally in a combat zone. We arrived at Valley, Wales, and were very disappointed when we had to give up the “Rum ’n Coke” for a plane modified for combat missions. Our crew immediately took a train to Blackpool, England for an assignment to a bomb group. Regretfully, there we had to bid farewell to F/O Jerome Brown, our bombardier, who was reassigned to another group, since the Eighth Air Force was converting navigators to “toggler” (bomb load was released by a navigator after observing the lead bombardier trigger the action). So our navigator, Lt. Frank Leonard, had a dual role on our missions, primarily as navigator and as “toggler” during the bomb run over the target.

At Blackpool we were assigned to the 20th Combat Wing, 448th Bombardment Group (Heavy), 713th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy), which was located at Seething Airfield. Two bomb crews of enlisted men occupied each small barracks. Our crew replaced a bomber crew which had been shot down over Magdeburg, Germany. It was a strange feeling walking into the barracks as a replacement crew to meet the crew whose friends had been shot down. We got to know each other and became close friends over a period of time. During this period we flew on practice missions over the English countryside and as weather observers over the North Sea.

Our first bombing mission was to be over Brunswick, Germany. The frightening thrill was checking our 50 caliber machine guns the night before the mission, arising early the following morning, having breakfast, listening intently to our briefing, attending our respective religious services, picking up our flight gear, getting in a truck and riding out to our assigned B-24J. No enemy over the target that day, but a lot of flak from below. We had made our first run!

Our second bombing mission ended in a comedy of errors. The assigned target was

an ordnance depot in Bayreuth, Germany. Because of adverse weather conditions over England, each plane took off and flew independently south of England, passing over the White Cliffs of Dover. At this point, I realized that my radio transmitter and receiver were not operating effectively. At the same time, our navigator, Lt. Leonard, indicated his radar equipment was inoperative. But we continued on with a left turn to form with our squadron, group and combat wing over France. Above France, after getting into an attack formation, we turned north toward Germany. However, the bad weather over England had entered the air space over continental Europe, forcing our bombing units to disperse and abort the mission. On our way back to England without our radio and radar equipment operating effectively, we decided to land at the 361st Fighter Group (P-51s) in Mons, Belgium near the French border. We were served lunch, while our radio and radar equipment were repaired by the ground crew specialists. We extended our thanks for the hospitality shown by the fighter group personnel, and took off for our home base in England. I identified our aircraft over the English Channel with the Main Control Radio Contact of the Eighth Air Force, and received permission to continue to our base at Seething Airfield. We dropped our bomb load over the English Channel to avoid any possible explosion on landing. After landing, we were directed to taxi to a stall (parking space) about a half a mile from the control tower. At the same time, other planes from our group were returning from a similar fate. We waited for over an hour for a truck to pick us and our flying gear up. This is when the day’s comedy of errors almost ended in a tragedy. We were all frustrated for lack of attention from the control tower to send someone to get us back to the debriefing room. For some unknown reason, I returned to our plane, got the Very (flare) pistol, and shot it in the air to get the tower’s attention. As the colored flare descended, it began drifting in the direction of the gasoline trucks that were refueling our parked planes. I quickly blew the whistle, which all combat flying crews wear on the collar of their flight jackets to keep the crew together in the event of a bail-out over a body of water. The high pitch alerted the crew, and it was every man for himself, fleeing in every direction, including the refueling crew. I froze, unable to move while I watched this pending explosion, but “Thank God” the descending flare overshot the refueling truck and three

planes in their respective stalls by twenty yards. For me, it was a long ride back to our debriefing room.

Later, Lt. Anderson calmly read off the “riot act” to our navigator and myself for the day’s events. (We should have checked our radio and radar equipment before take-off that morning.) It was only our second combat mission attempt, but we matured in a hurry!

Our future missions involved much flak and encounters with ME-109s (propeller driven) and ME-262s (jet propulsion driven). At times, during slack periods just for laughs, we recalled our second mission and how we almost caused a careless disaster.

We flew our group’s final combat mission on April 25, 1945, attacking the marshaling yards in Salzburg, Austria. That mission was over eight hours, including five hours of oxygen usage. It was a successful mission.

The war ended in Europe within the final two weeks of our final combat mission. Thereafter it was a countdown of when we would return home, despite rumors that we would be flying directly to the conflict in the Pacific Theater. It did not happen. During the next few months, the planes were serviced to return home. In the meantime, we flew ground personnel at low level over continental Europe to observe the devastation that took place over the years. A frightening sight for all of us.

Finally, the day arrived for us to return home. Our first stop was the Azores in the mid-Atlantic Ocean, and then on to Bangor, Maine. An additional ten ground personnel returned with each air crew. It was a new experience for all of us. We landed on United States soil in June 1945 and were given a thirty-day furlough. We regrouped in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where I first attended radio school. While there, in August 1945, the war with Japan ended. We were then reassigned to different air bases before being discharged.

In closing, I want to thank my pilot, Forrest F. Anderson, for his leadership and flying ability, and my air crew for being an important part of a major step towards patriotism and team effort, which I consider strengthened my values and continue to work for me in my lifetime. Also a heartfelt thanks to the charter members and officers of the Second Air Division Association for having the foresight and vision to create this organization to give us the opportunity to have our moments of reflection and keep our story alive.

God bless us, everyone. ■



To the Editor:

Guilty as charged. I am the author of the piece on "The Mulberry Harbors" (Fall 2003 *Journal*, page 23).

Robert A. Jacobs (93rd)  
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Williamsburg, VA 23188-1434



To the Editor:

On page 16 of the Fall 2003 edition of the *Journal*, Mr. Ed Wanner recounted the story of a tail gunner on a Lancaster who plummeted to earth in his tail turret from 4,000 feet and lived to tell about it.

For an even more incredible story, you need only look to the 392nd Bomb Group. Sgt. Merle Hasenfratz was the tail gunner on 2nd Lt. Carl Ellinger's crew. On April 24, 1944, they had bombed Leipzig and were on their way back, flying at about 18,000 feet, when their plane was hit by flak and cut in half just behind the wings. The front section exploded into flames and the tail section spun out of control toward the ground. Hasenfratz and the two waist gunners were still in the tail section when it impacted. Sgt. Hasenfratz stepped out of the tail with shrapnel wounds to his legs and an eye. He was the only survivor.

The plunge to earth turned out to be easy, compared to the year and five days Hasenfratz spent as a POW. He was beaten many times with rifle butts and taunted that with his German name, he was fighting on the wrong side. His hands and feet were frozen as the POWs were moved from camp to camp, and he was severely malnourished. When he was liberated on April 29, 1945, he had lost 39 pounds and weighed just 104.

In 1966, Congress changed the rules of eligibility for the Purple Heart to include WWII prisoners of war who were mistreated by their captors. In a ceremony on August 1, 2001 at Tinker Air Force Base, Brig. Gen. Ben Robinson (552nd Air Control Wing commander) presented Hasenfratz

with his long overdue Purple Heart.

I called to get Mr. Hasenfratz's permission to tell this story. His wife of 58 years informed me he had passed away of cancer on September 22, 2003. After extending my condolences, we talked for several more minutes. I asked if he had an explanation for why he alone survived. She told me he always said that during the long fall to earth, "Mother Nature was in his lap and a guardian angel was on his shoulder."

Annette Tison  
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To the Editor:

I may have some information that will be useful in regard to Ed Wanner's question about the Lancaster tail gunner who claimed to have fallen 4,000 feet without a parachute and survived. I don't know of that specific incident, but there are several other similar incidents that are well documented.

The story of Joe Jones is probably the one you were thinking of who was the B-17 tail gunner who ended up in Ripley's Believe It or Not. I have an 8th Air Force News article from February of 1994 that describes his story. Two other B-17 tail gunners, Erwin Koszyczarek and Eugene Moran, had similar experiences.

The RAF example I heard of was a guy named William Stannard who fell in the tail section of a Lockheed Ventura. That incident is described in a book called *None But the Valiant* by Graeme Cook.

I have collected a bunch of these stories and have them on the web. You can see them at the Free Fall Research Site:

<http://www.greenharbor.com/fffolder/ffresearch.html>

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To the Editor:

You may be able to assist me in my efforts to help my mother find her long lost "best friend" whom she hasn't heard from since the early 1940s.

Mom's friend's name was Diane Heaton (née Palmer). She married her American boyfriend, Charles Heaton, and they had a baby together. My mom lived in Beccles at the Gasworks House with her family, her name then being Monica Spooner (now

Monica Howard). We think Charles Heaton may have been stationed at Seething, it being the closest U.S. air base to Beccles. We also think Mom's friend came from and went to school at Loddon, it also being close to Beccles and Seething.



Diane was quite photogenic and often had her photograph taken. We have some of them, and I have enclosed a copy of a picture of Charles and Diane. Please help if you can; it will be much appreciated.

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To the Editor:

My name is Marc Laurenceau and I've been contacted by the president of Radio France, which is the first radio in France, in order to help him. He wants to publish a book called *Words of D-Day, Letters of Heroes, 1942-1944* which will contain letters and log books of Allied servicemen between 1942 and 1944 at training bases or in combat, about the Overlord Operation. I'm looking to correspond with American, British, Canadian, or German veterans who took part in the Overlord Operation on June 6, 1944 and who would like to be a part of this book. For more information, please visit the official web site:

<http://www.dday-overlord.com/Rechercheng.htm>

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## PIGEONS AND A SMALL WORLD

In the Spring 2003 issue of the *Journal* you published a letter I wrote asking if I made this idea up about having pigeons along with us when we flew our B-24 Liberator overseas via the South Atlantic route. Or did I just dream it?

Was I ever surprised when I received a couple of answers. Not only was I surprised but so glad to know that I was not losing my mind after all.

The first answer was from John W. Crowe, who was a copilot with the 491st Bomb Group. He said that we DID have two birds with us when we left Morrison Field in Palm Beach, FL. We carried them as far as Trinidad. John remembered the situation well, the idea being that if we had to ditch we were to release the two pigeons and hopefully they would return to Morrison Field. Each bird had a leg tag and number that was matched and recorded, with the ship number that carried them. John wondered (and so do I) if anyone ever had to use this tactic.

Then I received an e-mail from Carl L. "Lew" Brown, who was a radio operator with the 492nd BG and 467th BG. This is a story in itself, and where "a small world" comes in.

Lew's first e-mail verified that we did indeed have pigeons out of Morrison Field and carried them to Trinidad. He said that he too was given blank looks whenever he talked about birds on the plane. (Sounds familiar.) He signed his e-mail: "From an old Penna. boy living in NJ."

Well, that "Penna boy" got my attention, as that was the state I came from, way back when. Since he now lives in New Jersey I figured he might have originated in or around Philadelphia. I wrote back and told him that I enlisted in Erie, PA in October 1942. Now here is where it gets interesting. Lew wrote back and said, "That's where I enlisted, on New Year's Day 1943." He went on to say that he was from Meadville, PA! I was from Cochran, PA, which is about twelve miles from Meadville.

When Lew found this out he said that he and his buddies used to date girls from Cochran, and gave me a list of guys and gals and wondered if I remembered any of them. I knew EVERY ONE of them. One of the girls Lew dated was Doris Counselman. She was Roger Counselman's sister. Another "small world" story, as Roger was an original pilot with our own 453rd BG.

Lew Brown and I have been corresponding now for over a month. Here are two kids from 1920s Pennsylvania who never met; both ended up in the 8th Air Force

in England; both radio operators on B-24s; one now in Oklahoma and the other in New Jersey; and we never knew one another until September 2003. All this because of the controversy about pigeons on Liberators flying out of Florida in 1943.

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Moyers, OK 74557  
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*Ed. Note: I had a letter from an "anonymous" crew member who said they didn't know what the pigeons were for, so they cooked and ate them. "They were delicious," he said.*

→ → → →

To the Editor:

In the Fall 2003 *Journal* there was an insert announcement, "Military Records." This item gives a web address as "<http://vetrecarchives.gov>." Since I was interested in accessing some of my military records, I tried this address but was told that this address could not be found. I tried several times with the same results.

Since this item indicated that this web address came from the August 2003 issue of "Short Bursts" of the Air Force Gunners Association, I decided to check that source. (I am a life member of the AFGA.) I found that the web address that is shown in their newsletter is as follows:

**<http://vetrecsarchives.gov>**

I tried this and successfully reached the web site. So evidently that old "printer's devil" omitted the "s" on the "vetrec" in your *Journal*. Just thought you might like to know, in case anyone else is having difficulty accessing the web site.

Perry Onstot (392nd)  
5733 Cherry  
Kansas City, MO 64110

→ → → →

To the Editor:

On September 27, 1944, the 445th BG took off to bomb Kassel, Germany. It was the most terrible beating a Mighty Eighth group had ever sustained. The 445th lost 30 out of 35 B-24s while shooting down 29 enemy planes.

But behind the list of 118 KIA, before turning into mangled and burned bodies or hastily buried executed airmen, they were men. Most of them were citizen soldiers, with something to do after the war. Most of them were youngsters, with a full life to live. Share a thought or a prayer for lives wasted by war on September 27, 1944.

They were famous men in being, maybe, a Nobel prize winner or a President of

the USA or, more probably, loving husbands and caring dads (harassed taxpayers too). They will not know; we will not know. They will not grow old; they are young forever in pictures.

They were but are no more, since September 27, 1944, except for white caps in cemeteries and names on walls of the missing. We can't bring them back to life. But we can keep their memories alive.

The longer they live in our minds, the longer they will wake up each morning and board their B-24s to remind us of the price of freedom, for they gave all they could give for freedom's sake.

The survivors of this carnage deserve the same measure of respect and devotion as their fallen comrades. They have been very close to that extremely thin boundary between success and disaster, life and death during a war. Some of the misfortunes of war are part of the responsibilities of individuals, but so many events are not, that surviving a war is the greatest victory of all. To them, cheers.

Luc Dewez  
Your friend from Belgium

*Ed. Note: Luc is the son of a father who helped U.S. fliers in the Belgian Underground Resistance movement.*

→ → → →

To the Editor:

I want to thank all those folks from the 458th Bomb Group who responded to my letter that appeared in the Spring 2003 *Journal* requesting stories and information about the group. I have had quite a few letters and e-mails over the past few months. I hope that I answered everyone, but if there is anyone out there I missed, please accept my sincere apologies. We have been adding on to our house and I know some things got misplaced in the shuffle.

I did not make it to the National Archives this year as I had planned, but hope to get there in the near future. The book on the 458th is still in the works — I am still in the "gathering" stage, but I do have quite a bit of information to get started. I have also created a website for the 458th; it can be viewed at this address:

**[www.458bg.com](http://www.458bg.com)**

My goal on the website is to document as much as possible about the group with photos, documents, stories, etc. There are about 24 crews now represented on the website. I would like to add all of the crews that flew with this group. I know there were 76 "original" crews when the group was formed in Tonopah in 1943, and I have

to assume that over the course of thirteen months of combat in the ETO there were more than a hundred crews coming in as replacements.

So, here I come again to ask for the help of the 458th veterans and/or family members. If you happen to possess a crew photo (or any photos of personnel, aircraft, combat, Horsham St. Faith, aircraft in flight, etc.) and would like to help preserve the history of the 458th Bomb Group, please contact me. I will be glad to add any photos or information to the website. If anyone has information on how to obtain photos of the 76 original crews, I would welcome this information. I've tried Maxwell AFB and the National Archives without much success. If you feel comfortable sending your original photos for me to scan and return, rest assured, I will take very good care of them while they are in my possession. If you are not comfortable with sending your originals to me, I will gladly reimburse you for any copies you have made.

I know there must be quite a few photos out there in somebody's attic or tucked away in a chest of drawers. You may be thinking, "Now what would anyone want with these?" I'll relate a little story to answer that question.



458TH BG "ROUGH RIDERS"

Last summer, Harold Armstrong of the 753rd Squadron very generously sent me two photo albums full of pictures of the group, aircraft, his crew (#25), and other crews as well, along with numerous documents and new articles. I was able to scan and return everything to him in about a two-week time period. It was a researcher's dream! My eyes just about popped out of my head when I saw one particular photo in one of the albums; it was of ROUGH RIDERS, my dad's original plane. I had never seen a picture of #342-S in flight before. It was quite something to see that painted white horse flying.

Susan Weiner, daughter of Sheldon Wei-

ner of Paul Stoneburner's crew, was equally if not more appreciative of this photo. Her father was the bombardier on ROUGH RIDERS last flight on September 9, 1944. The aircraft experienced engine trouble on the mission to Mainz, Germany and had to be abandoned near Trier, Germany. Eight of the crew, including Sheldon Weiner, evaded and two were captured. Thanks again, Harold, for this and all of the other items you were able to share.

Darin Scorza  
8543 Wedd, Overland Park, KS 66212  
(913) 648-5904 • darins@eskc.com



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For further information, call the museum at (631) 293-6398.

## Season's Greetings

*At this very special time of the year I want to thank you all for your notes, letters, and telephone calls this past year.*

*To all members and friends of the Second Air Division Association, I send warm greetings and wish you all good health and much happiness for all of 2004.*

*Evelyn Cohen  
2ADA VP Membership  
and Convention Chairperson*

# FLYING ACES (Revisited)

BY ED WANNER (445TH)

It is time we admit that we are getting up to the dinosaur category. I'll admit we were playing an important role in the history of the free world but I want to remind you of something that may make you feel even more ancient.

When I was 7 or 8 years old, my most important toys were airplanes. And I loved to read stories about them, probably like some of you. Sometimes the subjects were Wiley Post, Lindbergh, Rickenbacher, Red Baron, and others. One of my favorite magazines when I was in junior high school was *Flying Aces*. The magazine had a fiction story about a nutcase character called Phineas Pinkham, who was a World War I pilot. He did everything wrong in flying his Spad, but survived the German enemy and his own flying officers by many of his hare-brained crazy schemes.

The author, Joe Archibald, wrote with tongue in cheek and the use of fractured German and French, and even illustrated his own stories with cartoons. He was no literary master, but more than great enough to keep me in stitches through the mid-1930s.

I've mentioned this amusing and entertaining 15¢ magazine to several of my flying buddies, but I seem to be the only one inspired and laughing at this impossible Pinkham! Also, just try and buy a copy for 15 cents. As a plus there were balsa wood model plane plans in the publication, as well as pictures of the latest (?) aircraft.

The question is, hasn't anybody read about Phineas??? ■

# SNAFU - B-17 STYLE

REPRINTED FROM YANKEE WINGS

*"Snafu" – a word which originated during World War II – is defined as "confusion" or "muddle." It evolved from the acronym, Situation Normal, All Fouled Up.*



It was another mission that began on a dark morning for the 390th Bombardment Group, 8th Air Force at Framlingham. Colonel Wittan, the Group Operations Officer, and LCol. Tom Jeffrey, the Air Executive, stood on the control tower awaiting the signal to start the mission. When the green flare fired, B-17s would begin taxiing from their hardstands toward the runway. They would proceed in order of takeoff to the end where the first six aircraft would take staggered positions on the runway, with the rest strung out on the perimeter road to facilitate a 30-second takeoff spacing.

At this moment the engineering officer reported that the lead ship was still at its hardstand with a flat tailwheel tire. Col. Wittan immediately ordered that the No. 2 aircraft lead the takeoff and climb out to the assembly point at 18,000 feet; however, with radio silence in force, he turned to LCol. Jeffrey:

"Take my staff car . . . to the end of the runway and tell the pilot of No. 2 to lead the group up to assembly altitude."

Jeffrey sped away and pulled the car off the runway to the right rear of the aircraft, so he could enter it through the rear door without crossing in front of the propellers. (Ed. Note: B-24s did not have a rear door.) Leaving the car's engine running and lights on, he bolted for the bomber, opened the door and jumped in. Just as he scrambled on board, the pilot gunned the engines and released the brakes. Jeffrey yelled, but nobody heard him over the roar of the

engines. Wearing his summer flight suit, he moved easily through the confines of the bomber; however, by the time he reached the cockpit it was too late to abort the take-off. When the landing gear was up and the aircraft was under control, he reached over and tapped the pilot's shoulder.

"What the hell are you doing here?" the surprised pilot asked.

"It's a long story," Jeffrey replied, "but let's keep going until we're organized."

As they climbed and circled, getting the formation pulled together, Jeffrey started to get cold in his summer flying suit. He had no jacket, parachute, or oxygen mask either, and the aircraft was scheduled to fly to Germany. Short of completing the round trip, there were only two ways to get him back on the ground — the aircraft could abort, or he could bail out.

Neither option was attractive. Aborting a mission was serious enough without depriving the group of both lead aircraft. The bailout idea ended when he discovered there was no extra parachute on board. As the Fortress continued to circle around the assembly point at 18,000 feet, a shivering LCol. Jeffrey gulped oxygen from a walk-around bottle. Soon the group lead arrived, and the No. 2 assumed station on his wing.

Now what? Would Jeffrey go to Germany and freeze half to death enroute? What if they were hit? How would he get out? Should he order the pilot to abort?

Fortunately, fate intervened. Radio silence was broken by a recall order — stormy weather over the target would interfere with accurate bombing. The 390th airmen gave silent cheers, but none more fervently than Jeffrey. Still, they carried a full load of fuel and bombs, so they had to circle for four hours before enough fuel had burned off to enable to aircraft to land safely with the bombs on board.

When the aircraft reached its hardstand, a chastened LCol. Jeffrey returned to the quarters that he shared with Colonel Wittan. Having awakened at 2 a.m. to plan the briefing, the colonel was just waking up from a nap when his air exec entered.

"Jeff, will you please tell me where the hell you've been? And why did you leave my car at the end of the runway with the engine running and the lights on?"

Looking at the colonel, Jeffrey replied: "Well, Colonel, I'll tell you, it was like this . . ." ■

## "Just the Facts, Ma'am"

FROM THE 490TH BG'S "BOMBS AWAY"

A woman rushes to see her doctor, looking very much worried and all strung out. She rattles off, "Doctor, take a look at me. When I woke up this morning, I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my hair all wiry and frazzled up, my skin was all wrinkled and pasty, my eyes were blood-shot and bugging out, and I had this corpse-like look on my face! Quick, tell me what's wrong with me, Doctor? Just gimme the facts."

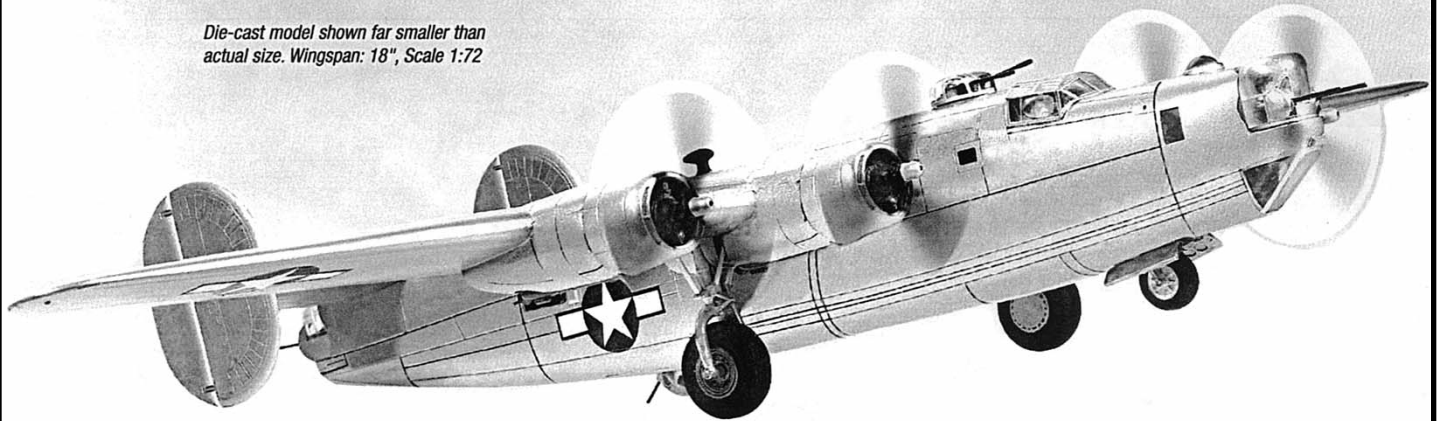
The doctor looks her over for a couple of minutes, then calmly says, "Well, OK, I can tell you one thing right away . . . there's nothing wrong with your eyesight." ■



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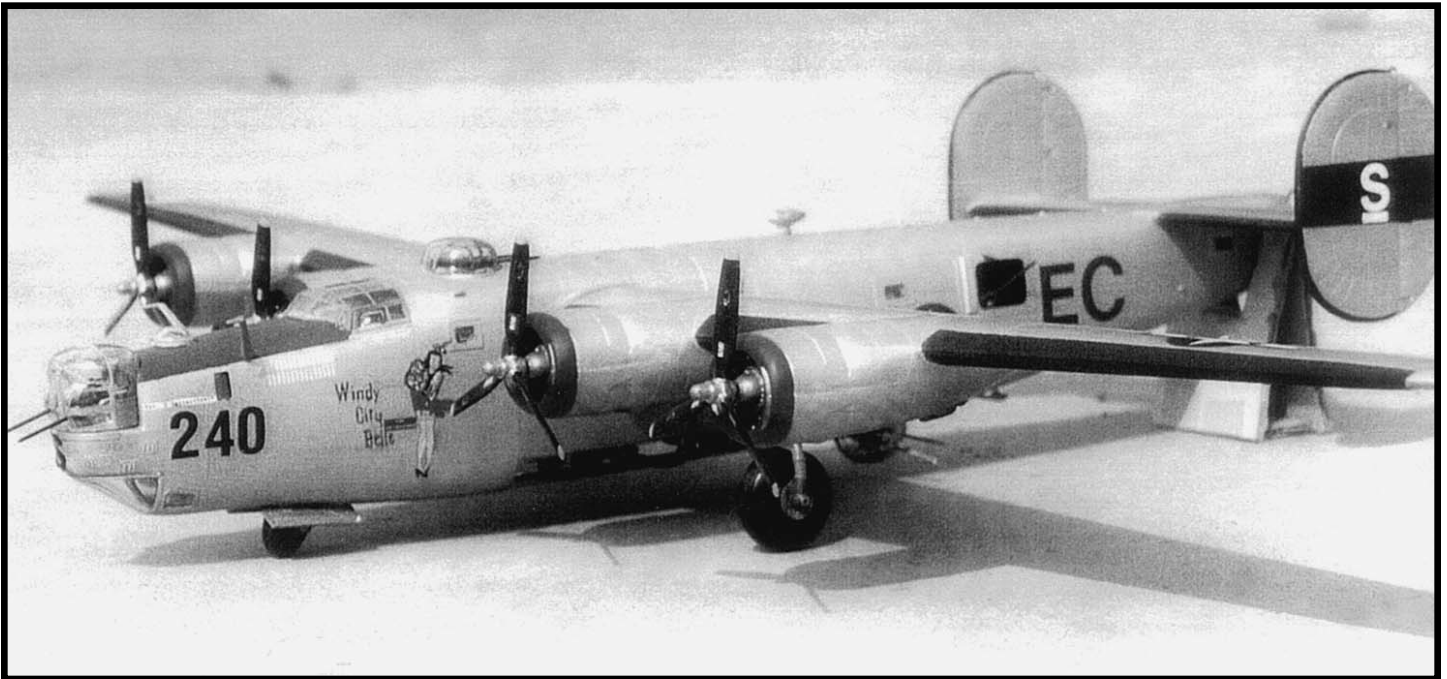
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# 75 MISSIONS WITHOUT AN ABORT



392nd Bomb Group Crew Chief Ernie Barber takes pride that the B-24 he was in charge of never had an abort in 75 missions. Barber took over in England as the original chief when the 392nd arrived at its base at Wendling in the summer of 1943.

Bombardier Donald R. Satterthwait had this model made. The photo was submitted by the copilot and 2ADA member Lorn Matelski. Congratulations are due to both the ground crew and the air crew for an outstanding achievement.

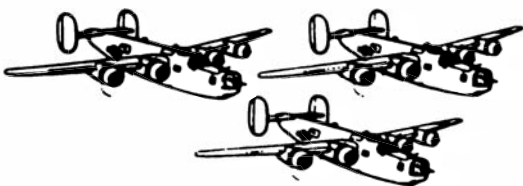
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