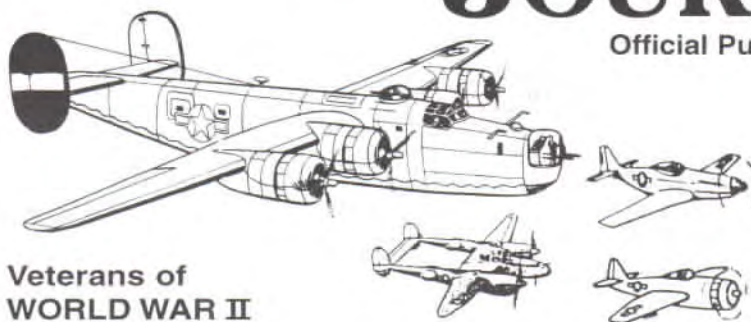


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2ADA Annual
Convention!
SEE PAGE 35***

THE JOURNAL

Official Publication of the:



Volume 43 Number 4

2005
Winter 2006

Salute to a Benefactor

Bernard Matthews, who gave the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust £100,000 last year, is shown standing beside a model of an American Bald Eagle given to him by the 2nd Air Division Association.

Behind him is the picture of B-24s from Attlebridge which also was presented to him by the 2ADA. He much appreciated both gifts.

PHOTO SUBMITTED BY
MATTHEW MARTIN,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF
GOVERNORS OF THE
MEMORIAL TRUST



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JOURNAL



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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"Hello, there, from Rittenhouse Square"

BY JOHN deCANI (489TH), 2ADA PRESIDENT

Over the weekend of November 11th and 12th, 2005, a group of ten people from the United States, all affiliated in some way with the 2ADA, flew to England and made their way to Norwich. They were: Terry & Geoff Gregory; Joe Dzenowagis (that's Joseph M. Dzenowagis, not to be confused with his father, Joseph G. Dzenowagis); Vicky & Kurt Warning; Joan & Carol Patterson; Chuck Walker and his grandson, Andrew Horlock; and myself. In Norwich, our old friends, David & Jean Hastings and Matthew & Patsy Martin, joined us. We remained in Norwich through Wednesday, November 16, and returned to London on Thursday, November 17, where most of us attended Evensong at St. Paul's Cathedral, followed by a service of remembrance and rededication in the American Memorial Chapel at St. Paul's. We returned home on Friday, November 18.

I had a very pleasant journey. Our way was eased at every step by three Trust Governors, David Hastings, Andrew Hawker, and Matthew Martin, who chauffeured us to every event in a very eventful week.

Our stay in Norwich really began on Sunday, November 13, Remembrance Day, with a wreath laying followed by a short parade and a service at Norwich Cathedral. I laid the 2ADA Remembrance Day wreath at the War Memorial in front of City Hall. By this time I was fully recovered from jet lag and was so ably guided by David Hastings that I could not possibly have erred. The dedication on our wreath was written by Jean Hastings.

While we had plenty of time to rest and enjoy the pleasures of Norwich and the Hotel Nelson, we had enough 2ADA business to keep us occupied. On Monday, November 14, we attended a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, followed by lunch. Joe Dzenowagis, Jr. and Chuck Walker are both members of the Board. When he was not otherwise occupied, Joe kept himself busy videotaping the proceedings. I hope we see his edited results when we meet in Washington in October.

Tuesday's highlight was supper at Matthew and Patsy Martin's house. Patsy is a charming hostess, and we found her, the house, the company, the food and the wine all delightful.

Wednesday, November 15, our last full day in Norwich, was capped by an insightful lecture by Lord David Owen, who, I think, was Foreign Secretary under Margaret Thatcher. The lecture concerned the current situation in the Middle East and its implications for the United States and Western Europe. Lord Owen explained why the Middle East is serious cause for concern, no matter what your politics.

The lecture was preceded by drinks and followed by dinner. Lord Owen was seated to my left at dinner. Tom Eaton was seated opposite me and Joan and Carol Patterson were nearby to my right — pleasant company, indeed.

Most of us traveled together by van to London on Thursday, November 17. Thanks to my membership in The Penn Club, I was able to stay at the RAF Club in Piccadilly, where nearly everyone else was staying. After attending Evensong, followed by a service of remembrance and rededication at St. Paul's, we had dinner together at a restaurant selected by Geoff that served traditional — and very good — English food. In the morning (Friday, November 18) we all went our separate ways. ■

ROGER FREEMAN DIES

The following announcement appeared in the East Anglian Daily Times, Ipswich, Suffolk on 13 October 2005:



"FREEMAN, ROGER — Age 77, died peacefully at home on 7 October 2005, dearly loved husband of Jean and father of Sarah, Emma, and Daniel. Cremation private. Celebration Memorial Service of his life to be held at St. Mary's Church, Dedham on Friday, 21 October 2005 at 3:00 PM."

Roger was a gifted and meticulous historian of WWII aviation and the official historian of the 8th Air Force Historical Society. He was also a member of the Second Air Division Memorial Trust Board of Governors for many years.

Roger had indicated that his vast collection of 8th AF historical data should be forwarded to the Mighty 8th AF Museum in Savannah, Georgia upon his death.

Nearly every 2AD veteran has at least one of his many books — including the renowned "Mighty 8th" histories reprinted many times since first issued shortly after WWII.

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).

We make every effort to mail your *Journal* within 90 days of the article submission deadlines of February 15, June 15, and November 15. 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.

New Members of the 2ADA

44th BG
Clarence E. Baker

93rd BG
Henry R. Hayes
John Lucas

389th BG
Darrell N. McCoy

448th BG
William I. Hall

467th BG
Richard B. Hirsch

491st BG
Dean B. Snow

SENIOR'S RAMBLINS

BY ALAN SENIOR (446TH), 2ADA EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

As the year 2005 started its march (some might say "stagger") toward its end, we were blanketed with "reflections" from every point of the media: TV documentaries, news magazines, reporters of every stripe, etc. It is my preference to look, even to the point of speculation, on the future and what to look to, hope for and work toward in making the Second Air Division Association stronger and more united with the membership dynamic and friendly.

We are a volunteer organization. First and foremost it is the 2ADA, and not the individuals or groups of individuals, often with their own private agendas, that is important! Remember it's UNITED WE WIN.

Those who attend our conventions know about decreased attendance — the effects of Folded Wings and deteriorating health concerns which result in restricted travel. The demographics of the 2ADA are disturbing. President John deCani did a detailed statistical analysis from which one may conclude that a membership that is becoming older and smaller is not a sustainable trend. So, let's start the planning now for a super convention/reunion for

First and foremost it is the 2ADA, and not the individuals or groups of individuals often with their own private agendas, that is important! Remember it's UNITED WE WIN.

"turning out the lights." Why wait? It is just too important to all of us. Why wait to plan to a point where the membership is too old to really care; too old to travel; too _____ to _____ (fill in the blanks).

For many of us, the glue that binds us together is *The Journal*! Look at it this way: As it becomes more difficult to travel to the annual conventions, the lone remaining contact for many members will be *The Journal*. I favor restoring it to its quarterly schedule (even if it means a few dollars' increase in the annual dues). Perhaps, with a closer review of the budget, extra money could be reallocated to *The Journal* for this purpose.

A few voices have suggested regional 2ADA conventions. This could soften the "lights are out" for the membership. Advantages: shorter travel distances; reduced

costs. The fourteen bomb groups could set up the regionals with the Spirit of the 2ADA alive and well with them. We currently have two annual regional conventions in areas with large "local" memberships — Dallas and Los Angeles. Extending the time to two or three days is another possibility.

As many of you know, it is often suggested that the individual bomb groups join us for a combined 2ADA/BG convention rather than have their stand-alone conventions. Perhaps the time has come to seriously revisit this radical idea. What are your thoughts? On a regional BG meeting, it would have better acceptance among the fourteen bomb groups with a much better chance for success.

The thrust of these "Ramblins" is to stimulate some ideas for the overall good of the 2ADA, as action may soon be needed. ■

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

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH)

Many things have gone on since my last report, so I will attempt to bring you up to date as best I can.

Derek Hills advises us of the purchase of four books with the **Phyllis DuBois** Endowment: *The Lobster Coast* by Colin Woodward, *Home by Design* by Sarah Sunka, *Art in Our Time* by Herriett Bee, and *Dream Catchers* by Philip Jenkins. These books deal with rebels, rusticators and the struggle for a forgotten frontier; transforming your house into a home; a chronicle of the Museum of Modern Art; and how Native American spirituality went mainstream. This appears to me to be a very good selection although I have not yet read any of them.

There have been major changes in the Memorial Trust Governors. The following have resigned during the past year: **Hilary Hammond** (retired and was made an Honorary Life Governor); **Nick Cooper** (because of heavy work load on other trusts); **Roger Freeman** because of poor health (sadly Roger passed away soon afterward);

and **Dennis Wolf** (reassigned to stateside).

So, our masterful Chairman and remaining Governors have been busy selecting replacements. The new Governors are: **Richard Ashton, Peter Foster, David Douglas, Mike Longe**, and the new Cultural Attaché, **Michael Macy**. Having the pleasure of meeting these new Governors was a distinct pleasure, and I can assure you they are super people who are well thought of in the community and will add prestige to our Memorial Trust.

I am writing this having just returned from attending the November meeting of the Governors, and an excellent one it was. Our chairman conducts an orderly and businesslike meeting. No arguments; just total cooperation by fellow Governors.

Governor Cooper's financial report indicated as of April 5, 2005 a Capital Fund balance of \$1,366,481; Restricted Funds \$2,511 and Unrestricted Funds \$45,768. These are healthy assets, but the cost of operating our Memorial Library continues to increase. A generous contribution would

be very much appreciated.

Sunday 12 November 2005 was Remembrance Day in England, and we were privileged to watch our 2ADA President **John deCani** lay a wreath at the Norwich Memorial followed by a very moving Cathedral Service. The hospitality showered on we Americans was much appreciated. **Andrew Hawker** arranged transportation for all of us to each event on our schedule. Not a late arrival the whole week. I was privileged to have tea with **Robin and Tom Eaton**, and was able to visit my old base at Tibenham along with **Joan Patterson** and daughter **Carol**. Lord Owen's lecture, sponsored by the Trust Governors, was well attended and very well received. So many old friends, including **Sir Timothy Colman** and **Tahitia Orr**, a former 2ADA/Fulbright Scholar, attended the dinner following the lecture. The ten Americans who ventured to England were invited to attend the rededication of the American Memorial Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral.

(continued on next page)

If you are looking for a write-up on the San Diego Balboa Park B-24 installation, take a look at John Lee's 93rd BG report on page 8. He covers it adequately, and since I wasn't there, I cannot add anything to it. Also check the other group reports.

JOURNAL SCHEDULE

I have received several letters of "hell" for proposing the three issues per year of *The Journal* at the last Executive Committee meeting. It isn't that we don't have enough material; rather it's the cost. There were other proposals circulated, but to cut the number of pages would not save anything on postage unless we went down to 8 or 12 pages — hardly enough space for the group reports, and certainly you don't need an editor for that. By cutting down to three issues per year we save about \$10,000, but you have to wait an extra month between issues. The alternative is to increase dues, and make an assessment against the lifetime members to have enough funds. I am not taking a position on that, but tell your group VP how you feel; it is not up to me to decide.

HOW OLD IS "OLD"?

There has been too much concern about redefining "old age," especially among the oncoming "baby boomers." My idea is:

Young: age 0 to 64

Middle Age: 65 to 100

Old Age: anything over 100

Like the 2005 hurricanes, running out of letters of the English alphabet for the storm names — we will just add a few Roman numerals if "age" keeps on increasing much over 100!

ANSWERS TO THE FALL QUIZ

QUESTION #1: This is the making of a "hard cyder" generally known in all rural areas of England as the "common man's champagne." The picture in the Fall *Journal* shows the age-old method of pressing local apples or pears into what the 1066 invading Normans called "pretty strong stuff." In the old days of King Offa (757-796) this is what put the "merry" in the well-known label "Merry Old England," and in the nearby cider-producing farms it still does... only the spelling of the fermented drink has been changed.

The best place to see and sample the age-old brew is at the Cider Museum in Hereford, about 200 miles west of Norwich. If you start seeing double spelled signs (or spelt, as the Brits write it) and you haven't had a drink yet, you went past it and are in Wales. Back up a few miles and you will find the Hereford Cider Museum. Its King Offa Distillery sells many apple beverages including cider brandy and cider liqueur if you are in need of

The Editor's Comments

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

something still "stronger."

Annual events include the Cidermaking Festival, usually held in mid-October. Don't worry if you miss the festival — the museum is open all year round, allowing the people to enjoy the very best of this "very British" brew.

QUESTION #2 — National Insignia on Military Aircraft: When the United States entered World War II, the national insignia on her military aircraft consisted of a red disc centered on a five-pointed white star, the whole set on a dark blue disc. On May 15, 1942 the insignia was officially changed by the omission of the red disc, to prevent confusion with the Japanese marking. The early Eighth Air Force aircraft arriving in Britain carried the new insignia which officially remained in force for just over a year. On British advice, the fuselage insignia was outlined in yellow, a two-inch-thick band to make it more prominent, as was the fashion with the British roundel. Most units going to North Africa with the 12th Air Force had their aircraft so marked, but there were several exceptions. A few heavy bombers remaining in the UK gained the yellow outline but the practice was never pursued. On B-24 aircraft earmarked for bad weather flying, the white star was considered too conspicuous and was dulled with grey.

Change #2: On June 29, 1943 another change was made: this was the addition of a white rectangle on each side of a star and the whole outlined in red.

Change #3: The above insignia was short-lived, for on August 14, 1943 the red outline was changed to blue, again reflecting Pacific Theater associations with the color red. At this date many Eighth Air Force aircraft had still not received the changes of June 29th due to a busy operational period. Although over a month was allowed for institution of the blue outline, some aircraft were still flying off to war with the red-banded star and bars in the opening months of 1944.

44th and 93rd BG changes: The 8th AF general order in 1942 to add a two-inch yellow border to the fuselage star roundel in USAAF aircraft in the European Theater saw a few 93rd and most 44th BG aircraft

decked out in this fashion. The yellow border was generally three or four inches wide and often roughly painted by hand. While this marking was designed to enhance the visibility of the "star" national insignia, the need arose to diminish it on the B-24Ds of the 93rd's 329th Squadron. This unit was engaged in "Moling" operations during the winter months of 1942-43, which involved sorties in bad weather by individual aircraft equipped with Gee navigational equipment to alert enemy air raid defenses — nuisance sorties. On aircraft used for this purpose, the stars of the national insignia were dulled with grey to reduce visibility to approximately one mile. Where the yellow surround had been applied to the fuselage star roundels, it was painted out with olive drab or dark green. Aircraft were moved between squadrons, and some of the 329th's machines later appeared in other squadrons. With a view to extending these operations, many B-24Ds in the 44th Bomb Group also had their stars treated in this way.

WINTER QUIZ

1. Name the three 8th Air Force wartime commanders in Europe during WWII.
2. Name the two 2nd Air Division wartime commanders in Europe during WWII.
3. What was the date of the 8th AF's mission with the most heavies? How many bombers took part? What did they bomb?
4. What was the date of the last bombing mission flown by the 2nd Air Division?

REPORT OF THE 2ADA REPRESENTATIVE ON THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE MEMORIAL TRUST (continued)

We attended Evensong and then were treated to a very special rededication ceremony. General Eisenhower proposed a Roll of Honor be prepared of the 28,000 American dead, and it was proposed that it be deposited in the newly built American Chapel. It was not until 1958 that the Chapel was dedicated in the presence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. President Eisenhower viewed the Chapel in 1959 and expressed his satisfaction with what had been achieved.

This ceremony was attended by the American Ambassador, Mr. Tuttle, and we ten Americans: John deCani, Geoff and Terry Gregory, Joan Patterson and daughter Carol, Vicki and Kurt Warning, Joe Dzenowagis, Jr., and Chuck Walker and grandson Andrew Horlock. The Canon even served champagne! This was the final event of our visit and one we will remember always.

STAY WELL AND HAPPY! ■



491st BOMB GROUP
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY HUGH BENNETT

The 491st Bomb Group held its 2005 reunion in San Diego, California, October 12-16 at the Mission Valley Marriott Hotel with seventy-five in attendance.

On Thursday the 13th we spent the afternoon touring the *USS Midway*, the famous aircraft carrier. Here we found out we aren't as young as we were in 1944; we were all nursing sore legs and feet when we returned to the hotel.

On Friday we started early with a bus tour of San Diego where we saw the famous Hotel Del Coronado, the harbor, and the Old Spanish Lighthouse on Point Loma where we had a great view overlooking the city. We ended up at noon for lunch at the Veterans Museum and Memorial Center in Balboa Park. After lunch we had our memorial service in the museum with the lighting of the Candles of Remembrance. As usual we had a very inspiring message by our own Rev./Dr. William F. McClelland entitled "Military & Spiritual Transformation." Scripture readings were given by Jerome Juice and Harry Dean.

After the service we visited the B-24 Memorial in front of the museum. Everything is in place except finishing up the landscape around the plane. It is one beautiful exhibit that we can all be proud of.

Friday ended with a Mexican Fiesta Buffet followed by Mexican dancers entertaining us.

Saturday was spent reminiscing with old and new friends and a business meeting in the afternoon. In the evening, we had the banquet and danced to the music of Ki's Guys. On Sunday we had breakfast with our old and new friends, then headed for the airport and home.

The Legendary Liberator Campaign at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum is within \$50,000 of the \$125,000 goal. The campaign chairman, Walter Mundy, has sent letters requesting donations from Pratt & Whitney, Ford, Boeing, and Hyatt Hotels. Hopefully these companies will get involved as sponsors and enable us to get this exhibit started in early 2006. Let's all get behind this project and send in our donations.

The 491st's 2006 reunion will be held in Denver. This being the beginning of a new year, may you all have a great year. May God bless our military and keep them out of harm's way. ■

Report of the 2ADA Treasurer

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION
GENERAL FUND

CATEGORIES	DETAILS	SUB-TOTALS	TOTALS
July 1, 2004			\$104,419.02
RECEIPTS			
Membership Dues		\$77,512.00	
Interest		\$1,143.00	
Other Sources (page 4)		\$118.51	
Total Receipts		-----	\$78,773.51
Balance and Receipts			\$183,192.53
DISBURSEMENTS			
Memorial Library			
Endowment	\$1,000.00		
Representative Expenses	\$2,311.12	\$3,311.12	
Journal (3 issues)			
Publishing & Printing	\$26,319.00		
Postage	\$3,256.17	\$29,575.17	
VP Membership			
Rent	\$6,300.00		
Expenses & Bond	\$3,524.77	\$9,824.77	
Editor 2ADA Journal			
Rent	\$1,500.00		
Expenses	\$1,050.89		
Equipment	\$0.00	\$2,550.89	
Director of Correspondence Services			
Rent	\$1,500.00		
Expenses	\$405.87		
Equipment	\$0.00	\$1,905.87	
Director of Data Services			
Rent	\$1,500.00		
Expenses	\$748.04		
Equipment	\$568.98	\$2,817.02	
Treasurer			
Rent	\$1,500.00		
Expenses & Bond	\$675.45		
Equipment	\$0.00	\$2,175.45	
Audit Committee		\$138.73	
Convention Expenses - 2004		\$12,974.25	
Convention Expenses - 2005		\$21,013.18	
Executive Committee Expenses		\$4,946.45	
Legal Fees		\$4,120.91	
Liability Insurance		\$0.00	
Other Disbursements (page 4)		\$1,641.37	
VP & Other Officers		\$1,437.76	
Total Disbursements			\$98,432.94
Balance June 30, 2005			\$84,759.59

Elwood W. Nothstein
Elwood W. Nothstein, Treasurer

AIR FORCE MEMORIAL

The dedication of the Air Force Memorial on Saturday, October 14, 2006 will be the most special treat (with reserved seats!) at our next 2ADA convention, October 12-15, 2006 in the Washington, D.C. area. Evelyn Cohen needs a good estimate of attendees — so please let me know as soon as you can if you plan on attending. Mary and I, thanks to Brian Mahoney, president of the Heritage League, were able to have a special tour last September of the Memorial area with hard hats and security passes. Col. Pete Lindquist, USAF, Ret., Vice President for Operations for the construction, was our expert guide. Shown below are the architect's sketches of two of the main areas.



Sketches by the principle architect, James Ingo Freed of Pei Cobb Freed Partners, N.Y. (Mr. Freed designed the fantastic new Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.) Left: The larger-than-life Honor Guard at the eastern end of the Memorial is a sculpting by Zenos Frudakis. The wall in back remembers the some 53,000 combat casualties. Right: Facing west from the Honor Guard is a parade ground ending in a wall honoring major donors to the Memorial, Medal of Honor holders, and others. Note the mature trees surrounding the entire Memorial.



ATTLEBRIDGE TALES



BY JIM LORENZ

ATTLEBRIDGE BASE

I have no further information on the possible sale of our base, currently a turkey farm, for high-scale condos. Our group pays for the laying of a wreath at our Memorial on the Fran's Green area on the British Remembrance Day (our Veterans Day) each November. This particular area was deeded to the U.S. when the monument was constructed and is so listed with our U.S. Memorial Commission. Ted Clarke and Digby Horner will keep us posted.

466TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

The 466th meeting in San Diego on May 21, 2005 was suggested to be the last "stand alone" 466th BGA meeting. At the Board meeting, it was approved to add two additional second generation younger directors; nominations and election of Les Sharrock and Chris Brassfield were approved. It was deemed that perhaps the 466th BGA (which is now a C-3 tax exempt corporation) may not have further "stand-alone" meetings; but for the 466th BGA to meet with other groups, where feasible.

FUTURE MEETINGS

The Heritage League will meet at the Mighty 8th Air Force Museum in July 2006.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society will be in Bossier City, Louisiana, Barksdale Air Force Base, October 4-8, 2006.

The 2nd Air Division Association will be in the Washington, D.C. area, October 12-15, 2006. ■

It is November 2005 and I just received the Fall 2005 issue of *The Journal*. I have finished reading it from cover to cover, and as usual, our editor, Ray Pytel, has done an outstanding job. Those of you who may be concerned about the operation of the 2ADA will be reassured by reading *The Journal* from cover to cover. We should all remember that the 2ADA is an all-volunteer organization.

The Fall 2005 issue includes statements by both our President, John deCani, and our Executive Vice President, Alan Senior. Information is presented by the other officers, Evelyn Cohen, E.W. "Bill" Nothstein, and James P. Dyke, and there are messages from Brian Mahoney, President of the Heritage League, and comments by Editor Ray Pytel. Reports are given by Chuck Walker, our representative on the Board of Governors, and by Chairman Matthew Martin. There is a report of the 58th annual business meeting, a report of the Fulbright Oversight Committee, and "News from Across the Pond" by Alexis Ciurczak. And all fourteen bomb groups have columns

KETTERINGHAM HALL DIVISION



BY RAY STRONG

in this issue prepared by their group vice presidents, all of whom are members of the 2ADA Executive Committee. There are also thirteen features listed in the Table of Contents on page 2.

The items included in the Fall issue of *The Journal* demonstrate that all officers, committees and vice presidents are and have been hard at work, and they will report again at our next convention in October 2006. Over the years I have always been impressed by the willingness of our members to accept membership on our

committees and duties as elected officers. None of these volunteers get any pay for their many hours of work to benefit the 2ADA. The members of the Executive Committee come to the conventions two days before the convention begins, to meet and make decisions for the 2ADA.

Nothing in my life gives me more satisfaction than the accomplishments of the 2ADA. I just hope that we can continue for those few years that are left for our 2ADA and know that we did our best to wrap up those things that we agreed to do. Most important is for us to ensure that the Memorial Library and the Fulbright Librarian are adequately funded. We need to recognize that inflation will affect our needs to operate the Memorial Library, and we need to provide for future improvement to the facilities as time goes on. And the increased cost of having an American in the Memorial Library needs to be funded.

On the back of the Fall 2005 *Journal* is information about the TV documentary
(continued on next page)



HARDWICK

Open Letter to the 93rd

BY JOHN LEE

The 93rd had its reunion in the beautiful city of San Diego, CA, and what a reunion it was! Thirty-three veterans and a total of 103 people attended. The city itself was set for their annual Veterans Day parade, and made the members of the 93rd grand marshals for the day. They were very close to the beginning of an almost two-hour parade seated in a double decker bus, which allowed them to see and be seen. The parade was made up of bands and marching units from local schools and the military. All heroes from Ben Franklin and Betsy Ross to World Wars I & II, Vietnam and Desert Storm were represented. Following the parade there was a "flyover" by the Navy unit and the dedication of a Bronze B-24. The B-24 was first made in San Diego. Among the speakers at the dedication was **Colonel Richard Butler** from the 2nd Air Division. Colonel Butler talked about his service with the Flying 8-Balls, the 44th Bombardment Group in Europe, and particularly the low level Ploesti mission on 1 August 1943. This, along with a terrific male singing group singing patriotic songs, rounded out the day.

The hospitality room at the hotel was open and well used throughout the long weekend of our reunion. Crew photos and other memorabilia were discussed and poured over often. Memories of those days were shared and members greeted old friends at every turn.

A highlight of the reunion was the appearance of **Ben Kuroki**, who shared a film of his life. He spoke briefly of his appreciation for those members of the 93rd whose tireless efforts were instrumental in his receiving the Distinguished Service Medal. He mentioned in particular the efforts by **Cal Stewart** and **Al Asch**. Sergeant Kuroki said there were times when he would have just given up but he was very grateful for all that was done on his behalf.

Our business meetings were well attended, and during the election it was decided that **Fernley Smith** would continue as president, but in an advisory capacity to **Paul Steichen** who will assume the duty in the coming years. **John Lee** will continue in the role of group vice president representing the 93rd at the 2ADA meetings as part of the Executive Committee. **Cal Davidson** remains the treasurer, with **Joe & Phyllis Duran** assisting. **Bob Stahl**, our official chaplain, will continue in that capacity. He led us most ably

throughout the weekend in moments of Thanksgiving and remembrance. **John Marx** will head the reunion committee, but he says he will help Phyllis & Joe Duran. Speaking of Phyllis, what a wonderful job she did of coordinating all the registration, nametags, and arranging everything in the hospitality room. The younger generation is ready and able to accept responsibility of keeping the memory of the 93rd alive as we continue to move forward. The organization is in good financial shape and will provide financial help to keep our Web page growing. If you have not visited the Web page recently, you should take a look at www.93rdbombardmentgroup.com. Another point of interest is that **Wilmer Paine** has compiled all the back issues of the "Ball of Fire" onto a computer CD. You may order that CD directly from him for \$10.00, which includes shipping. Write to: Wilmer Paine, Jr., 2221 W. Sunset, Stillwater, OK 74074.

Discussions were held to decide the site for our next reunion, and Savannah, GA was the final selection. This will be in conjunction with a new B-24 exhibit at the 8th AF Museum there. No date has been set, but it will likely be in the summer so that families can attend.

Our final meeting was the farewell dinner where **Brigadier General Robert Cardenas** was our honored guest and speaker for the evening. Following a question and answer period, John Lee gave a tribute to Fernley Smith for the excellent leadership he has shown these past two years. Fernley thanked his wife Joanne who has been a great help. Joanne, by the way, was involved in planning all the dinners, which were unusually outstanding. Everyone won door prizes, and the luckiest ones received a model of a B-24 beautifully mounted on a mirrored plaque with the dates of our reunion. The B-24 is mounted exactly as the model in Balboa Park. These were the table centerpieces and were made and donated by **Kent Jaquith**.

As you can see, this was a very special reunion, filled with interesting events. While I probably did not cover it all or give credit to all the people who worked so hard to make it happen, I hope you enjoyed reading these highlights.

Before leaving for this trip I was privileged to meet a fellow 93rd veteran here in Melbourne. He had sent me his most interesting story of his military career. He

set his goal to attend West Point when he was in the fifth or sixth grade, and his interest continued as he progressed through high school. Graduating in 1931, he learned that during the Depression they severely cut back the number of appointments. He finally went to Washington with a note of introduction, from his mother, to President Hoover. His mother had worked in the Food and Drug Administration after World War I. He found the office of the secretary of the President and she remembered his mother and called the Army Department. A major in that department advised him to enlist. He did, and started academic training for the entrance exams to West Point. There were to be seventy-five men taking the exam, and twenty-five would get those appointments. He said he never studied so hard. After entering West Point in September 1934 he was a cadet corporal, then First Sergeant and in his senior year was the Company Commander. After graduation they sent him to Randolph Field, TX to start flying lessons. Upon graduation he was kept in the Training Command and by 1941 was a squadron commander. In 1944 he received orders for overseas duty and was assigned to the 93rd Bomb Group as the Deputy Commander. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross in July 1944 following one of the toughest missions he remembers. In August, at thirty years of age, he was promoted to full Colonel and became Group Commander. He served in that position until January 1945, when he became ill and returned to the States. Some of you may remember him: **Harvey Barnard**. You will find mention of him in several pages, along with his photo, in *Ted's Travelling Circus*, and he is still going strong here in Melbourne. He and his wife Joann are beautiful dancers. I will do my best to encourage him to attend our next reunion.

I consider it a high privilege to serve as your VP, and would like to see all of you at our reunion in Savannah. We will continue the project of turning over more responsibilities to the younger generation. We are also working on what the 93rd can do to help continue the great works accomplished by the 2ADA and to encourage the continuation of that organization as long as possible. ■

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS

(continued from page 7)

that is now available on the dedication of the Second Air Division Memorial Library. Even if you have seen it at one of the conventions, it is worth owning a copy. We have shown it to all of our children and grandchildren and it gives them a feel for the 2ADA. ■



THE NEW LIBRARIAN SPEAKS

BY GLENN GRAY

I'm very honoured to be given the opportunity to serve as your 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian in the coming year. In my professional career I have worked as a librarian, archivist, and historian in institutions ranging from the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, the United States Senate, the Federal Reserve Board, and California State University, Fresno. This

figures to be the most interesting post of them all! While I was an undergraduate I studied for a summer at Oxford University, and am pleased to once again have the chance to spend more time in the U.K. I've always been interested in the interrelationships between our two countries, and I believe that the Memorial Library is the perfect expression of this. My wife Holly and our two-year-old son Ethan have accompanied me to Norwich, which we all agree is a "fine" place to be.

I've lived in many different places in the U.S. (I'm originally from Pennsylvania, am currently based in California, and spent eight years in the Midwest) and have family all over the place, so more often than not I find that I have something in common with the American visitors we have at the Library. I'm so impressed with the total number of visitors we get, and you should all be very proud of your contribution to this Memorial.

In my early weeks here in Norwich I've been pleased to visit the bases at Hethel, Seething, and Hardwick. Tony North has given me an education on the history of the 2nd Air Division in Norfolk, and Derek, Lesley, Jenny and the other staff at the Library have all been wonderful in helping me settle in, as have the Governors. I've been working on ordering a lot of new books and am addressing some technical issues with the Memorial Library website. I hope to be working on some projects with the local schools in the coming months.

I was delighted to attend the convention in San Antonio and hope to see many of you again, on whichever side of the Atlantic that happens to be! ■

WWII famous "Muscle Palace" to become restaurant

BY SHAUN LOWTHORPE • REPRINTED FROM THE EASTERN DAILY PRESS – FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 2005

A former Norwich dance hall and nightclub is to get a new lease of life as a restaurant and homes.

Samson and Hercules, in Tombland, will be redeveloped after members of the city council planning committee yesterday backed a move from Preston-based Luminar Leisure to convert the site into sixteen apartments, two townhouses and a ground-floor restaurant.

For generations the building — famous for the two statues of the same name — was a popular nightspot, latterly known as Ritzy and then Ikon until its closure last year.

Planners unanimously supported the new proposals, which will also see the basement used as a cellar for the restaurant and storage for the flats.

Committee chairwomen Judith Lubbock said the proposals would not only see the now replica statues remain, but would provide much needed housing on a brownfield site.

"The front elevation of the building remains unchanged — people will still be able to recognize it and there will still be public access," she said.

Samson and Hercules was first used as a ballroom in the 1930s when there was also a basement swimming pool.

After fire damage in 1944, it was reconstructed in the 1950s. The original statues were removed to make way for replicas in 1999.

Planners received one letter of support and six objections about the scheme — linked to the noise and mess caused by the proposed building work, the closeness to existing restaurants and potential disturbance to residents.

Members of the Norwich Society were also concerned about the boring design of the buildings at the back and the "unacceptable monotony" of the proposals as viewed from Wagon and Horses Lane, and St. Augustine's Lane.

But Richard Cocke, chairman of the Norwich Society planning application committee, said it has agreed to support revised plans, which were more in keeping with the area.

"It has been looking a bit tatty recently," he said. "We are absolutely delighted that the building should be brought back into use."

"It was bombed, so it's not as if there was an historic interior that needs preservation. Residential use is much better than having it sitting idle." ■



The well-known replica Samson and Hercules will remain, in the latest plan for the former nightclub venue. PHOTO: JAMES BASS

HALESWORTH 489TH NOTES

BY
MEL PONTILLO

The 489th Bomb Group reunion held in Little Rock, Arkansas from September 28 – October 2, 2005, was a very good reunion. It was very well organized and well conducted. Our host and hostess, **Richard and Mary Engel**, did a magnificent job. We commend them for their hard work and appreciate their effort. My opinion is that it was great and everyone in attendance had an enjoyable time.

There were sixty-four who attended the reunion (twenty-four regular members and forty associate members). However, we would like to see more members in attendance for our future reunions. I know I have mentioned this in previous columns. Again I would like to remind our readers that a lot of time, effort and energy goes into planning for these reunions. Of course, the Little Rock event was no exception. Hopefully, the results are gratifying to the hosts, just knowing that the attendees had a great time. If you are hesitant to attend, please note that our conventions are much more than business meetings and financial reports. The local hosts are familiar with the local dining and area attractions and know what to do and where to go. I like to think of it as a vacation, complete with social and learning events included. The reunions I have attended were varied enough to be entertaining also for family and friends accompanying members.

The Little Rock agenda was likewise a good mix. The first day's events included an interesting tour of the Little Rock Air Force Base, which included lunch at the Consolidated Club. Also, we were able to see many of the local sights on the bus ride back to the hotel. Back at the hotel came the real war stories told at the Tall Tales and Bull Sessions in the hospitality room. This was hosted by ex-POW and pilot **Art Bertanzetti** and it took care of the spare time between events. Art's son, Paul, was the camera operator and took care of the filming of these sessions.

Other scheduled programs on the agenda were very delightful and enjoyed by all. For example, the dinner at the "Cock of the Walk" Restaurant for an Arkansas catfish dinner was a very unique dining experience. We also made a trip to Murry's

Dinner Playhouse for a buffet dinner and to see Neil Simon's play *Come Blow Your Horn*, a fresh and funny family comedy. The visit to the Aerospace and IMAX Theater was a thrilling interactive experience. The Saturday night banquet was very elegant and impressive. Little Rock's newest attraction, the Clinton Presidential Library and Museum, was also included as one of the tour sites. The Library and Museum offers fascinating insight into the life, work and contributions that President Clinton achieved while in office. Likewise, it also includes highlights of the world events that occurred during his tenure. It is a wonderful attraction with national appeal. The Library's buildings and grounds project a rich southern charm and hospitality.

During my visit I discovered that presidential libraries are not libraries in the usual sense. They are the archives and museums preserving the written record, artifacts and history of our presidents. These libraries were described by President Reagan as "Classrooms of Democracy."

Beginning a tradition that continues to this day, President Franklin D. Roosevelt raised private funds and built a library which he gave to the U.S. Government for operation through the National Archives. In 1955, this process became law when the U.S. Congress passed the Presidential Libraries Act.

The following list may help you locate and enjoy a Presidential Library near you.

- Herbert Hoover Library**
West Branch, Iowa
- Franklin D. Roosevelt Library**
Hyde Park, New York
- Harry S. Truman Library**
Independence, Missouri
- Dwight D. Eisenhower Library**
Abilene, Kansas
- John F. Kennedy Library**
Boston, Massachusetts
- Lyndon Baines Johnson Library**
Austin, Texas
- Nixon Presidential Materials Project**
College Park, Maryland
- Gerald R. Ford Library**
Ann Arbor, Michigan
- Gerald R. Ford Museum**
Grand Rapids, Michigan
- Jimmy Carter Library**
Atlanta, Georgia
- Ronald Reagan Library**
Simi Valley, California
- George Bush Library**
College Station, Texas
- William J. Clinton Library**
Little Rock, Arkansas

Hope to see you all at the next reunion. ■

SHIPDHAM



BY PERRY MORSE

The 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association reunion was held in Tacoma, Washington, with 99 members in attendance. New officers were elected, with **Paul Kay** moving into the presidency. **George Washburn** accepted the position of first vice president. **Roy Owen**, now the immediate past president, was thanked for his three presidencies (after he completed his elected term, he filled in for two other presidents whose health precluded the completion of their terms). **Bill Ward** was elected to the Director's position. **Roger Fenton** will continue as historian. **Perry Morse** was named as representative to the 2ADA. All other positions remained unchanged.

Awards chairman **Lee Aston** and his committee recognized the many years that two 44th leaders had served the organization: **Robert Lehnhausen** and **Roy Owen**. Both were presented the highest award that the organization bestows: the **Leon Johnson Award**, a glass plaque etched with a full-length figure of General Johnson and words of gratitude for their service. Lehnhausen could not be present, so the plaque and gift of a mahogany Liberator were mailed to him. In addition to the LJ award, Roy Owen was presented a mahogany model of the SR-71, the Blackbird. He flew this plane in the latter years of his Air Force career.

Atty. Lee Aston has undertaken the task of acquiring belated awards for the 44th members. At the banquet, **Lois Cianci** received her father's two Air Medals. **Clair P. Shaeffer**, engineer/gunner on the Sobotka crew, 68th Squadron, was KIA on January 21, 1944. **Jackie Roberts**, daughter of **Jack N. Ostensen**, received her father's Air Medal. Ostensen was a gunner on the Mathiesen crew. The planes of both of these men went down on the same raid. **Bill Ward**, lead bombardier, 506th Squadron, received the DFC, DFC/OLC #1 + AM/OLC #5. **Bernard W. Bail**, lead radar navigator, 66th Squadron, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross (which will be presented at a later date), three DFCs, and AM/OLC #4. Pinning was by **Richard D. Butler**. ■

8th Air Force Photo Reconnaissance

Ed. Note: Stories about photo recon units in WWII are hard to come by. Therefore, I was glad to find the following information in a recent issue of the 8th AF Badger News. It was a reprint from the 7th Recon Group Journal and "The Memorial," newsletter of the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation.

The 7th Reconnaissance Group and the 25th Bombardment Group of the 325th Reconnaissance Wing were major intelligence gathering units in WWII. From May 7 to August 8, 1944, the 7th Photo Recon Group was commanded by Lt. Col. Norris E. Hartwell, Jr. of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

When the USAAF went in on Normandy Beach, they went in shooting with everything they had. But there was one bunch of boys that went in without guns. Led by Major Norris Hartwell, the 7th Recon pilots were the first ones over the beach on Tuesday morning. The pictures they brought back were the first reliable source of information the Allied command had of the situation in that sector. Radio messages can be garbled, but pictures don't lie.

On June 14, 1944, Richard P. Hottelet, a war correspondent with CBS, interviewed Major Hartwell on a radio broadcast from London.

Hottelet: "Here is Major Norris E. Hartwell, who was the first reconnaissance pilot over the beaches on D-Day. How has your job gone since H-Hour, Norris?"

Hartwell: "We've been as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger. In the first two days, our group flew 80 missions and took over 5,000 photographs. You see, we don't go out in bunches. We go out one or two at a time to different sectors on different assignments."

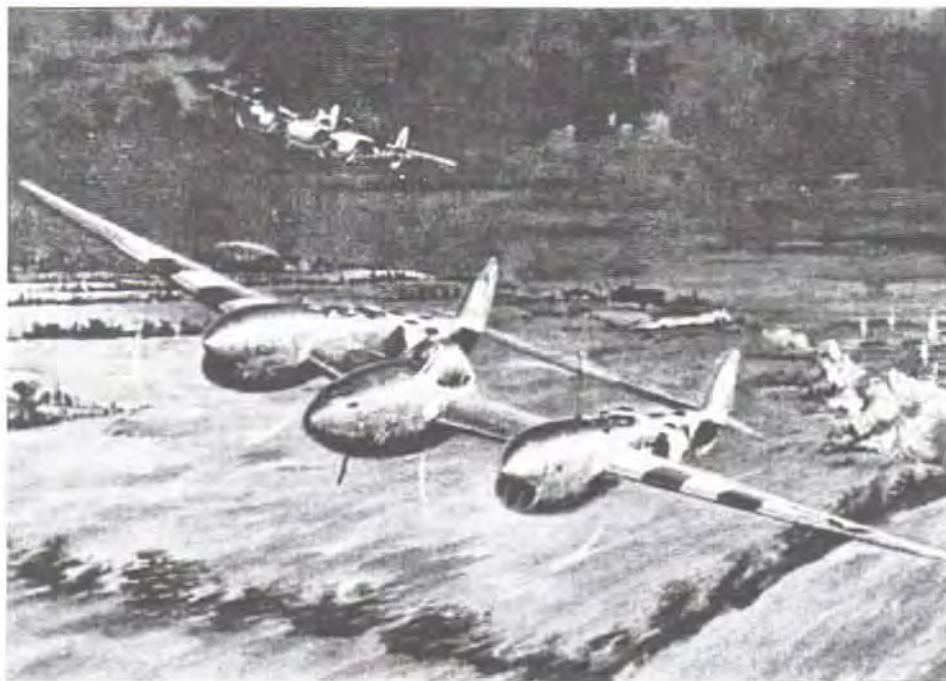
Hottelet: "I'm told they don't put machine guns in your planes because they're afraid your boys would stooze around looking for a fight instead of taking pictures."

Hartwell: "We don't need guns. The P-38s we fly are fast enough to keep us out of trouble."

Hottelet: "You've been over the invasion beaches from one end to the other more than once. How does it look?"

Hartwell: "The last time I flew from Le Havre to Cherbourg there were still a lot of ships out in the bay unloading men and equipment. They've set up terrific balloon barrages at various sectors. When we fly low, we have to be very careful so as not to run into any of them. I could see troops moving inland. There was quite a lot of activity. I saw concentrations of tanks and other vehicles in assembly areas. With our terrific fighter cover, it didn't look as if our boys were at all concerned about enemy aircraft. Even with all the activity, the beaches didn't look very crowded."

(continued on next page)



TWO 7th RECON P-38S OVER THE BEACHES ON D-DAY

PRETTY SHARP FLYING

Award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Major Norris E. Hartwell, Jr. 0-729166

Major Hartwell departed his base at 1117 hours on 29 January 1944 to map strips of the Dijon area in France, heretofore not reconnoitered, and to continue to Pomigliano Airfield, Italy, to investigate landing fields, communications and weather reports for access to Photo Recon pilots on future "shuttle run" missions. On 31 January 1944, as a returning objective, Major Hartwell was given the ball bearing works at Annecy, France, that are of utmost importance to Intelligence Branches of the European Theater of Operations. Also, by this officer's initiative and planning, the foundation has been made for the increased operations of Photo Reconnaissance in the European Theater.

These two flights, over enemy territory, were the longest ever experienced by an American Photographic pilot from an English base. Major Hartwell was airborne for four hours and twenty minutes to Italy and for four hours returning. He traveled nine hundred sixty miles, over enemy territory each way, exceeding all previous sorties. These were Major Hartwell's thirteenth and fourteenth missions respectively. Other missions flown by this officer include sorties to the cities of Kiel, Hamburg, Bremen and Emden and to airfields at Bordeaux, Merignac and Cognac/Chateau-Bernard. On each of these missions, he has displayed exceptional ability, gallantry and determination; returning in every case with photographs of excellent quality and complete coverage of all his objectives. Major Hartwell, on all occasions, has reflected highest quality on himself and the armed forces of the United States. ■



BY JACK STEVENS

RACKHEATH

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO OUR 467th BG 2005 REUNION — KATRINA!!!

The New Orleans hotel and local transportation contracts had been signed; the September 24-29 schedule of events was set; and our members had made hotel and airplane reservations. But, after Katrina, all bets were off — New Orleans wasn't there.

Not to despair — 467th President Ralph Davis grasped the situation and went into action. First he arranged for the return of group and member deposits; then he contacted his board of directors and suggested a 2006 reunion in San Diego from 20 to 24 April. This period coincides with a scheduled CAF air show plus the Collings Foundation's Wings of Freedom B-17 and B-24* Tour (the B-24 displays our 467th *Witchcraft* nose art). With the Directors' concurrence, hotel and local transportation arrangements have been made and tentative reunion details have been sent to our members.

On 11 November 2005, following the Annual Armistice Day/Veterans Day Parade, the city of San Diego dedicated a Veterans Memorial Garden and an 18-foot-wingspan bronze replica of a B-24 Liberator on an acre of greenery at the doorstep of the Veterans Museum and Memorial in Balboa Park. The Garden's centerpiece is the B-24, poised above a circular pool and facing Lindbergh Field, where Consolidated Aircraft Co. cranked out thousands of this celebrated heavy bomber in the early 1940s.

*For a full-color in-flight view of the Collings B-24, see the cover page of the BOMBER LEGENDS 2006 Historical Calendar. Check the Fall *Journal*, pages 18 and 35, for availability. ■

8TH AF PHOTO RECON (continued from page 11)

Hottelet: "How did it look farther inland?"

Hartwell: "It looked as if there was quite a lot of movement behind our lines, but I didn't notice much activity in the German positions. The only things I saw back there were fires and ruins. I saw one railroad train on fire from engine to caboose and several towns were burning as well. I flew over the enemy airfield at Caen on my last trip. It was in ruins, but the AA gunners were ready for me and they let me have it. I gave them a couple of bursts with my camera and went on my way. At several places I saw red, green and orange parachutes and more gliders than on the first day. And I'm very glad to say — less artillery fire."

Hottelet: "How was it on D-Day?"

Hartwell: "You know, D-Day was a relief. We'd been working pretty hard and I guess it was a nervous strain for us like it was for everybody else. I flew along the coast shortly after seven in the morning. We had expected to have the daylight shot out of us by anti-aircraft fire and to have German fighters on our tails all the way. But we didn't see any enemy fighters, and the anti-aircraft fire was enthusiastic but wild. We had a grandstand seat for that show. Looking down, we saw men in landing crafts which were dragging white wakes behind them. There wasn't as much shore fire in some places as in others. One time we got caught between the fire from the ships and the return fire from shore and we got out of there in a hurry."

Hottelet: "When Major Hartwell says his boys were working pretty hard before D-Day, he's putting it mildly and he's not giving you any idea of the importance of the job he and his buddies did. Thank you, Major Hartwell — and thanks to your photo recon pilots. We wish you good shooting."

In all the weeks before the invasion, the photo recon boys were General Eisenhower's eyes. Through them, Ike was able to see the German defenses, to see how they were standing up to our bombing offensive and to allow for dress rehearsals of the big event. ■

Pride of the Nation The Story of the Kassel Mission

VIDEO DOCUMENTARY PREPARED BY THE DZENOWAGIS FAMILY • MILITARY VIDEO HISTORY PROJECT

The 445th Bomb Group was one of the most effective groups of the 2nd Air Division, 8th U.S. Army Air Force in World War II. The 445th flew many difficult missions, but none so difficult as the one flown over Kassel, Germany on September 27, 1944.

The television documentary, *Pride of the Nation*, tells the story of what was to become the worst group loss in 8th Air Force history. Of the 35 bombers sent up by the 445th that day, only four made it back. The story is remembered through reunions of the 2ADA and 445th BG in England, in Germany, and in the United States at Hilton Head, Dearborn, Kansas City, Dayton, and Colorado Springs. World War II footage was acquired from archives in the United States and overseas.

In *Pride of the Nation*, Luftwaffe pilots, American and German family members, East and West German citizens, and military leaders trace a chain of events: Mission overview • Early part of the mission and bomb run • Attack by German fighters • Return to the base and debriefing • Evasion, capture and POW experience • Reflections over half a century later • Reconciliation between former enemies • Dedication of the American and German Airmen's Memorials.

Pride of the Nation is now available on VHS for \$49.50 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling. PAL format tapes (for the United Kingdom and Germany) are available for the same price plus \$12.00 shipping. Please contact **Joe Dzenowagis, 4397 South Okemos Road, Okemos, Michigan 48864**, phone (517) 349-3246. *Roll of Honor* and other documentaries about the 2nd Air Division are available as well.

THE MILITARY VIDEO HISTORY PROJECT IS AN ONGOING COMMITMENT OF THE DZENOWAGIS FAMILY TO PRESERVE THE HISTORY OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION, 8TH USAAF IN WORLD WAR II.



SEETHING

The 448th Speaks

BY KING SCHULTZ

FOLDED WINGS

Jack Parker 10-1-05, **Henry Brandt** 5-23-05, **Robert D. Long** 6-6-05, **Joseph Autobee** 6-11-05, **Ben Johnson** (gunner on Lt. William Smith crew), **William Demetropoulos** (radio operator on crew 55), died while talking on the phone to **Dale Bottoms**.

Contrary to the Fall issue of *The Journal*, which listed the passing of **Ira Wells**, it is a great pleasure to report that Ira is very much alive and healthy. He looks forward to hosting the 448th reunion in New York in 2007. Apologies to Ira from this less-than-perfect group VP.

INFORMATION NEEDED

I have a request from **Phil Ray**, 202 Fairway Drive, Fort Mill, SC 19715: He received a Certificate of Merit and would like to know if it was for kicking the bombs out after they hung up and

the pins were pulled, or for some other reason.

THE 448TH BG ON THE DISCOVERY CHANNEL

You will probably be on the Discovery Channel if you choose to be. Two professionals who film significant events are planning a documentary on the 448th. Half of the footage will be filmed at Seething involving the tower museum and the wonderful local people. They particularly wish to record the great relationship between Seething people and 448th people. The other half will be filmed in Washington, D.C. between April 27 and May 1, 2006 during our 448th BG reunion. They will be conducting interviews and photographing us with our memorabilia. You should bring memorabilia you are prepared to talk about. Isn't this a fabulous opportunity for the world to see! Thank you, **Pat Everson**, for your superb efforts.

NARRATIVE:

"CRUNCH LANDING" AT SEETHING

Those of us who were at Seething on January 10, 1945 will recall the end of the event described in the article below. The story began that day in the 392nd BG and ended at Seething. I was duty officer in Group Operations and received a phone call that a B-24 had crashed on the taxiway and stopped less than 100 feet from ramming the control tower. Below is the narrative of this event by **Oak Mackey**, copilot of the airplane. ■

"Crunch Landing" at Seething

BY OAK MACKEY (392ND)

The date was January 10, 1945, a bad day for the **Jack Clarke** crew of the 392nd Bomb Group of the Second Air Division of the Eighth Air Force. I, **Oak Mackey**, was the copilot; **Brad Eaton**, navigator; **Bob Lowe**, bombardier; **E.C. Brunnette**, engineer; **J.T. Brown**, radio operator; **Ralph Heilman**, nose gunner; **George Peer** and **John Heckman**, waist gunners; and **Kevin Killea**, tail gunner; perhaps the best crew in the 8th AF.

We were awakened at 02:00 a.m. for briefing at 04:30 a.m. The target was Dasburg in the Bastogne area to support our ground troops there. The weather was absolutely atrocious — through the night there had been a combination of freezing rain, sleet, snow showers and fog. The runways and taxiways were covered with a sheet of slippery ice.

At briefing we learned that our usual B-24 was not available and we were assigned the squadron spare. We were a deputy lead crew and would be flying off the right wing of the lead plane of the leading squadron. Upon reaching our assigned airplane we found it had not been warmed up, the engines were cold and very difficult to start. Only after much cranking, priming and cussing were we able to get them running. We were supposed to be two for takeoff just after the Group lead airplane. By now most of the entire Group had departed.

We made our takeoff, climbed through the overcast to on top of the clouds and had the rest of the Group formation in sight. At this time the #3 engine propeller severely over-speeded, probably because of congealed oil trying to pass through the propeller governor. This is a serious problem — because of the engine over-speed the engine might turn to junk, or the propeller might come off the engine and pass through the fuselage or hit the other engine on that side. Jack told me to shut down the engine and feather the propeller. I reduced power to the engine and pushed the feathering button. It immediately popped out again, for it is its own circuit breaker. Brunnette was sitting between Jack and



This B-24 was "redesigned" by the Jack Clarke crew on January 10, 1945 at Seething.

me on the cockpit jump seat, as all good engineers should. He pushed the feathering button in and held it there which caused the secondary circuit breaker to pop open, which he immediately held down with his other hand, a risky procedure as it could cause the feathering oil pump motor or associated wiring to catch fire. Oh-so-slowly the prop blades turned to the feathered position and engine rotation stopped.

With one engine out and a loaded airplane there was no way we could stay with the Group. We were now in the vicinity of Great Yarmouth, so we flew out over the North Sea and dumped our bombs. We left the arming safety wires in place so the bombs could not explode.

As we turned to go back to our base, the #2 propeller ran away,
(continued on next page)

458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY DICK PULSE

THERE IS GOOD NEWS

The memorial at the Horsham St. Faith Airport (the 458th airfield) has been installed and dedicated. The final check covering the costs has been received in England, is being exchanged for English Pounds, and the funds will shortly be used to make the final payment on the project. We are thankful to Christine Armes for her unrelenting dedication to completion of the project and to you for your financial support. Finally she will be able to return to her home in California. Hopefully some of us will be able to travel to England in the near future and visit the 2ADA Memorial Library and our old stomping grounds. "The Pub" just off the end of the runway is still intact and in operation. If you stop in, have a stein of beer for me.

We hope that many of you will be able to attend the dedication of the Air Force Memorial in Washington, D.C. in October. My understanding is that the Second Air Division Association will be honored specifically. Our 2ADA convention will be held in Virginia just across the Potomac from Washington at that time.

A GREAT MUSEUM

Many of you may visit Florida during the winter. I strongly suggest that, as you reach Savannah on the way south or on your return, rather than passing straight through you make an overnight stop at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum. The museum is visible from I-95 as is a static aircraft. There are two motels adjacent to the museum.

The first part of the museum is a lengthy hallway briefly covering the rise of Hitler, his conquest of Europe, the Battle of Britain, Pearl Harbor, the Japanese conquest of most of the Pacific and the Allies' efforts to retake all of the conquered territory. There are many films, including an excellent one portraying the Battle of Britain and the valiant efforts of the British Royal Air Force. The remainder of the museum is devoted to an excellent presentation of the role of the Eighth in the fight to free Europe.

Next is the "Mission Experience," which consists of three films covering the typical day of an 8th AF crew. The first part is shown in a Quonset hut; a volunteer describes many of the details of the life of the men and flying conditions. A film sets the stage with a briefing and insight into the beginning of the day. The second film covers the day (and night) work of the ground crews and their vital role in a successful mission. The third film dramatically covers a typical trip to the target, the bomb run, and the trip home. Much of this film consists of 8th AF and German combat film. B-24 aircraft appear frequently in this film. Be sure to identify yourself as a veteran of the Eighth. The volunteers always appreciate talking with you.

The remainder of the museum includes models, interactive displays, memorabilia, photographs, aircraft, many films, flags representing all Groups, a B-24 nose section (the display is to be completed in 2006), and many hands-on operating displays.

Outside the rear of the museum is a garden with many memorials to individuals and crews, as well as a beautiful reproduction of a typical English chapel dating back centuries.

A FLIER'S REQUEST

I recently received a letter from a former flier who served in the RAF from 1955 to 1960 and has had some contact with the 2AD Memorial Library staff. He states that, at the moment, he is forced to be an "armchair researcher." He describes the relationship of the B-17 and B-24 as similar to that of the Spitfire and Hurricane. After reading *The Day We Bombed Switzerland* he became centered on the 458th and wishes to acquire some related memorabilia. If you are interested in contacting him, let me know and I will give you his name and address.

AN UNUSUAL REQUEST

Elsewhere in this *Journal* or the next, you may find an article about an experience of a pilot who had an urgent need during a mission. If that clears the censors, I will follow up next time with a similar story on a training flight. I know you can hardly wait to read it. ■

"CRUNCH LANDING" (continued from page 13)

compounding our numerous problems. We got the engine shut down and propeller feathered with less trouble than we had with #3. A B-24 cannot maintain airspeed and altitude with two engines out and full fuel tanks, and we gave careful consideration to bailing out but decided to stay with the airplane for a while and conserve altitude as best we could. The weather at our airfield near Wendling had not improved, but we had little choice but to try to return there.

We were about due south of Norwich ten miles or so when we spotted an airport through a hole in the clouds, our first good luck of the day. We descended through the hole in the clouds and had gone through the before-landing checklists, lowered wing flaps to the landing position, extended the landing gear, and were turning to line up with a runway from west of the airport when the thick bullet-resistant windshield and side windows iced up, a common occurrence when descending through a temperature inversion. We could not pull up and go around with the landing gear and flaps down with only two engines operating — we were committed to landing.

Jack and I could not see through the iced-up windshields and windows. We had to continue our descent to keep airspeed above stalling. Through a small clear place on my side window I saw men running at full speed, and I also saw that we were about to touch down. I assumed those men were running from a building of some sort and we were lined up to hit it. Without any thought and perhaps with instinct, I pushed full left rudder that caused the airplane to slew around to the left and we touched down in a sideways attitude. The landing gear snapped off, the two outside engine propellers broke off and went cartwheeling across the airfield. We slid sideways on the fuselage for a long way on the ice and snow; it seemed like forever. The fuselage was broken behind the cockpit area and the nose tilted up, which enlarged the window to my right a bit so that I was able to go through it with my backpack parachute on. Likewise Jack went out the left cockpit window. I ran along the right side of the airplane, stopped at the waist window to look in to see if everyone was out, continued around the tail and there they were, all nine of them and no one had a scratch. We had landed at Seething Airfield, home of the 448th Bomb Group, and we had missed the control tower by only 100 feet or so.

An ambulance pulled up in a few minutes and took us to the base hospital where the doctor looked us over to be certain there were no injuries. For medicinal purposes, someone brought out a bottle of 100-proof rye whisky. We took our medicine like real men. Someone called our base at Wendling and a truck came for us in an hour or so. So ended a bad day for the Clarke crew. It could have been much worse. ■

Remember the Windmill Theatre?

REPRINTED FROM 8AF BADGER NEWS

Do you remember the Windmill? Of course you do! Who could forget it? "You are in Piccadilly Circus, Yank. Just walk east on Shaftesbury Avenue, over there, and turn left on Great Windmill Street. It's just a short way. You can't miss it!"



The Windmill Theatre in June 1977

The Windmill Theatre was a favorite hangout of the Yanks while on leave in London. It was located at Great Windmill Street W.1, in a part of London that had a rural history. A large windmill stood here from the reign of Charles II until late in the eighteenth century and gave its name to the footpath leading to the mill. From here, one could see the towers of Westminster and its palace. The footpath is now Great Windmill Street.

In 1910, a cinema opened at the corner of Archer and Great Windmill Street, and included the Lyric and Apollo theatres. It was one of the first West End homes of early films. With the rise of the super-cinemas, it fell on hard times, showing foreign films and classics. In 1930, the property was acquired by Mrs. Laura Henderson who, in association with The Windmill Theatre Co., converted it into a more modern cinema. The general manager was Vivian Van Damm. The architect, Howard Jones, remodeled



The 16th Edition of Revueville, 1944

the exterior in the style of a windmill and the interior was reconstructed to become a one-tier theatre.

The theatre opened on 22 June 1931 with a new play called *Inquest*, but it was only a mild success and once again films were shown. In December, it was announced that a production of non-stop "variety" would be tried. Mrs. Henderson gave Mr. Van Damm carte blanche to try to help revive the variety shows, which had been hit hard by the coming of the "talkies."

On 3 February 1932, this innovation began and "Revueville" was introduced. It was a program of continuous variety of a nature then new to London. It was the British version of American burlesque. There was a ruling that, since nude statues were not inherently obscene, it was permissible to depict nudity on the stage only if the performers remained absolutely motionless.



The Windmill was the only London theatre that never closed during the war, except for the twelve compulsory days between 4 and 16 September 1939. Throughout the Blitz, the performers slept in the theatre, night after night, during the worst attacks by the German bombers.

Mrs. Henderson died in 1944, but the policy of the theatre remained unchanged under the direction of Van Damm. After his death in 1960, his daughter managed it until 1964 when the last edition of Revueville was seen in London. Many famous British comedians, including Benny Hill, got their start in a Revueville production at the Windmill.

In October, the theatre was sold to the Compton Cinema Group who converted it back to a cinema and added a casino. In 1974 it was bought by Paul Raymond, who announced his intention of making it a home for nude shows once again and Revueville returned to London.

Today, Paul Raymond is the most successful producer of "variety" shows in London. He owns five theatres, including the Windmill. ■



446TH BOMB GROUP

FLIXTON-BUNGAY UPDATE

BY LINK VEAZEY

446TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP COMMANDER REACHES HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE

446th Bomb Group Commander **Jacob J. Brogger**, Colonel USAF, Ret., was interred at Arlington National Cemetery on the afternoon of October 11, 2005. Colonel Brogger commanded the 446th Bomb Group during the peak period of the U.S. Army Air Force activities in Europe. He had the privilege and distinction of flying in the lead heavy bomber of the 8th United States Army Air Force on D-Day, June 6, 1944. In the words of 8th USAAF Commander, **General James Doolittle**, "The 446th Bomb Group was the best damn B-24 outfit in the 8th U.S. Army Air Force." This speaks well for Colonel Brogger, who had picked the 446th Bomb Group out of the doldrums and prepared its personnel for the task to be performed in aerial combat. The Group flew 273 missions from 16 December 1943 to 25 April 1945.

The interment service at Arlington was a very impressive and moving service which was conducted in a precise military manner in line with the way the Colonel would have wanted it to be. ■



Family and friends attending the interment service included Col. Brogger's wife, Mary; two sons, Peter and Neil (back row, center); and other 446th BG representatives and friends.

"Sporty Course" Memoirs of a World War II Bomber Pilot by Jack Swayze

BOOK REVIEW BY CARL V. BATZKALL (AM)

In this very interesting book, author Jack Swayze, Colonel USAF (Ret.) tells the story of what it takes to become a bomber pilot of a B-24 Liberator and the eventual day-to-day experiences of air combat as a member of the 448th Heavy Bombardment Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force.

Colonel Swayze's flying career began in March 1942 when he enlisted in the U.S. Army as a Private, unassigned, to become an Aviation Cadet. It was at the U.S. Army base at Santa Ana, California where he went through pre-flight training, then on to Ontario, California (Cal Aero Academy) for flight training where he flew PT-13 and PT-17 Stearmans.

His next step was basic training at War Eagle Field, Lancaster, California, where he learned how to fly the BT-13 Vultee Vindicator, and then on to advanced training at Douglas Army Airfield, Douglas, Arizona, where he flew the AT-9.

In May 1943 he was assigned to B-17 flight school in Hobbs, New Mexico where he graduated with first pilot qualifications. He was then ordered to Gowen Field in Boise, Idaho where he learned how to fly the B-24 Liberator and have a combat crew depend on him for leadership. At Sioux City, Iowa, in preparation for overseas duty, Colonel (then 2nd Lt.) Swayze and his crew become a part of the 448th Bomb Group. In October 1943 the 448th joins the 8th Air Force at Station 146 near Seething, England.

Upon their arrival Jack Swayze and his crew are assigned to the 448th's 715th Squadron and shortly he is promoted to First Lieutenant.

On 16 December 1943 Swayze and the 448th go on their first mission, to Bremen, Germany. It's not until 2 June 1944 that he

completes a first tour of duty by going on his thirtieth mission, to Beauvoir, France.

On June 6, 1944, during the D-Day invasion, Swayze is assigned to ground duty and becomes disappointed that he is unable to fly in what he calls "The Big Show."

The following day he goes home on a thirty-day leave, which passes all too quickly. Upon his return to Seething to begin a second combat tour, he is awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and promoted to the rank of Captain.

He is given a new crew, which does not live up to his standards, so he assembles another crew on his own and it turns out to be a good one. They stay together, during which time the 448th participates in two major operations, "Market Garden" and the "Battle of the Bulge." At the beginning of March 1945 Swayze comes to the end of his second tour and hopes for a return to the normalcy of civilian life.

As he states in the opening paragraph of the book's epilogue: "The 2nd Air Division flew its first mission on 7 November 1942, and the last on 25 April 1945. The crews of the 2nd flew a total of 95,948 sorties. The B-24s participated in 439 bombing missions, dropping a total of 199,983 tons of bombs. The Division's bomber crews shot down 1,079 German fighter aircraft; its P-38s, P-47s, and P-51s destroyed another 3,670 enemy aircraft in the air and on the ground. The 2nd Air Division lost a total of 1,458 bombers and 649 fighters during bombing operations."

Sporty Course is a "must read."

This book is available to 2ADA members for \$8 plus postage from the son of Jack Swayze. Contact:

Gordon B. Swayze, OD (Lt. Col. USAF Retired)
1030 West Camino Monte Cristo • Green Valley, Arizona 85614-4763
Tel. (520) 625-4262 • E-mail: gbswayze@msn.com

389TH BOMB GROUP



BY EARL ZIMMERMAN

I hope you had your wife read the Fall 2005 issue of the 389th newsletter to you and you have filled out the registration form for the 389th reunion March 18-24, 2006 and sent in your check — because by the time you read this *Journal* it's too late. **Fielder Newton** advised that it looks like a go, as we will have enough signed up. Final details regarding arrival times, transportation in the U.K., etc. will be mailed to those who plan to have a great time in Blighty. The guys at our chapel at Hethel are making plans to give us a great welcome.

It may seem a little early, but **Evelyn Cohen** would like a figure from the 389th on the number who plan to attend the 2ADA convention in Washington, D.C. in

October. She has to arrange seats for us at the dedication of the Air Force Memorial. Drop me a line if you plan to attend.

Kelsey McMillan is still doing a fine job for us, but I hear that you guys are still sitting on your duffs and not forwarding your photos to her or volunteering to eyeball the Blue Book to identify some of the good-looking enlisted men and ugly officers. Get with the program, guys, and give her a

helping hand — she can't do it all by herself.

Have mercy, I did get some response from **Jim McClain** regarding our new logo heading in the last *Journal*. Thanks to Kelsey girl. Jim also forwarded the following item from the editorial page of the *Chicago Tribune*, dated May 30, 2005 (Memorial Day).

Looking forward to our trip to Hethel in March. Will see you there. ■

Chicago Tribune

MONDAY MAY 30, 2005



BUNKER HILL MIDWAY INCHON
NORMANDY IRAQ BULL RUN
LEXINGTON SAN JUAN GULF
GETTYSBURG SAIPAN TET

ANZIO PEARL HARBOR BELLEAU WOOD BASTOGNE
OKINAWA GUADALCANAL PLOESTI SHILOH FT. WAGNER
KHE SANH TWO JIMA PUSAN CORAL SEA VALLEY FORGE

LOOPER ©2005 CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"FIGHTIN' SAM" hits 84% of target. LET'S GET IT OVER THE TOP!

By **Walter J. Mundy, Chairman,
Legendary Liberator Campaign**

I am pleased to report that the Legendary Liberator Campaign has received \$105,467 in donations to the *Fightin' Sam* exhibit and to enhance the 2nd Air Division display at the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum.

The museum has extended the date for receiving the necessary \$125,000 total for another sixty days. It is up to the membership of the 2ADA and a few of our friends to reach down a little deeper and come up with the final \$20,000.

This will probably be our last opportunity to show America the Legacy of the 2nd Air Division. I have every confidence that we will reach our target. We always have!! Send your contributions to the 2ADA Treasurer now!

E.W. "Bill" Nothstein
1359 Harwood Lane
Macedon, NY 14502-8633

Folded Wings

44th BG

John L. Milliken
Elmer H. Reinhart

93rd BG

Major Bert F. Alexander
Amos B. Dolliver (491)
Wilford P. Dufour
Harry M. Gloss, Jr.
George G. Karian

389th BG

Robert W. Kirby, Jr.
Felix B. Leeton
Roger G. Owens
Paul H. Pflug (453)
Max H. Renov
James R. Steele, Jr.

392nd BG

Aner R. Anderson
Donald K. Clover
Harold L. Davey
Robert L. Egan (93, 389)
H.R. Overholt (492)
John E. Walters

445th BG

Richard H. Eckman
Albert G. Ellwein
Clare A. Ericson
Harold R. Larson
Edwin R. Peterson
Anthony J. Yagley

446th BG

Donald Greer

448th BG

Henry B. Brandt
LTC Robert O. Brockman
Jack R. Callison
Oscar S. Crutchfield
Ben W. Johnson, Jr.
Marvin Joseph
Theodore A. Singerman
Karol L. Underwood

453rd BG

Lawrence J. Beeler
Walter W. Cook
Ben Meeds

458th BG

Arthur A. Albert
Leon C. Huggard
George Kosier

466th BG

Thomas A. Brooks
Warren L. Dedrickson
Harry F. Faggetter
Alfred J. Wilson

467th BG

Neal R. Guntrum
Vince Re
J. Fred Segalla

489th BG

Thomas O. Bouley
Joseph E. Silverberg

491st BG

Byron B. Calomiris
Rupert I. Hutchinson
Weaver J. Noland
Richard A. Schleif
J.H. Sherman
Raymond O. Williams

492nd BG

Lee J. Woods (448)

HDQ

Gale M. Johnson (491)
Wade Lemmons

The Fatal Flight of B-24 #42-50347 And the Death of Vince Hamilton and 23 American Airmen of the 445th Bomb Group, Tibenham, October 18, 1944, Over England

BY FRED BECCHETTI (445TH)



W. DRISCOLL	Captain	0.800652
H. W. OLSEN	1st Lt	0.708779
I. P. HENNESSY	1st Lt	0.700181
I. E. PATTERSON	T/sgt	1715473
R. L. MARSHALL	T/sgt	13111851
S. I. NAGY	2nd Lt	0.833971
R. F. MOSHER	2nd Lt	0.838627
C. H. TENNEY	2nd Lt	0.827078
R. W. SECHLER	F/O	T-062887
R. G. WILLS	2nd Lt	0.827111
R. M. BLAKE	2nd Lt	0.828571
E. F. DRICK	2nd Lt	0.804103
V. P. HAMILTON	1st Lt	0.712560
G. J. LEARY	2nd Lt	0.170053
W. F. PRICE	1st Lt	0.687910
L. A. UMPLEBY	2nd Lt	0.769082
R. E. BOYD	T/sgt	17029981
A. ENGASSER	sgt	32926406
G. S. MOSS	sgt	33779171
F. K. RELYEA	T/sgt	21042380
J. L. ARRIGOTTI	sgt	13104859
F. L. MOOTZ	sgt	32912588
R. H. GEHMAN	1st Lt	0.1657980
C. K. SMITH	sgt	13127521
J. F. SIMPSON	sgt	



Monument erected in Birkenhead in 1995 by Doug Darroch and his family to memorialize the 24 U.S. airmen of the 445th Bomb Group, Tibenham, who died in a B-24 which exploded in mid-air over Birkenhead, near Liverpool on Oct. 18, 1944. It also honors

U.S. Lt. J. F. Simpson, who was killed in his P-47 Thunderbolt in a separate accident near Birkenhead. The stone and the memorial plaque were erected in 1995. The plaque with the list of the casualties was attached to the memorial stone in 2001 after Doug Darroch had done a careful research of names, rank and serial numbers of the dead airmen.

Vince Hamilton Joins the Crew

Vince Hamilton joined us as navigator in our training as a B-24 crew in the bitter winter cold of 1944 in Casper, Wyoming.

He was our second navigator even though we had been formed as a crew for only a few weeks.

Our first navigator had been shipped suddenly to Mountain Home, Idaho, and we wondered what he had done to deserve such punishment, because Mountain Home was known throughout the Army Air Forces for its great number of training accidents. We considered ourselves fortunate to not have been transferred with him, and we welcomed Vince with special enthusiasm.

Vince was about 19 years old like me. He was from Brooklyn. I was from New Mexico, so I was fascinated by having a crew member from the world of tough, hard-talking guys from the big city streets; although Vince did not fit the stereotype I had formed in my mind. Vince, in turn, found it odd that anybody could be from New Mexico. "Really," he would say, "Are you really from New Mexico? What do they do there?" And he would laugh.

Vince and I Become Buddies

We became roommates and shared adventures in Casper and in our journey to England through Topeka, West Palm Beach, Brazil, Morocco, and Wales until we arrived at the 445th Bomb Group in Tibenham in May of 1944, where we shared the same hut and non-working stove.

We Lose Our Navigator

The Group needed lead navigators, so they pulled Vince as soon as we arrived at the 445th, and he began flying as navigator with lead crews. Vince continued to bunk with me and share in the life of our crew, but he never flew a mission with us.

With this loss of our navigator, I received a couple days of instruction in the radar Gee-Box, reviewed the navigation principles I had received in bombardier school and took over the navigation duties of our crew as a "bombnavigator." Since I often had to man the front turret, I was sometimes jokingly referred to as a "bombnavitriggerlator."

Vince and I flew with different crews, but we lived in the same hut, so we kept track of each other and managed to be together in our social life at the officers' club, our evening pubbing by bicycles around Tibenham, our passes to Norwich and our three exciting leaves in London.

We Complete Our 35 Missions

Vince completed his quota of 35 missions before our crew, but the 445th persuaded him to stay on for some undefined navigational duties.

Our crew finally completed our 35 missions and began our return to the States. I was whisked out of England in September 1944 without getting a chance to say goodbye to Vince, and I never saw him again.

A Rumor of Vince's Death

Back in the States about two months later, I learned by rumor that he had been killed, but I never found out how or where he had died. For sixty-one years I assumed that he had died in combat, flying one-too-many missions.

We Learn of Vince's Fate

Then, in April 2005, Alan Jones, a Welshman from Abergele, Wales, sent an email to me and Garl McHenry, the crew's radio operator, telling us that Vince had died in an air crash in north-west England at Landican in the region near Liverpool in October 1944. Jones had contacted us through our combat website (Google "Fred Becchetti: His Life After War"), which told of our search for information about Vince.

A few days later, Jones sent us another email, attaching an excellent article by Dave Smith in *Rapide*, a Northwest aviation historical magazine (Issues 2 & 3, Year 2002). Smith's article contains everything there is to know about the crash that killed Vince Hamilton and 23 other American airmen.

The Crash That Killed Vince

According to Dave Smith's article, a B-24 bomber exploded in mid-air on October 18, 1944, over Landican, England, near Birkenhead and Liverpool, killing all 24 on board.

Subsequent investigation revealed that it was a B-24H, aircraft number 42-50347 assigned to the 703rd Squadron of the 8th Air Force's 445th Bomb Group at Tibenham in Norfolk. The old bomber was being used as a taxi to return to Tibenham the crews who had ferried three other B-24s from Tibenham to Greencastle in

Northern Ireland for overhaul or storage. Apparently, Vince Hamilton had served as navigator on one of the three crews.

According to witnesses, the B-24 was flying at about 1,000 feet in rain under a cloud cover when it broke up and fell to the ground and exploded. No parachutes were seen.

Doug Darroch's Tribute

Among the witnesses was 16-year-old Doug Darroch of Oxtown Road, Birkenhead. He saw the aircraft's final dive and later walked along the railway track to the wreckage site, where recovery was progressing under arc-lights.

Young Darroch never forgot the accident and became determined to put up a memorial to the airmen who had died. In 1995, fifty-one years later, Doug Darroch and his family paid for and erected in Birkenhead a very impressive tribute — a rugged stone monument bearing a plaque engraved with the words:

**IN MEMORY OF THE 24 AMERICAN SERVICEMEN
OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE WHO DIED WHEN
THEIR AIRCRAFT EXPLODED IN MID AIR ABOVE
THESE FIELDS ON 18. OCT. 1944.**

Later, in 2001 after Darroch had learned the names of the American victims, he added a larger plaque listing the names, ranks and serial numbers of the airmen. The name of J. F. Simpson* was included in the list by error. Lt. Simpson was killed in a P-47 Thunderbolt crash a few miles away in a separate accident.

W. DRISCOLL.....	Captain	0.800852
H. W. OLSEN.....	1st Lt.	0.705779
J.P. HENNESSY.....	1st Lt.	0.700151
J.E. PATTERSON.....	T/Sgt	17157473
R. L. MARSHALL.....	T/Sgt	13111851
S. J. NAGY.....	2nd Lt.	0.833971
R. F. MOSHER.....	2nd Lt.	0.836627
C. H. TENNEY.....	2nd Lt.	0.827078
R. W. SECHLER.....	F/O	T-062887
R. G. WILLS.....	2nd Lt.	0.827111
R. M. BLAKE.....	2nd Lt.	0.828371
E. F. BRICK.....	2nd Lt.	0.206103
V. P. HAMILTON.....	1st Lt.	0.712560
G. J. LEARY.....	2nd Lt.	0.170052
W. F. PRICE.....	1st Lt.	0.687910
L. A. UMPLEBY.....	2nd Lt.	0.769082
R. E. BOYD.....	T/Sgt	17029961
A. ENGASSER.....	Sgt.....	32926406
G. S. MOSS.....	Sgt.....	33719171
F. K. RELYEA.....	T/Sgt	32662360
J. L. ARRIGOTTI.....	Sgt.....	13104959
F. L. MOOTZ.....	Sgt.....	32912698
R. H. GEHMAN.....	1st Lt.....	0.1637490
C. K. SMITH.....	Sgt.....	13127331
J. F. SIMPSON*.....	1st Lt.....	

The Cause of the Crash

The cause of the crash remains undetermined, but there are at least two theories.

One theory is that of a test pilot, Ralph Stimmel, who had flown that same B-24 to Ireland and had reported that there was a strong odor of gasoline in the plane indicating the possibility of a leak. Stimmel passed this warning to the pilot before the ill-fated flight back to Tibenham.

Another theory is that the B-24 iced up in the low clouds and stalled. The pull-out from the dive that followed the stall stressed

the airframe so much that it caused the aircraft to break up and plunge to the ground, where it exploded.

The Second Tragedy for the 445th

Ironically, this was the second tragic event for the 445th Bomb Group in one month. Three weeks before, on September 27, the 445th suffered the highest group loss in Eighth Air Force history when 35 of its 37 B-24s were shot down in a matter of minutes in an attack by FW-190s and ME-109s during a mission to Kassel, Germany with a loss of 117 airmen, 112 of them later confirmed as killed in action.

The True Tragedy of Landican

The tragedy of the B-24 crash over Landican near Birkenhead was that most of the 24 victims had already survived more than 30 combat missions against the Nazis, only to die as idle passengers on a routine flight in an old bomber crashing in an English field far from the flak-filled skies high over Europe.

All Honor to Darroch and the British

And all honor must go to Doug Darroch, his family and his community for their tribute to the American airmen — truly a gesture of friendship and appreciation by a grateful and sympathetic people, initiated by a 16-year-old boy in 1944. ■



Bombardier Fred Becchetti and navigator Vince Hamilton, buddies in combat, Summer 1944, 445th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force

COMRADES IN WAR

When you think of how strong your friendships were, it's hard not to look back with a certain pleasure on combat, but war is a dirty business, and good friends die. They die when they should go on living for many years of love and laughter with their children until the time comes for them to die peacefully with contentment in the good things they have done for people they have loved.

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

BY JACK D. PELTON (445TH)

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

After dropping rapidly to about 15,000 feet before recovering control of "The Rose," we surveyed our situation to determine our next move. The plane looked like a flying sieve. It had about 150 flak holes, radio knocked out, and severe damage to the flight control system — so bad, in fact, that my copilot and I could only maintain level flight by bracing our knees against the wheel and "stiff-arming" it with both arms. Fortunately, we still had all four fans running, although No. 3 had a flak hole in the reduction gear housing and had lost all of its oil. Thanks to Mr. Pratt & Mr. Whitney, who made a superb engine, it contin-

ued running, without oil, all the way back to England!

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

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

I noticed a man and his wife carefully examining our display of 1944 Group locations and airfield layouts in England which was designed to attract the curious. I approached the couple and asked if they

were interested in what they saw, and did they have any questions. He answered, "No, I vass on de odder end." I said, "What do you mean, de odder end?" He replied, "I vass a flak gunner mit de Cherman ground forces in central Chermany."

Not only was he a flak gunner, it turned out that he was directing fire over Dessau on August 16, 1944!!! He even remembered knocking two or three Liberators out of the sky on that fateful day.

I asked him how they could have been so damned accurate with those 88s. He told me that they had optics so superior that he could see the waist gunners firing. He was only fourteen years old and had been "recruited" into the Hitler Jugend Corps when there were no mature men left to man the flak guns.

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

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

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

JACK'S PERFECT LANDING

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

The following is "the rest of the story" or an addendum to Jack Pelton's "It's a Small, Small World, After All" (above).

It was a cold and sunny day in 1943 when what was to become known as Pelton's crew first assembled and met each other for our final three months of training in Colorado Springs before reassignment overseas. The three officers were apprehensive about how to relate to each other, as well as the six enlisted men; and the enlisted men wondered among themselves how they'd fit in and work together as a team when hitherto, nearly all communication with officers had usually been very formal, best to be avoided, and flowed from a self-proclaimed "king of the hill" who seldom, if ever, considered that anyone below his rank knew anything worthwhile or had anything to contribute.

Final training as a crew requires not only knowing your own job, but the job

of everyone else on the crew, and each position draws its respect from the knowledge that without complete two-way communication, no member of the crew can perform "to the best of his ability," thus endangering the whole crew in combat. We soon established a working relationship, the training exposing each crew member's shortcomings and idiosyncrasies. On our crew we soon established an evaluation-of-performance process that included everyone's performance on each practice mission, including the entire crew's critique of the pilot, "smiling Jack" Pelton as he was affectionately called, although not always in his presence.

At first, just like with any new pilot, Jack's landings were somewhat less than perfect; in fact, sometimes they were so bumpy that they woke up our then waist gunner, Jim Henderson. Jim (now deceased), a native of the state of Arkansas, in the truest of the southern tradi-

tion, operated at a very leisurely pace. Nothing, except a lively poker game, disturbed him much, so when he drawled, "Something must be done about this," the rest of the crew quickly devised a plan to help him out.

It was the now-deceased Harold Kennedy, our assistant engineer, who suggested that a simple testing device could be used: an open bottle of beer on the bomb bay catwalk. If Pelton's landing tipped the bottle over and spilled the beer, it was my job as the person usually found between the pilot and copilot to immediately convey a "message of displeasure" from the passengers back in the bowels of the mighty Liberator. This soon became a ritual, and on a rare occasion a "boo" was said.

On this particular mission, when Jack dropped "The Rose" gently from "100 feet with a 30-degree crab" for a perfect "three-point" landing, I heard nothing but a loud

(continued on page 22)

The Dilemma of the Trailing Wire Antenna

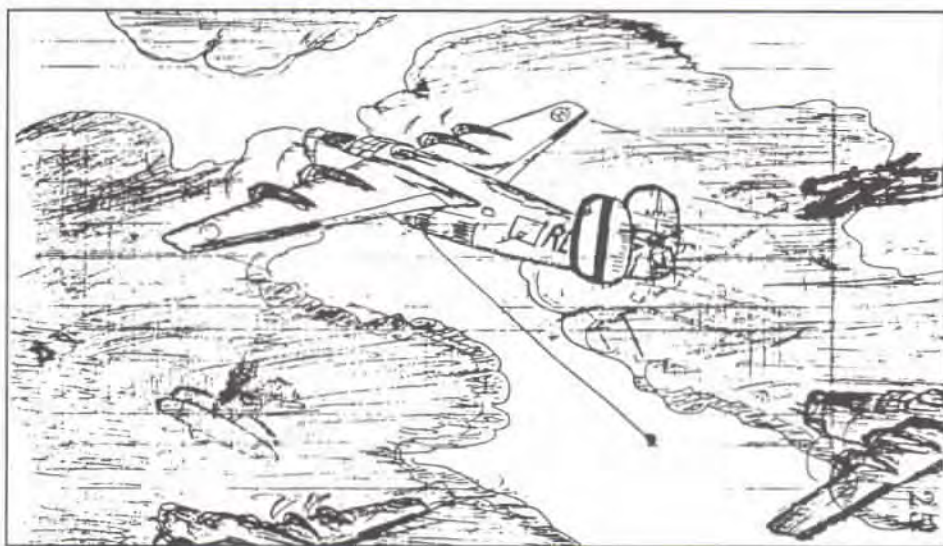
BY MICHAEL J. DONAHUE (93RD)

The trailing wire antenna is one type of radio antenna found on a B-24 Liberator bomber. It is used for long-range radio transmission on medium or low frequencies. It is 150 feet of fine, flexible copper wire wound around a spool type reel and weighted at the trailing end by a 10-pound lead weight. When not in use the weighted end fits flush against the fuselage on the undercarriage of the bombers. When long-range transmission is necessary, the reel type mechanism, located in the radio compartment, is cranked out so that the weighted wire trails below and behind the plane. The training manual reads, "know your length of antenna with which you are operating. Full transmission may save the life of your crew."

Now let me take you back in time to where this story begins. It's September 30, 1944. The war in Europe is going well against the Nazis. On this day our plane, a B-24 heavy bomber called *Ma's Worry*, will lead the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Air Force to a target in Hamm, Germany.

Major Brown and Captain Spencer of the 409th Squadron, 93rd Bomb Group will be the lead pilots. This bombing mission will be our 17th.

My duties as a radio-operator gunner during this eight-hour mission will be to send and receive coded messages to Division Headquarters in England. Takeoff and assembly from our base at Hardwick went well. With the group together we crossed the English Channel at 08:00 hours. Flying over enemy territory at 25,000 feet we picked up heavy flak on the bomb run and over the target. After the bombs were dropped on the target, it was time for me to send a strike report back to our base in England. For this long-range transmis-



sion I cranked out the trailing wire antenna to its fullest length. With the bombs gone and the plane much lighter, our air speed must have increased. The training manual warned us not to reel out the antenna if the air speed exceeds 240 mph. This could have been the cause of the problem that now plagued me.

With the transmission completed, I proceeded to reel the wire into my radio compartment. About one quarter of the way in, the wire became a tangled, twisted mess on the spool of the reel. There was no way I could reel the wire in any further. Over 100 feet of twisted line trailed helplessly behind the bomber. I tried feverishly to untangle the twisted mess. Working with heavy gloves on made it very difficult. I couldn't dare remove them because of the sub-zero cold, my fingers would have stuck fast to the metal wire.

Over the loud noise of the plane's engines, I could hear the bursts of flak and the thump of the 50 caliber machine guns fired by our gunners as the German fighter planes flew through our formation. World War II was going on around me as I worked to free this bloody wire. I imagined I could see the damn weighted wire swinging and swaying below our bomber and finally crashing into the flight deck of the plane below us. That could really hurt somebody. Needless to say it would cause great concern to the pilot and crew of the other bomber.

I could also visualize the wire getting caught and winding around the turning props of the bomber below us, thus causing the right side of our plane's fuselage to be ripped apart. This could result in the loss of our plane as well as the whole crew. If the crew ever found this out they

would kill me.

The radio operator's manual states, "WARNING: The trailing wire antenna must be reeled in before landing." If we land with that turkey trailing behind us, there's a good possibility that the bastard may bounce off of the runway and come crashing through the waist window inflicting serious injuries upon our tail gunner. Walter Borland would never forgive me if I let a thing like that happen.

I reached a decision: "I must cut the wire and release the antenna from the plane. Consider first what might happen when you drop that heavy weight on the innocent people below. Don't be an idiot, for God's sake. You're worried about dropping a 10-pound weight when your bomber just released three tons of bombs? Besides, this is war: that's not cream puffs they're shooting at you. What about the bomber flying on your wing, taking a direct hit and going down in flames? Don't forget about your last pass in London. Remember how those buzz bombs and V-2s kept you awake all night? Cut the damn thing and get back to your duties."

The pilot called me on the intercom. In a loud voice he says, "What the hell are you doing? Have you sent in that strike report?" Now I am really nervous. Hope he doesn't find out what's going on. He has enough trouble trying to feather the prop of a dead shot up engine.

"My God, that burst of flak was close. I have got to take this flak suit off." It's sixty degrees below zero, but I am sweating like a bull. It's a good thing I am on oxygen: my breathing is rapid. Better turn up the valve a little.

Wham! Flak hits the dome of the top
(continued on page 23)



T/SGT. MICHAEL J. DONAHUE



WENDLING 392nd BY OAK MACKEY

Today is November 11, 2005 and Editor Pytel wants a copy of this report in his hands by the 15th. Today is Veterans Day, and an article in yesterday's paper reminds me that there will be memorial services this Sunday to remember and honor the twenty-three British pilot cadets buried at the Mesa Cemetery where their graves are located together at a prominent place along the main road. They lost their lives in tragic training accidents while learning to fly at nearby Falcon Field. The same article relates that there is a party of twenty-five Brits in Mesa who trained here and have traveled all this way to attend these services and to renew memories of their times here, good and bad. The format for these services has remained more or less constant over the years, sponsored by a local ladies club called Daughters of the British Empire. Opening ceremonies begin with a processional performed by the City of Mesa Pipe Band, twenty-eight bagpipers and four drummers, and they are good. Invocation will be by the Reverend Jack Mays, who would not miss it for the world. There is a twenty-one-gun salute and promptly at eleven o'clock there is a fly-over of AT-6's in the missing man formation (Brits called them "Harvards"). Buglers play "Last Post" and "Taps," a lone piper plays "Amazing Grace," and the Ladies Choir from a nearby Mormon Church sings an appropriate hymn. There are wreaths laid by visiting dignitaries for each of the twenty-three cadets. The British Consul General comes from the Los Angeles Consulate, Luke Air Force Base sends an officer of high rank, and the Mayor of Mesa will attend. One of these will be the guest speaker. To conclude there is a hymn by the choir, comments and benediction by Rev. Jack Mays, and recessional by the Mesa Pipe Band. I have attended most of these ceremonies since moving to Mesa in 1992. I hope to meet and talk with some of the twenty-five British cadets who will be there on the day after tomorrow. That would be a rare privilege indeed!

Falcon Field has a most interesting history. It is one of four airfields in the U.S. where British pilots were trained. The first group of trainees arrived at Falcon Field in the Fall of 1941, and the last of them departed in November of 1945. There was a

cadre of Royal Air Force officers to conduct operations; the instructors were a mix of Brits and Americans. Many of the cadets were young — very young, some had never driven a car, and minimum age was 18. Their Primary trainer was the PT-13 Stearman bi-plane, and for a time the Basic trainer was the Vultee BT-13. The Advanced trainer was the North American AT-6; there were no multi-engine trainers for Advanced. At first the total program lasted nine months, but soon the program was accelerated and the BT-13 was eliminated. Now the program was only eight months and the cadets moved from the PT-13 directly to the AT-6, a long step indeed. The Stearman had minimum instrumentation; fixed landing gear, no wing flaps, open cockpits, no radio equipment. The AT-6, or "Harvard," had the instrumentation and radios necessary for instrument flight, the landing gear was retractable, the wing flaps extended for landing. The engine was 550 horsepower and top speed was over 200 mph, both numbers more than double the horsepower and speed of the Stearman. Apparently, the cadets were able to accomplish the transition from the Stearman PT-13 to the AT-6 successfully, for over 2,000 of them completed their training at Falcon Field and returned to England where they became fighter pilots or bomber pilots in the RAF.

Falcon Field is located ten miles northeast from downtown Mesa and is exactly one mile square. After WWII ended it sat empty for a while, then became the Mesa Municipal Airport. Growth was very slow in the 1950s. Mesa was a small town then; there was nothing between the airport and downtown except cotton fields, citrus orchards, and desert. As time passed, more people moved into the area; some had airplanes which they kept at Falcon Field. A control tower became operational in the 1960s, and the Arizona Wing of the Confederate Air Force brought in a B-17 which sat outside for many years before they built a big hangar in the southwest corner of the airfield. Now the CAF has a Douglas A-26, a North American B-25, a PT-13 Stearman, a North American AT-6, and various other CAF aircraft may be parked at their ramp from time to time. T-hangars for private aircraft now occupy the space where the barracks for the British cadets used to stand. The wooden hangars where the PT-13s and AT-6s were maintained still stand. It's hot in Mesa in the summertime, and the swimming pool for the cadets was not a luxury but a necessity. It's still operational as part of a city park. When Maxine and I moved here in 1992, the area to the east and north of Falcon Field was being developed and we bought a new

house just a mile and a half from the airfield. The runways are too short for most corporate jets, though a Lear Jet or something similar squeezes in now and then. In April of each year the Collings Foundation's B-24 and B-17 come here, and that is always a big occasion. In 1999 my youngest daughter bought me a ride in the B-24, and that was a definite thrill. After takeoff I was able to move about the airplane, including the cockpit where I spent so much time so long ago in England.

Just a note or two about 392nd BG activities. There were thirty-two Crusaders at the 2ADA convention in San Antonio last May and there were thirty-two at the 8th AFHS convention in Arlington, VA in October. Does that mean there will be sixty-four at the 2ADA convention in Arlington this coming October? It is high time to make your plans for that right now. You will want to see the new Air Force Memorial for sure. Then there is the WWII Memorial you must see if you haven't seen it, or it's definitely worthwhile for a second visit. Also there is the new Stephen Udvar-Hazy Museum out near Dulles Airport where you can see the *Enola Gay*, the first Boeing 707, an ex-Air France Concorde, a space shuttle, and about 140 other airplanes of note. The hotel is the Marriott, 3111 Fairview Park Drive, Falls Church, VA 22042, phone 703-849-9400. The rate is \$92.00 plus tax currently at 9%, a price which is not at all bad for the Washington area. Make your reservations through Evelyn Cohen. The schedule includes the Air Force Memorial formal dedication ceremonies on October 14 for sure. Look elsewhere in this *Journal* for definite information on the schedule.

Although you are reading this in February, I must take this occasion to hope that your Christmas was a merry one and that the New Year 2006 will be happy and prosperous! ■

JACK'S PERFECT LANDING

(continued from page 20)

"swoosh" from the rear of the plane, and no one was left to evaluate this particular landing, and in a split-second decision I felt it would be presumptuous to speak for the entire crew . . . needless to say I made this decision on the way out, bumping into Tom Hart in the bomb bay. Tom, our radioman, got delayed by the rest of the crew on the way out!

Now, this is the true story behind Jack's "perfect landing" without "nary a boo" from me. It is apparent that in the rush of the moment, the evaluation never materialized, so this must go into the records as a perfect landing. ■



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY LLOYD W. PRANG

A Tour of the White House: An opinion was expressed that we might use some time during the 2ADA convention in October 2006 as an opportunity to take a tour of the White House. Attendees from Groups other than the 453rd might also be interested in this tour. As of the middle of October 2005, only three positive responses have been received. Plans need to be made well in advance to gain entry and to make transportation arrangements. Therefore, if you are interested in touring the White House, please let me know immediately.

Thanks to **Dusty Rhodes**, waist gunner on the **Francis Markovic** crew, for sending an article he saw in *The Washington Post* regarding a B-24 Liberator postage stamp. The stamp honors the last American bomber shot down over Germany, early in the morning of April 21, 1945. It was hit at 22,000 feet and broke into pieces. Only two members of the **Richard Farrington** crew survived. The crew wasn't originally scheduled to fly that day, and also, bad weather should have cancelled the mission. The members of the 466th Bomb Group began petitioning the U.S. Postal Service some time ago to memorialize *The Black Cat* on a postage stamp. It was a long shot. The postal service says they get 50,000 people each year who have an idea for a stamp and only about 25 or 30 commemorative stamps are released each year. *The Black Cat* has finally been immortalized on a postage stamp, a tiny marker of historical American moments large and small. The stamp shows *The Black Cat* still intact, still in flight. Nothing on the stamp denotes the plane's tragic end.

Walt Bala calls frequently and once in a while sends some interesting "stuff." Walt was a waist gunner on the **Don Baldwin** crew, 732nd Squadron. This time he sent information regarding aviation art. The one that caught my eye was titled "Decision Time." It was a painting of a Stearman PT-17 on top of the clouds. The pilot was looking for a hole in the clouds through which he could let down safely. It reminded me of having the same experience shortly after having soloed in a PT-23. We were cautioned not to fly over the top of the clouds because they might close up and since we had no instruments or training this presented the opportunity to

produce some disastrous results. Naturally, when the moment presented itself, and I found a hole in the clouds, I climbed to view the top of the clouds. When I was ready to descend the hole had disappeared. This was not good! After a while I found another hole and quickly let down, not giving a thought that there might be another plane in the area. This experience was routinely repeated in England upon returning from a mission. The only difference was that by then we had been trained to use the instruments with which the B-24 was equipped. When the ground appeared after letting down through 15,000 feet of clouds, a huge sigh of relief was felt. The relief disappeared when we found a B-17 at the same altitude going in the opposite direction. This time the relief did not reappear until we landed at Old Buck.

Shirley & Morris Schwartz went to England in the spring of 2005 to visit Old Buck. Morry was the navigator on the **Lee Reece** crew. They visited with **Roy & Thelma West**. Roy asked Morry to speak to Roy's fraternal organization, the Probus Club, and describe to them what Eighth Air Force heavy bomber operations were like. Most of the members had been in military service, many in the RAF. His comments have been forwarded to the editor of the 453rd Newsletter, and hopefully we'll have room to print it all in the March issue. If not, perhaps a part two will be placed in the September issue.

How to know you are growing older: Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt, doesn't work.... The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals.... You feel like the morning after and you haven't been anywhere.... Your little black book contains only names ending in MD.... You finally reach the top of the ladder and find it leaning against the wrong wall.... You look forward to a dull evening.... You knees buckle and your belt won't.... Your back goes out more than you do.... You have too much room in the house and not enough in the medicine cabinet.... Your children begin to look middle aged.

Finally, I must stress again the importance of letting me know if you wish to visit the White House during the 2ADA convention in October. I realize it's a long time until then, but time has a way of melting away. Please do it now. ■

THE DILEMMA OF THE TRAILING WIRE ANTENNA (cont. from page 21)

turret gun; plexiglass comes falling down around me. I look up into the turret where Neadue, the engineer, is sitting. I fear the worst, but he is okay. The shrapnel passed through the dome and hit Ned in the flak helmet.

Once again I look at the tangled mess of wire and realize the situation has not gotten any better. Kelly the navigator calls me on the intercom and wants a position report. Now I have got to cut the wire and switch to the fixed wire antenna. With a firm grasp on the wire with pliers, I apply the right amount of pressure and cut the wire. In a flash the end of the wire disappeared and along with the heavy weight fell to earth.

Again my imagination began to run away with me. I visualized the weight crashing through a huge round stained glass window in an ancient old cathedral somewhere in Germany. In a few seconds I have destroyed a work of art that has endured for centuries. Then again it may drop onto an oil refinery, blow up a munitions dump, or discharge and interrupt a German Field Marshal in his endeavors to secure a beautiful young maiden.

Anyway, it's gone and good riddance. It will be a cold day in hell before I use that damn antenna again.

All in all it was a successful mission. We destroyed the target and the group returned with minimum casualties.

Although there is no evidence in the files or the record books of the 8th Air Force that any of these events or happenings ever took place, I believe that after I released that trailing wire antenna I should have received some credit for saving our plane from destruction and possibly the lives of our crew. Destroying the oil refinery and blowing up a munitions dump is doubtful and would be difficult to prove. I would like to take credit for putting that oversexed German Field Marshal out of his misery. And the stained glass window, well, it was probably broken anyway.

After all these years I wonder what ever happened to that leaded weight and where it finally ended up. I am not really sure, and I would not swear to it, but when I watched President Reagan and the German Chancellor walk through the SS military cemetery in Bitburg, Germany, for a second I thought I saw, hanging in the background, a rusted old trailing wire antenna weight with a twisted length of tarnished copper wire hanging peacefully from a huge tree limb in the cemetery. ■

A Command Pilot's Last Mission

BY CHUCK BOOTH AND DEL SHAFFER (458TH)

This is the story of a command pilot, Major Chuck Booth, who flew his last combat mission for the 458th Bomb Group, 755th Squadron with Bill Beno's lead crew. It happened 3 March 1945 on a bombing mission to a railroad bridge in Nienburg, Germany. As the flight left Horsham St. Faith, everything was going along just fine. All squadron B-24s were in formation flying above 10,000 feet heading out over the North Sea for Germany.

Unbeknownst to pilot Beno and the rest of the crew, Chuck was squirming in his seat with pains in his belly telling him that he had a serious call from Mother Nature. Soon he could stand the pain no longer. He plugged his oxygen mask into a portable O2 bottle and proceeded to go below deck to the bomb bay area. Flight engineer Del Shaffer observed the proceedings from the flight deck, and it looked to him like Chuck took down his pants and was doing his business in a flak helmet, but Chuck did not have a flak helmet. He had pulled out a handkerchief, placed it over his right hand, and relieved himself. Then, by way of sign language, he motioned to Del to tell him how to open the bomb bay doors.

Del showed him where the lever was that he had to push to open the doors. Feeling very proud, Chuck finally opened the doors and moved closer to them to throw the contents in his right hand out the doors. Well!!! The turbulence of air in the bomb bay scattered the contents of the handkerchief like a blast of hot air from hell. Chuck quickly closed the doors and pulled up his pants. Then, while trying to understand what had happened, he embarrassingly surveyed the resulting mess. His flying suit was well splattered with dots and dashes of excrement that didn't smell too good. He looked up to the flight deck and swore he saw Del scraping with his shoe some splattered contents off the deck down on him (of course, Del denied it.) Chuck could see that the handkerchief ended up on the nose of one of the bombs in the bomb bay. (Later, Del told him that, with his oxygen mask opened to one side, Del could see that his exposed face was quite red.) Chuck reluctantly returned to his copilot seat feeling relieved and kind of smelly. (Wars don't stop for soldiers to take care of their personal hygiene problems.)

The mission continued as if nothing had happened. When the bomb run started at the IP (Initial Point), it was Del's duty to open the bomb bay doors. He later reported that he noticed the handkerchief on one



**Captain Bill Beno
and Major Chuck Booth**

of the bombs, and also observed that the bombs were splattered with odd-looking markings that were not there when he had removed the pins to arm the bombs. (This has to be the only time that a command pilot in the 8th Air Force had personally marked the bombs in the bomb bay with his own DNA to send greetings to Hitler!)

The primary target was nine-tenths cloud-covered, and after two trips around and over the target, the bombardier couldn't get a visual sighting so Chuck ordered to go to the secondary target — Bielefeld Railroad Viaduct. The bombs were dropped, the doors were closed, and the return to home base was uneventful after the 7:19 flight.

At Horsham St. Faith, it was customary for Col. Isbell to greet the command pilots after each had successfully completed their last tour of duty mission. He would congratulate the command pilot with a hearty handshake, and have a photographer take a photo of him with the crew. However, when command pilot Chuck Booth crawled out of the plane, he was in no condition to



Col. Isbell shakes hands with Maj. Chuck Booth. (Note Chuck wearing gloves)

have his photo taken, or even to get close to Col. Isbell. He wanted to command a Jeep, get to the barracks, clean up, and return to the critique before meeting the Colonel. As he started for the Jeep, Col. Isbell pulled up in his staff car and intercepted him. Chuck saluted and Col. Isbell saluted back and stuck out his hand, but he immediately pulled it back and ordered Chuck to put his gloves on before shaking hands. Chuck and the Colonel both had a good laugh. Pilot Beno also shook hands. Col. Isbell said, "Go get cleaned up, I'll hold up the mission critique meeting."

After Chuck got himself cleaned up, he was seen at the mission critique downing a "few" shots of whisky to relieve the tension and stress of the mission. Beno again shook his hand, congratulating him on completing his "Last Mission." Chuck said to pilot Beno, "You know, if we had to bail out today, the Germans would have said, 'We're not shooting too many down lately, but we sure are scaring the s— out of them.'" ■

Pub patrons can stay out later in England

The powerful phrase "Last orders!" — shouted at pubs throughout England at 10:50 each night, causing a rush of customers to the bar, desperate to get that final drink — is consigned to the dustbin of history. On November 24, 2005, the British government, apparently convinced that the 11 p.m. mandatory pub closing law has led to binge drinking, now allows pubs to remain open longer, even up to 24 hours a day, if they get local government approval.

Meanwhile, late-night party-goers may decide to give Barcelona a pass this year. The Spanish news media are reporting that Barcelona is planning to introduce on-the-spot fines aimed at foreign tourists who exhibit public displays of inebriation — like vomiting, urinating, or wandering around with open beer cans or with their shirts off. The fines could go as high as 1,500 euros (\$1,830, at \$1.22 to the euro).

Here it is time to write another article for *The Journal*. As I write this on the third of November, the weather is nice. The farmers have most of their crop done and the fieldwork finished. Minnesota is having a very good warm, dry season — much different than they have in the south, where the hurricanes are terrible. We have a tornado once in a while, also some cold weather and snow. We will take the snow rather than the hurricanes. Enough said.

The next 2ADA convention will be in October 2006 in Washington, D.C. We had a very good number of veterans and wives at the convention at San Antonio and hope to see all of you in Washington. If you are going, please send me your name so we can let Evelyn Cohen know how many are coming.

NOW FOR SOME PERSONAL HISTORY . . .

Our crew was put together in Casper, Wyoming. We trained there and then went to Liberal, Kansas to pick up our plane. We then went to West Palm Beach, Florida. When we left West Palm Beach they gave us a heading we were to fly for ten minutes and then open our orders, which gave us our heading to Trinidad. We then went to Belem. I flew over the equator on my 22nd birthday. Then we went to Natal, Brazil over the ocean to Dakar where we landed on a steel mesh runway. After many hours flying over the ocean with the same sound and then to land on a steel mat, it gets your attention really fast. We had a load of mail in the bomb bay and they knew it, so we got VIP treatment. They had us follow a Jeep which took us right up to the headquarters to unload the mail. From there we went to Marrakech and on to Ireland and the 445th in England.

We flew 35 missions. The first one was May 5, 1944 and the last one was August 5, 1944. I flew 33 missions with the same crew. I flew the first mission with an experienced crew and the 30th mission with a new crew. All of our original crew, except one who was sick on one mission, made the 35 missions.

MESSAGE FROM BILL DEWEY

On 27 September 1944 the 445th Bomb Group lost 29 of the 35 B-24s that dropped bombs. Only four Liberators returned to Tibenham. 117 men were killed, and 121 became prisoners of war. The Luftwaffe lost 29 fighter planes and 18 pilots were KIA. One American P-51 pilot was killed in a head-on collision with a German fighter.

In 1990, survivors of the Kassel Mission joined former enemy pilots to dedicate the beautiful German-American Memorial to those killed from both countries. The Kassel Mission Memorial Association (KMMA)



BY CLARENCE A. LUHMANN

raised funds for the bronze plaques, while the German veterans and citizens, aided by the U.S. Army, cleared the land and furnished and installed three monument stones.

The Kassel Mission Historical Society (KMHS), the successor to the KMMA, is returning to Tibenham and then to Germany to rededicate the German-American Monument near Bad Hersfeld on August 1, 2006. Any and all interested in joining us this summer during the last week of July and the first week of August are invited to contact William R. Dewey, P.O. Box 215133, Auburn Hills, MI 48321, e-mail: BillSrAH@aol.com.

Last September 30th, fifty-six 445th veterans, family members and friends joined KMHS in Arlington, Virginia under the auspices of the 8th Air Force Historical Society reunion. At the group dinner KMHS presented a plaque to Joe Dzenowagis, Sr. of the Military VideoHistory Project for their efforts and dedication in preserving the history of the Kassel Mission. The presentation was followed by their excellent documentary about the Kassel

Mission and the 445th BG, *Pride of the Nation*. The KMHS hospitality suite was well-attended, and all the many sights in Washington, D.C. were enjoyed by all.

KMHS is raising funds for a memorial bench to be placed at the Mighty 8th AF Museum garden next to the chapel, inscribed to honor the 445th Bomb Group and the 117 men lost on the Kassel Mission. For your donation of \$28 or more, we will send you a copy of the book *Jimmy Stewart, Bomber Pilot*. Mail your check or money order to KMHS, P.O. Box 215133, Auburn Hills, MI 48321. Your help will be deeply appreciated!

Ed. Note: To start the ball rolling on the bench, the 445th BG is contributing \$200. Let's get the tribute to the Kassel Mission in the park!

MONUMENT AT TIBENHAM

I have been asked for a description of the 445th monument at Tibenham. I hope this picture will do:



Monument at Tibenham, England erected in memory of the 445th Bomb Group.

PHOTO BY DOUG COLLAR



The Father of Aerial Bombardment

His name was Ulysses S. "Sam" Nero. He was born in Phoenixville, PA. Before he finished school, he became a rivet heater in a shipyard and went to night school to earn his high school diploma. On June 13, 1917, he enlisted in the Army and went to New Mexico to chase Pancho Villa with the 13th Cavalry. In World War One, he was in charge of a wireless station in France with the Aviation Branch of the Signal Corps.

Back in civilian life, he took a job as a heavy equipment operator, attended night school to earn a license as a second-class engineer, and began to invent things. His best invention was a device which he called the "Nero Sight," for aiming bombs from an airplane. It allowed the Air Service to tighten a bombed area from 50-100 acres, to 10 acres. For a while, only Nero was able to use the sight accurately, but he gradually trained others to use it with a fair degree of accuracy.

At this time most of the Army's Signal Corps brass believed that bombs were more likely to hit the target when dropped from a dirigible rather than from a plane. Nero disproved this belief with a two-day test in which he dropped 37 bombs from a plane, 36 of which hit the target. In four months of trying, a dirigible crew missed every time.

In 1923, the U.S. Navy brass were adamant in their opinion that aerial bombardment could not sink a heavily-armed warship. To back up their belief, they provided two obsolete battleships, the *USS New Jersey* and the *USS Virginia*, as targets and challenged the Air Service to sink them. The test took place on September 5, 1923. Nero and his pilot, flying a Martin Curtiss NBS-1, scored two hits on first run, but were grounded because they failed to adhere to the strict guidelines provided by the Navy.

Later in the day, after other pilots had failed to hit the targets, General Billy Mitchell asked Nero if he could do it and the answer was "Yes!" Nero and his pilot took off again and dropped a bomb down one of the *New Jersey's* funnels. Nothing happened for a few seconds, but then a huge explosion erupted in the bowels of the ship and three minutes later the *New Jersey* disappeared beneath the waves. Before landing, Nero put a bomb on the deck of the *Virginia* for good measure.

And so it was that Sam Nero and General Billy Mitchell proved to the embarrassed Navy brass that bombs could sink ships. ■



The big B-24 comes roaring in over the target, the "ack-ack" rocking it with near-hits. But straight and true it flies . . . drops its "eggs" and heads for home.

There must be no gamble when these Liberators take the air. As they roll off the production lines, Consolidated* fuels and lubricates B-24's (Liberators), PBV's (Catalinas) and its famous PB2Y's (Coronados) with Shell Products. Preference for Shell Aviation Fuels and AeroShell Oils carries from coast to coast among many plane and engine manufacturers, aviation training schools, transport lines and airports.

That's the reason airport operators the country over have found Shell's fast-growing line of products profitable to handle.

Model of Liberator B-24 shown courtesy Consolidated Aircraft Corp. *Originator of the Liberator . . . Catalina . . . Coronado.

Consolidated fuels and lubricates its powerful bomber engines with

SHELL



Automated Whodunit

It seems that nobody ever answers the phone anymore. If employees want to communicate, they don't walk over to the co-worker's desk; they fire off an e-mail. How many times have you let the telephone ring, thinking you're too busy to answer it? Then there's the dreaded automated voice mail. Just about every company has one. Imagine, for a second, if the police department operated the same way. It would probably go something like this: "Thank you for calling 9-1-1. We're all out there fighting crime right now. If you're currently being mugged, press 1. If you're ready to make an accusation, press 2. If it's Colonel Mustard in the study with the candlesticks, press 3. If you want to report a murder, press 4. If you want to report a robbery, forget about it — we have a very long list of those."

Remembering the crew of Belle of Boston

EXCERPT FROM THE EASTERN DAILY PRESS, NORWICH, BY MARK NICHOLLS

SUBMITTED BY BEN HOOKER (458TH)

From out of the smoke and flames of the wreckage of the B-24 Liberator a ghostly figure emerged. Tall, blond and dazed, he walked slowly away from the burning bomber, gradually disappearing into the confusion.

Derek Hewitt, a 13-year-old schoolboy, caught the apparition out of the corner of his eye and then returned to attending another injured airman as his father Ralph and local carpenter Albert Sidell went to the aid of others among the ten-man crew.

It was early on the morning of May 8, 1944, just outside the village of Frettenham, and a B-24, the *Belle of Boston*, with a dozen 500-pound bombs and 10,000 rounds of ammunition on board, had come down on common land after losing an engine on takeoff from Horsham St. Faith.

Local haulage contractor Ralph Hewitt dashed to the crash wearing only his white long johns, shirt and work boots, to be greeted by a scene of devastation. The wreckage burned fiercely as exploding bullets whizzed through the air, ricocheting off trees and the ground.

Derek, now 73, was told to stay at home with his mother, Grace, but as with all curious teenagers, he went anyway, crawling along the hedgerow after his father with a pair of trousers under his arm.

He hardly gave a second thought to the ghostly figure as he aided a man whom he now believes may have been Lt. John Rogenmuser, the navigator on that mission to attack an aircraft factory in Brunswick, Germany.

It later emerged that the dazed figure walking from the wreckage was top turret gunner Sgt. Sherman Cassidy, the only man to emerge virtually unscathed. 2nd Lt. Rogenmuser and two others, 2nd Lt. Arthur Doyle, the bombardier, and ball turret gunner Sgt. Albert Nix, were badly hurt.

The other six on board died. They were F/O Homer F. Ausman, Sgt. Patrick H. Cook, Sgt. Wayne B. Danielson, Sgt. Raymond L. Hunter, Lt. Paul E. Kingsley and Sgt. Ben Wishinski.

The aircraft was from the 458th Bomb Group, 754th Bomb Squadron. Over the years, the crash story has been retold and rekindled among the Hewitt family, who live at New Farm on the Buxton Road at Frettenham. But it is the keen interest of Derek's son and Ralph's grandson, Trevor Hewitt, that has sparked moves to permanently honor the airmen.

Trevor said, "I have seen memorials in other places and it just brought it home



to me how fragile human life is. I have teenage sons the same age as some of the men in the airplane that crashed.

"It is so often said that these men gave their lives, but it is more a case that they had it taken from them."

Over the years he has collected photographs and documentation relating to the crash and excavated the wreck site, rescuing bullets and thousands of fragments

from the aircraft that lie on or just below the ground where the plane came down.

More poignantly, there are personal items such as a cap badge, the frame of flying glasses, shirt buttons, zips, chocolate bar wrappings, and a sixty-year-old Bourbon biscuit.

They are now carefully displayed in a room at the New Farm garden centre run by the Hewitts. ■



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

NORTH PICKENHAM

BY BILL BEASLEY

Tom & Mary Anne Nelson, Bob & Dorothy Bradley, Bill Sparks & Phyllis Bromberek, Lorraine & Cliff Williford, Harry Orthman, and Bill & Norma Beasley were joined by Cheryl & Robert Henderson (the sculptor) at the Inn Suites Hotel in San Diego to attend the dedication of the Bronze B-24 in Balboa Park on November 11, 2005. Following a parade at 10 a.m., the formal dedication took place at 1:00 p.m. followed by a reception in the museum. Eight of us went to dinner before going back to the hotel.

Harry Orthman was the only stalwart in our group to march in the parade, which began down Park Boulevard and ended at the dedication site. Harry drove down for the day and was unable to stay for dinner.

The 492nd Bomb Group will hold its annual reunion at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Dayton, Ohio, June 21-25, 2006. Details will be forthcoming in the next Happy Warrior group newsletter, or for more information contact Bill or Norma Beasley.

Sadly, our troops are leaving us. We have been notified that **Joseph Caposella** (859th BS), **Lee Woods** (857th BS), **James McCrory** (858th BS), and **Don Taylor** (858th BS) have passed away. Please let us know when you learn of someone who is ill or has died, so that we may contact them or their family and keep our records up-to-date. ■



THIS ARTICLE IS REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION FROM *THIS ENGLAND MAGAZINE* (Summer 2005), P.O. BOX 52, CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTERSHIRE GL50 1YQ, UNITED KINGDOM

During the dark days of the last war, when things looked black for Britain, there were several radio voices that gave us cheer — Winston Churchill's bulldog speeches, the rapid wit of Tommy Handley and his ITMA team, the resolute words of the King, and quiet and dignified messages from his unflappable wife, our late-lamented Queen Mother. But in faraway places, when battle-worn soldiers, sailors and airmen began thinking wistfully about their loved ones back at home, the voice of a young London girl singing over the airwaves captured their feelings of loneliness and heartache more than anyone else. That girl was Vera Lynn, and she quickly became a singing legend among Britain's fighting men all over the globe, truly earning the title they gave her: "Sweetheart of the Forces."

This springtime, Vera Lynn — now a Dame of the British Empire — reached her 88th birthday, and despite the toll of years since she softly crooned to us all about the

bluebirds over the White Cliffs of Dover, she is loved as much by the British public now as ever before. That's because Vera has never forgotten the unique place she holds in the heart of the nation she has served all through her life.

Proof of her dedication to Britain's cause even in her pensionable years was there for all to see and hear on the 50th anniversary of VE Day in May 1995, for as television viewers recall she led the public singing of wartime songs in front of Buckingham Palace even though well past her 78th birthday.

Yet although fame has rested on her shoulders for more than seven decades, she still remembers herself as being just an ordinary English girl. She was born Vera Margaret Welch at Thackeray Road, East Ham, London, on March 20th, 1917, and began her career in entertainment in the local working men's club, of which her plumber father, Bert, was Master of Ceremonies. Her mother, a dressmaker, also used to help at the club and Vera was taught old music hall songs by her grandmother while she sang at parties.

It was a natural step, therefore, when she began appearing on stage at the club in Dagenham at the tender age of seven. Because of her low-pitched voice, her teachers would not let her sing in the school choir, but she continued her club career after school as part of "Madame Harris's Kracker Kabaret Kids," a traveling juvenile troupe. It was at this time that she adopted her grandmother's maiden name of Lynn, thinking it would be easier for people to remember.

After leaving school at 14, Vera was heard by bandleader Howard Baker and signed up as a "crooner" at the age of 15. She was only 16 when she made her first record with the band on 17th February 1934. The song was called "It's Home," but only one copy of the record was made, for it was produced by Teledisk, a system used by bandleaders to try out a song and use as a sample for gaining future work. It was never issued commercially and although she made several records anonymously for those small eight-inch discs



Vera still enjoys such womanly tasks as sewing — learnt from her dear old Mum (Annie), a dressmaker, seen with her at home in 1938. The sign on the sewing machine seems prophetic for the budding young star!

sold in Woolworth's for sixpence before the war, she had to wait until the following year before recording her first commercial success with "Red Sails in the Sunset," backed by the Joe Loss orchestra and released in August 1935, when she was 18.

After successfully auditioning for Charlie Kunz to make records with his Casani Club Band, she was asked to sing a couple of songs in a broadcast by bandleader Bert Ambrose and the postal response was so enormous that she was given a regular part in his shows. By the time war broke out in September 1939 she had become a major star with the song "We'll Meet Again," and was able to afford something she always wanted — a house with an inside bathroom!

In 1940 Vera became engaged to saxophonist Harry Lewis — then a player with the Ambrose Orchestra — just before he and seven other band members joined the RAF to become known as "The Squadronaires," and married him in 1941.

She branched out into Variety and was soon selling more records than Bing Crosby and the Mills Brothers, according to one newspaper account, and quickly became the favorite female vocalist of British servicemen at home and abroad.

When the BBC offered her a half-hour wireless programme, entitled "Sincerely



Servicemen all over Britain and the world flocked to see and hear Vera when she toured wartime bases, lifting morale with her every appearance.

Yours – Vera Lynn, "in November 1941 it soared in popularity and became probably the most successful programme of the war. She received up to 2,000 letters a week and personally answered many of them, as well as visiting hospitals to gather news of babies born to servicemen's wives, passing on details and comments to the men overseas.

But the BBC Board of Governors, a few MPs and a handful of retired generals, tried to end the programme, claiming that the soldiers might get homesick and try to desert! A committee was even set up to stamp out songs they felt to be "slushy in sentiment." A few wives even thought Vera was making a play for their husbands because she sent hand-signed photos and letters to them!

Her fans, however, took no notice, and Vera continued singing the sentimental ballads that had become her trademark.

Recalling the programme that proved to be such a beacon of hope in the war-torn Britain, and many Service bases abroad, Vera says: "I think it was successful because it was delivered in a very simple way. I answered requests from separated people, whether they were troops overseas or families at home. I acted as a sort of go-between, a link that tried to bring them together."

Vera regards her success in those days without mock modesty. "I just sang songs that were easily understood. I've always taken my songs seriously, studying the words carefully to make sure I expressed the right meaning. I was never the sophisticated glamorous type... just an ordinary girl. If you remember, they used to call me the 'girl next door,' and I think that pleased me more than anything else."

She made three films, and in 1944 toured Burma for four months with ENSA (the Entertainments National Service Association). When her daughter, Virginia, was born in 1946, Vera "retired" but she was back two years later, as popular as ever, and discovered a huge following in Scandinavia where, ironically, she was known for a Gracie Fields song ("Wish Me Luck As You Wave Me Goodbye"), and Holland where "Land of Hope and Glory" was so popular that she recorded it and earned a gold disc.

In 1949, the BBC refused to renew her recording contract, saying that her style was not wanted anymore — but she went on to have her most successful year ever, with shows in London and New York and broadcasts for Radio Luxembourg. When she recorded "Auf Weideseh'n Sweetheart" with a chorus of servicemen, she became the first British singer to reach the top of the hit parade simultaneously in Britain and the USA. All this brought

her lucrative offers from America, but she did not want to leave England, and eventually the BBC took her back for several long-running radio and television shows.

A measure of her popularity was when a surprise party was thrown for her by the Stars' Organisation for Spastics, and the Duke of Edinburgh invited himself! In 1968 Vera was awarded the OBE, and in 1975 she was made a Dame of the British Empire. At 71 she became a Freeman of the City of London and the following year sang "The White Cliffs of Dover" on Harry Secombe's "Highway" television programme on Sunday, 3rd September 1989, the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of war, proving that her popularity has never waned.

Not bad for the little London girl who once overheard a fellow pantomime cast member say of her: "She'll never get anywhere — she's too common!"

Dame Vera, who lost her husband in 1998 after 57 years of marriage, celebrated her birthday quietly at home in a pretty part of Sussex, not too far away from the white cliffs of Dover she so often sang about. As all her friends will readily testify, Vera Lynn has never let fame go to her head. Even today she continues to enjoy the same simple pursuits that have interested her all through life — her painting, cooking, gardening, needlework, etc. Because, despite the added years, deep down she is still the same blue-eyed, happy-go-lucky London lass whose voice won the hearts of a nation at war.

Sixty years ago Vera Lynn was rightly regarded as the "Sweetheart of the Forces" ... a title she was proud to own. Since then, through all the intervening years of dedication in which she has turned out for ex-



servicemen's functions and led the public singing on great national occasions, she has become the "Sweetheart of the Nation" — a living legend of whom all Britons can be rightly proud.

Many millions of True Brits all over the world will always love her for the happiness and hope she gave us in our darkest days. As her most famous song so eloquently said:

*We'll meet again,
Don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again
Some sunny day.*

SIMON APPLEYARD

Sincerely Yours ... Dame Vera Lynn

Dame Vera Lynn, Britain's most favourite wartime singer, celebrated her 88th birthday in March and as a tribute to her many years of devoted service to this country, on and off the stage, we have produced a CD of more than a dozen of her best-known hits. No-one who marvels at the bulldog spirit that carried us through to victory in the last war will want to be without this poignant reminder of the sweet-voiced London girl who boosted morale during Britain's darkest days and who, despite her age, is still helping charitable causes to this day.

Tracks include: *We'll Meet Again* ★ *The White Cliffs of Dover* ★ *Heart of Gold* ★ *Mexicali Rose* ★ *When the Lights Go on Again* ★ *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie* ★ *Who's Taking You Home Tonight?* ★ *The Little Boy that Santa Claus Forgot* ★ *Wishing* ★ *I'm in the Mood for Love* ★ *Yours* ★ *Goodnight, Wherever You Are* ★ *My Own* ★ *Little Sir Echo* ★ *Up the Wooden Hill to Bedfordshire* ★ *Be Like the Kettle and Sing!*

CD PRICE (Ref: C49): £8.95 (inc. UK post). Overseas surface mail (airmail in brackets) £10 (£11); or US \$18 (\$20); Can \$24 (\$27); Australia \$27 (\$30); NZ \$31 (\$34).



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My "Favorite" Mission: to Ulm, Germany on 13 September 1944

BY FRANK W. FEDERICI (445TH)

This story requires the following preface: A former neighbor boy, Sam Ellis, received an assignment from his teacher wherein he was to contact a WWII veteran and ask him a list of questions. Sam telephoned me and told me about his school assignment question: "Which one of your missions was your *favorite*, Mr. Federici?" I responded with, "Let me think, Sam, because of all of the years that have passed." Finally, I recalled that our crew had led the 2nd Air Division on a mission but I did not remember the target. I told Sam that it was my favorite because we were leading about 600 bombers. He shouted, "600 bombers!" I did not plan on writing this story, because I did not recall which mission was involved. Then I e-mailed my young 88-year-old pilot, Vincent Mazza, who checked his military file and reported back on the one and only mission where we flew as deputy lead and took over the lead when the lead ship had to abort over England. It was our 20th mission, to Ulm, Germany on 13 September 1944. So now I will tell the rest of the story, Sam.

We took off from our base in Tibenham, England, home of the 445th Bomb Group. Our crew would fly as deputy lead in the lead squadron off the right wing of the lead ship. 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 W. Goodgion (waist gunner), Kenneth J. Brass (waist gunner), Charles W. Bickett (tail gunner).

We circled over England until we were in formation. Shortly after we were in formation as deputy lead (on the right wing of the lead ship), we learned that the lead ship, which included a Brigadier General observer, had to abort (go back to base because of mechanical problems). Thus, we as deputy lead must take the lead position. Since it was our twentieth mission and our crew was an established lead crew, we felt that we could take this responsibility. I was only twenty years old but felt that it was not different than leading a squadron or a group or a wing. Apparently our commanding officers thought we could "cut it."

The briefed routes included a division assembly line (D.A.L.) for about 60-80 miles over the North Sea east of East Anglia, England. It was a thrilling experience for me as

I hooted and shouted with pride (without pressing the interphone button). I have never told any of our crew members, because we all had the same attitude — we all were just doing the job we were trained to do, period.

Each wing and group had a specific target and would branch off the D.A.L. as briefed. We were briefed to hit a tank and truck factory: Klockner, Humbolt and Deutz. Our group was hit by flak on our

way to the target, on a beautiful sunny day as we flew in an easterly direction with the beautiful Swiss Alps on our right wing to the south. Ulm was located in southern Germany. We were also hit by flak on the way back to base. We lost one bomber, according to 445th Bomb Group records. Our ship was not hit, so we called the mission a "milk run."

So this is what happened on my "favorite" mission, some 62 years ago. ■

NOW YOU KNOW...

The Way We Speak ~ Is It English or American?

When Britain's earliest immigrants came to America, they certainly spoke the same English as their relatives and friends they left behind, and you could not tell by their language who was "English" and who was "American." The question is, when and where did the two "languages" diverge and why?

Dr. David Hackett Fischer, a Brandeis University professor, writes in his American history book *Albion's Seed* (Albion being the old literary name for England) that it was the English who shed their "American" accents rather than the other way around.

Even now, when you travel around in England you quickly realize that each area — many only a few miles apart — has its own version of English, and the dialects are much more pronounced than even our own Southern-Northern or Eastern-Western differences. A problem arose when the industrial revolution unfolded and the rural folks swarmed into the factories located in the various cities in England. The upper classes in the cities consciously developed their current mode of speech to distinguish themselves from the "working classes" and eventually to establish an "English Triangle Standard" — the triangle being Cambridge, Oxford and London. In other words, the English had their own "Tower of Babel" problem, which they solved in a typical English way — the Americans kept the old English (with minor modifications from Webster, the Chicago Tribune and the Spanish influence) which their ancestors had imported earlier, and which ironically became "American" to the Brits of today. ■

It's all relative

When the temperature is...

60 degrees	Californians put on sweaters.
50 degrees	Miami residents turn on the heat.
45 degrees	Vermont residents go to an outdoor concert.
25 degrees	Californians weep pitifully. Minnesotans eat ice cream and Canadians go swimming.
0 degrees	Alaskans put on T-shirts.
-25 degrees	Too cold to think, and you need jumper cables to get the driver going.
-40 degrees	Californians disappear. Minnesotans button their top shirt button and Canadians put on sweaters.
-50 degrees	Alaskans close the bathroom window.

"WINGED VICTORY" A B-24 Starred Movie

BY JAMES H. FARMER • REPRINTED FROM *BRIEFING*, FALL 1989

In late 1942, or perhaps early 1943, Warner Bros. proposed a film to be titled *The Liberator* — yes, a four-engine variety. The screenplay was to be written by famed American novelist William Faulkner and produced by Jack Chertok. The feature, suggested a motion picture industry release of the period, was to be "a drama built around Consolidated's famed B-24."

Warner Bros. had planned to release the film in 1943 but it never was produced. Though USAAF personnel assigned to the Liberators often complained that their contribution to the war effort was being repeatedly overlooked by the film and print media — usually in favor of "that other bomber," the Flying Fortress — the mass appeal of the B-17 was not to be denied.

When a group of seven American war correspondents including Walter Cronkite, who called themselves "The Writing 69th," showed up for the Eighth Air Force's February 26, 1943 mission to Wilhelmshaven, Germany, six of the seven, including the future CBS TV anchor reporter, insisted on flying in B-17s. It simply made better copy back home, they argued. Such was the media's love affair with "that other bomber."

So it was up through most of 1944 that Universal's *Ladies Courageous*, today an all-but-forgotten hysterical "tribute" to the Air Corps Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron, was the only Hollywood feature to showcase the B-24 — and that was for a 90-second concluding film sequence!

Enter General of the Army Air Forces, Hap Arnold.

In May of 1943 Arnold approached playwright Moss Hart to write a stage play faithfully based on the Air Force's training program. The general's concern, as with many of the major wartime productions to which he gave his blessings, would be to acquaint the public with the way in which the USAAF actually functioned as a military unit.

At Arnold's suggestion, Hart "drafted" himself as a buck private. With a bomber assigned to him, the playwright covered some 28,000 miles during a two-month period, visiting and taking a limited trainee role in the programs offered at twenty different air base training centers across the country. The resulting play, *Winged Victory*, opened to a packed house on Broadway on the evening of November 2, 1943. Officially it was characterized as "a dramatic report to the nation on the preparedness of the Army Air Forces."



Costar Jeanne Crain (center) surveys the film's four-engined namesake.



Another *Winged Victory*? What may be a genuine combat veteran, the *Liberator's* name inspired by the 1944 Fox film.

Viewing the New York production was Twentieth Century Fox film producer Darryl Zanuck. Zanuck was immediately struck with its potential as a major motion picture.

Directed by George Cukor, the million-dollar production, a major film by 1944 standards, went before the cameras on June 15, 1944. As was the case with the stage play, all of the male roles were played by Air Force personnel, many of whom were veterans of the Broadway production. The group included a number of Air

Force non-coms destined for more lucrative postwar film careers. They included Private Lon McCallister, Sergeant Edmond O'Brien, Corporal Don Taylor (actor and future director of *Final Countdown* and *Red Flag: The Ultimate Game*), Corporal Lee J. Cobb, Corporal Red Buttons, Corporal Barry Nelson, Corporal Gary Merrill, Sergeant George Reeves (seen in *Gone with the Wind* and the original television *Superman*), and Corporal Karl Malden. The female leads were ably filled by Jeanne Crain and Judy Holliday.

During the three-month shooting schedule Zanuck and Cukor were given access to seven different California Army and Marine posts including Fort MacArthur where the early induction scenes were filmed, Hamilton and Stockton airfields, and very likely Fairfield-Suisun Field (now Travis AFB) and the auxiliary Marine airfield at Camp Pendleton near Oceanside.

History has not revealed who determined that the B-24 would be the film's featured bomber, but a reported 27 late-model Liberators were secured for the motion picture. An additional 55 BT-13s and scores of multi-engine T-50 Bobcat trainers, a handful of P-40s and P-47s, six Higgins assault boats and 40 anti-aircraft guns along with the services of some 3,000 Army and Marine personnel were acquired for the production.

Among the Army pilots signed to the production were three 72nd Fighter Wing, 2nd Air Force P-47 instructors from Strother Field, Winfield, Kansas: Lt. Louis R. Lenz, Capt. Warren A. Blakely and Capt. J.D. "Jerry" Collinsworth. Collinsworth had already become an ace flying Spitfires in North Africa and Sicily with the 307th FS, 31st FG. He had six FW-190s to his credit.

The Kansas-based pilots arrived over Oceanside, California, after a fuel stop in Albuquerque, on August 13, 1944 with a trio of P-40Ns for the production. The Camp Pendleton airfield, the site for the film's B-24 Pacific island base set, was then known as Marine Base Camp Callen.

Today, Collinsworth remembers, "The field looked real hot from the air when we arrived. We'd already tasted the hot weather at our stop in New Mexico. The field was situated in a little narrow, shallow valley. I thought, 'My, how hot, look at that dried grass.' But, when we landed and I rolled back the canopy hood I was really

(continued on next page)

The Black Cat and a Lucky Airman

BY BILL WUNDRAM • REPRINTED FROM THE QUAD-CITY TIMES, AUGUST 12, 2005

Rubbing his bald head, Everett Graham smiles about how lucky he is to be alive on his farm along Rock Road, near Fenton, Illinois — and in his hand he holds a brand new postage stamp of an ill-fated B-24 Liberator bomber, *The Black Cat*, to prove it.

These are days when we are talking of war and peace. Mostly peace, because on this Sunday, World War II is over. The stories of World War II are forever stamped with us, and Everett's tale is one of luck.

That fresh 37-cent stamp is a curious bit of fate for Everett. He flew half of his twenty World War II missions aboard *The Black Cat*, a storied B-24 bomber that has been a melancholic subject of magazine articles, newspaper stories and books, among them *The Wild Blue* by Stephen Ambrose.

The Black Cat was the last B-24 bomber shot down over Germany in World War II.

Everett Graham flew on *The Black Cat* on April 17, 1945.

The Black Cat spiraled to earth on April 21, 1945, killing ten of its crew.

Graham, a staff sergeant and armored

waist gunner, could easily have been on that final, fatal flight. "God was looking over us that I wasn't aboard *The Black Cat* the day she went down," he says, "or I wouldn't be talking to you today."

The Black Cat is on two stamps in a twenty-stamp set, "American Advances in Aviation," just issued by the U.S. Postal Service. "There she is," says Everett, pointing to the stamp picturing *The Black Cat*. He holds a magnifying glass that clearly shows a black cat painted on the nose of the plane. He has pictures of himself, and his crew, in front of the leaping black cat, and its name beneath.

"We flew different planes, which was common in World War II. All my missions over Germany were on *The Black Cat* or the *Dumbo*," Everett says. "*The Black Cat* was the favorite of our pilot, Bill Hendrix. He was the one who started the campaign to get the *Cat* on a stamp, but he died just a few years ago before ever seeing the stamp of his plane."

Graham, who is on the sunny side of 85, is expectedly sentimental when talking

about *The Black Cat*. He knows all about its fate, and considers it "his plane."

"*The Black Cat* was hit by flak and lost a wing. She broke in half. There was a crew of twelve. Only two survived. The waist gunner went down without a chute. His body was imbedded six inches in the ground.

"That stamp is a tribute to all the guys who flew B-24s. We were all so young. Crew members were all between the ages of 18 and 22. When I think of how we trained so quickly, and made it through the war, it's horrifying for me to think of today."

Everett's affection for *The Black Cat* is shared by Ray Carlson of Maysville, Iowa, who had served at times as a navigator aboard her, but not on the number of missions as Everett, and not as close to the day that the plane was shot down. Carlson says that those who flew with planes like *The Black Cat* in the 8th Air Force did so at a terrible price. There were 26,000 killed or missing; another 28,000 became prisoners of war. The 8th Air Force suffered the highest casualty rate of any combat unit in all theaters of World War II. ■

WINGED VICTORY (cont. from page 31) surprised how cool it was with the breeze off the ocean."

In charge of the USAAF air units at the field for the *Winged Victory* production was a Col. Dunham. Joining Capt. Collinsworth's P-40s at the field were an unknown number of B-24s, possibly from the Fairfield-Suisun base near Sacramento and three or four P-47s flown in from Pocatello, Idaho.

To more properly simulate a South Seas bomber base, the studio had reportedly transplanted 1800 palm trees to the Marine camp. Of the scenes filmed there Collinsworth remembers flying his fighters up and down the Pacific beach as background "atmosphere" for a Christmas-time G.I. party on the shore.

Jerry Collinsworth also vividly recalls the final moments of a dangerous B-24 mission in which wounded film hero Edmond O'Brien slides his damaged Liberator to a dust-filled halt off the end of the runway. There he shuts down the engines and is carried off the bomber on a stretcher to be greeted by his faithful dog. The fighter pilot recalls the dog's trainer had stuffed a tennis ball in the actor's collar so the K-9 would appear to lick the hero's face.

Even more interesting, was the story later related to Collinsworth by one of the B-24's crewmen. The supposedly battle-



Lon McCallister, Barry Nelson (left foreground), and fellow flight cadet Edmond O'Brien (standing center) with an American institution — the Coca-Cola machine.

scarred Liberator had been towed off the runway and set up, its wheels half buried in dirt. Cameras had also been set up to capture the wounded O'Brien at the controls as he shut down the bomber's engines.

Collinsworth continues: "From what I was told by one of the B-24 fellows, O'Brien was in the left seat. A second lieutenant, who really flew the airplane, was in the right seat. Before they began filming the scene the lieutenant was going to start the engines up and then shut them down for the cameras, you know, after this terrible mission.

"I was told that O'Brien looked down from the cockpit and saw a fellow with a

fire bottle waiting for the first engine to crank over. The actor asked the pilot, 'What's that fellow doing there with the fire extinguisher?' The lieutenant said, 'Oh, he's down there just in case the engine backfires . . . in case of fire.' O'Brien is supposed to have said, 'You mean to tell me there's a possibility of an engine catching on fire by starting it!'

"Well," said the lieutenant, "anything is possible, but we very seldom have any problem."

"O'Brien is supposed to have said, 'Not with me on board it won't!'"

With this the actor bolted for the bomb bay exit.

"What made it so ironic," Collinsworth reflected, "here some of us had returned from combat and here's a guy whose sole duty was making movies for combat training and the general public."

Today, most film historians have all but forgotten *Winged Victory*. Certainly beyond the picture's important propaganda value of the period, the film's dramatic elements have not well withstood the test of time. Undoubtedly the motion picture's greatest worth today is to be found in its faithful recounting of the USAAF's wartime training program and its all-too-rare footage of that wonderful, long-overlooked warhorse: the B-24 Liberator! ■



To the Editor:

I want to add to the testimonials for Colonel Brogger (*Fall 2005 Journal*, page 27). As he said, he "never was a gung-ho military guy," but he managed to serve our country with distinction while being a "good guy." I was in the right seat when he was wounded by small-arms fire on our low-level mission "Market Garden" while he sat on a flare box next to the pilot, Payne.

Joe Kratochvil (446th)
212 Thurlow Street
Hinsdale, IL 60521



To the Editor:

On page 9 of the Summer 2005 issue of the *Journal* you published my story of our trip to France and the dedication ceremony of John Moran's crew of the 458th BG.

Just after the issue reached the members, Rick Rokicki received a letter from one Henry Fraysier claiming that he was on that mission and jumped with the rest of us. A check of the loading manifest has been obtained by Darin Scarza from the archives in College Park, MD, and sure enough, Henry Fraysier is now listed as a member of the crew.

Would you please publish this note with apologies to Henry from me. Youth does make a mistake.

I have also heard from Lawrence R. Fick of Forest Grove, OR, who flew the rest of his missions with our crew in place of Frank Adams, who had been injured in the jump.

Maurice Lee Watson (458th)
415 Links View Drive
Hagerstown, MD 21740-2901



To the Editor:

My father, Eugene Moore Herrmann, passed away on August 3, 2005 in Las Vegas. All I know is that he was a tail gunner on Barry G. Booth's crew in the 389th BG. My father really didn't say much about his experiences, but he did wear his gunner wings with pride during his

active duty career from 1956-1980, refusing several times to wear air crew member wings instead.

Can anyone help me find out about the 34 missions he flew? Are any of his crew members still alive? How did he earn the DFC? What squadron was he in? Any information would be appreciated.

Michael W. Herrmann
3283 W. 48th Street
Cleveland, OH 44102
E-mail: mikesaoa@yahoo.com
Phone: 216-926-6346



To the Editor:

RE: The Les Willis query about George Brown (*Fall 2005 Journal*, page 34): I was there when Lt. Foley hit the radar shack at Hethel. I was standing with a group of radar men when we saw the landing lights of his plane coming over the trees and thought it was a JU88 looking for the control tower. That was the night of the famous Hamm raid when they came back at night and there was chaos at all the fields.

We had a plane on fire on the main runway and Kraut fighters in the area, so no landing lights until a pilot called for them, then they were only flashed on for a few seconds so he could line up. In any case, when we saw the four props turning over we knew it was a B-24. He pulled off the runway, had a flat main tire, and headed for the control tower where a bunch of brass bailed out and ran like hell. Foley pulled the plane into the radar shack, killing two inside, and couldn't shut down his engines as flak had damaged his control panel. He hit the radar shack with all four engines turning over high RPM. Our group ran in fourteen different directions. I headed for the runway, as I figured he wasn't about to get back in that direction. In any case, S/Sgt. George Edward Brown was on the Foley plane. It immediately caught fire; the whole crew got out OK except one who had two broken legs.

I later flew with Lt. Ed Foley out of Leuchars, Scotland on the Carpetbagger missions for a few months, just to get a break from combat, but I was glad to get back to Hethel as flying over Norway at night without good maps showing those snow-capped mountains was not my cup of tea.

I know of another George Brown; he was in the 93rd. He wound up as a four-star General, and eventually Chief of the Air Force.

Earl Zimmerman (389th)
8922 Haverstick Road
Indianapolis, IN 46240-2039
E-mail: Spynke@aol.com



To the Editor:

I am researching Alfred H. Luhmann, a member of the Dana crew, 445th BG, 702nd SQ (Phil C. Dana, pilot; Edward Eberhardt, Jr., copilot). Their B-24 crashed near Long Stratton, England on April 1, 1944.

I have obtained a number of details about the crew, their plane, and the incident, some of which are varied and rather dubious. I would like to verify what I have found and am hoping someone may know what happened to the plane and crew which could either prove or disprove what I have found to date.

I'm looking for:

(1) Model, serial number, nickname, and nose art of their B-24. I have several serial numbers but none seem to check out.

(2) Names, ranks, and positions of crew members. I have a listing but have been unable to verify several names, ranks and positions aboard this aircraft.

(3) Details of the crash near Long Stratton, England, April 1, 1944. I have several accounts. One is that they crashed shortly after takeoff; another is that they crashed while returning from a mission to Germany.

(4) Who was killed or injured? I have differing accounts. I know six were killed in the crash. I cannot confirm if any of the four remaining crew members were killed or survived the crash with or without injury. In another version, nine members were killed with one injured survivor who later died.

(5) The original orders of the 62 crews that flew to England in the fall of 1943.

Joe Becker
292 Lufman Drive
New Milford, NJ 07464
E-mail: JB081349@msn.com



To the Editor:

More "fuss" about the 389th BG's *Fightin' Sam* and some related comments:

As a reader of the *AF News* and the *Journal*, I note some readers are saying, "What is so great about the *Fightin' Sam*?" First, you must be an Air Force veteran to understand the question about this wonderful B-24D of the 389th BG.

Yes, I love reading about the *Fightin' Sam*. This plane was one of the greatest of the many B-24s. We had plenty of B-24s and they all did a great job during WWII. But in my mind the *Fightin' Sam* is the one that I had followed all the time I was in the service.

This plane did such a good job with the others on the Ploesti mission. The plane flew the low level mission, was never shot down, and never aborted a mission. Another part of the story is about the deserving

(continued on next page)

LETTERS (continued from page 33)
crew chief who was awarded a Bronze Star for his work with *Fightin' Sam*. He is a wonderful person, and I am glad he is a friend of mine.

Stories about a plane or groups of planes must be remembered as a team effort. Each plane had a crew and everyone had a job to do on his plane. The pilot and copilot were the heads of the crew, but without all the men doing their jobs the plane would be nothing.

The *Fightin' Sam* was in the Imperial War Museum in Duxford, England. On loan to the Mighty 8th Air Force Museum in Savannah, Georgia, the nose of the *Fightin' Sam* is now on display there. I am also a member of the new WWII D-Day National Museum in New Orleans, LA, and I would have been happy even if it was in this museum or the Smithsonian.

Last year I went to Washington, DC to see the WWII Memorial, and I am going again soon to see the Air Force Memorial. We veterans are dying at a rate of 1,000 a day, and soon there will be no one to tell our stories to the children or grandchildren of WWII veterans, to keep our memories alive forever.

As I visit our local veterans' hospital, I talk to those in wheelchairs and help them smile a little as I tell them that they will

never be forgotten for the job they did. I also tell them about my putting flags on the graves and checking them out weekly. If any need to be replaced or repaired, I do this. I will continue to do it for as long as my health holds out.

My prayers are for all of those who never returned and for the boys today in Iraq. God bless them all.

John J. Manocchio (389th)
400 Hudson Avenue
Altoona, PA 16602

→ → → →

To the Editor:

Shortly after the "Big Week," in February 1944, our crew got a few days off. After getting some information from a R.R. MP (without revealing any secrets), I went looking for my brother Joe, who was in Patton's 4th Armored Division somewhere in southern England. The MP advised me to look near Swindon. When I arrived in Swindon I asked some local people about an army unit that was stationed nearby, and was given directions to the edge of town. Joe happened to be on duty at the first guard post. He got a replacement for the rest of the evening. The next morning Joe introduced me to some of his company officers having breakfast in an old English mansion. They gave Joe a five-day



Willard (left) and Joseph Vaughn

pass so that he could return to Tibenham with me.

The day after we returned, I flew on another mission. While I was gone, Joe was given his first plane ride, with a crew that was doing some practice takeoffs and landings.

Captain Jones (later Colonel) took a picture of us and did a story for the hometown paper, the Richmond, VA *Times-Dispatch* (see copy below). We thought our mother would appreciate it, since there were three of us overseas at the time. (Our brother Frank was in Italy, in the 88th Division.)

Willard E. Vaughn (445th)
51 Sandiscott Drive
Arnold, MO 63010

→ → → →

Things to Do in an Elevator

1. Move your desk into the elevator and whenever anyone gets on, ask if they have an appointment.
2. Hold the doors open and say you're waiting for a friend. After a while, let the doors close and say, "Hi, Greg. How's your day been?"
3. Lay down the Twister mat and ask people if they would like to play.
4. Pretend you are a flight attendant and review emergency procedures and exits with the passengers.
5. Call out, "Group Hug!" and then enforce it.
6. Crack open your briefcase or purse, and while peering inside, ask, "Got enough air in there?"
7. Stare, grinning at another passenger for a while, then announce, "I have new socks on."

Two Brothers Hold Surprise Meeting in England

REPRINTED FROM THE RICHMOND, VA TIMES-DISPATCH, APRIL 11, 1944

AN EIGHTH AAF LIBERATOR STATION, ENGLAND — Two brothers from Richmond, VA had a surprise meeting in England, after a two-year separation. They were Lt. Willard E. Vaughn, 21, and Pvt. Joseph C. Vaughn, 19. Willard is in a Liberator bomber squadron, while Joseph is in an anti-tank battalion.

Lt. Vaughn was touring the southern part of England on a 48-hour pass, and stopped in at an old mansion that had been turned into a headquarters for the United States Army. Lt. Vaughn walked up the stairway and saw a familiar face. He hardly recognized his younger brother Joseph; he had grown so much, and looked so different in an army uniform.

The old mansion was used by the King and Queen during the Blitz of London. Later it was used for General Montgomery's headquarters. It was a good setting for the reunion. The brothers spent the night in the famous house, and the next day both returned to Lt. Vaughn's station "somewhere in England." While at the airbase, the younger brother had his first airplane ride in his brother's ship, the Liberator Ann.

Both boys have hopes of meeting up with their third brother, somewhere in North Africa, in the near future. Lt. Vaughn was employed by the Life Insurance Company of Virginia for several years before entering the army. Pvt. Vaughn was a student prior to entering the army. He specialized in political cartooning.

The Vaughn brothers live at 2001 Grove Ave., Richmond. Mrs. Jane C. Vaughn, her daughter, Florence, and a still younger brother, Freddie, are keeping the home fires burning until the family is reunited at the end of the war. ■

Second Air Division Association

59th Annual Convention ~ October 13-16, 2006

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- Buses to AeroSpace Museum (\$17.00 per person)
- Tour of Washington, D.C. (\$37.50 per person)
- Memorial Service at Air Force Memorial, 10-11 a.m.
(We will *not* provide bus service for this occasion)

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Single Room \$692.00
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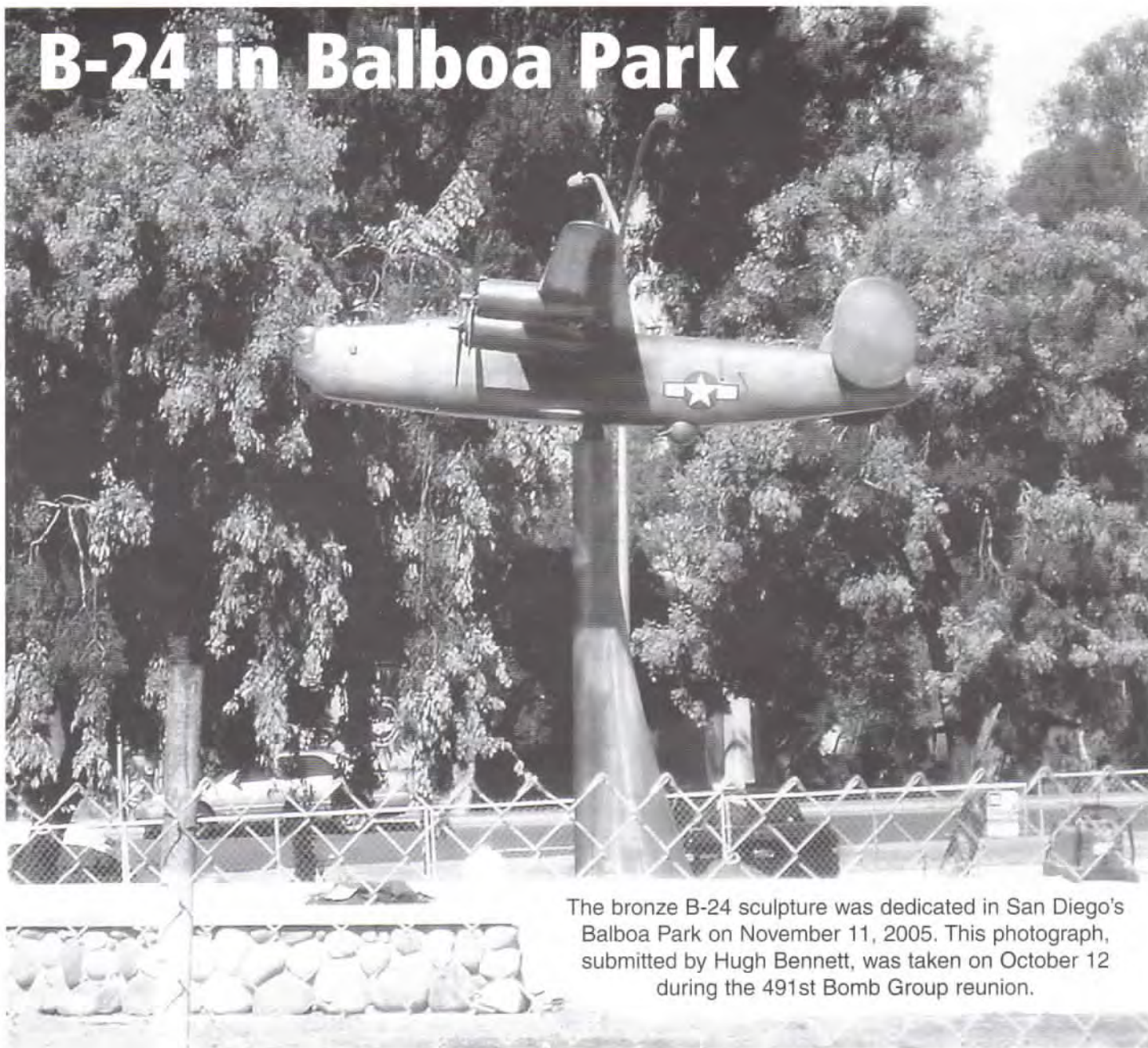
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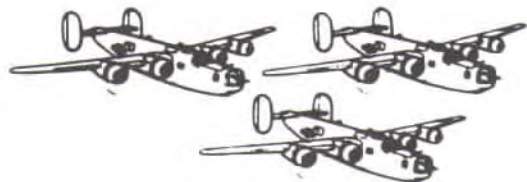
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B-24 in Balboa Park



The bronze B-24 sculpture was dedicated in San Diego's Balboa Park on November 11, 2005. This photograph, submitted by Hugh Bennett, was taken on October 12 during the 491st Bomb Group reunion.

**SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION
EIGHTH AIR FORCE**
RAY PYTEL, JOURNAL EDITOR
P.O. BOX 484, ELKHORN, WI 53121-0484



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