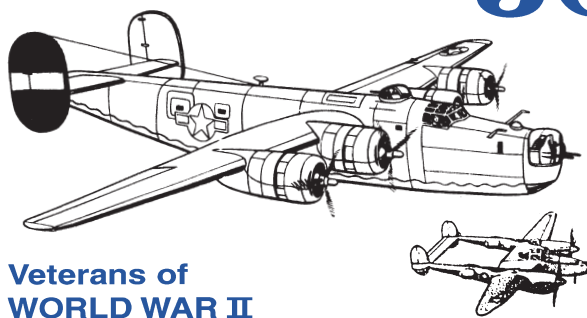


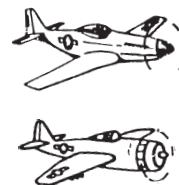


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WORLD WAR II



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The American Connections with St. Paul's

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM "DOME" • THE MAGAZINE OF THE FRIENDS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL (LONDON), EDITION 43

Lay Canon Peter Chapman reports on the cleaning and restoration of the American Memorial Chapel and the service which followed

The American connections with St. Paul's go back many years. There are two visible signs of these. The first is the Memorial in the Crypt to Pilot Officer Billy Fiske who died in the Battle of Britain. Billy was the first American pilot to die in the Allied cause, having told the recruiting officer he was Canadian! The second, of course, is the American Memorial Chapel at the east end of the cathedral, behind the High Altar.

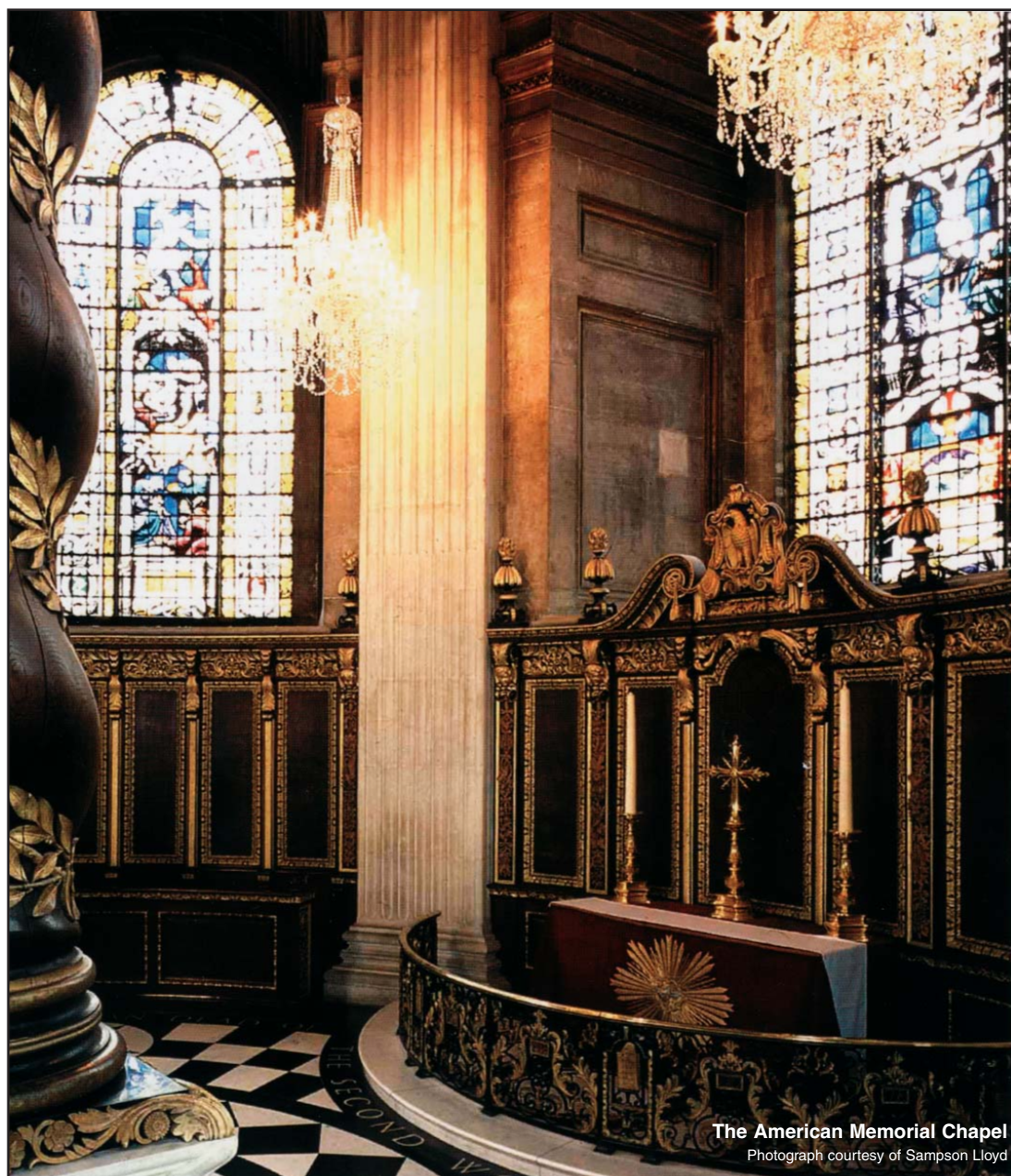
The Chapel was consecrated by Her Majesty The Queen in 1958 and commemorates the lives of 28,000 Americans who died in the Second World War whilst based in Britain. It houses the Roll of Honor which lists the names of all 28,000 service people and was presented to the Cathedral, for perpetual safe keeping, by General Eisenhower at a service held on 24 July 1951.

The Chapel had not yet been commenced then but the money for it had been raised entirely from the British people. The story of these events is recorded in a beautiful pamphlet on sale in the Crypt Shop.

Cleaning and restoration

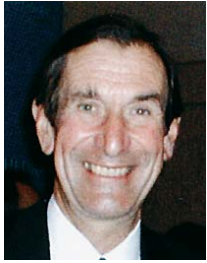
Turning to the present, it was originally considered unnecessary to have the Chapel cleaned and restored as part of the marvellous renovation of the inside of the Cathedral. This decision was reversed when it became

(continued on page 2)



The American Memorial Chapel

Photograph courtesy of Sampson Lloyd



Lay Canon Peter Chapman

apparent that, although the Chapel was relatively new, it looked dirty and drab when compared with the surrounding cleaned stone.

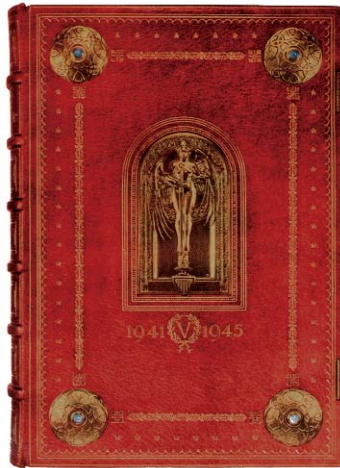
The St. Paul's Cathedral Trust in America was continuing to raise the money to pay for this work.

To celebrate the cleaning and restoration, I put the idea to Chapter that a short service and reception should be held. Chapter endorsed this proposal and on 17 November 2005 the event took place.

We were able to make contact with two of the American veterans' associations — the 8th Air Force Historical Society and the 2nd Air Division Association. Mr. Belton Wolf of the former society and Mr. Matthew Martin of the latter assisted us with the organisation. The key linkage had, however, to be with the American Embassy, which gave us marvellous support. All agreed that a celebration for the restored chapel and an act of worship sixty years after the cessation of hostilities was deeply worthwhile.

A moving and memorable occasion

The service was expertly crafted by Simon Reynolds and overseen by Canon Martin Warner. Hugh Williams organised a small choir who sang quite beautifully. It was an historical event because I cannot recall a service for those Americans who served in the War being held there before. Some fifty people were present and the American community was led by the American Ambassador, Mr. Robert Tuttle.



The American Roll of Honor
Image courtesy of Patrick Wilkins

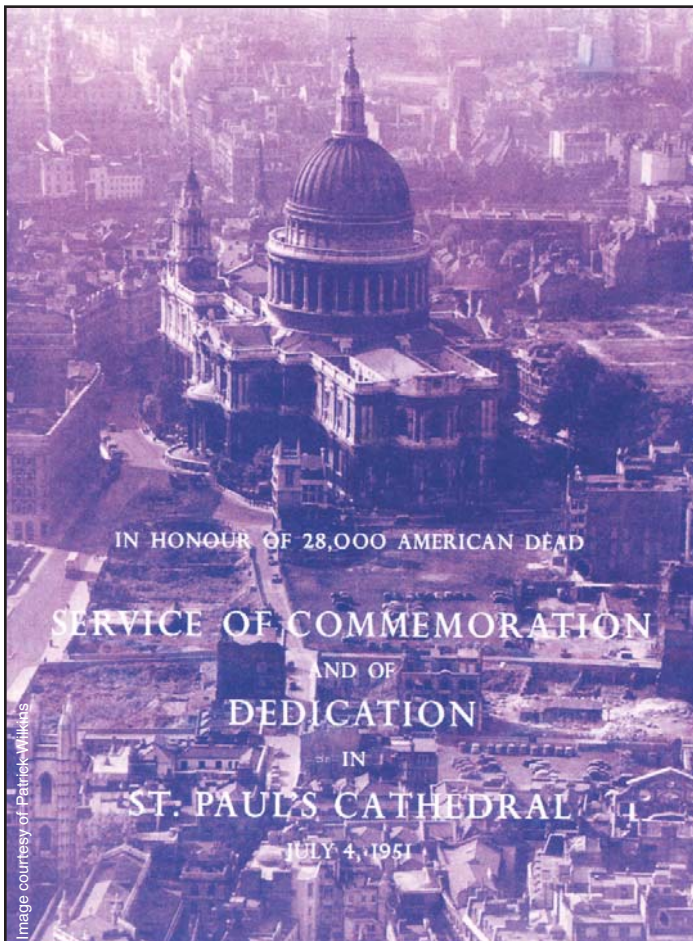
Chapter was represented by Canon Warner, Canon Lucy Winkett and myself, and we met the U.S. veterans and their families. Sir Robert Gibbs was there as chairman of the St. Paul's Cathedral Foundation and Mr. Tony Iverson represented Bomber Command.

As usual, all the Cathedral staff rallied round to help the veterans, all of whom were in their eighties. It was a moving and memorable occasion, and from the letters of thanks received, deeply appreciated. It will be wonderful if we can now raise the funds to enable the Roll of Honor to be placed on the Internet so that it is accessible to veterans and their families wherever they may live.

A short reception was held in the South Transept following the service when the visitors were welcomed by Canon Warner. I then gave a short address giving the historical background which was responded to by the Ambassador. Mr. Tuttle reminded his audience that at the height of the Blitz, Churchill gave the instruction that St. Paul's was to be "saved at all costs."

I hope this short account will be of interest to our American members and to the U.K. Friends who so often meet the Cathedral's many American visitors. ■

The Order of Service of Commemoration and Dedication



On 4 July 1951 the Order of Service of Commemoration and Dedication brochure contained the following text:

During the years of the Second World War, when the peoples of Britain and the United States once more united in a common endeavor and common sacrifices in the defense of liberty, 28,000 Americans of the armed forces lost their lives and were buried in the British Isles, or died in operations when based upon the British Isles. These dead had served in the United States Navy, the Merchant Navy, Army or Army Air Force, or were American nationals serving in British or Canadian formations. The great American cemetery at Cambridge, like the American cemetery at Brookwood of the earlier war, marks the last resting place of many who gave their lives, but the majority of the dead, particularly among those who fought in air battles over Europe, have no known grave.

There are numerous local memorials in Britain to the American dead. Most are the gifts of their American comrades who survived; some are wholly British offerings; others still represent the joint homage of an American fighting unit and an English village community. They are diverse in form. Thus in parish churches in East Anglia chapels have been dedicated to the memory of the fallen who were stationed at nearby American heavy bomber bases, a fourteenth-century English chapel has been restored, a memorial organ in a Devonshire parish church dedicated in honor of the dead who were in American naval contingents operating from a neighboring base, a memorial tower erected on the sea shore, a plaque erected at the side of a road, a stained-glass window presented to the garrison church of the two Staffordshire infantry regiments, a village community recreation centre established. All these are tributes, rich in local and intimate British-American associations, to the memory of those Americans

(continued on page 34)

President's Message: Second to None B-24 Liberator Campaign and the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum

BY ALAN SENIOR, 2ADA PRESIDENT

As President of the Second Air Division Association, I am an ex-officio member of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum 2006 Board of Trustees. Walter E. Brown, president and CEO of the museum, invited me to attend the tenth anniversary trustee meeting weekend beginning Friday, May 19, 2006.

Additionally, it provided an opportunity to review the Second to None Liberator exhibit museum space and have a discussion with the Trustees concerning the content of the exhibit. The nose section of a B-24D, *Fightin' Sam*, on loan from the American Air Museum in Britain at Duxford, will be the focal point of the Second to None exhibit. If any of our 2ADA members have memorabilia that they wish to be included in the exhibit, please contact me. Walt Brown has asked a museum design firm to come to the museum for the purpose of study and then they will present sketches for our consideration.

A "pat on the back" for Walt Mundy for his negotiations with the AAMB at Duxford to extend the loan agreement of the *Fightin' Sam* from five to ten years! Thanks, Walt!

Oral histories from 2ADA members are to be made a part of the Second to None exhibit. More on this later. Have you made yours?

It was an honor and a privilege to meet General Lewis E. Lyle, USAF Ret. who is recognized as the founder of the museum, and General E.G. "Buck" Shuler, Jr., USAF Ret., past chairman of the museum. It was a most enjoyable weekend. The hospitality will be long remembered. The 2ADA has a positive basis on which to build a lasting relationship with the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum, and they with us. Join me in making the most of it.



The activities of a few are working to divide the 2nd Air Division Association once again. RESIST! And let us keep a positive attitude *for* and within the 2ADA.

I am reminded that this issue of the *Journal* is #3 and the last issue until 2007! How very sad, indeed! So, I am sending **Christmas Greetings** to all of you in June (and it's 93 degrees here in Texas!) Anyway, we need a little Christmas and we need a little Christmas cheer, so, LET'S MAKE IT HAPPEN!!! ■



2ADA President Alan Senior at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum on May 20, 2006

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.

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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Executive Vice President's Message

BY EARL L. ZIMMERMAN (389TH)

If I recall, I was anointed Executive Vice President of the 2ADA about thirty years ago and this is the second time around. I guess I shouldn't complain though; the next year when I was president, the 2ADA went to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin for our reunion where the Playboy Bunnies were charging around, which I think was the cause for poor attendance at our meetings to discuss the bylaws.

I was a radioman on the Lt. Harold L. James crew of the 389th BG. We went over with the original group in June 1943. I turned on the lights at Hethel, and I returned with the group, minus my crew, KIAs and POWs, in June of 1945 and turned off the lights at Hethel. I got in 16 missions in two years but had a few diversions like six months in Turkey, via Ploesti, where I had to dance with the ugly daughter of the ambassador on occasions. After "escaping" from Turkey and returning to Hethel in January of '44, I was told by operations that during my time in North Africa, I had credit for three missions and according to their calculations, it would take me about 17 years to finished the required 25 missions to PCS to the ZI. The other diversion was DS to Leuchars, Scotland, to fly the black Libs with the Carpetbaggers. Col. Bernt Balchen, our commander, was known as the first pilot to fly over



Earl Zimmerman through the years, starting with 1945

both the North and South Poles. I flew with him on two occasions. Our mission was to drop supplies and "Joes" to the Norwegian underground at night. Hey guys, you think combat was rough, how about dropping down to 300 feet to drop the containers, flying in an area with uncharted mountains. We lost one of our original gunners, S/Sgt. John P. Morris, when he flew with another crew. The plane hit a mountain and all the crew were KIA.

After the big one, I stayed in the Air

Force and retired in June of 1964. I was assigned to OSI in 1949 as a Special Agent and served with Charles J. Weiss, who was stationed at Hardwick. We operated out of the Tech Division and our forté was picking locks and cracking safes.

I can't remember when I joined the 2ADA but I did attend the dedication of the original 2AD Memorial Room in the library in Norwich in 1963 and the dedication of the new Memorial Library at the Forum a few years ago. ■

Thoughts from the 2ADA Liaison to the Mighty 8th Museum

BY NEAL SORENSEN (489TH)

Excitement abounds at the Mighty 8th Air Force Museum in Pooler, Georgia. Plans and preparations to make the Second Air Division display the leading attraction are coming to fruition.

Walt Mundy, who is spearheading the fund drive for the *Fightin' Sam* display, reports nearing the \$117,000 mark in the drive for \$125,000. As you all know, when Walt takes on an assignment, it is carried out with enthusiasm and determination!

2ADA President Alan Senior has written a letter to all group vice presidents urging them to have all of their members create an oral or video history for the Mighty 8th Museum archives. Too many stories of heroism, photos and G.I. humor have already been lost. Let's not lose any more.

So you weren't a Hollywood-type hero? Thrilling to the sight of a 1,000 strong bomber stream at fifty degrees below zero, you had your own thoughts about the Face

of God. Or you bought fresh eggs from a nearby farm and made an omelet on the stove in your hut. Each slice of our war-time experiences will be a rich Mother Lode for future researchers looking to humanize the face of WWII.

Here are a few tips on how to conduct your interview (or to be interviewed).

The only formal part identifies the parties involved: Example: "This is Neal Sorensen interviewing Alan Senior for the Second to None Liberator Campaign for the Second Air Division of the Mighty Eighth Air Force, on July 4th, 2006."

Have a quiet, relaxed setting of just the two of you. Highly private and personal memories are best shared one-on-one.

Do not "march" through the interviewee's life. Future viewers or listeners are interested in the "What, why, where and when" of the interviewee's Air Force experiences. "Why did you choose the Army,

the Air Corps or the Air Forces?... Where did you train?... When did you go overseas?...

Items of interest such as an A-2 flight jacket decorated with the airplane you flew, bombs indicating your missions, etc. can create answers that are informal and may lead to other anecdotes that will enrich the content.

The interviewee is the star. You should ask questions in a way that centers on him (or her). Phrase your questions to require a detailed answer (avoid "yes" or "no" answers).

Take a break before introducing a new chain of questioning. Have a cup of coffee, water or a soft drink available.

If using video, try to get favorable lighting. Professional interviews are not expected, but if you capture the personality of your interviewee, it will overcome any technical shortcomings. ■

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

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH)



28 of the 30 veterans in attendance at the 2ADA Southwest Regional Dinner held in Dallas, Texas on 25 March 2006.

This report will be brief, as I am certain Matthew Martin will fill you in on many of the details from the Governors meetings.

I attended the 28 July 2006 Governors meeting and as usual it was conducted in fine style by Chairman Martin. I was visiting Norwich as a member of the 445th Kassel Memorial Association. Bill Dewey honchoed this trip of 42 veterans and relatives of many who were lost on the Kassel mission, which included a visit to Bad Hersfeld, Germany. This was the location where some 25 planes of the 445th BG were shot down on 27 September 1944.

Back to Norwich. The Kassel representatives were invited to attend the Governors meeting. Chairman Martin welcomed veterans Bill Dewey, Ray Lemons, Herb Schwartz, Billy Stephan and Chuck Walker, as well as Joan Patterson who was publicly thanked for her very generous donation of \$100,000.

Nothing unusual was reported at the meeting. Derek Hills reported attendance at the Memorial Library was down some in May and June, no doubt due to so much interest in the World Cup matches. All allocations made under the book endowment programs had been made and about 140 letters of information sent out by July 10th. This quick turnaround was made possible by the large donation made by Norfolk County Council. Dr. Vernon Will-

iams, Professor of History at Abilene Christian University, Texas presented his documentary film, *Liberators Over East Anglia: B-24 Groups on the Air Front in England*, at the Library on April 26th. Dr. Williams pledged the Library DVD copies of his and his students' work. Glenn Gray has been busy looking at selection of book stock and maintaining the Library website by making a number of updates. The Chairman congratulated Derek Hills and Glenn Gray on their achievements, especially in the field of outreach work.

Governor Fran Davies announced that The Rt. Hon. Lord Hurd of Westwell, CH CBE PC has agreed to be the speaker at the next biennial lecture sponsored by the Governors. It will be held 14 November 2007. Lord Hurd served as Home Secretary (1985-1989) and Foreign Secretary (1989-1995). I am uncertain of his subject but I am certain it will be of great interest.

David Neale reported plans are underway for the Friends' annual Thanksgiving Day dinner. David reports there are 80 U.S. members and 117 U.K. members of the Friends. One of their big events was the 20 July visit of American Ambassador Robert Tuttle to Norwich and our Memorial Library. The two-page spread in the *Eastern Daily Press* included a picture taken in our Library and had this statement: "Robert Tuttle was delighted to return to Norwich after his brief visit in

February to meet then Home Secretary Charles Clarke had not allowed time to fully visit the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library at the Forum. His visit yesterday also took in the Castle and the Sainsbury Centre at the UER but he said 'Mainly, I am here to learn about the Library. It is one of the few living memorials to the Second World War. There are wonderful memorials throughout the world but this is really the only living memorial, so that is why it is special to come here.'

I must add that the trip to Bad Hersfeld was a very pleasant surprise. It is a beautiful village, and the Germans we met could not have been nicer. They took us to all the crash sites now that the Iron Curtain is down, and treated us to two grand receptions and dinner. I would like to go back to that village!

REPORT OF THE TRUST LIBRARIAN

Derek Hills has advised me of the latest book purchases made from the Phyllis DuBois Endowment Fund. This Endowment was made by 2nd Air Division Association veterans in loving memory of Phyllis DuBois for her contributions to our Memorial Library. Phyllis was an extraordinary librarian, researcher and friend who dedicated her life to making this unique Library a living Memorial to our comrades who gave their lives. The books are: *National Gallery of Art: Mas-*
(continued on next page)

The Editor's Contribution

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

THE FRIENDS OF THE 2AD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

In 1988, the late Mrs. Anne Barne, a Founder Governor of the Memorial Trust in 1945, was instrumental in establishing "The Friends of the Memorial" organization in order to strengthen still further the links between the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust and the villagers of the areas around each of the fourteen bomber airfields and Headquarters based at Ketteringham Hall. A meeting was called in the lecture theatre at the old Central Library and over fifty people attended to listen to Anne's proposals. At the end of the evening it was unanimously agreed to form the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, and the organization has gone from strength to strength over the years.

Membership in The Friends is open to anyone, and especially those who are interested in preserving the memory of the 2nd Air Division USAF.

The Friends Committee meets on a monthly basis and normally tries to include people from all the old bases. Regular meetings are held, usually at Hardwick in one of the beautifully restored wartime huts. Also outside visits are planned each year to such places as Duxford, East Kirkby, RAF Mildenhall and Old Warden.

Special film nights are arranged to show the unique Dzenowagis Film Archive collection including the Norwich Conventions, the VE Day Parade, the Roll of Honor, Pride of the Nation and many others. On those evenings a fish and chip supper is normally provided as part of the program.

In November each year the Friends are also responsible for arranging the Annual Thanksgiving Dinner, usually held in a Norwich Hotel.

The Friends Newsletter, called *Second Thoughts*, is printed at regular intervals in order to keep all the members fully in the picture as to what is happening in the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library and at the old bases. Visits by the veterans are also listed in the newsletter when these are known.

JOIN THE FRIENDS TODAY . . . and support the unique and living 2nd Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich as well as the old bases. Annual membership fees are \$8 per individual or \$14 per couple, U.S. funds. All payments of subscriptions

or donations coming from the United States, please make your check payable to: Lt. Colonel W.D. Wuest and send to:

Lt. Colonel W.D. Wuest
Box 232 PSC37
APO AE 09459-0232

ANSWERS TO THE SUMMER QUIZ

1. "Molling" involved harassing and alerting German defenses, in the hopes that their fighters would be diverted from other 8th AF raiders.

2. The B-26 flew some 90 missions during the summer of 1943. The much-maligned "Marauder" proved itself losing 13 B-26s in 4,000 sorties; only one to fighters. They were transferred to the 9th AF for tactical invasion duty.

3. When the "Mosquito" raids on Berlin

became more than a nuisance, Hitler demanded to know why they could not build a plane like that!

4. This was the reply by the Luftwaffe fighter commander Adolph Galland, when asked what did he need to stop the Allied air offensive.

THE FALL QUIZ

1. In the 8th AF what was the highest number of missions any one crew member flew?

2. What type of plane and which bomb group did he fly in?

3. The movie *Twelve O'Clock High* was a dramatization of the incidents at what actual 8th AF bomb group?

4. Where in the U.S. was the movie filmed? ■

HEADQUARTERS 2D BOMBARDMENT DIVISION AAF 147 APO 558

23 December 1944

SUBJECT: Order of the Day
TO: All Personnel, Headquarters 2d Bombardment Division

The following order of the day issued by the Supreme Commander will be read by every member of this Headquarters. Quote: To every member of the A.E.F. The enemy is making his supreme effort to break out of the desperate plight into which you have forced him by your brilliant victories of the summer and fall. He is fighting savagely to take back all that you have won and is using every treacherous trick to deceive and kill you. He is gambling everything, but already, in this battle, your gallantry has done much to foil his plans. In the face of your proven bravery and fortitude, he will completely fail. But we cannot be content with his mere repulse. By rushing out from his fixed defenses the enemy may give us the chance to turn his great gamble into his worst defeat. So I call upon every man, of all the allies, to rise now to new heights of courage, of resolution, and of effort. Let everyone hold before him a single thought — to destroy the enemy on the ground, in the air, everywhere — destroy him. United in this determination and with unshakable faith in the cause for which we fight, we will, with God's help, go forward to our greatest victory. Signed: Dwight D. Eisenhower. Unquote.

By command of Major General KEPNER:

FRANCIS H. GRISWOLD
Brigadier General, U.S.A. • Chief of Staff

REPORT OF THE 2ADA REPRESENTATIVE (continued from page 6)

ter Paintings from the Collection, by John Oliver Hand; *Desert University: More Than 300 Spectacular Recipes from White House Pastry Chef Roland Mesanier*, by Roland Mesanier; and *Attlebridge Arsenal: The Men and Aircraft of the 466th Bomb Group*, by Earl Wesson and Chris Brassfield.

Derek advises we now have 70 groups or individuals participating in the book endowment program and three endowments have been taken out in 2006. The Library is thus enabled to provide a greater scope and diversity of material than ever before. The staff is committed to providing books which have been well reviewed and which meet the growing expectations that our patrons have of our service. To this end, the staff monitors the New York Review of Books; New Criterion: (American) Library Journal; Bookseller; and various aviation journals as well as publishers and best-sellers lists, and, for the first time this year, our 2ADA/Fulbright librarian has built up a small collection of classic American fiction for one of our wing collections.

We thank Derek for such a fine report.

As this is the last *Journal* of 2006, I wish each of you a happy and healthy holiday season and a prosperous 2007. You have seen many "New Years," and may this be one of the best. ■



491st BOMB GROUP
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY HUGH BENNETT

As I write this article for the Fall 2006 *Journal*, we have just celebrated another Memorial Day and it's the start of hurricane season in Florida.

It has been 62 years since we lost the Marvin Butler crew on their 13th mission, June 25, 1944. The target that day was Villacoublay, France, an enemy airfield. Henry Hoos, their radioman, attended radio school with me and we had become very good friends. Sitting together at briefing that day, he had the feeling that they wouldn't make it. I tried to reassure him that 13 was only a number and not to worry as it would be my 15th and we made 13 without mishap. Their tail gunner was Fred Schultz, who was 42 years old and complaining that his legs were killing him, and I told him, at his age he could be grounded. The answer he gave me is the same as any crew member would give: "As a crew we are family and whatever happens we go together." My last conversation with Henry was, "if we don't make it, don't forget me," and I made that promise. May he rest in peace. The price of freedom cost the Second Air Division almost 7,000 men. We all lost good friends that we will never forget.

Our 2ADA president, Alan Senior, is urging everyone to get in on the Oral History Program. I expect there will be more on this subject in this *Journal*. My oral history was taken by the Mighty 8th Air Force Museum at the start of the Second to None Campaign in June 2004.

The 2nd Air Division Association convention and the 491st reunion were on the same dates this year, and you can't be in two places at the same time. The Air Force Memorial was my priority. The 491st will be going to Dayton for the 2007 reunion.

This being the last *Journal* of the year, I wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a healthy New Year, and as my Dad said, "Keep Breathing!" May God bless America. ■

NOW YOU CAN REST IN PEACE

Press Release from ROBERT HENDERSON STUDIOS, Canon City, Colorado

Most of us are concerned about leaving our mark when we leave this world. Will our grandchildren and great-grandchildren remember who we were and what we did? Will future generations truly understand the difference the World War II generation made upon their world?

Now, the "Greatest Generation" can rest in peace knowing that its history is indelibly left — in bronze. Because of the tenacity and strong will of sculptor Robert Henderson, generations to come will see and feel the past.

Henderson's goal, to record World War II aviation history, was not easily reached. From the onset, he was told "No, it can't be done," by both the United States Air Force Academy AND the World War II groups. The resistance was strong but Henderson's will was stronger. Time after time, upon proposing his wish to record this history to warbirds groups, he was told emphatically, "No."



Robert Henderson with "Otis" — his newest sculpture.

Only a handful of ambitious and wise people offered support — emotionally then monetarily. It was an uphill battle that Henderson stubbornly pursued. Each warbird group had its resisters. But, each warbird group also had a "few good men" and women, those who understood that their history would be lost if they, themselves, did not leave it behind. No longer were schools teaching about World War II. If there was mention, it consisted of, perhaps, one or two pages of superficial information.

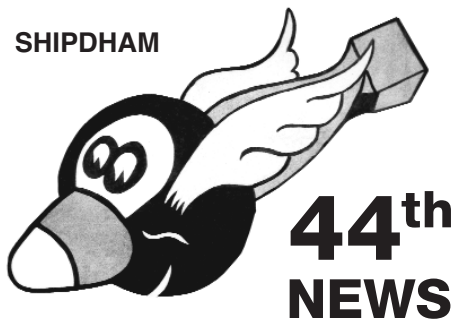
Now, after placing eight monumental bronze warbirds on The Honor Court at the Air Force Academy, Henderson's dream to record this era is realized. Visitors to the Academy have made this sculpture garden the most visited site on the grounds. Cadets are required to study the warbirds on The Honor Court. As a matter of fact, it is a usual sight to see a cadet standing in The Study Hall sculpture garden soaking up its meaning.

To date, Henderson has created more than two dozen monumental warbird memorials which dot the nation — Pearl Harbor, Balboa Park in San Diego, as well as museums, airports, corporate offices and private homes. All of the areas are accessible to the public and in full view of future generations, as opposed to obscure foreign sites.

Henderson, if truth be told, does not feel his mission is accomplished. He would love to see more warbirds be represented on the Honor Court and other public areas. Knowing that those who made this history are leaving us at an alarming rate, this may not be possible. But, he continues to wish.

For now, though, World War II history is safely recorded and those who made it can truly "REST IN PEACE."

If you, too, are still wishing, log on to www.warbirdcentral.com or call 800-305-1738. ■



BY PERRY MORSE

HOW I GOT TO BE A GUNNER

I was drafted from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and had already gotten some training in automobile repairs. I hoped to do that kind of work in the Army. No such luck. It was the dead of winter when they sent me to New Cumberland, PA, outfitted me and other recruits with heavy woolen uniforms, put us on a train and took us to Miami Beach, Florida. One member in our group passed out from the heat.

They put me in a nice hotel. After Basic, they asked for volunteers to be drill in-

structors, and I stepped forward. Life was good. My hotel was on the beach, and I could go out on the town every night. My mother came down to visit and my commanding officer told her that I was "a good boy, and they would probably keep me until the war was over as they would need a battery of men to clean up the hotels and return them to their former owners." My mother was proud and pleased.

Then I got to thinking, "What will I tell my children in the future . . . that I cleaned toilets through the war!!!" So, to my mother's horror, I volunteered for gunnery school.

Three days later I was en route to Tyn-dall Field for Air Force gunnery training. The previous class had not yet moved out, so they put us in tents in intense heat and millions of mosquitoes. From the cool ocean breezes to hot tents . . . Boy, what a rude awakening!

However, I eventually got with the greatest crew in the world — the Beiber crew. We really were a team. I have the greatest respect and fondest memories of George Beiber, my pilot, who got us through 35

missions without a scratch on any member of the crew. Thanks to his piloting skills, the "Little Friends" that flew with us, and my mother's prayers, I am still around to attend great reunions and mix with great heroes. It sure beats spending three years cleaning toilets.



Reporting for the 44th BGVA, we will be joining the 2ADA at the big Washington convention in October.

Our database has been completed and each member has received a disk, thanks to Arlo Bartsch, president of Computer Generated Data; Will Lundy, who supplied most of the research; and the many members who submitted their personal stories.

After a lifetime of collecting stories, Will Lundy relinquished his seventeen file cabinets of papers and photographs to the Army Heritage Museum in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. His book, *The Roll of Honor*, is in its second printing and he is currently completing Bill Cameron's book about Ploesti. After that, he expects to retire. ■

By the time you read this, the Heritage League's first ever "stand alone" convention will be history. Some years ago, when we first proposed to do so in order to gain our own experience with this terrifically important membership-unifying activity, some in the 2ADA were concerned that doing so would "...send the wrong signal." We hope that our comportment and actions have consistently persuaded skeptics as well as our "unconditional admirers" within the 2ADA, that we remain committed to our special legacy, and to honoring and remembering the services and sacrifices made by you and your fallen comrades in the name of freedom during WWII. Secondly, by now I hope all will agree that we have also shown: we know how to throw a decent party!

We *intend* to send a signal: we are here as a perpetual organization, and we stand ready to take on important functions (like hosting reunions open to *all* who served in combat or support organizations of the 2nd Air Division and their descendants and fans) and roles, such as sustaining American support of the Memorial Library and of the 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian in Norwich.

Our outreach for new members is inclusive and welcoming. For example, we target "stand alone" organizations of our class of honored 2nd Air Division vets, such as the 3rd Strategic Air Depot, and descendants of the fighter groups which were assigned to protect you over the Continent. Consistent with our missions and

THE HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY BRIAN H. MAHONEY
Heritage League President

charge, we have developed open and very cordial relations with our "perpetual" entities whose interests, while not limited to "our" Second Air Division, *encompass* that particular historical organization. We have liaisons with the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum (site of many of our convention functions) and the 8th Air Force Historical Society. In none of these relations do we fear dilution of our unique identity, and in our prospect for the future, we would tell all of our friends in the 2ADA, in the Second Air Division Memorial Trust, and in The Friends of the 2AD Memorial: our support of you will not diminish one whit, while we grow to also support and encourage others who, with us, *honor and remember your service and sacrifice*. I am happy to tell you that fears which inhibited some previous

leaders in your Association from fully endorsing our attempts to grow upward and outward, are not only shown to be groundless, but they are completely absent in your present leadership. President Senior and several others on the Executive Committee open the kind of dialogue we have been asking for, and together we are now in discussion on important issues of transition, of figuratively "passing the torch." Both the 2ADA and Heritage League memberships will be reading reports of specifics before the snow flies.

The increasingly active Heritage League invites your close scrutiny, and we deserve your support and endorsement. Just as we have taken on wreath-laying at Cambridge and four of the American Cemeteries in northern Europe, we assure you of our pledge to keep your memory alive, and your story accurately and vibrantly presented to succeeding generations.

In particular, those of us middle-aged "kids" in the second generation are personally committed to letting our remaining cherished vets and their spouses or widows know that whenever you are ready, your reunions, newsletters and commemorative activities will all be "in good hands," allowing you to be at peace with letting go of those activities in your own twilight years. You are our parents, the surviving comrades-in-arms, our heroes. It is a gift to you that we are *honored* to make, and we welcome the graciousness we now see, ready to accept the gift. ■



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

NORTH PICKENHAM

BY WILLIS H. "BILL" BEASLEY

DESTINATION DAYTON, OHIO

The 492nd Bomb Group members and friends 139 strong met in Dayton, Ohio from June 21 to June 25. The highlight of the four-day gathering was the rededication ceremony in the Memorial Park. Ernie Haar served as the MC. The Honor Guard, presentation of a plaque and two bound volumes of the *Happy Warrior* by Bill and Norma Beasley were followed by the donation of a painting entitled "Two Liberators" given to the museum by the Charles Arnett Family. Wayne Arnett accompanied his father to make the presentation. Allan Blue gave a history of the Bomb Group; Archie MacIntyre and Paul Gidel laid a wreath. Tom Floyd unveiled the memorial plaque. The VFW was unable to give a gun salute; however, George Marcum released 21 white

doves after which Madeline Beasley played Taps. The frosting on the cake was a fly-over by a BT-13. The pilot made one pass over our group and came back with a wing-waggle. Credit must be given to 2ADA President Senior for sending us in the right direction for this pilot.

We were given clearance by General Metcalf to enter the museum before the public, and all veterans were allowed to go through the B-24.

Dayton Mayor Rhine McLin joined us for dinner that night. She welcomed our group to the city and presented a proclamation to the 492nd BG.

Ed Remy did his magic tricks after dinner and called on Daisy (7) and Bonnie (4), daughters of Roby Scott, to help him. They were superb.

Friday saw 96 members board buses to take a ride on the Cincinnati Belle for a trip down the Ohio River that included lunch. Our prize drawing was very successful thanks to Howard Heckmann and his crew consisting of Margaret Heckmann and Laverne Hughes.

Lt. Gen. Nicholas Kehoe III, president of the Medal of Honor Foundation, was our guest speaker. He showed a film on the Medal of Honor. His presentation was excellent. Of interest to many was that the Medal of Honor Foundation has a goal to place one of its books in every middle and high school in every state in the Union. At this time all schools in Colorado have the book. What a terrific endeavor.

Nick's father was a member of the 492nd Bomb Group in the 856th BS. Nick Jr. was shot down on June 20, 1944 and became a Swedish Internee.

Nick brought his mother Mary and his brother Mike to the Friday night dinner and the Saturday night banquet. We were very glad they were able to attend as well as Jane Leach (Director of Special Events for the museum) and her husband.

Another big event was the attendance of J. Kenneth Blackwell, Secretary of State of Ohio and his wife Rosa at the banquet. He gave the 492nd BG a proclamation and a welcome speech to the State of Ohio. Two dynamic speakers at one event. How lucky can we get?

Norma and I were presented with a plaque expressing the appreciation of the

492nd membership. It was even signed by Russell Ives and Allan Sirrell. This brought tears on our part (of joy and gratitude of course). Our service is a labor of love. Robin Janton undertook this project and we are humbly grateful.

Robin Janton worked diligently to obtain three proclamations that the group received, from James Petro, the Attorney General, State of Ohio; from Representative Robert Ney; and from J. Kenneth Blackwell, Secretary of State.

A surprise visit by Luanne Rice, whose deceased father was a member of the 492nd BG, was an unexpected bonus. Luanne has written many books that have made the bestseller list. You can find them in all the bookstores as well as stores such as Target and Wal-Mart. She is a very gracious lady who couldn't quite get enough visiting with the veterans.

The ladies were given scarves made by Janette Beasley. Table decorations were made by Frances Grasberg with help from her husband, Brian. They get better every year. Laverne Hughes brought buckeye candies (rich and good). The Floyds again brought their Praline Mix and Pralines.

It was wonderful to have so many children, grandchildren and great grandchildren attend this reunion. Hopefully, they will continue to pursue and preserve the history of the 492nd Bomb Group. The website maintained by Paul and David Arnett is a prime example. We are very proud of their work.

Last but not least, Lorraine Williford gave a moving toast with water at the banquet. The three gold star children, Patrick Byrne, Kathy Jensen, and Billy Johnson, led the Pledge of Allegiance at each of three banquet meals. Bill Jensen, Kathy's husband, led the group in singing "God Bless America" and the National Anthem. Madeline Beasley played the National Anthem at the banquet.

I was reelected to serve as VP 492nd BG and Norma to continue the *Happy Warrior* and reunions.

We had white t-shirts made with The Happy Warrior in blue on the pocket. If you would like to buy one, contact Robin Janton, 23573 Pole Ridge, Laurelville, Ohio 43135. Phone 740-332-1271. Price is \$10.

See the 492nd BG website for information on the book printed in England about the base at North Pickenham. Paul Arnett has the details. The cover has a picture of the "Two Liberators" picture that was given to the museum. A great find.

CORRECTION

OOOPS! Sorry to have given misinformation about the stones in the American Battle Monument Cemetery in the Ar-
(continued on next page)

KETTERINGHAM HALL DIVISION

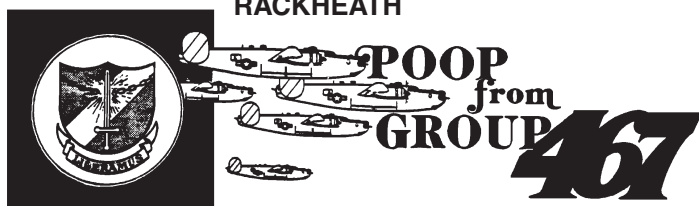


BY JAMES H. REEVES

I am honored to be appointed Vice President of Headquarters, Second Air Division Association.

Prior to going to England in June 1943 I attended Engineering and Operations School at Ft. Logan, Colorado. I spent my entire time overseas working in the Operations section of Headquarters Second Air Division. I served as an enlisted man and also as an officer. I received a direct appointment from the rank of Master Sergeant. I was among the group of twenty chosen by General Milt Arnold to close down the Second Air Division at the end of World War II.

It was my pleasure to serve as president of the Second Air Division Association during 1987-1988. My wife, Edna, and I have been privileged to attend many of the conventions through the years with great pleasure. ■



BY JACK STEVENS

It's mid-June in San Diego and oh sooo nice — blue sky, warm sun (not hot), a soft breeze, and sandy beaches. It's all very inviting, and there's lots of *manana* (tomorrow — maybe). A couple of beach chairs and a beach umbrella are all I need. BUT, duty calls.

The 25th Annual Southern California Dinner was held on 28 January at the Phoenix Club in Anaheim with Bud Chamberlain (489th) as M.C. The Reunion Committee: Dick Baynes (466th), Del Mann (467th/491st), Bud Chamberlain (489th), Mac Dike (466th), Julian Ertz (44th), John Rowe (448th), Amador Espinosa (445th), and J. Fred Thomas (392nd).

Jonna Doolittle Hoppes, granddaughter of General Jimmy Doolittle, is the author of a book about her grandfather and spoke about his background and her memories and admiration of him. Jane Russell was a friendly table companion and the subject of our 2ADA photo fans; later, she charmed us with a personal story and song. George Welsh, president of the Liberator Club and editor of *Bomber Legends*, spoke briefly about the bronze B-24 sculpture in San Diego's Balboa Park. Mark Hoage displayed an interesting assemblage of B-24 memorabilia from his extensive collection and many of our members added items from their personal collections. Mrs. Peggy Learman conducted the grand finale, a large and wide-ranging raffle of prizes. Not every attendee won a prize; it just seemed that way.

In mid-March, during a visit with family members in Long Beach, Memorial Trust Governor Andrew Hawker came to San Diego and visited the Veterans Museum Garden B-24, the San Diego Aerospace Museum in Balboa Park, and the Aircraft Carrier "Midway" Museum on the Embarcadero.

The 467th Bomb Group held its 2006 convention from 20 to 24 April at the Holiday Inn, Mission Valley, San Diego. Group President M.R. (Ralph) Davis planned the program of activities and necessary transportation, worked out the details and then monitored the reunion with assists from these associate members: sons Bob Davis (467th Home Page Webmaster) and Kerry Davis, and Kevin and Kelly Coolidge. There were eighty-two attendees — veterans, family members (including Col. Shower's wife, Charlotte, and son, Jay), and friends, including four British "Friends of the 467th." These were:

Denis Sporle — On 22 April 1944, Denis was an 11-year old boy when German night fighters followed us back from a late mission to Hamm. In the resulting total blackout, they shot Stalie Reed and his crew down near the Sporle home, in Barsham — southeast of Norwich. He led the effort of Barsham citizens to fund and build a memorial to those airmen who died.

William P. (Perry) Watts and his son James — Perry is retired and a 467th historian. His highly-recommended 424-page volume, *The 467th Bombardment Group (H) in World War II*, has recently been published by Schiffer Publishing Ltd, and is available through amazon.com.

Andrew (Andy) Wilkinson — Andy is an air controller at Heathrow Airport, a long-time 467th historian, and the 467th Picture Page Webmaster.

Thursday the 20th was Settling-In Day — checking facilities, joining others in the hospitality/memorabilia room, and getting reacquainted and up-to-date on people and events.

On Friday, we toured the San Diego Veterans Museum and Gar-

den, with its centerpiece, a bronze 18-foot-wingspan B-24 above a circular pool. We toured the nearby San Diego Aerospace Museum and then went to Old Town to experience its vintage sights and Mexican food. After lunch, we went to Gillespie Field in La Mesa for the "Wings Over Gillespie" Air Show with its many booths and exhibits. We watched the daring young men and women perform in their flying machines and late in the afternoon we watched the Collings Foundation's B-17, B-24 and B-25 come in after their annual visit to Phoenix.

The Collings Foundation is to be commended for its restoration, maintenance, and nationwide display of these symbols of the airpower that contributed so much to winning World War II.

Saturday was a FULL day and started at the Embarcadero where we boarded a harbor cruise ship for a narrated scenic cruise of San Diego Harbor. Then off to Gillespie Field for a close-up viewing of the well maintained B-17, B-24 and B-25. Of course we clustered around the B-24, with its 467th insignia and *Witchcraft* nose art.

As evening approached, we walked to the nearby hangar of the Warbirds West Air Museum (WWAM), an organization that restores military vehicles and aircraft and displays them for public occasions. Because of a WWAM official's friendship with Jay Shower, a summary of the 467th WWII history was published in their newsletter and we were honored at their annual Dinner/Dance in the WWAM Hangar at Gillespie Field on 24 April. Needless to say, we enjoyed being with the young leisure-time flying enthusiasts, their delicious Mexican buffet dinner and a bit of their "hot" dance music. We senior folks left before the evening was over to get some much-needed rest.

On Sunday, at the Board and General Membership meetings, we acted on organization reports and business and voted to meet in the Dayton, Ohio area for our next reunion. In the evening, we enjoyed a social hour and then a very fine banquet followed by a most interesting PowerPoint presentation on the Flying Wing Project by the project leader, Gen. Robert L. Cardenas (44th BG). When then-Major Cardenas flew the Flying Wing to Andrews AFB in record time, as a demonstration for President Truman, the President was so impressed that he stated he wanted a number of the planes to be manufactured. Unfortunately, another test pilot crashed in a subsequent test flight and ultimately the project was cancelled. But Jack Northrup stayed with his dream of a Flying Wing, and with the advent of computer micro-technology and turbine engine development, Bob Cardenas has watched his P-39 Flying Wing develop into today's B-2 Bomber.

We're all home now and recovering, but we're looking forward to seeing you in Washington in October for the 2ADA convention and the dedication of the Air Force Memorial. I'll report on those in our next issue of the *Journal*. Meanwhile:

Keep 'Em Flying! ■

492ND HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS (*continued*)

dennes. Per Mr. Hooker, Superintendent, "The grave adopters do not keep the headstones clean nor do they tend to the graves in any fashion. The crew of the Ardennes cemetery maintains all structures, grounds and equipment. All we ask of the grave adopters is to not forget the reason for which our heroes died. Every Memorial Day all 2,700 grave adopters are invited to participate in our ceremony. We encourage these 'God-parents' to place flowers on the grave on Memorial Day and the date of death. Many of our adopters bring floral tributes all year round."



This issue of the *Journal* will be the last before Christmas, so we send you all Holiday Greetings.

See you in Colorado Springs, Colorado in 2007! ■



BY JIM LORENZ

The rumors of the sale of our Attlebridge base (for luxury condos) have all but disappeared — probably for our lifetime. Mr. Matthews has offered to maintain the grass, hedge rows and trees on our Frans Green 466th BG memorial for as long as he owns Attlebridge base. We currently have Digby Horner (British Legion who lives nearby) buy and place our flowers on our Memorial Day and our Veterans Day (Remembrance Day in England). This plot has been deeded to the USA; thus our National Cemeteries organization will — for a \$100 fee — place an annual Memorial Day wreath on our plot. We share these costs with the 466th BGA, which has set up a dedicated account to be used only for this purpose.

All Saints Church will remain, but they may be asked to share a rector with other small churches in the area, and have only one service there each month. In any case, our mementos in the church will remain there.

NEW MEDALS ANNOUNCED BY THE PENTAGON

The May 2005 issue of *Air Force Magazine* had an article announcing new medals for Afghanistan and Iraq. To receive the Afghanistan Campaign Medal, a service member must have served in direct support of Operation Enduring Freedom on or after October 24, 2001 on the ground or in the air. For the Iraq Campaign Medal, a member must have served in direct support of Operation Iraqi Freedom on or after March 19, 2003 — on all land areas of Iraq, the contiguous water out to 13.8 miles and all air space above the land areas of Iraq and designated water.

MEETINGS

The 466th BGA and the 8th Air Force Historical Society will convene at Barksdale Air Force Base, Bossier, Louisiana, October 4-7, 2006.

The 2nd Air Division Association will hold its annual convention October 12-16, 2006 at the Fairview Park Marriott, Falls Church, Virginia. ■

“TAIL END CHARLIES”

The Last Battles of the Bomber War 1944-45

by John Nichol and Tony Rennell

BOOK REVIEW BY CARL V. BATZKALL (AM)

In the vernacular of the men of the Eighth Air Force, “Tail-End Charlie” referred to the vulnerable last aircraft in any of the giant formations that assembled in the skies over England and headed eastward toward the well-defended shores of a Hitler-dominated Europe. To be at the end meant no protection from other planes, the last aircraft over the target when the enemy gunners on the ground were sure of their range, and the last one home if you made it home at all.

To the British, a “Tail-End Charlie” was not an aircraft but an individual in a bomber crew. The name was given to the rear gunner of a Lancaster or a Halifax bomber.

As the book’s title implies, British authors John Nichol and Tony Rennell have assembled a series of stories about American and British aircrews who flew in “the deadliest, coldest and loneliest” position of a bomber formation known as “Tail-End Charlie.”

This book concentrates on the tail end of the war, the period from the start of 1944 until V-E Day, May 8, 1945. In that sense, everyone who flew and fought in that final phase of the bomber war — whether as pilot, engineer, navigator, wireless operator, bombardier, or gunner — was a “Tail-End Charlie.”

Having done extensive research, the authors have written a book rich in detail. They conducted 100 interviews of aircrew veterans. Their compelling stories are interspersed throughout the text. They tell of “rookie” crews who often flew that position in the formation known as “Purple Heart Corner.” They tell of the terror of flying through flak, battling enemy fighter planes and the loss of friends. Many of their stories are heroic and at times a little humorous.

Twenty-three photographs enhance a 384-page text. I also recommend reading the chapter notes as they are encountered within the text. Many of them are “highly detailed” and make for interesting reading.

In closing this review of *Tail-End Charlies* — whether you read this book for general knowledge, enlightenment or nostalgia, you’ll immediately rediscover your own life, and the lives of ordinary men who helped save the world from becoming the domain of madmen. ■

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This book is a best seller in England and just published in the United States. Famous authors John Nichol and Tony Rennell interviewed scores of U.S. 8th AF and British RAF crews and have provided vivid combat experience descriptions in their own words. Some of the reviews:

David Hastings, RAF veteran and a Governor of the Memorial Trust of the 8th AF Second Air Division says: “A true record of what it was like flying day and night missions over Europe.” George McGovern, 15th AF B-24 combat veteran and former U.S. presidential candidate says: “This is the best that has been written of the heroic American and British bomber crews.” Ira Weinstein, 8th AF bombardier veteran and Kassel Mission ex-POW: “Well written — good reading.”

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HARDWICK

Open Letter to the 93rd

BY JOHN LEE

As time passes on, we should give a great deal of thought to the future of not only our BG but the 2ADA. We in the 93rd are taking positive action to turn responsibility over to the younger generation. Sixty-one years have passed since the end of WWII. Each year we are losing our veterans to Father Time. We should not forget the achievements of these individuals who helped defeat the overwhelming forces of the Axis. The 93rd feels very strongly that we should carry on the organization into perpetuity. We have found that the sons and daughters and other relatives of our veterans are coming forward to hold positions that will go a long way toward this goal. Under Fernley Smith's leadership, a great deal has been accomplished. Paul Steichen, the son of a deceased veteran, has been appointed to act as president. Fernley will continue to serve in an advisory capacity. John Marx and Don Morrison accomplished the organization of our reunion in July along with Phyllis and Joe Duran.

We as a group experienced a very sad event during the Memorial Day weekend in May when Major General Ramsay Potts passed away. He made a great contribution to the success of the 93rd and the 2nd Air Division. His efforts and success both in the military and civilian life have been admirable. We recognize him as an outstanding leader who will be missed very much.

2ADA President Alan Senior has appointed me as chairman of the Nominating Committee. I feel honored by this assignment and at the time of this writing I am very busy working on this project. The other members of the committee are Perry Morse (44th BG), Hugh Bennett (491st BG), Otey Berkeley (489th BG) and Elmo W. Geppelt (458th BG). Our report will be submitted by the time this *Journal* is issued. I do believe that our committee should listen and solicit from the membership their recommendations. At the time of this writing we are requesting such input and will use it in our determinations. Nominees should meet the following requirements: Be members of the 2ADA in good standing, in reasonably good health, and supportive of the Memorial Trust.

The 2ADA convention on 13-16 October in the DC area should be an important event that will most likely address the future of the organization. The 93rd will recommend some possible changes in this area if appropriate.

As you know, I am always seeking articles of interest for this column. The following excerpt from his book, *Pilot from the Prairie*, was submitted by E. J. Allen. Ed is a member of the 93rd. His book is in its second printing and sells for \$13.95. His address will be at the end of the column or you can e-mail me for more information. Here is Chapter 19 from his book entitled:

“Low and Slow”

BY E. J. ALLEN

As a lead crew, we rarely flew a mission on two consecutive days. In fact, it had happened to us only once before. Upon our return from the long and harrowing mission to Munster, we were surprised to learn that our 26th mission would be the following day.

We noted that certain modifications had been made to the group's B-24 Liberators, and bundles of supplies were being loaded aboard. In addition, for the past week, quite a few of the crews had been out practicing low-level formation flying. This pointed to a low-level, supply-drop mission. We had never participated in any of these low-level practices so we assumed that a previously selected lead crew had become unavailable. Our lack of practice did not bother us, though. We were on a roll; we knew we could handle anything.

Our assumptions proved correct. This was Operation Varsity, and our role would be to drop supplies to paratroops and airborne infantry who were launching an assault across the Rhine River near Wesel, Germany. There would be 240 B-24s comprising nine bomb groups. We would be the third group in, following the 446th (the Second Air Division lead) and the 448th. Within the group, our crew would lead the high right squadron. This would be a challenge of a nature far different from the previous mission. Rather than enemy fire, our greatest concern would be the topography. We would be dropping supplies from an altitude of 250 feet — barely enough to clear most buildings and trees in that area. The drop would begin fifteen minutes after the last paratroops hit the ground and be clustered around Wesel and Hamminkeln.

In conjunction with the changes to our customary flying procedures, our crew make-up was also modified. Once again, Bill Woods joined us as copilot. As we ex-

pected no enemy fighter opposition, we would have none of the turrets manned by gunners. In the nose turret, Lt. Richard Amstutz, an extra navigator to assist Heffner, replaced Rapaciewicz. Reynolds also would assist Heffner in navigation until we were near the drop zone. At that point, Reynolds would concentrate on spotting the drop zone and releasing the canisters from the bomb bays while simultaneously advising the crew in the waist to start throwing out the bundles there. The low altitudes at which we would be flying would render our radar useless. That put Mac, our Mickey navigator, in the waist. Joining him were Rapaciewicz and an extra gunner, Sgt. Elmer Hawkins, as well as our gunners, Schick and Zinn. That made five in the waist to discharge the bundles of supplies.

Our load was 5,000 pounds of small arms, ammunition, hand grenades and blankets. Releasing the canisters from the bomb bays would be pretty routine for Reynolds. But the men in the waist would have more of a challenge. In the rush to quickly get everything out before we passed the drop zone, the men would have to be careful not to fall out of the airplane.

As we prepared for our flight, I tried to compensate for our lack of practice by envisioning what problems we might encounter. Two would especially tax our skills. The obvious was navigating at such low altitudes. At the normal altitude of 20,000 feet or more, we could see for many miles, weather permitting. Landscape features would go by very slowly. We had plenty of time to study the land, get our bearings, and make any necessary corrections.

At the low altitudes, the landscape would look much different. We would have a condensed view, and it all would fly by much too fast. We would have little time to recognize key features, consult our maps, and make necessary corrections. Our margin for error would be greatly reduced, as well. A structure, natural or man-made, that even slightly stood above the rest could be disastrous. Especially troublesome would be power lines since they would be so difficult to see. With little opportunity to see anything in our path and then even less to avoid it once seen, there was a good chance of catching it and crashing.

The other major problem was in our flying pattern. Normally, the high right squadron was positioned 500 feet higher and to the right of the lead while the low left was 500 feet below and to the left of the lead. This vertical distance gave the wing squadrons room to slide to or away from the center when turning without having to change speed or altitude.

(continued on next page)

LOW AND SLOW (cont. from page 13)

There would be no such vertical separation on this flight, as we would all be dropping supplies at the same altitude. To accomplish lateral separation, each squadron would be on its own but following the one ahead so as to be in line going over the drop zone. Each squadron had a specific time to be over the drop zone; so if we were early or late or strung too far out, we would interfere with the formations ahead or behind us.

Dealing with both problems really boiled down to doing what we had always done — staying alert to all around us, reacting quickly to any changes, and staying tight but not too tight to our formation. This, I knew, we could do.

We formed over England at about 2,500 feet and gradually descended to 1,500 feet by the time we crossed the French coast. Gradually, we began a descent to 400 feet as we proceeded north across France and Belgium toward the drop zone.

In the nose, Heffner and Reynolds were navigating mostly by pilotage, that is, by referring to visual checkpoints. I could hear them on the intercom comparing notes and cross-checking with each other and with Amstutz in the nose turret. During this period, the other two squadrons drifted off to our right about a mile; and I became concerned that we might be the ones off course. I asked Heffner how confident he was of our position and in short order, he showed me some check points that convinced me we were right on course. I was so confident of his navigation that I had the audacity to break radio silence and call our group leader, advising him we thought he was significantly off course. He merely acknowledged my message, probably wondering, “Who does this guy think he is? He’s never even flown a practice mission, and he’s telling me I’m off course!” But in a little bit, the other two squadrons drifted back to where we thought they should be.

We crossed the Rhine River and could see a pall of smoke and dust from the battle on the ground that reduced visibility substantially. A good share of the gray-white smoke was still coming from some of the smoke pots set out by the Allies to mask the assault. Unfortunately, it was masking the area for us, as well. We were all on extreme alert for other B-24s that might be off course and for tall buildings sticking up in our path. We could see many landing craft ferrying troops and supplies across the river. It was a very busy place. By this time we were down to about 100 feet, and we really had a bird’s eye view of the activity on the ground.

As we approached the IP, we ascended to the planned drop altitude of 250 feet and reduced our air speed to 150 miles per

hour. It took considerable will power for me to drop to such a low speed because I desperately wanted to get out of there as fast as I could. On bombing missions, we always tried to fly as high as possible and make the bomb run downwind so as to pass over the target as quickly as possible and limit the time we were exposed to the anti-aircraft gunners. This time, we were going in low and slow. Low minimized the aiming time for the German gunners, and slow reduced the risk of the parachutes tearing when they opened and stringing out too far apart.

As we neared our drop zone we could see what appeared to be other drop zones where the gliders and parachutes had preceded the supply drop and landed. Some of the gliders had crashed into other gliders right in the middle of the drop zone. Some had crashed into shell or bomb craters that pockmarked the area. And others had overshot and crashed into the woods beyond. Parachutes of all sorts of colors were everywhere, lying on the ground or hanging in the trees. It was utter chaos. I remember thinking that, given how many damaged gliders were lying around, the areas were obviously much too small for them to land.

The formation seemed to be in good shape as we came to our drop zone, and it appeared we were going to pass right over the center of it. The moment that our first bundles were out was the signal for the crews in the other B-24s to start discharging their bundles; and in short order, they were all out. Since we were so low, it did not take long for them to float to the ground.

After all the supplies were gone, we started a slow turn to the right, descending to about 100 feet again, and resuming our normal speed of 160 miles per hour. At one point, we passed close to a church steeple that stuck up to our level. All the while, we saw other structures almost that tall flashing by. We saw B-24s from other groups, which seemed to be milling around. One pilot in the third squadron claimed he was forced out of position prior to the drop and had to make two more runs alone to drop his supplies. Two whole squadrons of the 389th Bomb Group, which was behind us, had to make a second run in order to drop in the right zone. I have no idea how they managed it, considering the close spacing of the groups.

At 100 feet, the situation was a drastic departure from our usual high altitude missions during which we could never see anyone on the ground and could never see any details of the destruction our bombs caused. Often, even the ground was obscured because of the cloud cover below us. It was rather impersonal most of the time. At this low altitude, it seemed very

personal because we could see even the faces of the men scurrying about on the ground.

The formation spread out a bit as we withdrew, each pilot doing his own evasive action and steeple dodging in the restricted visibility. It remained a tense period for all of us until we came out of the thick smoke and crossed the Rhine into friendly territory. From there we reformed and returned to base.

Most of the airplanes in our group escaped with only holes from small arms fire. And only one crew member was injured, from a rifle bullet through his leg. Other groups did not fare as well; the Second Air Division alone lost fourteen B-24s that day. We could understand how. Some of these pilots claimed they had flown as low as 50 feet! Considering the fact that 50 feet is less than half the wingspan of the B-24, the slightest turn would tip the plane just enough and, at such a low level, cause the wing tip to catch on anything. Maybe the pilot would be able to react quickly enough, but we knew not all had. We heard reports of several airplanes that had been damaged by hitting treetops. And we saw one B-24 from the 448th catch a wing tip on something and have three feet of it ripped off. Fortunately, the pilot was able to bring his plane back to base safely.

Despite the chaos at the drop points, Operation Varsity had been a success. The troops on the ground had recovered about 95 percent of the 540 tons of supplies dropped to them that day. My crew was one small part of that success and much of it was due to Heffner’s navigating. Considering we had had no low-level practice, Heffner had done a magnificent job, one worthy of commendation.

Edgar J. Allen
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Thanks Ed, for this interesting story and experience. We send our best wishes to all for a healthy and Joyous Christmas and a very Happy New Year. ■

INCREASING THE B-24 INVENTORY

It has been reported in national UK newspapers that the wreckage of South Africa Air Force **Consolidated Liberator VI** KH158 has been discovered off the Greek coast. This machine was lost during a resistance resupply sortie on November 12, 1944.

458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY RICHARD PULSE

In my article in the Spring/Summer 2006 *Journal* I ended with our arrival at Horsham St. Faith. Our assigned plane was an old war weary dressed in dull brown and green. Our first assignment was to haul gasoline to support Patton, who was out running the supply trucks. The plane was stripped down to bare essentials. We made several low level flights to Lisle, France with tanks of all sizes and shapes filled with gasoline and strapped in anywhere they could be squeezed. A skeleton crew was used. The off-loading was done by the English using every pump available of any size. Most were small. We somehow found some used ammunition containers, filled them with dirt and gasoline and cooked K rations over an open fire. Not the type of "missions" we expected and no credit for a mission. I must admit that we did not see any enemy of any kind.

I have a small notebook in which I entered a description of each mission we flew — all 35 of them (most long after). Unfortunately I have it but must confess that I carefully put it away so I wouldn't lose it. I hunted high and low and have no clue where it is. Somebody will find it when they collect my belongings. Therefore I can't describe every trip, but some still stand out in my memory. One day we were late in taking off for a reason I don't

remember (somehow I frequently have trouble remembering an awful lot nowadays). Then we were too late to form up as usual but instead went to the Channel and waited for the 458th to come by. The Group was near the end of the line, so we got to see virtually the entire Eighth parade by. Believe me, it was really impressive.

Like all of you there are some missions that stick out in my memory. One was the day that England was completely covered by heavy fog and/or clouds. We were directed to a training base in Scotland. It was a long mission and we all were very low on gas. My recollection is that at times there were three planes on the runway at one time. One plane ran out of gas just as they got off the runway. The trainees were really impressed, so the next morning we formed up as a group and "buzzed" the airfield at low altitude.

Having joined the Group after D-Day, we did not meet as tough opposition as in the early days, but had several trips that were memorable. One was the day that we took a hit directly on the propeller base of the outboard engine on the right side. The prop continued to flail and could not be feathered. Guess who had to keep both feet on the left hand pedal as strongly as possible for the next four hours to enable us to fly straight. We landed at the long runway at the trouble base on the North Sea coast without difficulty.

There are other trips which stick in mind — the fire in the tail turret, the break in the brake line which the engineer was able to repair because he had sneaked some fluid and extra pipe aboard, and the day the navigator hollered "I'm hit" and accidentally pulled out his mike. We couldn't get a response on the intercom. When someone finally had a chance to check him he was navigating away. He had a scratch on his arm that was not worth a Purple Heart. It took us quite a bit of time to forgive him for causing so much worry.

Time has caught up with me, so the rest of the story will have to wait for another day. This being June with summer beginning, it seems odd to express Holiday Greetings. Merry Christmas and have a great New Year. ■



446TH BOMB GROUP

FLIXTON-BUNGAY UPDATE

BY CARL H. ALBRIGHT

The 446th Bomb Group's 2006 reunion was held in Tucson, Arizona, May 3-7, 2006 with reunion headquarters at the Viscount Suite Hotel. The reunion was very well attended with 138 members, family members and friends registered. A few did not show, due mostly to health-related problems. Tucson has a special place in the history of the 446th, as it was the birthplace of our original bomb group during World War II. The highlight of our reunion was the rededication ceremony at the Pima Air and Space Museum, World War II hangar.

The Pima Air and Space Museum's World War II hangar is also special to our group as it has on display a B-24 with one vertical tail fin painted with the markings of the 446th. On the nose of the aircraft is painted a distinctive red donkey, now named the "Bungay Buckaroo." Of course, that was not its name when it led the 8th Air Force in support of the D-Day landings. (I'll let you decide what its real name was at that time.) The 446th also has a Roll of Honor on the wall behind the B-24, which contains the names of members of the Group who gave their lives in support of our mission during WWII. The original list contained 447 names but later research by Mary Nell Roos has added nine names

to the list for a total of 456 members.

The major part of one day was spent touring the Sabino Canyon in the Coronado National Forest. Our group used the tour service at the canyon. This was an excellent way to see the canyon, for I do not think that many of us could have made the trek on foot. The tour guide and driver was very knowledgeable of the many special features of the canyon as well as the various trees, shrubs and cacti that line the trail. By the way, the trails were constructed by the young men who joined the CCC in the mid '30s. Many of these men were later in the armed forces during WWII. They did an excellent job in both!

Many friendships were renewed and lots of "tall tales" were exchanged. We all look forward to our 2007 reunion, currently planned to be held in Savannah, Georgia.

Seasons Greetings and Happy & Prosperous New Year to all. ■

Definitions

**What do you call a woman
who knows where her husband is every night?
A widow.**

**"Home Cooking" – What a traveling man
thinks his wife is doing while he's away.**



WENDLING 392nd BY OAK MACKEY

Steven Ferencz Udvar-Hazy was born in 1946 to Erno and Etel Udvar-Hazy in Budapest, Hungary. He had a brother, Andrew. Erno was a surgeon and the family was fairly well to do. Prior to WWII the family owned property and had a nice home. The Nazis took some of the property after the invasion of Hungary. After the war, the Russian Communists took the rest. Young Steven's first contact with aviation was at the age of seven when his father took him to the Budapest Air Show. There were Yanks, sail-planes, Mig-15s, and acrobatic performances. The kid was hooked and decided then and there to become a pilot. The next year, 1954, Steve had his first airplane ride in a LI-2, the Russian version of a DC-3. It was an airline flight from Budapest to Miskolc and back.

By 1958 the Udvar-Hazy family had had enough of Communist rule and moved to Sweden for a year, then emigrated to the U.S. Erno had developed rheumatoid arthritis and was no longer able to perform surgery. Etel took an entry-level job in the New York fashion industry where she earned just \$65 per week. Andrew, Steven's brother, had moved to Los Angeles where he was attending UCLA on a scholarship and was studying molecular physics. In 1962, the Hazy family moved to Los Angeles to be near Andrew and to pursue better opportunities, for life was hard in NYC.

While in New York, young Steve Hazy spent his spare time hanging out at JFK International Airport to watch the airliners come and go and he also was able to gain access to the control tower there. In California, at the age of 16, Steve began taking flying lessons at Whitman Airpark in Burbank in a Cessna 150. Lessons were \$18 per hour including the instructor pilot. He worked as a lifeguard in the summer at \$2.00 an hour and washed cars for \$1.00, so flying lessons came slowly. He was 18 before he made his first solo flight. After high school, he enrolled at UCLA and majored in international economics and business, for he already had intentions to start an airline. In his freshman year he formed an airline consulting company that he named Airline Systems Research Consultants. He wrote letters to airlines worldwide to promote his company and to solicit business. In the letters he made suggestions about how the airline could be more efficient. Most airlines rejected his ideas and ignored him. In 1966 he actually land-

ed an account with Aer Lingus in Ireland. He wrote a letter to them explaining that they had too many types of airplanes, their operations were a mishmash of poor planning and costs were way too high. He suggested a straighter, more streamlined plan. They were impressed with his ideas and sent him a free ticket to Ireland. After talks with the airline's executives, he was paid \$4,000. Aer Lingus followed through on his suggestions and became a better airline, and they are a client of Steve's to this day.

Steve still spent spare time hanging around airports, and at the Burbank Airport he became acquainted with a pilot from Reeve Aleutian Airways who told him they were looking for a Lockheed Electra, a four-engine turbo-prop airliner. Steve checked with various airlines to find an Electra for sale and found one at Air New Zealand. He told them he had a buyer for their Electra and he required a five percent commission. He arranged for the President of Reeve Aleutian to travel to New Zealand with him. The president liked the airplane and bought it for \$1,000,000. Steve pocketed \$50,000 — not bad pay for a quick trip to New Zealand. Later in 1972, Steve helped Alaska Airlines lease a Boeing 727 to Air Mexicana for \$74,000 a month. This made Steve realize there was money to be made leasing airplanes to airlines who could not afford to buy them outright, or only needed the airplane for a relatively short time. Through his father, Steve met two Hungarians, Leslie and Lou Gonda, a father and son. They had moved to South America after the war and had made some money in real estate, but now they had moved to California. Steve approached them with the idea of forming an airplane leasing company. The Gondas and Steve each invested \$50,000 and International Lease Finance Corp. (ILFC) was born. The company's first transaction was to purchase a Douglas DC-8 for \$2.2 million and lease it to Aeromexico. In 1983, ILFC went public with an IPO of \$26 million; the partners kept 80 percent of the company. Raising money from banks to buy airplanes was sometimes difficult and expensive. In 1990, ILFC merged with American International Group (AIG), the world's largest insurance and financial services organization. ILFC no longer had to go to the banks for money and AIG let the partners run the business as if it were their own. ILFC now owns over 800 airplanes, all out on lease, most purchased brand new from the manufacturer.

After soloing in 1964, Steve Hazy continued to pilot airplanes. He has a commercial license, multi-engine rating, and instrument rating. He has owned a variety of airplanes for his personal use; his latest is a Grumman Gulfstream V purchased in 1999. He has logged 9,000 hours,

8,500 hours in jets. He has flown all the Boeing airplanes now in production, as well as all the Airbus products including the Airbus 380, the world's largest airliner.

The Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center near Dulles Airport is a companion facility to the Air and Space Museum on the Washington Mall near the Capitol. Together they showcase the largest collection of aviation and space artifacts in the world. Both are managed by the Smithsonian Institution. Funding for the new facility near Dulles was not going well in the late 1990s and the goal was to have it finished by the 100th anniversary of the Wright Brothers' first flight on December 17, 1903. Hazy was approached for a donation and was asked to influence other aviation companies as well. He felt the best way to influence others was to make a very large donation, so he sat down and wrote out a check for \$60,000,000. Boeing, General Electric, Lockheed, Honeywell and others heard what he had done and made large donations also. Soon \$250,000,000 was raised and construction started. By December 2003 the building was complete and airplane and space exhibits were brought in. There is a space shuttle there, and other rocket exhibits. There are 140 airplanes including the first Boeing 707, a Concorde, the Enola Gay B-29, Wiley Post's Lockheed Vega he called "Winnie Mae," a German Arado Ar-234B-2 jet-powered light bomber, a Piper Cub — everything except a B-24, but they are looking for one. If you are going to Washington and you like airplanes, and most 2ADA folks do, go out to the Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center and enjoy yourself.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

A while back I got a nice letter from Dick Esenwein. He was a gunner on the Majesky crew in 1944-45 and lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan now. He had been to England recently and visited our old 392nd BG base. There he met a farmer who lives in Beeston, the village just outside the old north gate. His name is Ernie Parke and his mother did laundry for members of the Majesky crew. He was 14 in 1944 and remembers the 392nd B-24s taking off on combat missions nearly every day. He made friends with the aircrews and managed to get some meals in the EM mess and the officers' mess. Now he is a member of the Second Air Division Friends and goes to meetings at the various bases such as the 93rd at Hardwick where there is a museum and film show. For a hobby, Ernie carves B-24 models from wood, wingspan 30 inches, fuselage 22 inches. At a function at Hardwick he met Irene Hurner, a past president of the 2AD Heritage League. She asked him to make her a model, which

(continued on next page)

Greetings to all the fine folks of the 2nd Air Division Association in general and folks of the 389th Bomb Group in particular. Due to an unusual sequence of events I was appointed to be vice president of the 389th Bomb Group again. At the 2ADA convention in October, a new vice president will be elected. In the interim period, I shall endeavor to fill the gap.

At this time I would like to mention a bit about our 389th Bomb Group reunion at Hethel, England in late March. This reunion was made possible through the efforts of some of the fine folks from the Hethel and Wymondham area who have been working for a number of years to restore the old chapel and gym at the old base at Hethel and convert the place into a very fine museum. Fred Squires and his group can be very proud of their accomplishments. At the reunion we had a full schedule including Duxford and Madingley.

In as much as there is not a plane flight from London to Norwich, those of us from the Houston area flew K.L.M. to Amsterdam and then had a flight from there to Norwich. I would like to mention again and thank those good English folks who rolled out of bed in the wee hours and picked us up by car at the hotel at four o'clock in the morning so that we might catch our flight home.

Noting the passing of a prominent member of the 2nd Air Division, General Ramsay Potts: My first remembrance is of when

389TH BOMB GROUP



BY BARNEY DRISCOLL

he was a Lt. Colonel and I was a Tech/Sgt. Needless to say, with his silver leaves and my five stripes we did not frequent the same club.

If my memory serves me correctly, which happens every now and then, it was the year 1990 when the 2nd Air Division Association had a reunion in England, which General James Stewart was scheduled to attend; however, his doctor thought it best that he not make the trip.

On the last day of the reunion, my wife Emme, my granddaughter Jennifer and I were having breakfast at the Hotel Nelson. General Potts came in to breakfast and pulled up a chair and joined us at our table. During the course of the conversation I mentioned that perhaps it would be nice if someone from the 2nd Air Division would write a letter to General Stewart and men-

tion that he had been missed and that we would pray that his health would improve so that he might attend the next reunion.

General Potts said that if I were to write a letter to General Stewart, he would never see it. He apparently received at least a hundred letters a day; there were a couple of people to sort through his mail and he would see only two or three pieces a day. However, General Potts said that there was an RAF car coming to pick him up at ten o'clock to take him to Duxford. If I wished to write a letter to General Stewart, to meet him in the lobby at ten o'clock and give him the letter. He would be meeting with General Stewart in the near future and would deliver the letter personally.

I didn't think much more about it, but about three weeks later I received a brief handwritten note from James Stewart thanking me for remembering him. This is a prized possession. Both General Potts and General Stewart may be remembered as gentlemen of courage, integrity and considerable ability.

Please, everyone, remember there is still a shortage of funds to promote the B-24 "Legendary Liberator, Second to None" program at the Mighty Eighth Museum at Savannah. This program is being built around the nose section of the 389th BG plane *Fightin' Sam*. Make checks out to Legendary Liberator and mail to Fielder Newton, 3301 Shellers Bend #914, State College, PA 16801. ■

392ND BOMB GROUP (continued)

he did. Her father was a pilot at the 453rd BG so the model he carved for her has the tail colors of the 453rd. Before he delivered the model to Irene, he placed it and a model with 392nd BG colors on the base of the 392nd Memorial Monument and took a photo. You can see in the picture that the models are very realistic and true to scale.



ERNIE PARKS

If you go to the old 392nd base, look Ernie up. He might be at the Plough Share Pub or you can write him at 1 Herne Lane, Beeston, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, PE32 2NB,



England. His telephone number is 01328 701695. It's fantastic that old friendships endure for so long.



Today's Chuckle:

You know you're really getting old when you sit in a rocking chair and can't get it started. ■

Re-Engineering the B-24 for Production

REPRINTED FROM CONSOLIDATED'S "PLANE TALK" CIRCA 1944

For many years two American products resisted the trend to volume production methods — ships and airplanes. Ships, because they were so big. Airplanes because they were so complicated, and orders were so few. Until shortly before America's entry into the war, both continued to be built by slow "custom" processes.

But today, ships built by volume production methods cut wakes across all oceans. And in two years the skies of the world have come to roar with the volume of American fighting, bombing and cargo planes.

Two forces have made possible the rapid march of our aircraft industry to its present production records — large orders, plus the native American genius for solving complex engineering puzzles.

Spearheading the drive to expand our airplane output with no sacrifice of quality and precision were our production engineers.

There are many kinds of engineers in aircraft. The design engineers design a plane for flying. The production engineers then step in and redesign it for volume manufacture. They bridge the gap between the *aerodynamic* know-how of airplane development engineers, and the *manufacturing* know-how of tooling and methods engineers, industrial engineers, and skilled supervisory personnel.

This is not simple. The production engineers must take great care in their work that they do not destroy the fine balances incorporated in the original plane design.

An airplane is a delicate balance of strength and lightness. Useless strength becomes deadweight. This would seriously limit the airplanes in combat or transport. An airplane is also delicately balanced in the distribution of its weight, whether in taking off, landing or flying. The weight is carefully distributed fore and aft in relation to the areas and position of the wings and tail surfaces. Clearly, the safety and the performance of the aircraft would both be radically altered by any changes made in balance through indiscriminate addition or subtraction of weight factors.

Now such unbalancing changes would readily result, when an airplane is broken down into parts (or sub-assemblies) for volume production. For every such part must be spliced in assembly to make larger and larger units, until the airplane is finally completed.

One of the biggest tasks of the production engineers is to locate cleavage lines that will satisfy the requirements of volume production, without weakening the airplane structurally. Otherwise, excessive



One of the biggest tasks of production engineers is to locate cleavage lines for volume production without weakening the plane structurally.

weight in the form of splice plates will have to be added, to restore the plane's requisite strength.

The importance of breaking down the plane into relatively small assemblies for volume production is well illustrated by the nose fuselage section of the B-24 Liberator. A major sub-assembly itself, the nose section formerly needed fifty working days by a crew of six for its complete assembly and the installation of all the equipment.

Literally the nerve center of the big bomber, it contains several hundred thousand parts and rivets, about 13,000 feet of wiring, 2,000 electrical and plumbing connections, and some 2,000 feet of tubing.

The chief limiting factor to speedy production of the nose section was the lack of working space. This was overcome by breaking the assembly into paneled sections that could either be placed on edge vertically, or laid down horizontally, permitting large numbers of workers to do the riveting and install parts and equipment conveniently and quickly. By this new method, one third the former number of workers could now turn out 33 times as many completed units, with a consequent saving not only in manhours but also in factory space.

But before this improved method of assembly could be put into operation, the production engineers spent many hours redesigning the interior arrangement of the nose section — figuring out splices in the skin, the fuel lines, the oxygen lines, the electrical lines and control cables — and determining the proper sequence of each operation so that holes would be drilled, rivets driven, and equipment in-

stalled without interference from parts already installed.

As with the nose section, so with the other components of the plane. The remainder of the fuselage, the wings, and the empennage are in turn divided into smaller units, and these units again subdivided. Every step in this opening-up process must be plotted by the production engineers, without disturbing the aerodynamic design originally established for the plane.

Another function of the production engineers is to redesign detailed parts to permit improved methods in manufacturing. In the wing of the Liberator, for instance, are liquid-tight compartments that form fuel tanks. In the inside of each of the four corners of a tank are small corner plates, similar to those found on the outside of the four corners of a suitcase. Previously these were made by welding three steel pieces together. Now they have been redesigned so they can be formed with a drop hammer from aluminum alloy, in just one step. Another savings in man-hours resulted.

Here is a similar instance. The tracks on which the Fowler flaps travel were originally made out of three flat strips of steel, welded together to form an I-beam. Ten sections three feet long were needed for each Liberator. The production engineers redesigned these flaps for manufacture as a one-piece drop forging, with another large saving in manhours resulting from doing away with welding.

But such redesign for volume production is not the only function of the production engineers. The design of an airplane is never done. Constant changes in

design, made in accordance with flight findings, must be effected in the equipment, the structure, the armament and the exterior surfaces of the plane.

Some of these modifications are made for safety, and some for military necessity. Over 1100 major design changes have been made in the Liberator, for example, since the prototype made its first flight on December 29, 1939.

Most of the time there have been three variations of the Liberator. Earlier there was one for the French, one for the British and one for the United States. Today there is one for the Army, one for the Navy and a transport version for the ATC, called the C-87. Although they are generally the same, a redesign for each was required by differences in the location of crew stations and in the types of armament. For the transport version of the Liberator, the re-

quired changes were even greater.

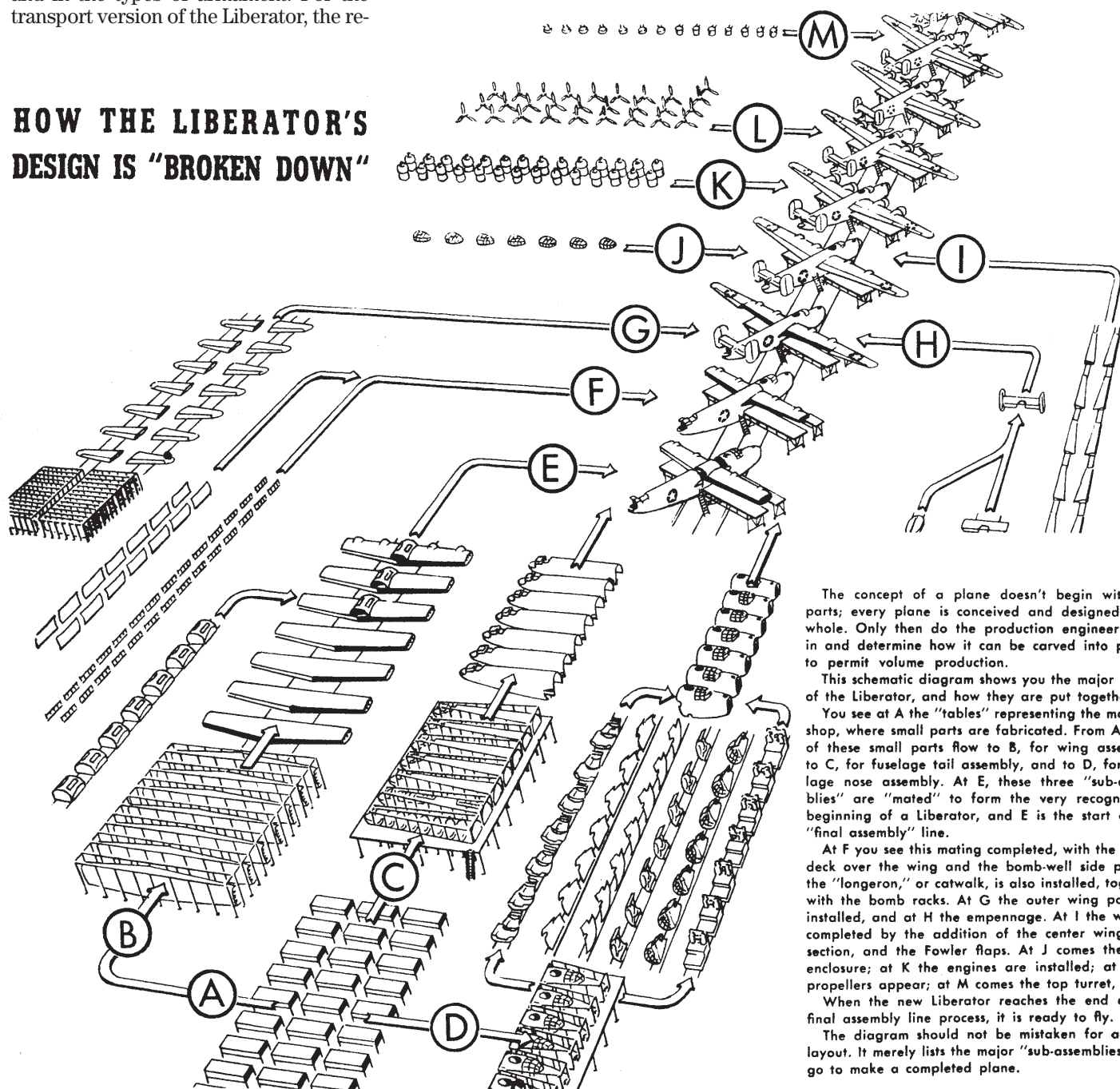
Today's Liberator reflects some of these differences in its appearance. The addition of three feet to the nose is readily apparent in comparative pictures of the prototype and the current model. But most of these new developments have occurred within the plane, and there is little external evidence of the thousands of engineering hours that were devoted to drawing and redrawing the original design.

Changes in design are frequently of such a nature as to affect the work of thousands of men at airfields in the United States, and at depots and operations fields scattered across the world, who are engaged in the exacting work of "keeping 'em flying."

Traveling "production service" engineers go to these bases to explain and demonstrate major design changes in terms of modification maintenance and repair procedures. Aircraft mechanics at the bases get a steady flow of literally thousands of engineering drawings and instructions covering each new development, whether it is large or small.

The volume production of aircraft we have attained by such methods is an achievement our enemies thought us incapable of. Production engineers underwrote much of our success when they successfully transformed the superior aerodynamic designs of American development engineers into manufacturing designs for volume production. ■

HOW THE LIBERATOR'S DESIGN IS "BROKEN DOWN"



The concept of a plane doesn't begin with the parts; every plane is conceived and designed as a whole. Only then do the production engineers step in and determine how it can be carved into pieces, to permit volume production.

This schematic diagram shows you the major pieces of the Liberator, and how they are put together.

You see at A the "tables" representing the machine shop, where small parts are fabricated. From A some of these small parts flow to B, for wing assembly; to C, for fuselage tail assembly, and to D, for fuselage nose assembly. At E, these three "sub-assemblies" are "mated" to form the very recognizable beginning of a Liberator, and E is the start of the "final assembly" line.

At F you see this mating completed, with the upper deck over the wing and the bomb-well side panels; the "longeron," or catwalk, is also installed, together with the bomb racks. At G the outer wing panel is installed, and at H the empennage. At I the wing is completed by the addition of the center wing rear section, and the Fowler flaps. At J comes the nose enclosure; at K the engines are installed; at L the propellers appear; at M comes the top turret, etc.

When the new Liberator reaches the end of this final assembly line process, it is ready to fly.

The diagram should not be mistaken for a plant layout. It merely lists the major "sub-assemblies" that go to make a completed plane.



BY CLARENCE A. LUHMANN

I send greetings from Minnesota where as I write this, the farmers are planting corn and soybeans.

It seems like the months go awfully fast or I'm getting slower. It is time to write another article for the *Journal*.

Walter Mundy gave me a call; he is looking for donations for the *Fightin' Sam* display. They have \$112,000 but still need \$13,000 more. If you would like to donate, contact Walter Mundy at 15533 Swallowtail Road, Edmond, OK 73013.

Our small community of East Chain in southern Minnesota has celebrated Memorial Day since 1895. In recent years they gather at the school. The program has one student give the Gettysburg address, followed by a speaker from the area and a band or choir performing patriotic music. There are five churches in the area and each has a cemetery. After the program at the school they go to one cemetery where there are crosses set up, one for each deceased veteran beginning with the Civil War. The 4-H members put a wreath on each cross as the name of the veteran is read. After that the honor guard and firing squad fire up the volley for the veterans. This is very well attended as the auditorium is filled every year. Also, on November 11th elementary classes of Granada Huntley East Chain have a program for all the veterans in the community.

2nd Air Division Memorial Trust Librarian Derek Hills recently wrote to Ray Pytel: "I have the pleasure of sending you details of books purchased in 2005-2006 through the Pytel/Twyla Martha Kieffer Endowment Fund. The bookplates read: *Presented by friends and family of Ray Pytel, 445th Bomb Group, Tibenham, World War II; In loving memory of his beloved wife and helpmate, Twyla Martha Kieffer; Deceased 6 November 2000.*" The books are: *Jimmy Stewart, Bomber Pilot* by Starr Smith and *Love and War: Pearl Harbor Through V-J (World War II Letters and Later Reflections)* by Robert Easton and Jane Easton."

The survivors, families and friends of the Kassel Mission have submitted the article on page 21. I hope to see many of you in October in Washington, D.C. ■

General Ramsay Potts, Lawyer and 2AD World War II Pilot

By ADAM BERNSTEIN, Washington Post Staff Writer
Reprinted from The Washington Post, May 31, 2006

Ramsay D. Potts, 89, (93rd & 453rd BG), a highly decorated World War II combat pilot who became a corporate lawyer and founder of a large Washington law firm, died May 28 at Bethesda Memorial Hospital in Boynton Beach, FL after a stroke.

After the war, Mr. Potts graduated from Harvard University law school, was a special assistant to then Air Force Secretary W. Stuart Symington and president of the Military Air Transport Association, a trade organization of charter and cargo carriers.

In 1958 Mr. Potts and three other lawyers formed a Washington firm that, after some changes among top partners, was long known as Shaw, Pittman, Potts and Trowbridge. The firm's portfolio included corporate law, securities regulations, environmental law and nuclear energy issues.

One of Mr. Potts's clients was the Investment Company Institute, a trade group for the then new mutual fund industry. He also was a specialist on air transportation law.

He retired in 1986 as managing partner and became senior counsel of the firm, which grew to more than 300 lawyers with offices in Tysons Corner, New York, Los Angeles, and London.

Last year, the firm merged with San Francisco-based Pillsbury Winthrop LLP to form Pillsbury Winthrop Shaw Pittman.

Ramsay Douglas Potts Jr. was born October 24, 1916 in Memphis where his father was a cotton merchant. He was a 1941 commerce graduate of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he was a Southern Conference leader in tennis and a guard on the basketball team.

During WWII he served in the Army Air Forces as a combat pilot. Assigned to the 8th Air Force, he flew B-24 Liberator bombers in missions over France and North Africa and participated in a vital raid on oil refineries at Ploesti, Romania, one of the top sources of petroleum to the Germans. For the August 1943 run at Ploesti, he had to fly at house-top level, enduring what a military publication at the time called "merciless fire from almost every conceivable ground defense weapon...During the target run a direct flak burst tore away the vertical stabilizer, and another blast shattered the elevator control cables at one point."

The plane, called the *Duchess*, nearly lost control until the engineer spliced the torn cables with .50-caliber shell links. When the *Duchess* returned to base, it had more than 50 fist-size holes in the wings and fuselage.

Mr. Potts won many promotions — he was a full colonel at 27. When Mr. Potts was group leader of the 453rd Bomb Group, actor James Stewart was his operations officer. "We hit it off very well, even though he was eight years older than I was," he said of Stewart, with whom he remained friends. "He was a wonderful addition to the group and had the same languid style as in his movies."

Mr. Potts became director of bombing operations of the 8th Air Force and, after the war, was a military advisor to the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, which analyzed the effectiveness of bombing missions against the Axis powers. For that work, he interviewed top Nazi leaders, including Hermann Goering, Albert Kesselring and Alfred Jodl.

His military decorations included the Army Distinguished Service Cross, two awards of the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit, three awards of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Bronze Star, and five awards of the Air Medal.

He retired from the Air Force Reserve as a major general in 1972 and was a fundraiser for the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum near Savannah, Georgia.

He formerly served on the board of Emerson Electric Co., a defense contractor, and was for decades heavily involved in Washington area tennis tournaments as a player and organizer. In 2005 he moved to Delray Beach, Florida, from Arlington.

Survivors include four children, Ramsay Douglas Potts IV of McLean, David H. Potts of Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, and Lesley Potts and Lindsay Potts-Beckwith, both of Toledo; a brother, Stephen Potts of Chevy Chase; three sisters, Anne Lunde of Bluffton, SC, Susan Youmans-Whitaker of Sun City Center, FL, and Penny Bailey of Memphis; and six grandchildren.

His wife, Veronica Raynor Potts, who he married in 1945, died in 1993. To court her during the war, Mr. Potts flew one New Year's Eve from his base in Belgium to hers in southern England. She was in the Royal Air Force women's auxiliary. "I can dramatize it by saying that when I finally got there, the base was closed due to a heavy rainstorm," he said in a 1999 oral history with the D.C. Bar. "I buzzed the tower at 20 feet and they gave me a red light, so I went around and buzzed it again until they finally gave me a green light and I landed. She was right there waiting for me." ■

445TH BG VETS VISIT ENGLAND, THEN REUNITE WITH FORMER ENEMIES IN GERMANY AT KASSEL MISSION CRASH SITE

BY LINDA ALICE DEWEY, PRESIDENT OF THE KASSEL MISSION HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Forty-four 445th BG WWII vets, family members and friends arrived in Norwich, England on Wednesday, July 26 for the first leg of a two-part journey that would familiarize them with the site of the old air base at Tibenham and surrounding areas. Sponsored by the Kassel Mission Historical Society, the group then went on to meet their former enemies in Germany to rededicate the memorial honoring all who died in the fateful Kassel Mission battle of 27 September 1944.

The American group included Kassel Mission veterans Bill Dewey, Herb Schwartz and Ray Lemons and pilot Chuck Walker who flew back to Kassel the day after the debacle; Joseph Reus, a navigator shot down on the Gotha Mission; and Billy Stephan, who came in the night of the Kassel Mission as a replacement copilot.



Over 400 attended the German-American Memorial Rededication Ceremony, 1 August 2006 in Ludwigsau, Germany, honoring the 445th BG and Luftwaffe airmen who died in the spectacular battle of 27 September 1944.

Other attendees included relatives of the deceased including Erlyn Jenson, sister of the Kassel Mission's air commander, Major Don McCoy, who also died in the battle and Sarah Naugher, widow of Jim Schaene, another pilot KIA that day; Juanita Jones, niece of Sgt. John Wise, a gunner killed on the mission; Joan Patterson, widow of Dave Patterson, a copilot on an additional replacement crew that came in the night of the Kassel Mission as did Billy Stephan, another replacement crew copilot; Craig and Brian Kleeman, sons of Carlton Kleeman whose plane, *The Sweetest Rose of Texas*, flew on the Kassel Mission after Kleeman had finished his missions; Dave Shafer, son of a pilot who flew with the 445th in 1945; and Joe Dzenowagis, Jr. who, along with his family, has followed and recorded this continually unfolding story for nearly twenty years.

Visitors were especially touched at Madingley Cemetery near Cambridge, where each 445th member's name on the gigantic Wall of Honor was specially designated with a bronze marker and British and American flags designated their graves. At the American Air Museum in England at Duxford, a B-17 and a Spitfire took off in a live display of WWII air power.

The next day, the 445th vets were introduced to the Board of Governors of the Second Air Division Memorial Trust at their annual meeting, and all participants visited the impressive Second Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich. The Americans also hosted many British supporters in a private viewing of the *Pride of the Nation* documentary created by the Dzenowagis Group memorializing the Kassel Mission. Seeing this movie in the town where the Kassel Mission story began was extremely moving.



Presentation of appreciation plaque by the Kassel Mission Historical Society (KMHS) to the City of Ludwigsau, Germany. Shown here are (L-R) Bill Dewey, pilot on the Kassel Mission and Honorary Chairman of KMHS; U.S. Air Force 1st Lt. Christopher Lane; 2nd Lt. William H. Walker IV; and Ludwigsau Assistant Mayor Wilhelm Kuemmel.

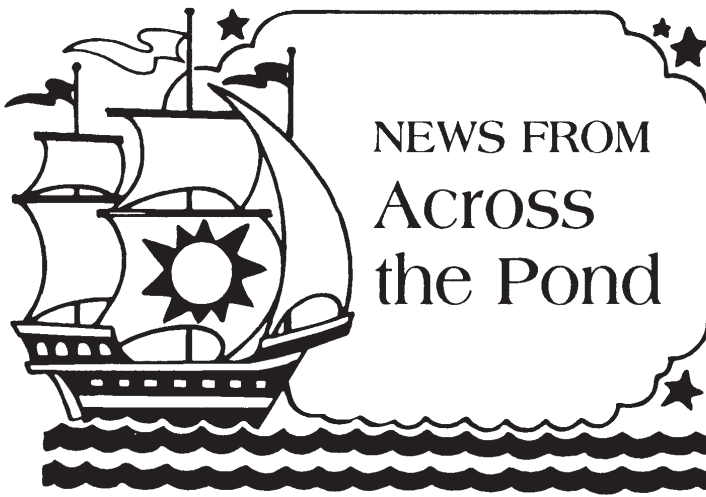


A moment of prayer after a wreath is hung by Sarah Naugher, Bill Dewey and Juanita Jones honoring all of the American airmen lost on 27 September 1944. Naugher lost her husband and Jones lost her uncle in that air battle.

Topping off the English leg of the trip was a visit to the 445th air base at Tibenham, beginning with a touching ceremony at the Tibenham Anglican Church. At the Tibenham airfield, the Americans were greeted by an enthusiastic gliding club that saved and now maintains the base. Several vets took off one last time down runway 21 as friends and relatives looked on. The hosting club had filled an entire room with 445th photo albums, paraphernalia, uniforms and displays. Welcoming British WWII aficionados included men dressed in military attire and several military vehicles from the era. A final farewell salute by a P-51 Mustang in a beautiful slow roll finished the day.

The next leg of the journey took the group to Germany, where their hosts welcomed their former enemies. Since all of the planes lost in this particular battle came down within a fifteen-mile radius of Ludwigsau, Germany, the group toured crash sites of partic-

(continued on next page)



YOUR LIBRARIAN'S REPORT

BY GLENN GRAY, 2ADA/FULBRIGHT LIBRARIAN

Hello from Norwich! As I'm sure you've come to expect, it has been a busy few months. We have been visited twice by the new American Ambassador, Mr. Robert Tuttle; first a "drop-by" in February, followed by a delightful, lengthier visit in July. The ambassador was very complimentary about the library. We were also pleased to welcome members of the 389th BG who held a reunion in Norwich in March, and look forward to the visit of members of the 445th later in the summer. Our colleagues from Madingley Cemetery visited the Library. I hosted a meeting of country high school librarians, and we have had a number of other group tour visits.

In April, Dr. Vernon Williams, a professor of history at Abilene Christian University and director of the East Anglia Air War Proj-

ect there visited the Library and screened his documentary film, *Liberators Over East Anglia: B-24 Bomb Groups on the Air Front of England*. Dr. Williams has pledged the Library video copies of his and his students' work.

I'm pleased to report on some of the activities I've undertaken as part of our ongoing efforts to reach younger audiences. In March I made a presentation to the History Network, which included the heads of history departments for schools throughout Norfolk. As a result, I was invited to come to speak to a class at a local high school and we hope to schedule a return visit with more to come! I've also been working with John Gilbert, one of our base contacts at Wendling, who is helping to facilitate visits to area middle schools. I hope to report more about these activities in the months to come, but for now I'll just say that I've been delighted by the level of questions the students ask. ■

Dzenowagis Tapes Seen by the USAF of Today

BY DAVID J. HASTINGS

Honorary Commander, 100th Operations Group
at RAF Mildenhall

Recently the Commander of the 100th Air Refueling Wing at Mildenhall very kindly arranged for the Memorial Trust to show *Pride of the Nation* and *Roll of Honor* to the aircrews and personnel on the base. The reaction of the USAF airmen and airwomen of today was deeply touching when they witnessed the price of freedom together with your vision of leaving a "Living Memorial" in the UK. Once again we saw what a priceless gift the Dzenowagis family has given us in bringing history alive as well as cementing still further the Anglo-American relations. As you may know, the 100th Wing is the only unit serving in the USAF which is still allowed to wear its wartime badge on their aircraft and flight overalls. ■

445TH VETS VISIT ENGLAND, THEN REUNITE WITH FORMER ENEMIES IN GERMANY (continued from page 21)

ular interest to men related to those who were on the trip and their relatives. Veteran Ray Lemons could never pinpoint the spot where he landed with his chute. But Ray was in for a surprise when German friends Walter Hassenpflug and Eberhard Haelbig took everyone to the place where he came down and gave him a booklet including documents about his capture, a map of his route into the nearby German town, and pictures of how it looked in 1944.

Haelbig, of Eisenach — formerly in East Germany — has developed an avid passion for American aviation, especially for the B-24 and the Kassel Mission. He has been invaluable in solving mysteries like Lemons' in the time since the Berlin wall came down in 1989.

Hassenpflug, a boy of 12 at the time of the WWII battle, has dedicated his life to collecting documents and corresponding with men of both sides who were involved in that battle. In his work, he has identified all crash sites, both German and American, and the men who flew those planes. The unfolding stories continue to amaze everyone who learns about them.

After a walking tour of Bad Hersfeld, Mayor Boehmer of that neighboring city — where the Americans stayed while in Germany — welcomed KMHS board members and the veterans to a special meeting with him in the magnificent 400-year-old city council chambers. The people of Ludwigsau rolled out the carpet for their American friends in a welcome luncheon and farewell dinner with folk music performed by local residents. Interpreter Guenther Lemke worked round-the-clock making sure everyone was understood.

The visit culminated August 1 in a rededication ceremony of the German-American Memorial erected in 1990 by the Kassel Mission Memorial Association and the community of Ludwigsau honoring the men of both sides who died that day. More than 400 attended. Sarah Naugher and Juanita Jones laid a wreath at the three monument stones — one with names of the dead Americans, one for the Germans who died that day, and a center monument telling the Kassel Mission story. The United States Air Force Band in Europe, a combined German and American Honor Guard, and the Ludwigsau Community Choir performed during the ceremony.

Col. Carl Andrews, head of the American chaplains in Europe, German dignitaries, and Bill Dewey representing the veterans who survived the fight, each spoke about the ferocity of the battle and the healing that has taken place since. After Taps and a final prayer, everyone adjourned to a reception hosted by the community these bombers and fighters had rained down upon over sixty years ago.

Three aspects of what is known as "The Kassel Mission" entrance historians as well as those who advocate peace. First is the spectacular short battle involving Jimmy Stewart's original bomb group — known to be the best of the 8th Air Force in bombing accuracy — and the heavy resulting losses on each side, all confined to a relatively small geographical area. Secondly, the continually unfolding stories from those on the ground — both the German residents and the American and German soldiers who parachuted into their midst. Third is the reconciliation that has occurred between the former enemies.

Much information about the Kassel Mission, including the *Pride of the Nation* documentary, is available through the Kassel Mission Historical Society (e-mail: kmhs@kasselmission.com). ■

The Old Iron Corset: The 44th's Most Magnificent Airplane

PART 1 OF 2 • BY C.W. "WILL" LUNDY (44TH)

The *Old Iron Corset*, B-24H-30 FO 42-95318, arrived at Shipdham in early May of 1944 and was assigned call letter B-Bar, changed in October to J-Bar.

The *Corset's* first mission was on 21 May 1944, two weeks before D-Day, and her last mission was 25 April 1945, which was also the last combat mission of the war for the 44th BG. She served eleven months and was credited with 130 missions, all without an early return and without any crewman being injured.

Records show that 35 pilots flew her on at least one combat mission. The *Corset's* long string of complete missions was not set by a few who could have overlooked problems and continued on even if problems arose. However, three crews had the good fortune to fly the *Old Iron Corset* many times: Lt. Oliver F. Hurst (22), Lt. Verl H. Dewe (18), and Lt. O. Collins (14).

On the 23rd of February 1945, the 44th BG completed its 300th mission. On that same day 1st Lt. James A. Struthers completed his operational tour of duty by flying his 35th mission. He did so piloting *Old Iron Corset* on her 103rd mission, so there was much to celebrate that evening.

Surely, the practice flights and non-mission flights far exceeded the 130 combat missions, but *Old Iron Corset* was always completely reliable even up to her last flight to the scrap yards in the United States.



Carl Hall (assistant crew chief) at work in April 1945. This is the only picture I have that shows the name of the plane.

Detailed records of her combat missions were obtained from the Archives in Washington, D.C. and are recorded in the 44th Bomb Group's Master Database. Summaries include the following details:

There were a total of 35 different 1st pilots who flew the *Corset* during her "tour" of 130, with 17 pilots flying her but one time.

Four combat crews recorded 10 or more missions, with 1st Lt. Oliver F. Hurst successfully bringing her back 22 times!

Targets included: Germany (106), France (21), and Belgium, Holland and Austria one time each.

She also flew several postwar "Trolley" missions to allow ground personnel to view the results of the air war. These flights were flown at nearly rooftop altitude and deep into the Rhine River valley to assure closer inspections and create very vivid memories.

Although all records were researched, none indicated that any crewmen were injured in combat in the *Corset*. This is nearly unbelievable, because during this period the German flak guns became more effective than at any other period during the entire war.

The *Corset* was manufactured by Ford, as were many other replacement B-24s in the month or so before D-Day. Several survived the war and completed over 100 missions as well. The reasons for these fine records were, at least in part, due to the success of the invasion on D-Day, 6 June 1944, and as the Allies gained territory, we gained "on the continent" airfields for emergency landings. The ever-increasing numbers of Allied fighters also provided more support on later missions, thus the skies were much safer. When the missions

(continued on next page)



42-95318 J (originally B), *Old Iron Corset*, crew chief Nelson. This picture was taken after the *Corset's* 129th mission.

HALESWORTH 489TH NOTES

BY
MEL PONTILLO

The memory of events that we participate in and/or witness in our lifetimes tend to fade over time. Only the most colorful or revealing or startling of these events manage to remain vivid testimonies to memorable episodes that we experience in our personal time lines. In short, they are those “I cannot believe what I saw” events. Now sixty odd years later, I still clearly recall the sites, sounds and emotions that I experienced during three missions in the late summer of 1944. These three missions proved to be my education regarding World War II and warfare in general. Since then, I have never read a textbook nor seen a movie that was able to convey in the same measure what I saw first hand.

This aspect of my World War II bomber adventure was much more to my liking as opposed to the flights involving my combat missions. These three missions did not count toward the Distinguished Flying Cross earned by every member of our crew. Nor were these missions even combat in nature. The three missions I am recounting were food flights to France. Shortly after the liberation of Paris, our air wing was called upon to fly tons of food and relief supplies into France. Members of the 446th referred to this type of mission as the grocery run. My personal diary entries refer to these missions as, simply, the food missions. The flights involved crews consisting of only a pilot, copilot, navigator, flight engineer and radio operator. Our first flight carried 5,000 pounds of flour. The second mission had 6,000 pounds of biscuits on board which we delivered. The final flight ferried a much more upscale cargo, 5,000 pounds of corned beef and Vienna sausage. The first two flights originated in Ramsburg, while the final flight started at Beaulieu. Both supply areas were located near London. All flights were loaded the first day, and left the following morning for their destinations. The destination of our flights was Orleans, France. Flight crew accommodations were simple and straightforward, sleep on plane with a cardboard mattress and meals were K-rations. These operations occurred be-

tween August 30 and September 8, 1944.

My participation in these flights provided me with a radically different war perspective. I saw the ground war from a different vantage point. By this time in my war experience, our crew had flown 18 missions. Miles above our targets we could not readily define the damage inflicted on the enemy. Although we experienced first hand knowledge of battle around us in the form of flak and enemy fighters, targets miles beneath us possessed a certain abstract quality. The food flights were flown at only 1,000 feet and only five days after the liberation of Paris. Our B-24 followed the same path as the Allied Invasion Force through France after the Normandy Invasion. Beneath that flight path, en route to Orleans, the aftermath of war was clearly visible. As we gazed below from low altitude the view was startling and shocking. The scenes and resulting atmosphere possessed a surreal quality and a stony silence of which I was now a part. From horizon to horizon, mile after mile, vehicles and tanks burned, damaged and destroyed. Fate decreed their individual outcomes, and I care not to imagine their occupants' fate and outcome. Building after building became remnants of rubble. Added to the landscape vista were the pieces of Nazi aircraft shot out of the sky. The rail yards near Orleans showed no signs of any function, only heaps of twisted metal that were once rail cars. For the most part, the most prominent features of the landscape were bomb craters. The air base at Orleans had only recently been captured by the Allies. Therefore, Allied forces had not yet renovated the facility, except for one landing strip used by all flight crews. The remainder of the airfield facility, hangars, barracks, and landing strip were simply refashioned as rubble. The sheer volume of destruction suggested the magnitude of the Allied effort to push the Nazis out of occupied lands. Likewise, this utter destruction also signifies the Nazi ability to fight, even this late in the war. So pervasive was the destruction that farm fields were littered with the remains of dead livestock. Despite this shocking display of utter and mass destruction, the quality of human resilience was evident. Occasionally as we were flying overhead a villager would wave from the rubble. Mile after mile, hour after hour, just total destruction.

Of course, no wartime narrative is complete without a human-interest story. Our third mission had an added twist. That third mission to Orleans included a stow-away. C.W. Kidd, our right waist gunner, joined us for that trip. Curiosity was his motivating factor. Needless to say, the rest

(continued on next page)

THE OLD IRON CORSET

(continued from page 23)

became longer in duration, nearly all of them into Germany itself, flak became more concentrated and it damaged and shot down more aircraft. But the enemy aircraft attacks themselves decreased, except for airplanes that were damaged by flak and dropped out of the protection of the formations. Many were protected by our fighters, but still many were lost when not assisted by our “little friends.”

Late in May 1945 the combat crews had first priority to fly our aircraft back to the States. The war in Europe had been won; they were to have a month furlough, and return to duty. Ground personnel flew as passengers, up to a full load of 15 or 16 men. There was still another war to be won, in the Pacific!

I was lucky to be selected to crew the *Old Iron Corset*. This trip was divided into four flights, usually one leg each day. All flights were under the control of the A.T.C. (Air Transport Command). The entire trip was super, but the last leg, from Greenland to Connecticut, is one I never will forget. B-17s and B-24s made up the large numbers of aircraft making the daily hops from Valley, to Wales, then to Iceland, next Greenland, and finally Bradley Field, Connecticut. The *Old Iron Corset* was the 43rd plane to take off that early morning. Due to the nearly solid high overcast, we flew well above the 10,000 foot level that the Air Force designated for oxygen use. None of the passengers had oxygen masks, and I suspect that no one else on board did, either. It was very cold, too; none of us dressed for altitude.

When it was clear enough to see any distance, I noticed that we were passing a number of B-24s and B-17s before we would be back in the clouds. Evidently, our pilot was as eager to get home as I was (it had been well over three years for me); the *Old Iron Corset* was a fast plane, and it performed like a fine watch! When we made our pass over Bradley Field, we were the first airplane to arrive that day, having passed 42 others.

It was a fitting tribute to that fine old airplane! We came in first — ahead of all others, even with an old airplane that had flown 130 combat missions!

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Still to come: Part 2 — The Corset's “other half,” M/Sgt. O.E. “Curly” Nelson, crew chief extraordinaire, and his antics and adventures in the 44th Bomb Group. ■

25th Annual Second Air Division Association of Southern California Regional Reunion Brunch

BY DICK BAYNES (466TH)

We returned to the Phoenix Club in Anaheim on Saturday February 25, 2006 for a daytime brunch.

We had another exciting program this year with our favorite pin-up girl, legendary star **Jane Russell**, who entertained us with songs and stories. In addition, **Jonna Doolittle Hoppes**, granddaughter of **General Jimmy Doolittle** told us stories of her grandfather's (and grandmother's) life from her book, *Calculated Risk*.

As 200 members and guests arrived for the function, they were welcomed at the registration table where **Agnes Rowe** (448th) checked them in and handed out name tags. **Mary Reinhart** (466th) assisted. **Beverly Baynes Tomb** (466th, and **Ann Espinosa Drown** (445th) were at the raffle table encouraging members to buy raffle tickets.

C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain (489th), past president of the 2ADA, conducted opening ceremonies. **George Welsh**, president of *Bomber Legends*, led the Pledge of Allegiance and **Maria Gunnarsson**, wife of **Frank Grew** (448th), led us in singing the National Anthem. **Malcolm "Mac" Dike** (466th) gave the invocation. The traditional lighting of Eight Candles of Remembrance concluded the opening ceremony with the following participants:

Marshall – Dick Peterson (389th)

Candles 1 & 2 – Air Offensive – Europe, and Ploesti Campaign – King Schultz (448th)

Candles 3 & 4 – Normandy Campaign and Northern France Campaign – Charlotte Shower (467th)

Candles 5 & 6 – Ardennes Campaign and Rhineland Campaign – Irene Hurner (Heritage League)

Candles 7 & 8 – Central Europe Campaign and All Comrades and Loved Ones Lost in the War and Since – George Welsh (*Bomber Legends*).

Carrie Dike, granddaughter of **Mac Dike** (466th), filled in with piano background music.

After a fine brunch, our master of ceremonies, **Julian Ertz** (44th), introduced our honored guests. **Jane Russell**, appearing for the second year, entertained us royally with song and stories. Plus, she had an outstanding piano accompanist, **Peter Clark**, who entertained us with a few numbers on the piano. **George Welsh** of *Bomber Legends* reported on the successful campaign and dedication of the B-24 Memorial – San Diego, the project



Jane Russell with the veterans at the 2ADA Southern California Regional Reunion Brunch, February 25, 2006.

that placed a bronze B-24 model in Balboa Park San Diego, and the home of the B-24. **Irene Hurner**, past president of the Heritage League, described a limited edition CD available through the Heritage League. **Jonna Doolittle Hoppes** was then introduced and gave an interesting summary of Jimmy Doolittle's life.

After the speaker, a very successful raffle was held with some great prizes. Raffle chairman **J. Fred Thomas** (392nd), past president of the 2ADA, an originator of this regional reunion dinner, had a fine com-

mittee of **Harry Orthman** (492nd & 44th) and **Richard & Peggy Learman**. Richard and Peggy Learman conducted the raffle. Proceeds of the raffle will go to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich, England and the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia.

Committee members who planned the dinner were: **Dick Baynes** (466th), Chairman; **Bud Chamberlain** (489th); **Amador Espinosa** (445th); **Mac Dike** (466th); **Julian Ertz** (44th); **John Rowe** (448th); and **J. Fred Thomas** (392nd). ■

489TH NOTES (continued from page 24)

of the crew did not mind him coming along. After all, he did make 18 combat missions with us up to that point. So welcoming him on board flight number three was simply a reflex action on our part. We were a cargo plane when we left England for France and a passenger plane when we left France and headed back to England. Along with our crew and C.W. Kidd we were joined on the return trip by ten RAF fliers and a Nazi prisoner. The English fliers were shot down over France en route to Germany early in the invasion. They shared with us their battle experiences, adding words to the visuals that we were witnessing. The Nazi prisoner, probably not even seventeen, displayed a calm and sense of relief. Certainly, not surprising given what he must have been subjected to on the ground. I recall he tried to trade his useless German marks for our American currency. He might have been young, but he wasn't dumb. Just for the record, we did not trade. We were also young and not so dumb. We dropped our passengers off at the RAF fighter base, Middle Wallop, and journeyed back to Halesworth where our combat missions continued.

Eventually, flights 33, 34 and finally 35 came and the war was over for me. But my three mercy missions stand in stark contrast to my regular combat duties. The irony of these missions was not overlooked either then or now. The B-24, a long-distance heavy bomber with a combat-seasoned crew built for high altitude bombing of the enemy, was pressed into service as a low-flying cargo plane. Yet, this departure afforded me astonishing insight into the effects of battle. Words cannot express or adequately convey the graphic scenes I witnessed. Superlatives would merely hint at the magnitude of damage and destruction. Perhaps the ending of this article should be left simple so as to communicate to you my final thoughts: *I can't believe what I saw.*

Hope to see you at the next reunion. ■

NOW THAT YOU ARE A POW...

Welcome to Dulag Luft!

By CAPT. ERIC FRIEDMAN, Air Force Overseas Staff • Reprinted from AIR FORCE MAGAZINE, September 1945

A P-47 pilot, just released from a Stalag Luft camp, was wondering how the Germans lost the war. "They seemed to know everything about our air forces," he said. "They had accurate information about most of our military secrets and they knew how many aircraft and personnel we had in practically every combat group in England." As a matter of fact, at the Dulag Luft interrogation center in Frankfurt, they could even predict what targets the 8th Air Force would attack next.

"When I was captured, an officer at Dulag Luft greeted me like a long-lost brother. He said they were glad to see me and had been expecting me for some time. And you probably won't believe this, but that joker actually inquired about my mother's health in Terre Haute and asked how my kid sister was doing in high school."

To our Counter Intelligence officers, there is nothing remarkable about this pilot's story. During the past few months, they had heard similar stories from hundreds of American airmen who had passed through the POW processing of the Luftwaffe. Their own investigations had convinced them long since that, throughout the war, there was little the Germans did not know about Allied air operations. The CIC was painfully aware that many of our most closely guarded air secrets often came to rest in the files of the enemy intelligence staff in a matter of days or even hours. Most of our captured airmen were mystified when an interrogator confronted them with a vast store of facts and figures about virtually every phase of Allied aviation.

"They must have had spies in every American and British squadron," a group commander reported. "When I got to Dulag Luft, they not only knew the names of my adjutant and mess officer, but also the fact that I had promoted them three days before."

There is no evidence that the Germans had spies planted in Allied combat units. According to CIC, this probably would have been a waste of effort. The truth is that the Germans obtained most of their information directly from Allied sources, a large percentage of it through carelessness and laxity in observing security regulations.

Tucked among the archives of Dulag Luft are thousands of documents, photographs, letters, newspaper clippings and papers — carefully indexed and catalogued. From this vast collection, the Germans extracted the keys that opened the

There are more ways than one to spill the beans at the Dulag Luft. When it comes to gleaning information from captured Allied airmen, the German officers at their infamous interrogation center are familiar with all of them.

doors to many of our military secrets.

A substantial portion of these files flowed into Dulag Luft from the pockets of Allied personnel or from Allied aircraft that come down in enemy territory. Part of it came from American and British newspapers, books and periodicals and from monitored radio broadcasts. Practically none of it came from German undercover agents in Allied areas.

The job of the intelligence officers at Dulag Luft was to find out everything possible about Allied air forces. The fact that they succeeded remarkably well is revealed for the first time in a staff report prepared by Capt. Gordon F. DeFossett of the Counter Intelligence Corps, U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe. It is an amazing amount of ingenuity and clever detective work by which the enemy combined the use of captured documents and the questioning of prisoners in order to keep abreast of Allied air developments.

Many thousands of Allied airmen were subjected to various forms of questioning. However, no forms of torture or severe physical abuse were used. In contrast to the methods used by the Gestapo, the administration of Dulag Luft generally observed the Geneva Convention and sought to loosen prisoners' tongues with methods more subtle than a rubber hose.

It is a credit to American airmen that most of the information assembled at Dulag Luft did not come from them directly. The average prisoner refused to be lured into a discussion of his job or any other military subject, giving only his name, rank and serial number. But there were some, who for one reason or another, did talk freely. From what the CIC has been able to learn, 80% of the information obtained was supplied by captured documents and the rest from POW interrogation.

The documents evaluation section at Dulag was staffed by experts. The amount of useful data they could extract from a seemingly innocent piece of paper testifies to their resourcefulness and effectiveness. Nothing in the way of documents, written or printed, was too insignificant for close scrutiny. They would pore over

a service newspaper, a letter or an officer's AGO card as though they were blueprints for an Allied secret weapon. And not infrequently, their painstaking efforts were rewarded.

There was the case of a railroad ticket. The circumstances under which it was found, gave the Germans an important lead about the transfer of airmen attached to a British Wellington bomber group from one English base to another. On the basis of their information the Luftwaffe learned that the RAF was shifting a number of these planes to anti-submarine patrol.

Then there was the case of the B-17 pilot who bailed out over Germany with the rest of his crew. He was captured and taken to a nearby airfield for preliminary search and questioning. He refused to divulge any more information than his name, rank and serial number. After relieving him of his watch and wallet, his captors took him to Dulag Luft. There, he was handed a questionnaire containing 27 questions ranging from the identity of his group to his home address and religion. Quite properly, he refused to answer any of these questions.

"Why do you refuse to identify your group?" his interrogator asked. "I am not required to give you anything beyond my name, rank and serial number," the pilot insisted. The German laughed and pulled a book from his pocket. "You Americans must think we are stupid," he said. "We already know all about you. We know that you are from the 100th Bomb Group. If that surprises you, listen to this."

Reading from the book, the officer not only told the pilot the location of his base, but also described the English countryside surrounding it. He then named the group's commanding officer and discoursed for several minutes on the condition of the bar at the 100th Bomb Group officers' club. Confronted with so much correct information about his unit, the astounded pilot's resistance melted and he saw no reason to remain silent any longer.

If that pilot still wonders how the Germans found out he was in the 100th Bomb

(continued on page 28)



SEETHING

The 448th Speaks

BY KING SCHULTZ

FOLDED WINGS OF THE 448TH

Andy Andreson – 3-06

Joseph M. Autobee, Pueblo, Colorado – 2005

Emil G. Beaudry, Winter Park, Florida – 8-04

Wallace A. Carter, Riverdale, New York

Max Coreman, Brooklyn, New York – 10-04

Ralph C. Dimick, Mantua, Ohio – 2005

Robert L. Harper (Group Intelligence Officer), Crescent City, California – 5-06

William T. Hensey Jr. (Pilot) – 4-06

Marvin Joseph – 12-05

Lawrence Keeran (Debriefing) – 8-05

George E. Letlow – 10-05

Robert Ussak – 5-06

Sid Williamson (Pilot)

448TH BOMB GROUP REUNION

The reunion was held April 27-30, 2006 in Washington, D.C. All existing officers were reelected. **Cater Lee**, president, was presented a plaque in grateful appreciation for his outstanding leadership of the group for the past 10+ years.

A bus tour of the World War II Memorial and the Space Museum at Dulles was enjoyed by all.

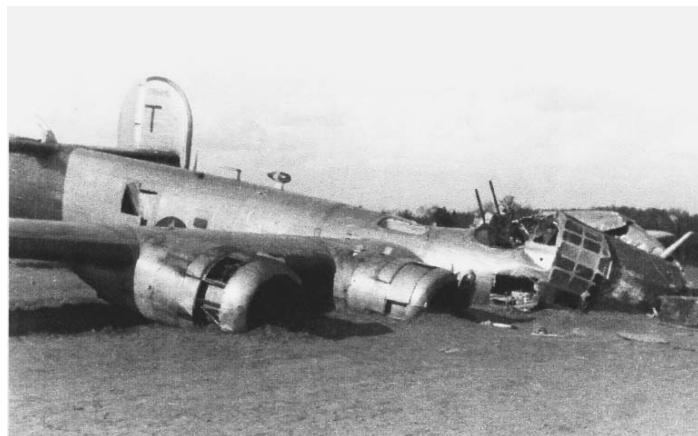
"TV Film Etc." is working on a documentary about people like **Pat Everson**, people who keep the memories alive in many ways including maintaining and operating the Control Tower Museum at Seething. As part of this project, the film crew conducted interviews during the reunion. Unfortunately, the set-up and interviews took longer than expected, disappointing some who expected to be interviewed.



Open Day at Seething, August 2003

"DO BUNNY"

"The Story of Do Bunny" appeared on page 28 of the Summer 2006 *Journal*. Here is a photo of *Do Bunny* crashed in Germany. It was given to me by **Herbert Engel**, who was aboard. He gave it to me because I flew my entire combat tour in *Do Bunny*. It had a remarkable record of over 100 missions without an abort, and had 130 missions when shot down. Here is its demise:



Men who captured the hearts of a nation

BY JOHN WRIGHT • REPRINTED FROM THE EASTERN DAILY PRESS, NORWICH, ENGLAND

When thousands of American GIs were stationed in Britain during the war, many of them married Norfolk women. But while much is known of the GIs, less is known of their spouses. John Wright spoke to some of those GI brides today.

The men descended on Norfolk's sleepy villages and towns from far away, and captured the hearts of thousands of women. They were called GIs — the American servicemen who came to airfields around Britain, many in East Anglia, both during and after the war. When the fighting was over, 80,000 of them would leave with British brides.

Kathleen Harvey was 17 in 1944 and lived in Mundham, near Seething.

"My sister was going with a GI, and he'd borrowed my mother's sewing machine to repair uniforms," Kathleen said. "One day, my mother took me to the base to get it back because we found out he was married."

"The two military policemen on the gate got it back for us. A day or so later there was a letter for me. I still have it."

It was one of the MPs asking her out. Kathleen met Cecil Bush

at the Garden House Pub and a few months later they were married.

"A year later, I came to Kentucky, where I've been ever since," said Kathleen. "I thought 'this is a crazy place' when I first got here. The Baptists in church say out loud who they want to pray for and why."

Kathleen has often traveled back to Norwich, where she has a brother in Thorpe St. Andrew and a sister in Hainford. She misses crabs, blackcurrants and gooseberries.

Cecil died 16 years ago, but Kathleen says they had a "very happy life together." And all because of a sewing machine!

Edna Poteet (nee Wright) is a friend of Kathleen and, since 1955, has been in Indiana.

"I lived in Loddon in Norfolk County," she said, where she met her GI, Charles, known to his family as Ernest, at a dance in the village hall in 1943. Edna, also 17, fell for an MP too.

"I worked at the Loddon grocery store and we used to walk or ride bicycles. Charles and I would catch a bus for the movies in Norwich," Edna said. "When I arrived in America I was homesick. But it was 22 years before I went home again."

(continued on next page)

DULAG LUFT *(continued from page 26)*

Group, the answer is in the files of the Dulag Luft. He inadvertently gave himself away by leaving his ration card in his wallet. Although the same type of ration card was issued to all U.S. personnel in every military organization in the ETO, Dulag's experts could identify the unit by the manner in which the card was cancelled. The PX clerk at the 100th Bomb Group always used a heavy black pencil in marking the cards. The PX counter was constructed of rough wood that had a distinctive grain and all the ration cards carried the distinctive pattern of that grain in the pencil markings.

American aircrews were always briefed against keeping such things as pictures, ration cards, G.I. driver's licenses, railroad tickets and similar items in their wallets. But their partiality for personal items or souvenirs, most always worked to the advantage of the Germans.

One day, a newly appointed American group commander was shot down and killed during an operational flight over France. A notebook was found near the wreckage. Although it was partially burned and the notes were almost illegible, Dulag's detectives soon managed to glean a substantial amount of information from it.

From that little notebook, the Germans obtained their first authentic information about the number of bomber crews in training in the U.S., as well as how many heavy bombers were available for that purpose. More important, the book divulged highly secret data about the heavy bombardment program and the fact that there were not enough B-29s available for training at that time.

Another time, a new B-26 Marauder group, en route to England, got lost in bad weather and crossed the Normandy coast. Three of the aircraft were shot down and several crew members captured. Among the documents seized by the Germans was the diary of the flight leader listing the names of all the crew members as well as recent reports on the serviceability of all the aircraft.

These are extreme examples and fortunately few in number. For the most part, Dulag Luft drew their clues and leads from less conclusive evidence.

Useful sources for identifying the units of prisoners were the photographs furnished to Allied airmen to facilitate their escape through the underground. The sleuths at Dulag Luft could easily identify a member of the 91st Bomb Group from the peculiar brown color of the photographs. Photos of members of the 95th Bomb Group were a dead give-away. Every man in this outfit wore the same check-

ered coat when his picture was taken.

Officers' AGO cards conveyed a number of helpful hints. They invariably showed where the prisoner had been commissioned and in some instances where he was trained. A card issued at Langley Field or Boca Raton indicated that the officer had been trained in radar bombing and the Germans subjected these POWs to intensive grilling.

Many prisoners were willing to talk about training matters since they did not believe there was very much military security involved. But training operations always were of prime interest to the Luftwaffe, because they were an indication of what the other side had up its sleeve. It provided a reliable gauge of how fast replacements were coming in to take their place in combat and also furnished a tip-off on new weapons and tactics.

Captured literature often indicated the location of targets that were scheduled for bombing. It was not uncommon for German manufacturers to ask the Luftwaffe if their factories were on the list and if so, when could they expect to be bombed.

Upon arriving in Frankfort, a prisoner was usually placed in solitary confinement while interrogators studied the information they had on him. Dulag Luft had a large biographical library containing material gleaned from various sources. Their historical section contained data on Allied squadrons and groups, all of which was available to the interrogators.

When an enlisted airman or lower-ranking officer would remain silent during questioning, the Germans would threaten to call in the Gestapo. This sort of treatment was standing operating procedure. Higher ranking officers — lieutenant colonels and above — were treated with the "wine, women and song" method. It was customary to invite them to the officers' mess or a hunting lodge near Frankfort, where their host would pump them for information during the course of friendly conversation over the dinner table. In some cases, however, the Germans would throw a high ranking "guest" into solitary confinement if they thought there was any chance of breaking down his resistance. Colonel Hubert Zemke, commanding officer of the famous 56th Fighter Group, said he spent nearly three weeks in solitary while the Germans tried vainly to make him talk about his knowledge of the Soviet Air Force.

But toward the end of the war, with defeat just around the corner, Dulag's top officers spent more time trying to ingratiate themselves with high-ranking prisoners then they did trying to ferret out Allied secrets. One captured American

colonel was offered the opportunity to escape to Sweden if he would take along the two sons of an important Luftwaffe officer. Several other Luftwaffe officers would ask their "guests" how to avoid punishment when Germany capitulated.

The chief of Dulag's air documents section, now a prisoner himself, commented that aircrew members simply failed to recognize the importance of the information that could be pieced together from seemingly innocuous documents. In many cases, the ordeal of interrogation would have been lightened had their captors not discovered some extra bit of evidence that gave them a fresh lead or clue that otherwise would not have been obtainable. ■

MEN WHO CAPTURED THE HEARTS OF A NATION

(continued from page 27)

They had six children; one died in a tragic accident. The others live nearby.

One of Charles's last jobs in the US was substitute mail carrier in country areas. Edna has often stayed with her sister, Brenda, in Thurton, near Loddon.

"Brenda's husband, Roy Sampson, delivered papers for the EDP and used to send me the EDP calendar every year," Edna said.

"Nowadays, I like to knit and read little harlequins, love stories set in England," she added. Just like hers was.

Patricia Everson was nine when 3,000 Americans arrived in her village. She remembers the Thanksgiving party at their base in 1943.

"I was so excited when the trucks came to pick us up.

"Before we left home, my mum asked me to look after my five-year-old brother, Reggie. He had a new winter overcoat, and I was to make sure he didn't lose it. When we arrived, they split us up and removed all the coats!"

But he got it back.

"I sat at this long table surrounded by 'Yanks.' All the questions I'd wanted to ask them vanished. I was overcome with shyness," she said.

"The turkey was covered with jam! It was my first sight of cranberry sauce. The airmen were so kind to us; there were sweets or cookies around our plates. One man went and got some greaseproof paper for us to put them in."

Did this man survive? Or would he be one of the many local B-24 Liberator bomber fliers killed or missing in action?

"I laid in bed on cold, dark winter mornings and heard the 'putt-putt' of the engines of the B-24s starting up, and pulled the blankets over my head." ■

Dessau Was No Picnic!

SUBMITTED BY HOWARD BOLDT, RAY LEMONS, JACK KNOX AND JIM BAYNHAM (445TH)

While reading Jack Pelton's article "It's a Small, Small World, After All" in the Winter 2006 edition of *The Journal*, a bell suddenly rang in Jack Knox's head, tail gunner on the James C. Baynham crew. Then, Jim Baynham, Ray Lemons and Howard Boldt, the only other living members of this crew, were apprised of the article and we all thought this had to be a great follow-up to Jack Pelton's article. The date of August 16, 1944 and the target Dessau, Germany was indeed an unforgettable experience for our crew also. Yes, that 14-year-old German gunner did shoot down at least two bombers that day. And it could easily have been three or more, including us (the Baynham crew), as we were very late returning to Tibenham. Since we were still a ten-man crew, and with ball turrets removed, one of four enlisted men on each mission did not fly. On this day the crew member who did not fly, nervously waited and sweated us out. After miraculously surviving that mission, our pilot, Jim Baynham, wrote of our experience that day to his father, advertising manager of the *Texarkana Gazette and Daily News*.

It is our thought that this story is added emphasis to what actually happened to the 445th Bomb Group that day. We, the four living survivors of Baynham's crew, hope that this article as written can be used to tell the whole story.

An addendum to this mission that can now be told, is that the first plane hit, Lt. Guestella's, crashed into Capt. Carlisle's plane and we crashed into the flaming wreckage of both. All crew members on Guestella's plane were KIA. All on Carlisle's plane were KIA except one who became a POW.

To further amplify the "luck of the Irish," this same crew member, who was originally our ball turret gunner, on September 27, 1944 again did not fly. He again sweated out the return of Baynham's crew from the Kassel mission. On this day, however, our luck ran out and we did not come back. Fortunately for him, he was able to complete his missions in March of 1945. So at least it can be said that one member of our crew stayed the course.

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The following account occurred on our 3rd mission, Dessau, Germany, August 16, 1944. Lt. Jimmy Baynham and his Liberator crew somersaulted through flaming wrecks of two other

planes high over Germany, and the Texarkana pilot brought 'em back alive.

"With nobody dead – just standing on our heads," that's the newest line of the wing and a prayer thing recently enacted by First Lieutenant James Baynham, of Texarkana and his Liberator crew many thousands of miles over flak-flipping Germany. He wrote the details, with military stuff excluded, in a letter to his dad, J.D. Baynham, advertising manager of the *Texarkana Gazette & Daily News*, and it's a thrilling story. Here's the way he tells it:

We got up at 0245 and headed for the mess hall to receive fresh eggs for a change — they really tasted good. Then to briefing where we were told about our mission for that day. It would be a rough one, with plenty of flak, and a good chance for fighters. So, we took off and assembled in our squadron, then group, then wing, then division and finally the whole Air Force, and headed for Germany.

As we looked ahead we could see hundreds of planes stretched for hundreds, it seemed, of miles ahead, and that many more behind us. Then we rumbled across the enemy coast, and we wondered what the people there thought, as day after day, they saw all the heavies slowly go in and then, hours later, come out again, undisturbed, the empty places filled by other ships. They should know that there must be something terrific happening far back in Germany.

As we test-fired our guns, we found we had only one gun working in the nose and one of the tail turret guns ran away, expending a quarter of its ammunition, an unpleasant situation, but not meriting an abort from the mission.

As we flew to the target, we skirted any flak areas that came up, so we didn't get any shots close to us on the way in.

As we hit the I.P. (initial point), and opened our bomb doors, we started getting flak. At first, it was inaccurate, and just as Hec (one of the gunners) said "They're just a bunch of farmers," they closed in on us and really got our number. We were riding through it, however, hearing the flak explode it was so close, and hearing the shrapnel hit the ship, when I looked up and saw a burning ship flying upside down about 100 feet above us. It was going very fast and diving. It looked like a derelict, burning fiercely. Charley, (the copilot) looked up and saw it too, and we both sat spellbound as it dived into

the very center of the ship in front of us, not more than 100 feet away. Then we began to act. As I turned the ship to the left, the blast hit us. Both ships had exploded in a great ball of red fire, smoke and debris. As the blast hit us, the force sent us over on our backs, going down and passing through the wreckage.

Instantly Charley and I were on the controls with all we had. The amazing thing was that we were working exactly together, not fighting for the controls. I was sure we were on fire too after flying through that flame, and our only thought at the time was to right it long enough to give everyone a chance to jump.

So as we turned it back over and pulled it up, we looked, and amazingly enough, all our engines were turning. As we had turned over, the bombs had torn loose from their racks and battered the bomb bay roof and sides, then dribbled out as we righted the ship. The inside of our ship was really in a mess. Our equipment was strewn everywhere; some of it had fallen out.

Hec, in the nose turret, released the doors and came tumbling out of the turret backwards, as the explosion occurred. He was weak with the loss of oxygen, so Johnny (another crew member) applied oxygen to him. No injuries in the nose turret. Next, on the flight deck, Charley and I were not affected mentally as were the others because we were busy. Boldt, the engineer, was in the upper turret and was all right. Fields, the radioman, who was under the flight deck at the open bomb bays, was nearly thrown from the ship during the violent maneuvers, but suffered no injuries.

Next, in the waist, Lemons was thrown back towards the tail, with ammunition boxes, chaff and equipment all around him. Byrd, the other waist gunner, was in the same fix. Knox, in the tail turret, seeing the smoke and flames, thought it was our ship that had been hit, and came out of his turret, crawling towards the escape hatch, the centrifugal force not permitting him to make much headway. All three were ready to bail out, but the escape hatch was jammed, and by the time they made their way to the waist windows, the plane was in an upright position again, so they realized they were okay. They were all weak from anoxia, so they sat down while regaining their strength, but there were no injuries in the waist.

(continued on page 34)



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY LLOYD W. PRANG

Bill Norris, a pilot with the 735th Squadron, sent the following. It comes from a BBC News article dated 6 March 2006:

SPITFIRE MAIDEN FLIGHT RE-ENACTED

Five Spitfires have taken part in a re-enactment of the first test flight—70 years after the planes first took to the skies. Thousands turned up to watch as the Southampton-built fighter planes took off from the airport and flew in formation over the city.

Aboard one of them was Alex Henshaw, 93, the chief test pilot during WWII. Mr. Henshaw said he had flown his first "Spit" on his birthday in November 1939. Before taking off today he said, "For me this is really full circle—November 1939 and this is the last time I will go up in one so it's very nostalgic. I'm feeling my age and it's not good having ideas that the body cannot carry out."

Even though four pilots in his team were killed and Mr. Henshaw escaped injury by bailing out twice, he is full of praise for the Spitfire. "The Spitfire is the most outstanding low wing mono-plane ever built," he said. "The Hurricane was a fantastic aircraft and contributed as much as the Spitfire. But although the Spitfire didn't win the war, the war would have been lost without it." More than 20,000 Spitfires, which played such a crucial role in the Battle of Britain, were built.

The planes took off at 16:30 GMT, flew in salute over the factory site, up Southampton water and back over Eastleigh to the airport at an altitude of 700 feet. The flight recreated the original flight on 5 March 1936 at 16:30 GMT. The factory was the reason much of Southampton was destroyed by German bombing during the war.

COPING WITH IDENTITY THEFT

We have all heard horror stories about fraud that is committed on us in stealing a name, address, Social Security number, or credit cards. Here is some critical information to limit the damage in case this happens to you.

First: Place the contents of your wallet on a photocopy machine. Do both sides of each credit card, etc. This will allow you to know what you had in your wallet and all the account numbers and phone numbers to call and cancel. Keep the pho-

tocopies in a safe place where you know where you can find them.

Second: File a police report immediately in the jurisdiction where your credit cards, etc. were stolen. This proves to credit providers that you were diligent, and is a first step toward an investigation.

Third: Call the three national credit reporting organizations immediately to place a fraud alert on your name and Social Security number.

Here are the numbers you need to contact about your wallet and contents being stolen:

Equifax: 1-800-525-6285

Experian (formerly TRW): 1-888-397-3742

TransUnion: 1-800-680-7289

Social Security Administration

(fraud line): 1-800-269-0271

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

Although there was a newspaper story in the last *Journal* about the closure of RAF Coltishall, here is a personal view of the closing by David Hastings.

"I first saw RAF Coltishall in 1938! In the Fifties we became involved with No. 23 Squadron flying DeHavilland Venom jet night fighters. In the early Sixties, as a new pilot, we built the links with the Norfolk & Norwich Aero Club and the Lightning fighter Conversion Unit, which lasted until last weekend. The Norfolk Vintage Pilots were formed to thank Coltishall and we did many GCA Radar talk downs. I became an Honorary Member of the Mess in the Sixties, so it is a real wrench to think that we will never dine in that famous mess again.

"Here are the details of a truly wonderful weekend. However, it was extremely sad. Jean and I were among the guests invited to the closing on Saturday and Sunday. It was good to see many old pilots and others whom we had not seen for years. The weather was mixed but we did have blue skies and some showers. We arrived on Saturday at 10:15 am ready to be in our seats for the first parade at 11:00 am. Then we had coffee with No. 6 Squadron before we sat down again to watch the entire Station, over 600 of them, finally march off. It was quite a moving sight. The band of the Royal Air Force was there, and just as they saluted the Chief of Staff, six Jaguars roared overhead in perfect formation. At 3:00 pm we all witnessed the start-up of all the remaining Jaguar aircraft. As they taxied out for the

last time, everyone was in tears. They took off in pairs and then returned for a mass fly-past. The Station Commander then led another formation in a most moving "Missing Man" formation, which had us in tears again. Then all of us were stunned as we entered an empty hangar. Nothing was left except the paintings of the Gulf War on the inside of the hangar doors, oh so moving and so sad!

That evening, the Station had invited 800 people, mainly those who had served at Coltishall, for this final party, the "Disbandment Ball." Every room had a different theme in the history of the Station. At 11:00 pm we went outside to watch a huge display of fireworks. As mess members we were determined to exhaust all the Mess Funds before we closed. However, by 11:45 pm we had wilted and decided to leave. It had been a tremendous evening filled with great memories, but tinged with sadness as we looked at each of the rooms and realized that we would never dine in those surroundings of so much history ever again. At 1:00 am they had a "Hog Roast," and I gather the Ball finally ended at 5:00 am.

On Sunday all of it really did end. We assembled in our beautiful Cathedral at 12:00 noon for the special Traditional Service to lay up the Station's Standards, which will now hang in the Cathedral until, as the young officer said in the RAF tradition, "they turn to dust." This is a part of the formal service that always brings tears to Jean and me. The Lord Bishop gave a very moving sermon, and then the Standard was laid on the altar and it was all over.

We all went for coffee in the Cloisters with some very upset service personnel. We gave thanks to the Station for all their huge support to the 2nd Air Division over so many years. It was the end of an era for Norfolk and the Royal Air Force. We were so very lucky to have known the Station for over fifty years. Finally, we went back to take one last look at the Standard lying on the altar. I guess that's life and the politicians have once again destroyed history. Now, the only thing left to do was to drive home.

On a personal note, Jean and I were so very glad to have had two 2ADA members, Al Dexter and Geoff Gregory, as our guests for this Dining-in Night—memories indeed, gentlemen."

Memories indeed, David! At this stage of our lives they are becoming increasingly important.

Ray Pytel has reminded me that although this issue of the *Journal* will reach you in late September, it will be the last one of 2006. Until next time, we wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a happy, healthy New Year. Cheers, gentlemen. ■

JUST 100 YEARS AGO . . . REMEMBER? Popular Interest in "Base~ball"

REPRINTED FROM "THE ONION"
COMPRISING THE 6TH THROUGH THE 12TH DAYS OF JULY, A.D. 1906

A new diversion in the form of popular sport, already having taken hold in the mindless regions of the North-East, continues to entice the attentions and amusement of commonfolk across the nation, a sport played in the out-of-doors with the customary ball, but with the curious and somewhat baffling addition of a wooden truncheon or "bat." This "base-ball," so named because participants must perform a circular traverse of several points or "bases," seems a simple game indeed, being in the main a contest of brute strength and low cunning between a ball-thrower and a club-brandishing "hitter."

Yet its very simplicity and lack of profound or intricate strategies seem to render it irresistible to the laboring classes, who are content to squat slack-jawed upon rude planks in all manner of weather while the seemingly interminable game draws on before them.

Enthusiasm for this sporting play, which bears a resemblance to the British holiday-game "cricketing," extends to the players, who are held by the workingman as important persons, each with his own history of success or failure in the game. During the events they receive hearty applause, often out of measure of their accomplishments, because they seem genuinely popular with the public, in spite of their somewhat disconcerting penchant to bedeck



A player of base-ball in his defensive incarnation, without his ball-striking club

themselves in union suits adorned with odd-looking symbols and numerical digits. There are even certain men who are renowned for their skill with bat-and-ball, however much they may resemble the shifti Irishman with his shillelagh, and these men become heroes to grubby newsboys and grizzled foundryman alike. The progress of these base-ball heroes is charted with an elaborate system of record-keeping, which exposes the common wage-earner to intricacies of mathematics, both real and imagined, and keep his simple intellect occupied for any number of hours.

This new development in the recreative habits of our lesser peoples, though baffling, may serve another useful purpose. Although some of our more prominent citizens are wary of having large numbers of common folk congregating in one place, they should be admonished; for as long

as they are kept amused, even the largest throng of brutes remains docile. The ignoble laborer has little enough free time, and it is best he spend it among others of his ilk, and squander it if he wishes by staring at pyjama'd men playing at ring-round-the-rosy. Any unlikely tumult or riot that occurs will be confined to the base-ball park, an unbeautiful sprawling structure usually found in the neighborhoods of the McPaddys and O'Tipsys, where even apocalyptic fires would cause small loss.

The possibilities of profiting by this fad must not be dismissed lightly. Mr. Alphon-sus Schlagfrau, a brewer of local stature, has discovered that he may increase the price of a pint of beer by an outrageous factor, and the captive crowd will spend a half-day's pay in a trice. Proprietors of gambling establishments also exact a comfortable fee for handling wagers on base-ball games, and one must wonder if the teams might be persuaded to lose or "toss" a crucial outing and thus gain the man of foresight a considerable sum. The manufacturers of Crawford's Soothing Syrup have also seen more business, ostensibly the result of increased cases of pleurisy contracted from the crowd's oblivious exposure to inclement elements during the base-ball matches.

In the main, it would seem that this new fascination with a bootless sporting contest shall do more good than ill, particularly in that it can be used to generate revenue, and perhaps perform a function much like the circus of the Roman Empire by distracting from their cares the miserable drudges of our similarly mighty Republic.

Ed. Note: Is there a chance that the world will ever take this game "seriously?"



Depicted here, the public's awe in witnessing city plans for a new base-ball yard.

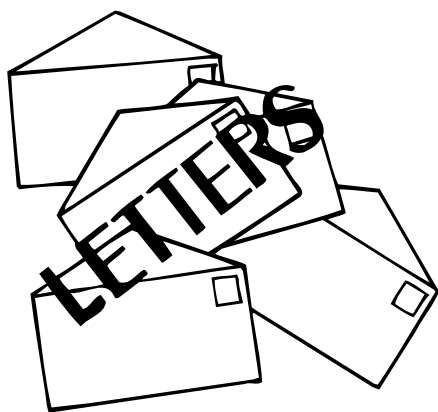
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To the Editor:

My name is Fernley Smith, a member of the 93rd Bomb Group, 409th Squadron, where as a pilot/officer, I flew 18 missions in 1945.

The 2ADA Nominating Committee has nominated me as a candidate for Executive Vice President of the 2nd Air Division Association. My decision to retire as president of the 93rd Bomb Group Association to seek this challenging opportunity with the 2ADA was not an easy one. However, with the enthusiastic support of the 93rd, along with other bomb groups, I accepted the challenge.

The over-riding reason for this decision stems from my desire to become involved in helping the 2ADA find the best course acceptable to the membership for the long-term future of the 2ADA. I wish also to assist and support the newly elected president as he seeks to use the many talents and resources of the 2ADA to achieve the stated goals of the membership.

I am especially interested in working closely with The Heritage League to best utilize the talents of that group to carry forward the image and goals of the 2ADA in the years ahead, both at home and abroad.

I would ask you to check me out with my fellow 93rd members, as well as other bomb groups to evaluate my service these past three years as president of the 93rd Bomb Group. I am particularly proud of the successful involvement of our second-generation associates who have brought energy and enthusiasm for ensuring the long-term future of the 93rd. You may also wish to check out the 93rd's web site at www.93rdBombardmentGroup.com.

I welcome your e-mails, phone calls or written correspondence to which you can expect my prompt and open replies.

Working together at this important time for the 2ADA we can make a difference, and I would therefore ask that you seriously consider my candidacy.

Fernley Smith (93rd)
827 Union Pacific
PMB 71-1033
Laredo, TX 78045
Tel. (602) 490-0330



To the Editor:

The 467th Bomb Group has received some national news coverage!

On Friday, May 26, on the CBS Evening News with Bob Schieffer, the 467th Bomb Group was given good coverage of their last convention in Texas. His coverage gave history of the 467th while in combat during WWII. He interviewed several people in attendance and during these interviews B-24s were shown flying in formation (this was a combat mission film). Featured front and center was the B-24 *Witchcraft*. A short history of the aircraft was given. This program was great PR for the 467th. As chairman of 2ADA Group Relations, I am writing Bob Schieffer to thank him for the coverage. If anyone happened to make a copy of this coverage, please let me know.

James H. Reeves (HDQ)
Box 98, Thomasville Road
Moultrie, GA 31768



To the Editor:

Just wanted to let you know that the *Journals* arrived safely last week and we have mailed them out. What another great issue, and thank you so much for printing the article on Tom Eaton as we owe him so much, plus the "Farewell to RAF Coltishall." We still cannot believe that the base is gone, and it all looks very sad now. We also miss the roar of the Jaguars in our Norfolk skies — the sound of freedom.

We are looking forward to the visit of the 445th led by Bill Dewey in July. It will be good to see them all again including Joan Patterson.

I have enclosed the new leaflet produced by the "The Friends of the Memorial" and if you could give this a mention sometime it would be deeply appreciated.

With regards, and all our thanks as always,

David J. Hastings
"Westering"
32 Thieves Lane
Salhouse
Norwich, NR13 6RQ
ENGLAND



To the Editor:

Re: Page No. 18, Winter '06 *Journal*:

Had I gone when our crew chief woke me up to go to Greencastle, Ireland on October 18, 1944, I would have been killed that day which claimed 24 lives. Later, on February 24, 1945, I was to be used as a gunner on Lt. Clifton Howard's crew; five died that day, five survived. It wasn't my time to die.

The original members of our 445th BG crew were as follows: C.H. Tenney, pilot; R.W. Sechler, copilot; G.J. Leary, navigator; G.S. Moss, crew chief; and J.L. Arrig-

otti, radio operator. These five died on October 18, 1944 over England.

The remainder of C.H. Tenney's crew: Keith Holland, bombardier, and George McGuines, gunner, died on a later mission. Still living, to the best of my knowledge, are John Readington, gunner, and William Langevoort, gunner, but I can't find John Readington.

Stephen Bolcar (445th)
413 Boonton Avenue
Boonton, NJ 07005



To the Editor:

About ten years ago one daughter of mine had *au pairs* caring for her children. This went on for seven or eight years. Most of the *au pairs* were from Germany and they could not stay for more than one year. They were mostly young girls just out of high school.

I asked one of them if she had any family members who had been in WWII. She told me that her grandfather was an instructor pilot in the Luftwaffe. She said he died in the war but I did not ask about details. I asked her if she would like to fly with a former 8th AF pilot. She said, "I'd love to," so we went to the airport where I had my two-seater Grumman aircraft. I gave her a quick course of instruction and she did really well flying. I told her she must have inherited her grandfather's "flying genes."

I often think how ironic it is that the granddaughter of a Luftwaffe pilot was caring for grandchildren of an 8th AF pilot.

Life does hold many surprises, some stranger than fiction.

Ted Watson (466th)
155 South Street
Reading, MA 01867



To the Editor:

Regarding the article about the Black March in the Summer '06 *Journal*, I have some information that might be of interest to those who were prisoners.

Many years ago I bought a book entitled *Maybe I'm Dead* by Joe Slaas. It was printed by the Macmillan Company in New York in 1955.

It tells of his experiences as a POW in Africa, Italy and Germany. He was a Spit pilot and was forced down and captured in Africa. I have met two men whose stories match the one in the book. One is Ray Lemons from here in Dallas.

I am sure that the book is out of print, but someone may know how to get some copies — always check on e-Bay!

Lee Swofford (445th)
P.O. Box 1338
Coppell, TX 75019



To the Editor:

This photo of the *Lady Be Good* was taken on the first day of exploration before any windows were cracked for additional air flow in the desert. The photo was given to me by Jim Walker, who participated in testing the recovered engine, etc. One engine they found had a 20mm shell lodged in the casing.

Hugh McLaren (AM 389th BG)
4520 N. Shoreland Avenue
Whitefish Bay, WI 53217



To the Editor:

I have only myself to blame — I violated the unofficial advice every member of the armed forces heard repeatedly from the first day of entry into the service:

NEVER VOLUNTEER FOR ANYTHING!

By the time that our crew flew its first mission in September of 1944, our group had Allied fighter cover all the way to the target and back.

I realized that it would be very unlikely that I, an aerial gunner, would ever fire my machine guns at an attacking Luftwaffe pilot.

If I really wanted to do my bit to end the war, I could best fly in the nose turret, and:

1) I would "pull the pins" — our bomb's fuses each had a cotter pin in place which would have prevented its explosion if the bombs had to be salvoed over friendly territory. These pins had to be removed.

2) I would actually throw the toggle switch sending our bombs to the enemy below.



Lady Be Good

3) I would proudly announce: *Bombs Away.*

However, in retrospect, for a nose turret gunner to do all of the above required the following:

As soon as we crossed into enemy air space, from a sitting position, I had to:

1) Disconnect my throat microphone, ear phones, and electrically heated suit wire.

2) Change my oxygen supply hose from the plane's central supply to a portable canister.

3) Remove my armor plated anti-flak suit.

4) Exit my turret while carrying my oxygen supply source.

5) Crawl beneath the flight deck into the bomb bay.

6) While standing on the narrow catwalk between the bomb shackles, remove each bomb's cotter pin, and place it in my zippered pocket. NOTE: Those cotter pins had to be counted by an intelligence officer after landing to be sure that each bomb had actually detonated on Germany.

7) Make my way back to my original position in the nose turret.

Once the war had ended, and people asked me how I had served our nation during the conflict, I simply said:

"I flew thirty-five combat missions as a member of an 8th Air Force combat crew."

Ira Wells (448th)
653 Pelton Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10310



26th Annual Second Air Division Association of Southern California Regional Reunion

FEBRUARY 24, 2007
(last Saturday in February)

**Phoenix Club
Anaheim, California**

Gathering — 11:00 a.m.
Program — 11:30 a.m.

For more info, contact:

Dick Baynes
19191 Harvard Ave. #234
Irvine, CA 92612-4670
Tel. (949) 854-1741

Folded Wings

HDQ

Helen Hanson Sheppard

44th BG

Wayne A. Miller
Francis J. Peck

93rd BG

Louis G. Bargout
Howard S. Macreading
John K. Neast
Elmer W. Pearson
Ramsay D. Potts (453rd)

389th BG

Walter Glen Eason
Charles E. Leach
Leon J. Nowicki
Stephen Posner

392nd BG

Leon A. Jones
Philip E. Rose
James F. Thomas
Norbert J. Wick

445th BG

Ben J. Hite
Stephen Posner
Joseph F. Walsh

448th BG

Ralph C. Dimick
Frank R. Gibson
Robert L. Harper (453rd)
Robert USSak

453rd BG

Milton R. Stokes

458th BG

Richard E. Bateman
William J. Edkins
Burt Frauman
Melvin L. Kenyon
Col. Robert W. Vincent

466th BG

Harold M. Falik
Russell D. McNair

489th BG

William Anson
Farris L. Clark
Malcolm B. Sturgis

492nd BG

Elvern R. Seitzinger
Winston J. Strehorn

SERVICE OF COMMEMORATION *(continued from page 2)*

who lived among us and died in a common cause. But a national tribute, which would stand as an act of commemoration by the people of this country as a whole, has called for something more. Out of the deep desire to create a central and enduring British memorial to these American dead, which would serve as a shrine and a perpetual remembrance of all soldiers, sailors and airmen of the United States of America in their wartime comradeship with the British people, was born the plan of an American Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The plan, originally conceived towards the end of the war, took definite shape during the months after victory was won in Europe and in Asia. It was announced to the public, in an appeal for funds for the purpose, by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Trenchard and Sir Clive Baillieu, president and chairman respectively of the American British-Commonwealth Association which had been formed in 1941 to promote the closest co-operation between the American and British peoples both in war and in peace (and which has since been amalgamated with the English-Speaking Union). In sponsoring the appeal the Association invited the body of ordinary men and women in Great Britain to contribute "their pennies, their sixpences or their pounds."

From the beginning, the project, which had been wholeheartedly welcomed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, met with the warm approval of their Majesties the King and Queen and of the greatly honoured United States Ambassador at that time in this country, the late John G. Winant. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's gladly agreed to set aside the necessary space within the cathedral. The memorial also received the warm support of General Eisenhower, who in acknowledgment asked to be allowed to cooperate in preparing a Roll of Honour, suitably inscribed, to be handed to the Dean and Chapter for safekeeping in the Chapel.

Trustees of the fund were appointed and a council was set up under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury. There was a nationwide response to the appeal for funds, and in the event some millions of people in this country contributed in all a sum of nearly £100,000.

The choice of St. Paul's Cathedral for the American Memorial Chapel bears eloquent witness to the sentiment that inspires this tribute of the British people. For St. Paul's, which is the national cathedral, enshrines not a little of the history of British valour and sacrifice. Within its walls lie or are commemorated a glorious muster of our fighting leaders, headed by the greatest of sea captains and the victor of Waterloo. The American comrades-at-arms of our people commemorated in St. Paul's keep noble company.

St. Paul's itself shared and suffered in the ordeal of war. Guarded in the London "Blitz" during the hours of darkness by a band of volunteers known as St. Paul's Watch, it twice sustained direct hits by high-explosive bombs and was grievously damaged. No Londoner will ever forget the spectacle of the night of December 29-30, 1940, when St. Paul's appeared as though miraculously islanded in a sea of fire. Under Providence it was spared from the fury of the enemy and still stands, in the midst of heavy destruction as a symbol of our faith and endurance.

At the centre of the extreme east end of the cathedral, behind the high altar, is the semi-circular apse, known until now as the Jesus Chapel, which was wrecked by a blast from bombs falling close to the east end. This is the space set aside for the American Memorial Chapel. The plans for rebuilding at this point form part of a larger scheme, approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission, for the internal reconstruction of the entire east end. Under this scheme the severely damaged reredos, dominating the choir, will be replaced by a lighter and less obstructive baldachino over the high altar, thus extending the view from the entrance of the cathedral in the western end of the whole length of nave and choir and disclosing more fully the grand sweep of the apse. The whole effect will be to realize in greater measure the original architectural conception of Sir Christopher Wren.

The design for the American Memorial Chapel conforms to the existing standard of the cathedral and meets the requirements of the Dean and Chapter. It takes in the three great windows of the apse, for which designs of new stained-glass panels are being prepared that will find place for the insignia of the forty-eight States of the American Union. The full character of the changes to be made, and the American Memorial Chapel, is visible in the impressive model which has for some time been on exhibit in the cathedral.

The work of rebuilding, however, has of necessity had to wait upon urgent tasks of national reconstruction after the war. The repair of widespread war damage throughout the country, in homes, industry and communications, came first; the immediate need for building new houses could least of all be denied. Delay in starting work at St. Paul's thus sprang from the exigencies of an era of shortages in building materials as in so much else. But a start on the work of reconstruction at St. Paul's was made in February of this year. The American Memorial Chapel stands at the head of the list.

The Roll of Honour to be dedicated today, presented by General Eisenhower to the Dean and Chapter for safekeeping until the Chapel is ready to receive it, is a richly illuminated manuscript of 473 pages, bearing on its cover a gold V plaque and corner shields and inset with precious stones. It contains 28,000 names, arranged in alphabetical order, each followed by details of rank and service.

On this same occasion the gift which His Majesty the King is making to Washington Cathedral of a silver cross and pair of candlesticks for use upon the high altar is also to be dedicated. The cross is a replica of that designed for the Royal Victorian Order and presented to the King's Chapel of the Savoy; the candlesticks follow the design of the cross. Each piece is of octagonal form with flutes interspaced and bears the engraved cipher of the King.

Ed. Note: We wish to thank Memorial Trust Chairman Matthew Martin for obtaining clearance for the Journal to reprint the St. Paul's Cathedral articles from the Dome. ■

DESSAU WAS NO PICNIC *(continued from page 29)*

Then we found we still had one bomb, and the bombardier came back and released it manually. Then we found that the bomb bay doors could not be closed, so we left them until we reached low altitude. In the meantime, we saw that we had no brake pressure. So when we reached lower levels, I crawled out in the bomb bay and cranked the doors shut, filled the gas gauges at the same time and found we were low on gas.

When we reached the field, we proceeded to come in for a no-brake landing. We were happy when the gear came down, then the flaps also worked, and we put the flap handle down. I noticed that about 700 pounds had been built up on the brake pressure gauges. So when we hit the ground, Boldt hit the flap handle and held it down, giving us some brakes — not enough to use constantly but enough to stop us once we slowed down. So after we slowed down as much as possible, I jammed on the brakes, and as the plane skidded to the side, the throttles kept it straight, and we finally came to a stop, taxied off on the grass and got out to kiss the dear old terra firma.

Upon inspecting the ship, we found the leading edge of the wing between Nos. 1 and 2 engines had been mangled and some more wreckage had hit the right side of the fuselage, bending it. The top of the cockpit had been cracked by more wreckage. Anyway you take it, we were nine very lucky guys that day.

That's the story, Pop. I believe I left out all the censorable stuff — but it's a good story — like a bad dream, no more. I guess the reason it doesn't bother us is that it all happened so fast and was so impersonal when we thought of it afterwards. We find ourselves joking about it and wonder how the hell we do it. I guess we have to be that way. ■

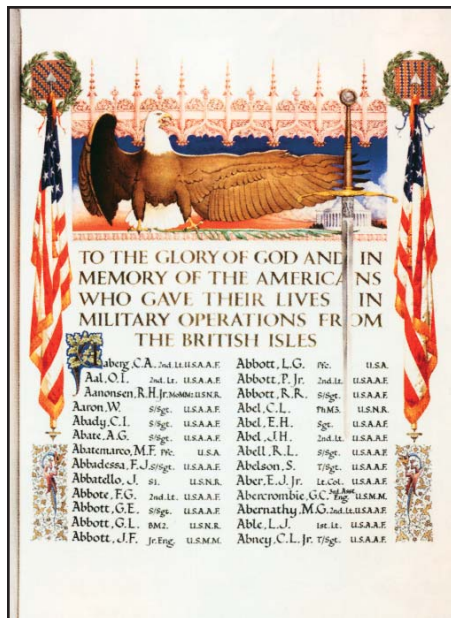
The American Roll of Honor

Just behind the High Altar and within the American Memorial Chapel, is a strong display case containing the American Roll of Honor. It is in the form of a beautifully bound book, not a roll or scroll, as its calligraphed and illuminated pages are turned daily to remember more than 28,000 American servicemen who died while permanently based in Britain from 1942 to 1945. The greater part of this Roll comprises the names of those who died serving in the Eighth United States Army Air Force (USAAF). Because I was closely involved in keeping this Roll, I use the simple term "Memorial Book" in this narration.

The magnificent hand-crafted and original Memorial Book must remain secure in the display case; while a black and white full-size duplicate, bound in two volumes, is kept and supervised by the Virger's Office in the Dean's Aisle, close to the Memorial Chapel. Relatives and former comrades have convenient access to these, particularly when the "Thanksgiving Day" service brings many Americans to the Cathedral.

When I was chosen from 23 candidates to become an Assistant Virger in October 1984, the Dean and Chapter opted for "two for the price of one." My other duty as Calligrapher meant very little free time outside my Assistant Virger duties. Registers and other Cathedral requirements widened my work experience for eight years before retirement and gave me more than eleven years working continuity after that event. The "brief encounter" which I now relate, happened in my last full year as an Assistant Virger. It was during the late summer of 1992.

It was an off-day from Virger duties. I had just completed three new entries to the American Memorial Book (and its



Frontispiece of the American Roll of Honor
Photograph courtesy of Philip Way

A brief encounter

John Lockyer, an Assistant Virger for eight years (1984-1992) and Calligrapher to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral in London for nineteen years (1984-2003), recalls a special day



duplicate). Names had been forwarded to me, via the Registrar, from the U.S. Embassy Defense Attaché. Remains of lost aircrew members of the USAAF had then recently been found and identifications confirmed. My final task that day was to carry the heavy and most precious original volume back to its display case in the American Memorial Chapel.

Dedication page in the American Roll of Honor



Image courtesy of Patrick Wilkins

A fascinating story

The Chapel was empty as I removed an updated duplicate, which had rested in the display case whilst I had added the new names to the original volume. It was quite out of order for the display case to be empty during visiting hours, especially as Friends' Guided Tours gave the American Memorial Chapel special attention. Having replaced the Memorial Book, I found the correct page for the day; lowered the heavy gilt-framed glass lid and locked the display case. It was just then I noticed an elderly white-haired gentleman. He had evidently been watching me for quite some time and now came towards me.

He paused. Then introducing himself, he said: "I am a retired Pan Am Airline Captain. During the War, I was a Major, serving in the Eighth United States Army Air Force, which came to England in 1942. This is our 50th Anniversary. May I tell you more about the War?" I was pleased and said "yes," since, as a wartime Air Training Corps Cadet, I had the privilege of visiting American bases. The story of a dreadful day in the spring of 1944 began to unfold. The aged former Major had been in command of a "flight" of three B-17 "Flying Fortress" bombers, part of a large

formation ordered to attack oil installations in enemy-occupied Eastern Europe.

It was a daylight raid at extreme range, which gave great advantage to the German fighter squadrons. The large formation suffered heavy losses. The American explained this to me, then came to the point. "All my Flight was shot down; most of them died. We were attacked by FW-

190s — the best the Germans had." As he said this, I reopened the display case; putting on special gloves for handling the vellum pages. I knew he would be naming his dead comrades; mindful, that although I had met relatives of those recorded in the Memorial Book, this was my first encounter with a survivor of the Eighth U.S. Army Air Force. I would be sharing a very personal experience with him as he mustered his dead comrades for a Roll Call.

That's how it seemed, as he gave me their names, from memory, between very brief narratives and long pauses. The American brought the staggering reality and horror of aerial warfare to life. Every name was found during this sequence of remembrance. We were feeling quite alone in the complete silence of the Chapel. Then the American told me how he was wounded, as his own B-17 was shot down. He was able to escape by parachute but was captured on landing. The rest of his story amazed me then in 1992, as it still does today.

Forgiveness and reconciliation

"We had orders to record the markings on all attacking enemy fighters," said the
(continued on back page)

A BRIEF ENCOUNTER *(continued)*

American. "This was for intelligence use, when returning to base. I remember the one that got me." Indeed, he did! After the Russians liberated him in 1945, he made an effort to trace the German fighter squadron that wiped out his Flight. Not only did he locate the squadron, but the man who shot him down! "We've been great friends for years and I'm just back from

a visit to him in Germany. You see, we were doing our duty, him and me, that awful day in 1944. War is like that."

Having said this, the American was choked; so moved as to be lost for words. So was I. All I could do, was to check that the right page was open in the Memorial Book; then lock the case after closing the heavy lid. The click of the lock punctuated the silence as the American turned

with me, to walk away from the display case. The shock that we had that moment, will never be forgotten. The entire American Memorial Chapel behind us, had been packed with silent, standing people! As we faced them, they were as speechless as we were and almost dreamlike. They and we seemed to melt away. But would anyone there ever forget such a meaningful brief encounter? ■

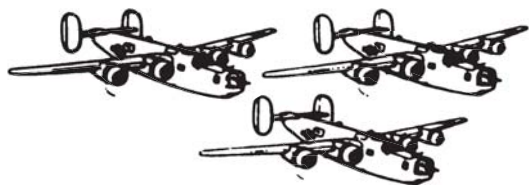


The American Roll of Honor in its display case in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Photograph courtesy of Sampson Lloyd

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION EIGHTH AIR FORCE

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