

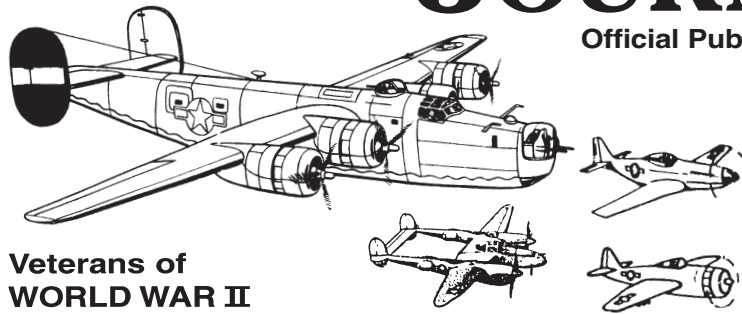
**IT'S GRAND
RAPIDS TIME.
BE THERE!**

**DOWNTOWN MAP
See page 35**

**LAKE MICHIGAN CAR FERRY
See back page**

THE JOURNAL

Official Publication of the:



**Veterans of
WORLD WAR II**



Volume 46 Number 3

Summer 2007

“HAMBURG!”

OPERATION GOMORRAH: The devastating 1943 bombing of Hamburg that shook the Nazi regime as never before.

By REBECCA GRANT • Reprinted by permission from AIR FORCE Magazine, published by the Air Force Association

RAF Bomber Command all but annihilated the German city of Hamburg at the close of July 1943. In the view of Air Chief Marshall Arthur T. Harris, the attacks on the so-called “second city of the Reich” were “incomparably more terrible” than any Germany had suffered to that point. The name bestowed on this series of raids seemed to fit its wrath-of-God nature. The RAF called it Operation Gomorrah.

The redoubtable “Bomber” Harris was right. His Bomber Command threw 2,355 sorties at Hamburg in three massive nighttime raids on July 24-25, July 28, and July 30. The United States Army Air Forces also flung itself into the attacks; Eighth Air Force, based in Britain, generated 235 daylight sorties in two raids during July 25 and July 26.

The main result was a horrendous July 28 firestorm that killed more than 40,000 persons in and around Hamburg. Most died of asphyxiation while huddling for shelter in their basements, or in the above ground flames and melting asphalt of the streets.

By contrast, the Luftwaffe’s November 14, 1940 firestorm-bombing of the English city of Coventry killed 538 Britons.

The Hamburg raid was a shock to the Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, and his air force chief, Hermann Goering. Former reichsminister Albert Speer wrote years later, “Hamburg had suffered the fate Hitler and Goering conceived for London in 1940.”

The situation looked very different from the Allied side. Harris described the RAF’s own losses (57 aircraft in the three raids) as “minute.” Hamburg’s fate, in British eyes, could only be called just. “What happened at Hamburg was what happened when



The remains of some of the buildings in Hamburg after the RAF’s devastating Raid Two on July 28, 1943. The RAF dropped more than 2,326 tons of bombs there.

Bomber Command ‘got everything right,’” wrote historian Martin Middlebrook in his definitive 1980 account of the attacks, *The Battle of Hamburg*.

Few doubted that Bomber Command had taken the World War II air war to a new level.

TOTAL AIR WAR

It was a level that had been conceived — even expected — a decade earlier. Prosecution of “total war” on cities and civilians as well as armies was part of interwar military thought in both England and Germany. In 1932, British Prime Minister

Stanley Baldwin famously predicted, “The bomber will always get through. The only defense is offense, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy [does] if you want to save yourself.”

The concept resonated with the Luftwaffe, according to American historian Williamson Murray. One Luftwaffe theoretician argued in May 1933 that “terrorizing of the enemy’s chief cities and industrial regions through bombing would lead that much more quickly to a collapse of morale.”

(continued on page 28)

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

JOURNAL



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President's Message

BY OAK MACKEY (392ND)



Oak and Maxine Mackey

Old folks like to recall the good old days, so excuse me while I reminisce about a Second Air Division Association convention of the past. Maxine and I went to our first convention in 1978. I was a new member then, and the convention was at the Coronado Hotel on Coronado Island across the high bridge from San Diego. Do you remember? It was so great to greet old friends from the 392nd BG whom I had not seen since 1945. J.D. Long, also of the 392nd, was 2ADA President that year. The old hotel, circa 1900 or so, sits on a lovely beach facing the big Pacific Ocean. It has been cared for and renovated over the years and is in perfect condition. The big hospitality room on the second floor was open at noon each day, where old friends were met and new friends were made. Group

dinner were special in those days, for each group would have over forty people in attendance, but the big event at the 1978 convention was the luau in the interior courtyard of the hotel. The tables were overloaded with food, there was Hawaiian music, and three young Hawaiian girls demonstrated the hula. Only girls from Hawaii can move like that. As is customary, they asked for a volunteer to join in the hula dance. Col. Myron Keilman, commander of the 578th Squadron of the 392nd BG, volunteered and that was something to see. Oh yeah, we had a good time at the Coronado!

There have been many memorable conventions. How about the one in 1995 in Norwich to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of VE Day? 250 or so veterans from the Second Air Division joined in the parade and marched the mile from City Hall to the Cathedral to thunderous applause from the crowds. Then there was the one in November 2001 in Norwich to celebrate the dedication and opening of the new Second Air Division Memorial Library. There will never be another convention more special than that one. 2001 was a good year; the Arizona Diamondbacks defeated the New York Yankees in the World Series. Well, that's enough reminiscing for now, time for business.

The Fulbright Commission in London is having problems with some bureaucratic office in Washington, D.C. called the Foreign Scholarship Board. This Board claims they never sanctioned the program in 1991 in which the Second Air Division Association and the Fulbright Commission entered into a contract which provided that the Fulbright Commission would appoint appropriate candidates to be selected as a Fulbright Librarian at our Second Air Division Memorial Library. Also, Fulbright would administer the \$550,000 called the Fulbright Memorial Library Award (FMLA) which was provided by the 2ADA in 1991. Income from this award would provide funds to pay the Fulbright Librarian for his work, and it was also expected the award would increase over time if invested prudently. The effect of the above is to cease selection of Fulbright librarians until this matter is resolved. The Fulbright Commission has filed a new application with the Foreign Scholarship Board. It is not known how long it will take the Board to process this application. All of the above is the same as if the Motor Vehicle Department in your state sent you a letter saying your application for a driver's license in 1991 was faulty and you must file for a new one; in the meantime, it is illegal for you to drive a car.

You may recall that 2ADA Fulbright Oversight Committee duties were turned over to the Memorial Trust Board of Governors at the 2005 2ADA convention in San Antonio. Mr. Matthew Martin, Chairman of the Board of Governors, has been working diligently with Ms. Penny Egan, Executive Director of the Fulbright Commission's London office, to resolve the problems above. Also, in my letter dated March 9, 2007, I asked several questions of Penny Egan. Why can't the selection of Fulbright librarians continue pending approval? Has it been established that the Foreign Scholarship has jurisdiction over the Fulbright Commission? When Fulbright made the application in 1991 did the Board ever process it? Was the application lost or simply ignored? Ms. Egan replied to my letter in a letter dated March 23rd stating the Fulbright Commission planned a meeting very soon and the questions I raised would be considered. She also assured me that Fulbright was anxious for an early resolution to the problems with the Foreign Scholarship Board. I am writing this in April because the deadline for the Summer *Journal* is April 25. You will not receive your copy of the *Journal* until August. By then, the problem related above could very well have been resolved.

You received your copy of the Spring *Journal* in May and you have already made your reservations with Evelyn Cohen to attend the 2ADA convention in Grand Rapids, right? If not, there may still be time before the deadline. This will be a peaceful and relaxing convention, time to visit with friends, perhaps take a walk downtown to do a little shopping, or do whatever you want. No climbing on and off buses, no frantic rushing to get somewhere on time. Remember, there won't be many more 2ADA conventions!

I almost forgot to tell you, at the time of the convention in Washington last October 2007, the corpus of the FMLA was \$961,417. That's all for now. Take care! ■

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



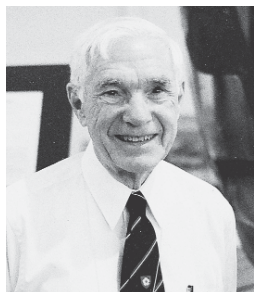
THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION traces its initial meeting to 1948 in Chicago, Illinois. It was organized as a nonprofit corporation in the State of Illinois on January 10, 1950. Members of the original Board of Directors were 2nd Air Division veterans Marilyn Fritz, Howard W. Moore, Jordan R. Uttal,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

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

We make every effort to mail your *Journal* within 90 days of the article submission deadlines of February 1, May 1, August 1 and November 1. 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.

Executive Vice President's Message

BY EARL ZIMMERMAN (389TH BG)



Hopefully you guys had a nice Easter. I was invited out to a large family group dinner and the leg of lamb was lousy. No mint sauce, and the potatoes were dry, the salad limp, and the dessert would not upgrade my cholesterol one point. In any case, I kept a smile on my face and couldn't wait to abandon ship. Have mercy.

We had a short business meeting concerning the Fulbright Commission during the Southwest Regional Reunion in Dallas in March. Chuck Walker was the host at a fine restaurant there, the Hibiscus, where his grandson was our head waiter. If you are in Dallas you must give it a try, but be careful on the way out, as Jean Hastings had to wade through wine to get out. A good time was had by all and the meal was outstanding.

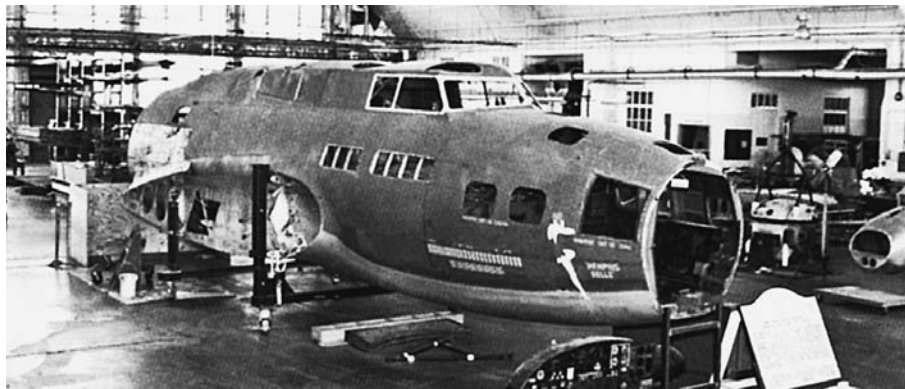
The banquet was top notch. The food was fine, a magician entertained the crowd, and the door prizes were fabulous. I gave David Hastings a present from the rich widow whose family had the prime contract for the Norden bomb sight during WWII, a component of the sight containing all the cogs and gears. I haven't seen anything in the newspapers about David getting arrested at the airport on the way back to Blighty, so I assume he made it home without getting handcuffed.

I've been working on the 2ADA bylaws and policies and procedures and want to thank all who called or sent e-mails with their opinions.

I'm looking forward to Grand Rapids in a few months, and will go to the U.K. in November if my stock holds up. I just invested in the Acme Beer Can Openers Group. I don't think the poptop jobs are here to stay. ■

'Belle's' rebuild coming along

REPRINTED FROM FLYPAST, MAY 2007



Restoration staff at the National Museum of the USAF at Dayton, Ohio, are making good progress in their rebuild of Boeing B-17F Flying Fortress 41-24485 *Memphis Belle*. The Eighth Air Force's most famous bomber arrived by road from Tennessee on October 7, 2005.

Plastic media is being used to clean paint and corrosion from the interior of the aft fuselage and tail gunner's position. The four radial engines are still being restored and built up, and the overhaul of the main undercarriage struts is in progress.

The upper turret is being assembled and various wooden parts are being worked on. Items that are missing are being fabricated, with the help of Boeing blueprints. The exterior paint on the forward fuselage is also being stripped by the volunteers.

The collection's Bristol Beaufighter I, which was rolled out and inducted into the Air Power Gallery on October 18, is also receiving attention. The flight controls are currently being fabricated and the missing wing root fairing is being formed – this is being done with the Beaufighter still on display.

Back in the workshop, the paint and markings are being applied to the Mikoyan-Gurevich MiG-29A *Fulcrum*, prior to it being moved to the 'Cold War' Gallery. Visitors can see the restoration facility by signing up for the museum's 'Behind the Scenes' tour offered every Friday throughout the year (with some exceptions). For more information, go to www.nationalmuseum.af.mil. ■

THE FRECKLETON TRAGEDY – Part 2

REPRINTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE B.A.D.2 FAMILY, APRIL 2007

Survivors of the 23 August 1944 B-24 Disaster

Irene Cottam, always alert, found a newspaper article in the *Lancashire Evening Post* and sent it to us. After nearly 63 years, thanks to Irene, we have learned that there were two people who had been in the "Sad Sack Café" that terrible day who survived! One of them lives in Maidstone, Kent and the other lives in California.

Ray Brooke and Bill Bone with two friends, all members of the RAF, had walked into Freckleton only to get caught in the rain. They ducked into the Sad Sack Café where one of them helped pull the big door shut. Then there was a tremendous crash and later the two of them ended up in our Base Hospital at Warton. Bill Bone and Ray Brooke were apparently the only ones who survived the fire and destruction at the Café. (Probably because they had been the last to enter and were still closest to the door)...

Thanks to Irene, we were able to contact Ray Brooke, who told us about his buddy Bill Bone. Then the Brat went to the handy dandy computer, did a name search, and after a series of phone calls we made contact with the right Bill!

Ray was seriously injured and recalls a "Major Brooks" who was a doctor at Warton. Both Ray and Bill remember the visit Bing Crosby made to the hospital and that Bing had sung some songs for a little girl... (Our Ruby)!

Though Bill Bone has been living in the United States for a long time, he still retains his British accent. Bill said that they had been sent to Canada for RAF training when they were about 18 years old and after the war, Bill came back to Canada. Later he was married and moved to California where he lives today.

After all these years it is wonderful to learn about those two RAF men who were a part of what happened on 23 August 1944.

Talking to them made me realize that they felt that somehow the war passed them by, since by the time they recovered, the war had come and gone. They were 18 years old when they joined the RAF. They were sent to Canada for training and returned to England to serve their country. Ray was severely injured in the snack bar café and still bears the results of those injuries. We can all say a prayer of thanks for both of them. ■

The Editor's Contribution

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

For your convenience we have included in this issue maps and information on the Lake Michigan Car Ferry and downtown Grand Rapids. In the center of the downtown map you will find the Amway Grand Plaza Hotel. I hope to see you there.

2ADA President Oak Mackey had additional information in the Spring *Journal* on page 3. If you still want more information, contact: Grand Rapids Area Chamber of Commerce, 111 Pearl Street, NW, Grand Rapids, MI 49503; phone: 616-771-0300; Fax: 616-771-0318; Website: www.grandrapids.org.

ANSWERS TO THE SPRING QUIZ

After Pearl Harbor, the Allied world was desperate for any "good news" from the battlefronts; hence the Army Air Forces staged two risky early raids, the Tokyo raid by Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle, and the first Ploesti raid by the Halpro Provisional Detachment led by Col. Harry Halverson. Both raids did little damage, but both alerted the enemy to "what was coming to them" when we got our act together. Both raids lifted the spirits of the Allies at a time when everything seemed to go the "wrong way" in nearly every theatre of war.

The first Allied heavy bombardment mission against Fortress Europa occurred on the night of 11/12 June 1942, when thirteen of the Halpro Liberators took off from Fayid, Egypt, to bomb the oil fields at Ploesti, Rumania. The raid was significant even if the results were negligible. Only four of the aircraft managed to land at the planned recovery base in Iraq, three landed at other fields in Iraq, and a pair came into a base in Syria. Four ill-fated B-24Ds landed near Ankara, Turkey.

SUMMER QUIZ

One of the little publicized B-24 activities was the Allied anti-U-boat campaign in the Atlantic:

1. What nations participated in the campaign?
2. How many U-boats were sunk by B-24s in total?
3. Which branch of service in each nation received credit for how many sinkings?
4. What were the final results of this activity?

ENGLAND'S PUBS HAVE TO KICK SMOKING HABIT

A recent newspaper article stated: "England will ban smoking in all enclosed public places and offices on July 1, a law that will undoubtedly affect England's traditional pub scene. Smoking can still take place in pubs' and restaurants' unenclosed spaces."

Question: Does "unenclosed spaces" mean "outside"?

The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF

BY MATTHEW MARTIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

GREETINGS FROM NORWICH!
As I look out of my study window I see gray scudding clouds filled with rain and I imagine you, the veterans of the 2nd Air Division, will think that the weather in this part of the world is always like that. Your memories from the Second World War may be of a cold damp place. Fortunately it is not always like that and we do experience warm sunny days!

And so what is there to report? I am sure you will be sad to learn that after nearly twelve years of service, Derek Hills, the Trust Librarian at your Memorial Library, will be retiring in January next year. Derek has been a remarkable custodian of your heritage. His grasp of the details, his commitment and his willingness to give of himself significantly beyond the limits of his responsibilities will make him a very difficult person to replace. In November this year we will be hosting a farewell gathering for Derek.

We have been giving thought to his successor and we have decided to advertise for someone this summer. The appointment is to remain a part-time one. In addition we hope to appoint a part-time Manager to assist the new Trust Librarian. This is a new appointment. We hope the new structure will enable the new team to carry out more outreach work in the local community. There is a

pressing need to tell people the good news about the United States as well as the story of the Second Air Division of the Second World War.

You may recall that, fairly recently, a successful British businessman, Bernard Matthews, made a very generous gift to your Memorial Library. Sadly his company, which breeds turkeys, has been in the headlines in the national media for all the wrong reasons. The company experienced an outbreak of bird flu and all the birds at one of the farms had to be slaughtered. The concern was whether the outbreak would spread, but by good fortune this has not happened. The farm affected was at Halesworth on the old 489th airfield. Night after night on the national news we saw aerial shots of this old 2nd Air Division base.

Turning to happier news, we have organized a program of events for November of this year. These include the following:
11th November – Remembrance Sunday at Norwich Cathedral.

12th November – Memorial Trust Annual Meeting to which all are welcome.

14th November – Lecture by Lord Hurd (see below).

15th November – Service at the American Chapel at St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The lecture by Lord Hurd is one of a series on Anglo-American relations that

the Governors promote. Douglas Hurd is a most eminent former British Foreign Secretary who served in this capacity during Margaret Thatcher's premiership. The title of his lecture is "Rebalancing our Partnership." This promises to be a most stimulating evening.

If you are thinking of making a trip to the U.K., why not come that week? We cannot promise good weather, but you will receive a warm welcome and, I hope, a most interesting time. We can make the accommodations arrangements for you and transport you around whilst you are here in Norwich. DO COME!

In the meantime we continue to welcome veterans and their families to your Memorial Library. In May we were delighted to welcome a group from the 93rd BG. We are expecting others during the summer. One aspect of these visits is the real interest shown by family members. It is not unusual to hear members of the younger generations say that they have learnt a lot they did not know about the activities of members of their families who served here during the war.

Finally, in July we will be saying farewell to the 2ADA/Fulbright scholar Glenn Gray and his wife Holly and son Ethan who have been with us for two years. Glenn has been a most worthy appointee. ■

The 2ADA Southwest Regional Dinner

BY GEOFF GREGORY (467TH BG)

Perhaps it's the Dallas water, or is it the charm of our dinner chairman, Chuck Walker? Whichever, the attendance at our March 24, 2007 dinner exceeded our expectations by 25% — on second thought, it must be the water! And now, plans are already underway for 2008.

In attendance were our Honorary President, Jordan Uttal, four ex-presidents; current President Oak Mackey and wife Maxine; Jean and David Hastings from "across the pond;" and several other special guests to be mentioned later. We were especially pleased to welcome Dr. Vernon Williams, Professor of History at Abilene Christian College. Dr. Williams and his students have been compiling a History of the 2nd Air Division, which includes some fine footage of the 93rd and 445th Bomb Groups. We thoroughly enjoyed the film, especially the two interviews with Ray Lemons and Chuck Walker. Thank you, Dr. Williams, and your students as well.

Marty Westerman, a very well-known magician, provided entertainment. He baffled

all of us by pulling money out of lemons! Wish I knew how to do that one, and cards miraculously appearing on the ceiling from someone's pockets. Great entertainment!

As usual, we concluded the evening with our usual drawing of door prizes — this year almost thirty prizes — many donated by those in attendance.

I mentioned the Hastings — I'm sure you all know David has been a member of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust since its inception. He and Jean included in this trip to Texas a visit with Marion Hodgson and her daughter Marjorie Parker; both of whom were at the dinner. Marion and Marjorie are noted authors and are presently finishing a book that includes David's early years. At this time, I am not privileged to the details, but that should prove to be very interesting reading.

The Gregorys were delighted to have Jean and David as houseguests for a few days prior to the dinner. When in Texas,

they usually stay at the "Gregory Hilton" in Garland — very humble B&B accommodations. This time, after the dinner, they were invited to spend a few days with Marion and Marjorie — slightly different accommodations. They found themselves in real ranch country in West Texas; nearest neighbors a good two miles. They said they had a most enjoyable visit all around.

Not part of the dinner evening, but a lovely treat the night before, I want to acknowledge a dinner hosted by Chuck and his grandson Andrew. Andrew is a waiter at an upscale Dallas restaurant, The Hibiscus. The manager prepared an eight-course dinner for us and presented dish after dish of scrumptious unusual food. Set my diet back two weeks, but what a dinner!

And so, another most successful Dallas Dinner is history and in 2008 we shall "do it again" — the good Lord willing and the creek don't rise, that is!

Hope to see everyone in Grand Rapids, Michigan this August/September at the 2ADA convention. ■

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

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH BG)

I had the opportunity to attend both the annual Southern California Regional Luncheon and the annual Southwest Regional Dinner this spring. Both were great fun and provided an opportunity to visit many old friends and to make new ones. I encourage you to attend either or both next year.

I wish to report that our Memorial Library is in good hands and functioning very well. It continues to provide an outstanding service to the East Anglia community, as well as being one of the largest libraries of America in Great Britain. It contains a great wealth of information about America and its culture. It also provides a great bond between the Brits and Americans. This is evident in that the visitation and circulation statistics continue to climb.

I wish to set the record straight on the 2ADA/Fulbright relationship. As a Governor of the Memorial Trust, I have been kept up-to-date on all activity involving Fulbright and have in the past attended meetings with Fulbright. Yes, there has been a bump in the road, caused, in my opinion, by the poor performance of the London Fulbright office. Efforts have been made by the Governors to encourage the

Directors of the Fulbright Foundation to more prudently invest the funds under the Directors' control with the long term in mind. In addition, the London office failed to initiate timely advertising for a Scholar for 2008. The Director has since been discharged.

The new Executive Director, Ms. Penny Egan, visited our Library on 31 May. She has been in correspondence with both Matthew Martin and Oak Mackey.

As a result of the difficulties Fulbright has had in dealing with our funds, we received the following letter from the Foundation's attorney, the guts of which stated: "The trustees of the Fulbright Foundation have decided that the agreement between the Foundation and the Second Air Division Association should be cancelled in accordance with clause 8(1) of the agreement. The corpus will be returned to the Second Air Division Association."

Once transferred, these funds should then be transferred to the Memorial Trust to be held as a separate and distinct fund, thus taking advantage of the Trust's expert funds management. The Trust will then be responsible for paying the American Librarian or scholar.

This will accomplish what the 2ADA

was attempting to do when they transferred the Oversight responsibility to the Memorial Trust Governors two years ago.

In a follow up letter to Matthew Martin, the Cultural Attaché, Michael Macy said, "I would like to assure you and the 2ADA Memorial Trustees that the U.S. Embassy will continue to support the Trust and the Library in whatever way we can. One way we might be of service would be assisting in the recruitment of librarians. We would be happy to assist the Trust in placing the recruitment notice in the Chronicle of Higher Education and the appropriate professional journals, and in the collection of applications."

So, what is the bump in the road? Because the former Director failed to solicit for a Scholar for 2008, our Memorial Library will be without a 2ADA/Fulbright Scholar for the coming year. Our Governors anticipated such an event could occur and are well prepared to handle the situation without difficulty.

I will have more to report at our convention, as it is my plan to attend the 4th of July Governors meeting. Do you need to be reminded of why the Brits do not celebrate the 4th?

STAY WELL AND HAPPY! ■



SEETHING

The 448th Speaks

BY KING SCHULTZ

FOLDED WINGS OF THE 448TH

Stephen H. Burzenski (December 2006), **Paul E. Goeken** (November 2006), **Earl W. Horntvedt** (November 2006), **Marshall L. Kisch**, Mendoth Heights, Minnesota (January 24, 2007).

UNFOLDED WINGS

Chester B. Hackett asked us to fill in the hole for him, because contrary to previous reports, he is still very much alive.

“SPORTY COURSE” BY JACK SWAYZE

Gordon Swayze, Jack’s son, reports that his late father wrote an excellent book as a B-24 first pilot with the 448th Bomb Group at Seething. He wonders if members of any 2AD groups would be interested in reading this book of his flying experiences, which include 64 combat missions over Nazi Germany during WWII.

He has many copies of *Sporty Course* which he can sell for \$8.00 plus postage. His dad flew two combat tours as a first pilot with the 448th Bomb Group (Heavy). He went on to a 30-year career in the USAF. *Sporty Course* is a rare biographical history of a World War II B-24 bomber pilot who flew two combat tours (64 missions) over Nazi Germany from 1943 to 1945. Written by Col. Jack Swayze, the book tells of the actual experiences of a pilot who survived three crash landings in central Europe and one crash landing in England and never lost a single crew member during WWII. He received two Distinguished Flying Cross awards during his tours. This book was written by a man who accurately recorded history from his first-hand experiences.

Should any member of the 448th BG Association or the 2nd Air Division Association be interested in purchasing copies that could possibly be sold at reunions, contact Gordon Swayze, 8977 Mesquite View Place, Vail, Arizona 85641-6702.

“YE OLDE TAILOR SHOPPE” AT SEETHING AIR BASE As narrated by Kris Vines Hunt

During WWII, my parents decided that they would have “Open House” for whoever needed a place to stay. At the fall of Dunkirk, I remember as a child, seeing the first soldiers returning from the beaches of Dunkirk. They were young men who stayed briefly at our home whilst awaiting to be transferred to their regiments. Many young servicemen and women were to stay in our home during those war years, and many of them have remained lifelong friends.

When the Americans came to England my parents invited some of them to our home. I remember with special affection one rainy Christmas Eve. We had been shopping in Norwich marketplace when we saw three American airmen looking a little lost, and my parents invited them to spend Christmas with us. This they did, and subsequently became great friends. They were David Frank, Edgar West, and Bobby Swimm. David Frank organized “Ye Olde Worlde Tailor Shoppe” at Seething and my mother carried out numerous alterations to the airmen’s uniforms.

After the war, David Frank invited my parents to stay with his family in the USA. This they did on two occasions. My mother died in 1998 and my father died in 1993 but it has taken until now

for me to make contact with you. I am now a grandmother (aged 73 years) but can clearly remember much of what happened during the war years. One special memory is looking up at the sky which was almost black with planes leaving for the D-Day battle. Gilbert Sherman was a lovely quiet man who sent me a poetry book which I still have — sadly he was reported missing. If any of the airmen connected with the Vines family are still alive, please contact Kris Vines Hunt at 41 Moore Ave., Norwich NR6 7LA, England. ■



ME-109 at Seething, July 2003

Folded Wings

HDQ

Luther E. Cloxton, Jr. (44th, 389th)

44th BG

LTC Merritt E. Derr
Leon A. Lowenthal

389th BG

Donald E. Ford
James B. Valla

392nd BG

Lyle C. Marshall
Jay W. Thornburgh (44th)
Ernest G. Wiener

453rd BG

Donald L. Albion

458th BG

Joe Baadsgaard
Stephen F. Davidson
John Glagola, Jr.

467th BG

Joseph J. Huben

491st BG

Donald B. Day

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

BY DICK BAYNES (466TH BG) • PHOTO COLLAGE BY HARRY TANZER (467TH BG)

We returned to the Phoenix Club in Anaheim on Saturday, February 24, 2007 for a daytime brunch.

We had another memorable program this year with a 12-piece band playing '40s music and a vocal trio singing songs of the Andrews Sisters and the McGuire Sisters. Our guest speaker was actress Jane Withers, child star of the '30s.

As 150 members and guests arrived for the function, they were welcomed at the registration table where Caroline Baynes Harkins (466th) checked them in and handed out name tags. Mary Reinhart (466th) assisted. Beverly Baynes Tomb (466th) and Taylor Harkins were at the raffle table encouraging members to buy raffle tickets.

Julian Ertz (44th) served as master of ceremonies and conducted opening ceremonies. Jane Withers 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 lighting of candles concluded the opening ceremony with the following participants:

Marshall – Dick Peterson (389th).

Candle 1 – For All Ground Personnel: Lynn Kimler, daughter of Harry Romaine, 466th Ground Crew.

Candle 2 – For All Flying Personnel: Patrick Byrne, son of Austin Patrick Byrne, Command Pilot, 492nd.

Candle 3 – For our Wives and Families: Charlotte Shower, wife of Col. Al Shower, Commander, 467th.

Candle 4 – For All Members of Today's Armed Forces: Nick Kuklish, 466th

Candle 5 – For All POWs, Evadees and MIAs: Dick Peterson, 389th POW, Fred Gerritz, 466th Evadee, and Gary Guy, son of Roy Guy, 466th POW.

Candle 6 – For the Memory of Those Who Did Not Return: Sharon Vance Kierman, daughter of Col. Leon Vance, Commander, 489th and Congressional Medal of Honor recipient.

Candle 7 – For the Spirit of the Second Air Division: Past Presidents of the Second Air Division, Dick Butler, 44th; Bud Chamberlain, 489th; and Charles Walker, 445th.

After a fine brunch, our master of ceremonies, Julian Ertz, introduced George Welsh of *Bomber Legends* who reported on the B-24 Memorial – San Diego, the project that placed a bronze B-24 model in Balboa Park in San Diego, the home of the B-24. George Welsh also presented a video slide show of shots on a typical mission.

The program consisted of Andrews Sisters numbers, Glenn Miller band numbers, McGuire Sisters numbers, and a Patriotic Sequence. Guest Jane Withers gave an interesting account of her career including visiting the troops in WWII.

After the speaker, a very successful raffle was held with some great prizes. 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.

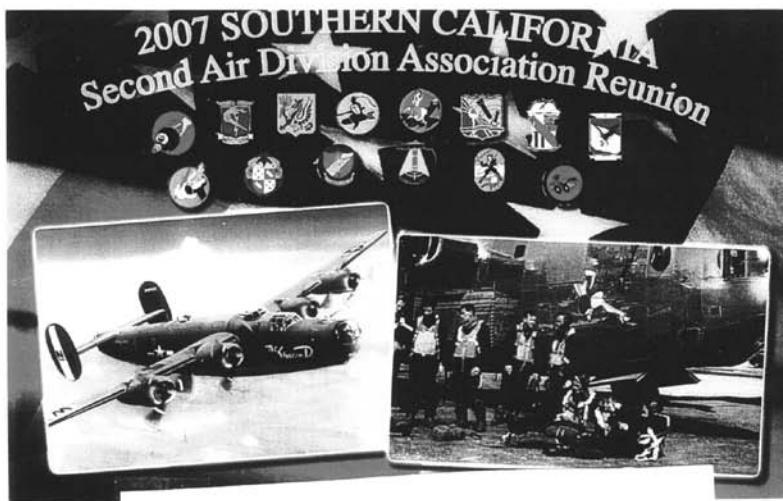
Committee members who planned the dinner were Chairman Dick Baynes (466th), Bud Chamberlain (489th), Amador Espinosa (445th), Mac Dike (466th), Julian Ertz (44th), Shawn Caldwell, and George Welsh.



Just Like **T.H.A.T.!**
a vocal trio



Just Like T.H.A.T. performs tributes to the great bands of the 1940s in 1940s clothing. The Andrews Sisters, The McGuire Sisters, The Ink Spots, and The Whitecaps. They have performed throughout California and beyond in addition to appearances in New York, New Jersey and Florida's Sun Valley. Starting in 2007, they will be performing at the 26th Annual Southern California 2nd ADA Regional Reunion Brunch. The band has a long history of performing at the 2nd Air Division Association of Southern California Reunion Brunches and is proud to be a part of the event. This year's reunion will be a special one as it will be the 26th annual reunion and the first time that the band has performed at the event. The band has a long history of performing at the 2nd Air Division Association of Southern California Reunion Brunches and is proud to be a part of the event. This year's reunion will be a special one as it will be the 26th annual reunion and the first time that the band has performed at the event.



SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A SOLEMN CEREMONY



- FOR ALL GROUND PERSONNEL:** Lynn Kimler, daughter of Harry Romaine, 466th Ground Crew
- FOR ALL FLYING PERSONNEL:** Patrick Byrne, son of Command Pilot Austin Patrick Byrne, 492nd
- FOR OUR WIVES AND FAMILIES:** Charlotte Shower, wife of Col. Al Shower, Commander, 467th Bomb Group
- FOR ALL MEMBERS OF TODAY'S ARMED FORCES:** Nick Kuklish, 466th
- FOR ALL POWS, EVADEES AND MIAs:** Dick Peterson, 389th POW, Fred Gerritz, 466th and Gary Guy, son of Roy Guy, 466th POW
- FOR THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DID NOT RETURN:** Sharon Vance Kierman, daughter of Col. Leon Vance, Commander, 489th Bomb Group and Congressional Medal of Honor Recipient
- FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE SECOND AIR DIVISION:** Past Presidents of the Second Air Division Association: Dick Butler, 44th; Bud Chamberlain, 489th; and Charles Walker, 445th



Jane Withers is an actress, writer, singer, and director. She has appeared in over 100 films and has written and directed several plays. She is a member of the Screen Actors Guild and the Writers Guild of America. She has a long and successful career in the entertainment industry and is a true Hollywood legend.



SANTOS ORTEGA



JULIAN ERTZ



BEVERLY BAYNES TOOMBS
DICK BAYNES



JANE WITHERS



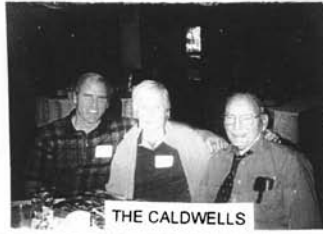
ROLL OUT THE BARREL



MR AND MRS. LEARMAN



JANE WITHERS JULIAN ERTZ



THE CALDWELLS



ANOTHER HEAD TABLE

SECOND AIR DIVISION REUNION COMMITTEE
 WE ALL THANK YOU
 Dick Baynes, 466th - Chairman
 Shawn Caldwell
 Bud Chamberlain, 489th
 Malcolm Dike, 466th
 Julian Ertz, 44th
 Amador Espinosa, 445th
 Richard and Peggy Learman
 George and Michelle Welsh



PRIZED POSSESSIONS



TANZER CHAMBERLAIN SHOWER SCHECTER



I WAS THERE FOR THE DEDICATION



FATHER AND DAUGHTER

PHOENIX CLUB
 FEB. 24, 2007
 ANAHEIM, CA.



College of the Canyons Jazz Band



HARRY TANZER CELIA BELL BETTY STROHFUS IN WASP UNIFORM



THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS INTO THE ACT



SCHECTER CHAMBERLAIN SHOWER MR AND MRS STEVENS



THE GARDNERS GUITAR PLAYER IS THEIR SON



MARY HANSON



A FULL HOUSE AT THE PHOENIX CLUB



WE HAD A FULL HOUSE AT THE PHOENIX CLUB



HARRY TANZER
 56854 DESERT GOLD
 YUCCA VALLEY, CA.
 17603657783
 WMARY49@YAHOO.COM



ANOTHER 467TH TABLE



THIS BASKET HAD EVERYTHING SPAGHETTI WITH SAUCE - CHEESES - WINE - CHOCOLATE - CRACKERS - GRAPES - AND A VERY EXPENSIVE COOKBOOK

David and the Mighty Eighth New book to be published this fall

The well-known American author Marjorie Stegeman Parker has just completed her latest book, which is the story of the 2nd Air Division USAAF in England during the war and how the friendships were formed with the British youngsters and their families. Two Memorial Trust Governors, David Hastings and the late Roger Freeman, helped her over the past two years and Lt. General Buck Shuler from the Mighty Eighth Museum has written a most moving foreword. The publishers have employed Mark Postlewhaite, a leading UK aviation artist, to provide all the illustrations and cover.

The book, entitled *David and the Mighty Eighth*, is being published by Sky Bright Press in Albany, Texas and in the UK by Old Forge Publishers and is due out in the fall. The book will be launched by Marjorie Parker in the USA at the Mighty Eighth Museum and she will then fly to the UK to launch the book in England at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library.

HALESWORTH 489TH NOTES

BY
MEL PONTILLO

As the deadline for the submission of this article approached, I realized I failed to have any subject matter for an article. Simply nothing came to me. I have chronicled my more memorable combat missions previously. Likewise, some of my past articles have covered all our recent reunions, which I have had the pleasure of attending. My intention is to keep members informed of current reunion activities of both the Second Air Division Association and the 489th BG. I realize not everyone can attend, so I relate events hoping members can still be part of the group, if only from a distance. Unfortunately, the lack of recent convention activities left me with an informational void. Finally, something did come to me — via the U.S. Mail. Most of the mail I receive is either junk mail or bills. However, occasionally I am pleasantly surprised to receive items that are interesting and greatly appreciated. Therefore, for this write-up I am going to reach into my mailbox and share with you two such items that should be of interest to all our membership.

The first noteworthy item was a book that I received. Perhaps you may have read it or are familiar with it. Titled *Jimmy Stewart, Bomber Pilot*, the book was graciously sent to me by its author, the well-known and accomplished Starr Smith. I had spoken to Starr previously regarding his book. Yet, I was still pleasantly surprised and grateful that he followed through and sent me a copy.

As soon as the book arrived, I started to read it almost nonstop, from cover to cover. It was very enjoyable and also easy to read. It brought back memories of that aspect of World War II. This book reflects the way life was in the 8th Air Force during WWII, and is obviously written by a man who was there and had first-hand experience of the subject matter. As the title implies, this text is focused on the famous Jimmy Stewart. I would like to mention and share a few highlights and facts that caught my attention. Jimmy Stewart, surprisingly, never made a World War II movie. He was quoted as saying that Hollywood war pictures never seem to show things the way they actually happened. Starr Smith's book certainly de-

picts things the way they actually happened, and not the way the Hollywood glamour mills present it.

Evidently, Jimmy Stewart was an excellent combat pilot. He made a total of twenty combat missions, including a raid on Berlin. In spite of his superiors' intentions to always keep him out of harm's way, Jimmy was always battle-ready. He also excelled as a leader of men, leading by example and not by hollow words.

Stewart entered the military service as a private and left the military as an Air Force Brigadier General, after 27 years of active and reserve duty. He went to England with the 445th Bomb Group and was eventually elevated to the post of squadron commander. When the 453rd Bomb Group was in need of an operations officer, Jimmy Stewart was transferred to it and was given the promotion. The airfield that housed the 453rd is where Starr Smith, an intelligence officer, first met and then worked with the Hollywood legend. By the end of World War II, Stewart was a full colonel and commander of a combat bomber wing of the Eighth Army Air Force. Then in 1957, President Eisenhower promoted him to the rank of Brigadier General in the Air Force Reserve. There are many interesting stories, pictures and anecdotes in the Starr Smith book which are amusing, always informative and well worth reading. This book reveals a very distinguished Air Force career. In closing, Jimmy Stewart's daughter, Kelly Stewart Harcourt, sums it up best: "My father would feel honored by this book."

The other item that I would like to acknowledge in this article is a booklet that I received in January titled "Remembrances of the 489th." It was written and sent to me by Chuck Reeves. The document's arrival was a pleasant surprise and also very appreciated. Going through the text and photos was very interesting. Reading page after page was like traveling down old memory lane. I liked the booklet very much. Obviously written by a man who was there, many of his experiences parallel my own and undoubtedly, that of many of the readers of this column.

The booklet is about Chuck Reeves (Crew #2937). It tells the story of many exciting combat experiences during World War II, and the photos scattered throughout the book help depict the era as it was, first-hand history. The booklet also contains the mission logs that Chuck kept during his tour of duty, which consisted of 25 combat missions. Chuck served as the navigator of his crew, and after nine missions, he was promoted to lead navigator in the 489th Bomb Group. He eventually was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, receiving it from Colonel Eze-

kiel Napier, the commanding officer of the 489th Bomb Group.

There were many similar experiences between the crew with whom Chuck Reeves served and the crew with whom I served and probably the crew you served with. In other cases, both crews had phase training in Casper, Wyoming and Pueblo, Colorado, during the spring of 1944. In addition, after having completed training, Chuck and his crew went to Topeka, Kansas, to get a new B-24, and then went on to Lincoln, Nebraska. The crew with whom I served had orders to go directly to Lincoln for our new B-24.

From Lincoln, both crews received orders to go to Great Britain and fly across the ocean through the Northern Route. Chuck's crew flew from Goose Bay to Prestwick, Scotland on a straight path over the Atlantic. My crew flew from Goose Bay to Greenland, and then on to Valley, Wales, arriving there the day before D-Day.

Both our crews, after additional training in Ireland, ended up as replacement crews in the 489th Bomb Group stationed in Halesworth, England. Both our crews started their combat missions on July 6, 1944, and then both crews went on to the missions of July 7 and July 8. That is to say, we both went on missions for three consecutive days just for starters. This is when and where the reality of war becomes apparent.

In turn, we both went on to finish our tours of duty. It was later discovered from a list of combat missions that we both flew to the same target on twelve different occasions. Chuck finished his tour of duty on October 2, 1944 and I finished my tour of duty on November 6, 1944. Apparently, a short time later, we both were back in the States. He went into more training on B-29s as a navigator. I went to school at the Chanute Air Force Base in Illinois for a four-month electrical course, and then went to Alamogordo Air Force Base in New Mexico to fix electrical problems on B-29s.

This human-interest story came about because of Chuck Reeves' completed memoirs that included information about the combat missions he flew during World War II. I also kept a diary that included a log of all my 35 combat missions and my three mercy missions to Orleans, France. All of my mission write-ups were made by me either on the same day of a mission or the day after a mission. The only other person I know who made a log of all his missions was a good friend and crew member, the late C.W. Kidd.

Neither C.W. nor I wrote books. But, my missions are online, and include World

(continued on next page)



BY DICK BUTLER

It is with a heavy heart that I pass on to you that one of the stalwarts of our 44th Bomb Group, Major General William H. Brandon, USAF, Retired, passed away on 24 February 2007 in San Antonio, Texas. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, our nation's second highest military honor, for piloting the 44th's lead aircraft in the force against the Columbia Aquila oil refinery at Ploesti, Romania on 1 August 1943. On that famous low level bombing mission named "Tidal Wave," then-Major Bill Brandon piloted the airplane "Suzy Q" and then-Colonel Leon W. Johnson, 44th Bomb Group Commander in the copilot seat, served as command pilot. As they approached the target and saw that it was already in flames, having been previously and erroneously bombed by aircraft of the 93rd Bomb Group, it appeared that the 44th force would have to fly through the flames and explosions to accomplish its mission. Without hesitating, Colonel Johnson made the famous statement, "Bill, you're on target." Colonel Johnson was awarded the Medal of Honor for leading the 44th on its successful mission on that fateful day.

General Brandon was born on 24 July 1917 in Nashville, Tennessee. He graduated from Duncan Preparatory School in 1936 and attended Vanderbilt University before entering the U.S. Army Air Corps as a Flying Cadet. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant on 7 February 1941 and married his late wife of 57 years, Virginia Hope Black, at Randolph Field upon his graduation.

He served as a basic flying instructor until May 1942, attended the first U.S. four engine school at Sebring, Florida, and then joined the 66th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group (H) at Barksdale Field, LA. He went with the Group to England in September 1942 and served in key leadership positions (Squadron Flight Leader, Group Leader, Group Operations Officer and Deputy Group Commander). He flew bombing missions from 6 December 1942 to November 1944. In addition to the Ploesti mission he was on another very significant mission. On 18 November 1943, Lt. Col. Brandon flew as command pilot with Capt. W. Baxter Weant on a mission

to bomb German installations on the airfield at Kjeller, Norway. The aircraft was badly damaged by flak and Capt. Weant knew he would not be able to make it back to England, so he flew to Trollhattan, Sweden. He had to make a crash landing outside of Trollhattan, and before the Swedish officials arrived he had the crew set fire to the plane to keep the Germans from capturing it. The entire crew, including Lt. Col. Brandon, was interned. The pilots were returned to England prior to the return of the rest of the crew. After returning, the pilots and others were put on temporary duty to initiate procedures for the return of many airmen interned in Sweden. This was super secret.

Lt. Col. Brandon joined Headquarters, 2nd Air Division as Assistant A-3 in September 1944. Following WWII he attended the University of Texas in Austin graduating with a BBA in 1948. He completed the Air Force Command and Staff School and the Air War College at Maxwell AFB, Alabama. General Brandon's successful career progressed through key positions including Deputy Chief of Staff, Personnel, HQ 15 AF March AFB, CA, Strategic Air Command. Here I insert a personal experience with then Colonel Brandon. I had just completed Air Command and Staff School at Maxwell AFB and received orders to the 1st Fighter Wing at March AFB. I was overjoyed. The Fighter Wing had just received F-86 jet fighters. Now I was going to get to fly fighters after having served only in bombers. When I arrived at March AFB, much to my surprise the 1st Fighter Wing had moved from March to George AFB, Victorville, CA. I did not know what to do, as I had no orders to George AFB. I learned that Colonel Brandon was there at March AFB as Chief of 15th AF Personnel. I went to see him to say "hello" and to see if he could help me get orders to George AFB. He was certainly glad to see a former fellow 44ther, but didn't think much of me going to fighters. He said that I was needed in Headquarters 15th Air Force there at March AFB and arranged for my orders to be changed accordingly. As a result of Bill Brandon's action, I wound up spending my entire career in Strategic Air Command and I am very pleased and proud that I did.

Now back to General Brandon's distinguished Air Force career. He served as Group Commander, 1503rd Air Transport Wing, Tokyo, Japan; Deputy Chief and Chief of the Promotions and Separation Division, HQ, USAF; Deputy Chief of Staff, Personnel, at Scott AFB, IL; Vice Commander, Western Transport Air Force at Travis AFB, CA; Commander, 1604th Wing and Commander, United States Forces, Azores (COMUSFORAZ). He served as

Commander, 21st Air Force, McGuire AFB, NJ; Deputy Director, Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations, HQ, US Army until his voluntary retirement on 2 February 1970.

His military decorations include the Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross with oak leaf cluster, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters, French Croix de Guerre with Palm, British Distinguished Flying Cross and Portuguese Order of Military Merit, First Class.

A memorial service was held on 28 February 2007 at Windcrest United Methodist Church in San Antonio, TX with a graveside service following at Floresville City Cemetery, Floresville, TX. Bill Brandon was a wonderful human being and friend, a great aviator, highly respected individual, family man and patriot. We were privileged to have known him and to have served with him. ■

489TH NOTES *(cont. from page 10)*

War II era photos and informational notes about the 8th Army Air Force and the aircrew with whom I served. For anyone interested, the web address depicting the 8th Army Air Force as it actually was in 1944, along with the 40 flights that I made during that same year, is www.8tharmyairforce.com. The website is titled "The Experience of War in Nazi German Airspace, by someone who was there."

The most amazing element in all of this is that Chuck and I did not know each other until we met at the 2ADA convention in Philadelphia in May 2004! That is to say, I did not know Chuck while we were completing similar tours of duty in 1944. When I met Chuck, he was the secretary of the 489th Bomb Group Association, and I was elected at our 489th Bomb Group meeting at the convention to be its new Vice President.

It is always an honor and a privilege to reminisce and share memories with fellow airmen who were there ... who saw it ... who lived it ... and who survived it.

In closing, I would like to remind our members of upcoming reunions:

The 2ADA convention is scheduled for August 30 – September 3, at the Amway Grand Plaza Hotel in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The 489th Bomb Group reunion is scheduled for September 24-28 at the Radisson Hotel in Branson, Missouri.

It sure would be nice to see you in attendance along with your family members and friends at both reunions. ■



WENDLING 392nd BY OAK MACKEY

The amount of information revealed in all group vice presidents' reports is incredible; congratulations to you all. For example, Mel Pontillo's report in the Spring edition of the *Journal*. Mel must have spent hours in front of the computer monitor collecting statistics about the Second Air Division, the entire Eighth Air Force, and of course, about his own 489th BG. It would be worthwhile to go back to the Spring *Journal* and read Mel's article again.

Since the Second Air Division Association convention last October in Washington, D.C. there has been almost no news from the 392nd BG, so this report may be brief. Editor Jim Goar's February edition of the 392nd "NEWS" featured interesting photos of the Radisson Plaza Hotel in Kalamazoo and the Amway Grand Hotel in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Jim always finds good stuff somewhere. The 8th AF

Historical Society's annual convention is at the Radisson Hotel in Kalamazoo, July 17-22, which is before you will receive your copy of this Summer *Journal*. The Second Air Division Association's annual convention is August 30 – September 3 at the Amway Grand Hotel and there may still be time to make your reservations if you have not already done so. Full information on this convention was provided in the Spring edition of the *Journal*. Maxine and I plan to attend both conventions, and I hope many 392nd folks will do the same.

Bill McCutcheon, our new 392nd BG Memorial Association Treasurer, sent an e-mail announcing the birth of Madeline Lucille Paradis on March 25 to his daughter Heather and her husband Jeff. This is Bill and Gloria's first grandchild and she was born on Bill's birthday. Congratulations! Grandchildren are special; they are so much fun to love and play with, yet Mommy and Daddy are the responsible ones.

Speaking of McCutcheon, it's way past time to pay your 392nd BGMA dues for 2007 if you haven't already done so. Dues are just \$15.00 and there is a form with McCutcheon's address in your last copy

of the 392nd "NEWS".

To fill up some space, how about some specifications on the Focke Wulf FW 190 German fighter? There was a short-nose version powered by a 1550 hp BMW 801 air-cooled 14 cylinder radial engine. The long-nose model was powered by a Junkers Jumo 213E liquid-cooled 1770 hp V12 engine; this FW 190 was a near match against the North American P-51D. Top speed was 453 mph, ceiling 33,000 feet, range just 520 miles. Armament on the long-nose FW 190D-12 was two 20mm cannon in the wings and one 30mm cannon that fired through the propeller spinner. Other models featured other armament configurations, usually featuring cannon of 20mm and 30mm caliber. These cannons were more effective against the large bombers than machine guns even though the rate of fire per minute was slower and the amount of ammunition carried was more limited. It's a good thing the Luftwaffe ran short of fuel and pilots, for a Focke Wulf could ruin your day if you were flying a mission over enemy territory in a B-24.

Your conscience – That tiny voice that always ruins a good time! ■

Greetings, veterans of the 2nd Air Division (Association Regular Members) and my fellow Associate Members. In the past year, we have been working on updated bylaws, and the proposed new set will include language reflecting our decision, made official at the 60th anniversary of Victory in Europe, to admit as Honorary Life Members any veterans of the 2nd Air Division, or of any units attached or assigned, British or American. While we are focusing on "classes," we wanted to remind you about this. Our "HLMs" pay no dues and hold no office, but get our newsletter and may even serve on our working committees. To date, ninety of you have taken the necessary but simple step of telling our Membership VP, Sue Risley, that you are eligible and *interested*. Give us your group or unit information and your mailing address, and we will sign you up! Sue can be reached at 659 Columbia Avenue, Elgin, IL 60120. Her e-mail address is skrisley@aol.com. If you would be fine receiving the newsletter as an e-mail attachment, please indicate, and give us that "e-dress." The attachments tend to be in the 1MB size range.

We are proposing to let non-direct descendants participate as voters and office holders, while also distinctively naming the descendants by calling them *Legacy Members*, and always recognizing them by affiliation to a specific veteran and group or unit. By the time we finish our annual

YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY BRIAN H. MAHONEY
Heritage League President

business meeting (alongside the 8th Air Force Historical Society, in Kalamazoo, MI, Saturday, July 21st), we hope to have made the new bylaws official, to have seated the next slate of officers and recruited new members in all of our classes.

We had set our annual meeting plan before the 2ADAs was set, but will be sure to have a meaningful presence with you in Grand Rapids at the end of August. President Mackey has assured us that there will be roles for the League to assume from our "parent organization," and we remain ready to "plan and do." As and when the 2ADA leadership wants to discuss this, we hope to accommodate.

We have made recent donations to the 2AD Memorial Library, including a contribution matching one by our "British cousins," the Friends of the 2AD Memorial, toward purchase of a large flat screen

TV for easy presentation of Dzenowagis films and other valuable video materials. We are working on a way to recognize "Friends" as meaningfully affiliated with us, committed as we both are to the perpetuation of the Memorial. We "get it" about keeping the connections personal in ours and coming generations, between descendants and admirers of both the people who first welcomed the 2AD in 1943, and those Yanks they regarded as helpful liberators.

The Fulbright Librarian program has long been a favorite of ours. We hope that a clear and durable working arrangement can be crafted very soon among the involved parties, allowing resumption of this excellent operation. The presence of a knowledgeable young American among the school children and library patrons of our Memorial and its branches is of tremendous value in keeping the citizens of your "second home" aware of your part in the shared history. It would be consistent with the League's Mission to participate in the stewardship of this program going forward; we would be honored to discuss possibilities with the Governors of the Memorial Trust and the leadership of the 2ADA if they like.

From the Heritage League, please accept our best wishes for your health and enjoyment of life, in a world which is far better for your service, your sacrifice, and your example. ■



BY CLARENCE LUHMANN

Here it is time to write a note or two for the *Journal*. Today the weather is perfect. Two weeks ago it was 80 degrees. Then last week we had two days of snowstorms. Now it is 60 degrees. That is Minnesota weather.

SAD NEWS

First, an e-mail from Belgium:

Dear Boyhood Heroes, Dear Friends: William R. Dewey Jr. (445th BG) is dead. Another American friend passed away. Another one of my boyhood heroes back in the twilight zone where they fight a never-ending World War Two.

Bill Dewey was not only the founder of the Kassel Mission Memorial Association; he also led the most responsive bunch of veterans I had ever met (Dayton, Ohio, September 1996). They were eager to speak about their terrible experience, the so-called Kassel Mission.



Bill Dewey

Their recollections gave birth to "Cruel Sky," which I am always trying to improve, this time with material coming from the second generation. I was never able to get the same rate of reply (over 90%)

among other groups of veterans, so Bill and the Kassel Mission survivors will forever be group number one.

Bill Dewey will live forever in my mind and heart as a friend, as my boyhood hero, and as the inspiring leader of the wordy bunch.

From Belgium, Luc Dewez

And from Lt. William E. Mitchell (Ret.), we learn of the passing of General Howard "Doc" Kriedler:

It is with a sad heart that we inform you of the passing of Howard "Doc" Kriedler on January 23, 2007 at his home on Hilton Head Island. He was diagnosed with leukemia in September 2006 and was able to maintain his lifestyle through

Christmas. General Kriedler was buried with full military honors in Arlington Cemetery on March 19, 2007.

After growing up in Nebraska and working on several farms managed by his father; Howard graduated from high school in 1939 and left home to attend college and to study chemical engineering. However, his true love was flying. Howard enlisted into the Army Air Force in 1942 as an aviation cadet, and received his wings and commission as a Second Lieutenant. At the age of 22 he was an instructor pilot and at 23 he was appointed squadron commander of a new bomb group being assembled in Boise, Idaho. The new bomb group was later called the 445th Bomb Group and consisted of four squadrons — 700, 701, 702 and 703. Lt. Kriedler was the squadron commander of the 701st and Jimmy Stewart, the movie actor, was commander of the 703rd. Jimmy Stewart and Howard Kriedler were roommates, and Howard would often comment on what a fine man Jimmy Stewart was and how well he treated his men. The 445th Bomb Group later became a part of the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Air Force stationed in England.

Howard Kriedler, later nicknamed "Doc," flew 26 combat missions over Germany flying B-24 Liberators. He received several combat medals, including the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Silver Medal for heroism in combat.

After WWII, Howard remained in the Air Force until his retirement as a Brigadier General in 1971. Doc Kriedler's last

command was that of commander of a special missions group for President Eisenhower, which included all airplanes, pilots and crews, later referred to as Air Force One.

On September 27, 2006, Howard Kriedler, together with other veterans of the 445th Bomb Group, participated in the dedication of a wrought iron bench in the Memorial Gardens of the 8th Air Force Museum in Savannah, Georgia. The event was in memory of those airmen of the 445th Bomb Group who had lost their lives on the now infamous Kassel Mission.

The picture below of General Kriedler and Ira Weinstein was taken on September 27, 2006 at the dedication of the bench in the Rose Garden at the Mighty Eighth Museum. We met General Kriedler there and had a nice visit with him.

NOW FOR A LITTLE HUMOR...

I've sure gotten old. I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, and new knees. Fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, and take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation. Hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.



The annual convention of the 2ADA will take place at the end of August in Michigan. Hope to see you there. ■



General Howard Kriedler and Ira Weinstein placing the wreath at the bench in the Memorial Gardens at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum.

ATTLEBRIDGE TALES



BY JIM LORENZ

ATTLEBRIDGE BASE

All of the excitement over the past few years about the possible sale of our old base — a turkey farm — seems to have passed. Last I heard was no actions have been taken. I'm sure we will be notified if any actions do happen in the future. Thanks to Digby and Ted Clark, we will continue to have memorial flowers placed on Memorial Day and Remembrance Day (our Veterans Day) at our memorial in Frans Green.

PRESIDENTIAL MEMORIAL CERTIFICATE PROGRAM

In March 1962, President John Kennedy initiated a program to honor the memory of honorably discharged, deceased veterans, and this program continues. The U.S. Veterans Affairs administers this by preparing the certificates. Any veterans, next of kin, relatives or just friends may request this document, signed by the current President. Just request the certificate from: Director, Memorial Programs Service (403A3), National Cemetery Administration, U.S. Dept. of Veterans Affairs, 810 Vermont Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20420. Provide a copy of any document to help establish honorable service.

BOOK REVIEW

The Rising Tide by Jeff Shaara was issued in 2006 by Ballantine Books. The author has written historical novels of the Revolutionary War, the Civil War and WWI. This one is on WWII — centering on our early combats in Africa and Italy. He uses real names — Eisenhower, George Patton, Mark Clark, Omar Bradley, Rommel, Hitler, and Montgomery. I guess he calls these books “novels” to protect himself, as he tells it like it was. His research included interviewing most of the above, except Hitler. I never really knew much about the war in 1942. This book is

interesting and he certainly could call it a history book.

In an introduction, the author states: “The Second World War begins with the conclusion of the First World War, June 28, 1919.” Shaara knew the top-secret items of WWII were released in the early 1990s, so this book can be very candid.

OUR FUTURE

With our 466th BG membership in the 2ADA decreasing every year, your officers will be considering our future later this year. Drop us a note if anyone has some good suggestions as to how we might proceed. Several of the veterans' groups

have converted to the C-3 organization (any interested persons may join) from limiting membership as a C-19 (at least 75% must be veterans). Our 466th BGA and the 8th Air Force Historical Society have made this change and do have some younger members on their Boards.

MEETING DATES

The 8th Air Force Historical Society will meet at the Radisson Plaza Hotel, Kalamazoo, Michigan, July 17-22, 2007. The 466th BGA and Heritage League will also meet with them. The 2ADA convention will be in Grand Rapids, Michigan, August 30 – September 3, 2007. ■

BOOK REVIEW

Through These Eyes

A World War II Eighth Air Force Combat Diary

By James Lee Hutchinson

BEDFORD, IND. – They left farms and loved ones behind to travel half a world away when duty called; endured hazards and heartaches beyond compare; and came home changed men – if they came home at all. Living through a war has a way of putting everything else into perspective, a theme that permeates James Lee Hutchinson's new memoir, *Through These Eyes: A World War II Eighth Air Force Combat Diary*.

Hutchinson, now 81, was one of the 16 million young men and women called into military service by Uncle Sam more than a half century ago. The author's combat service was with the 490th Bomb Group of the Eighth Air Force in England. He was a teenage radio operator and gunner on a B-17 Flying Fortress. Interspersed with his frank, sometimes humorous and always-riveting narratives are excerpts from his tour diary.

Readers travel back in time and ride with Hutchinson and his nine fellow crew members on 20 missions aboard the “Fort,” the most deadly aircraft in the European Theater, as they join hundreds of other bombers headed deep into the heart of Hitler's Germany. No bombing run was ever routine, and readers are kept on the edge of their seats as Hutchinson's vivid descriptions convey what it was like to be flying at 25,000 feet on oxygen in sub-zero temperatures for hours at a time facing anti-aircraft “flak” and attacks by Luftwaffe fighters. There was also the sickening sight of other B-17s falling out of formation and each crew member wondering if his plane would be next to go down.

“The crews...manned their combat positions and waited for the hell they knew was coming,” he writes. “Bombers receiving a direct hit were blown out of the sky and another 10-man crew was lost.”

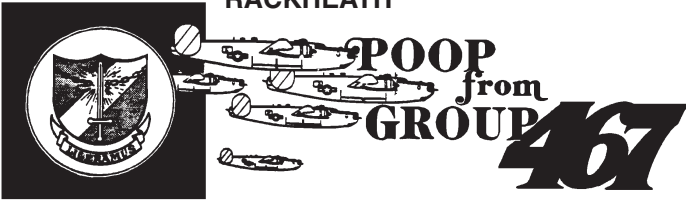
A copy of *Through These Eyes* has been placed in the Library of Congress as part of Senator Richard Lugar's World War II Veterans' History Project. A copy was presented to Queen Elizabeth II of England, who was also a teenager during the war. Hutchinson's early chapters about his boyhood during the Great Depression have been used in high school history classes.

Through These Eyes is a timeless, fascinating firsthand look at one of the most important eras in modern history; a slice of life from the Greatest Generation. The book was edited by Dr. Susan Hutchinson of the University of Memphis.

Hutchinson grew up in the hills of southern Indiana. He served with the “Mighty Eighth” Air Force — the most decorated U.S. Army Air Forces unit during World War II. Hutchinson earned three degrees in education from Indiana University. He was a teacher and administrator for 37 years.

Through These Eyes contains 336 pages including 40 WWII photos. Available at bookstores, amazon.com, and authorhouse.com. ISBN 1420866443. Order autographed copies at jameshutchinson@insightbb.com or phone 812-275-4308. Dealers may purchase through Ingram Books or Author House. ■

RACKHEATH



BY WALTER MUNDY

All members and guests of the 467th Bombardment Group Association are urged to attend the group's annual reunion that will be held at the Crown Plaza Hotel in Dayton, Ohio, November 4-8, 2007.

Congratulations to the membership of the 467th for their generous donations to the Fightin' Sam Legendary Liberator Campaign. The goal of \$125,000 was exceeded, and a summary of donations by Group is reported in this issue. (See page 32.)

The following news is reported by **David Hastings**:

2ND AIR DIVISION USAAF AND 467TH BOMB GROUP HONoured WITH TWO NEW ROAD NAMES

On May 14th two famous names in 2nd Air Division USAAF and 467th Bomb Group history were honoured by having the two new roads on the busy Rackheath Industrial Estate named after them. The local firm of Tilia Properties Ltd., who are based on the estate and have recently completed a large new development as well as starting work on the complete restoration of the old control tower, were responsible for the new roads.



Jay Shower with memorial plaque to his father, Col. Albert Shower

Jay Shower, the son of the late Colonel Albert Shower, the commander of the 467th BG, flew over from the USA in a single engine Cessna 210 to perform the opening ceremony with Tilia Properties Ltd, and the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust was represented by Trust Governor David Hastings, who is also one of the base contacts at Rackheath.

The first road to be opened by Jay Shower, in the presence of many V.I.P.'s and local people, was "Albert Shower Road" in honor of his late father. The party then moved down the road that will lead to the restored control tower and this was opened jointly by Jay Shower and David Hastings and is called "Witchcraft Way" in memory of the most famous B-24 Liberator.

At a reception that followed the opening ceremonies, grateful thanks were expressed by Nick Hovey, Director of Tilia



Opening of "Albert Shower Road"

Properties Limited, for the wonderful way in which they have ensured that the bravery, sacrifice and friendship of the 467th BG and the 2nd Air Division USAAF will never be forgotten. They hope to open the restored control tower in September. Finally, everyone was deeply touched that Jay Shower flew all the way across the Atlantic to perform these major ceremonies.



New restored control tower at Rackheath



Opening of "Witchcraft Way"

NEW GATES FOR THE CHURCH AT RACKHEATH

The new "Coffey Crew Gates" have now arrived at the Holy Trinity Church at Rackheath to replace the original ones that were damaged by a truck recently. At one of the very early 2nd Air Division Association conventions in Norwich, Jim Coffey and his crew from the 467th BG asked the village if there was anything they needed and it was agreed that a hedge and gates



The "Coffey Crew Gates" at Rackheath Church

at the church and community centre were vital to safeguard the young children using the facility. A few years later Jim and his crew with their families unveiled the gates and a superb bronze plaque, and they have stood next to the village sign as a constant reminder to everyone of the bravery, sacrifice and friendship of the 2nd Air Division. Joan Coffey and the remaining crew members approved the new design, with David Hastings acting as the link with the Church Council. The metal worker has really made the imaginative design come to life, and hopefully some of the family will be able to attend the dedication. ■

“Ordeal” in Paris

BY DONALD F. BAUMLER (445TH BG) • REPRINTED FROM THE KASSEL MISSION CHRONICLES

On September 5, 1944, we flew a mission to Karlsruhe, Germany. It was a nine-hour mission. The weather was bad and the results were very bad because of flak, fighters, the leader got shot up, and we missed the target and dropped our bombs on an alternate target. So three days later, on September 8, 1944, we had to go back to Karlsruhe.

On September 8 the weather was again bad. We ran into a front that was 27,000 feet high. Our leader decided to climb over it. After passing it, 100 miles from Karlsruhe, we dropped down to 20,000 feet to bomb. Then we turned around and were faced with the same front.

We couldn't possibly climb over it again and have gas to get home, so our brilliant leader decided to go under it. He put the whole group of some forty planes into a very steep dive. I was indicating over 300 mph when my windshield iced up and I couldn't see the plane I was flying on, so I pulled off to the side and leveled off and gradually let down to 500 feet to get under the clouds. I was scraping ice off the windshield. One of my crew in the back reported a line of concrete emplacements (The Siegfried Line).

Right at that very moment a shell (probably 40 mm) hit us mid-ship, just back of the wing and ahead of the side waist window. The force of the blast apparently went to the front and destroyed all our radio equipment and oxygen bottles, and cut the rubber cables completely. It also put the plane into a severe nose down position. I thought the tail was blown off and yelled for Johnny to put on the automatic pilot. He was in such shock that he handed me my steel flak helmet. I knocked it away, pulled the nose up, and tried to make a sharp turn, only to have the rudder pedal clank on the floor with no resistance. I thought we were goners.

So I called on the intercom to “bail out,” but realized everything was dead. However, we were in a flat aileron turn and still flying, so I headed for the cloud base. Many more small caliber shells hit us, but I finally made it into the clouds and proceeded to fly blind in a southerly direction toward Switzerland. Then the wings iced up and I had to lower our altitude. Eventually, after several hours, we broke out and recognized what could only be the Alps Mountains. We were way too far south.

Harold Parson, our regular navigator, was not with us, and Leon White, the

bombardier, offered to try to get a fix on the “G” box. He said he knew where we were and gave me a heading toward Paris. I knew Paris was captured about four days previously, so I took the heading. About an hour later, lo and behold, there was Paris. We circled the Eiffel Tower and then tried to find an airfield. About ten miles south, at Britigny, we saw an old German airfield with one runway, now a 9th AF fighter base. Unfortunately, the wind was blowing crossways and strong. We shot off red flares (emergency) and made my approach. But without rudders to crab into the wind, I could only hold direction by lowering the wing (up to a point). When we got near the ground, I had to level out and the plane started going sideways. When we hit, the left landing gear partially collapsed. We did a pretty hard ground loop.

Afraid of fire, I went out the top hatch and ran up the wing. When I jumped, it must have been 20 feet off the ground. Fortunately, I suffered only a slightly sprained ankle. They pulled the airplane off the runway, and only then did I see the rudder cables cut in half and hanging down. There was a three-foot diameter hole in the side of the plane, and it was a miracle that the waist gunners were not hit.

I reported to the base commander, and he was supposed to radio my base. The message never got there. He reported my name as “Roger Barton,” and sent it to the 8th AF Headquarters.

The next day, the base engineering officer said he could fix the landing gear, and Johnny, my copilot, said he could splice the cables together, since he had worked for the telephone company. The base radio people had the know-how to fix the radio equipment. So, we went into Paris.

When we hit downtown, many people recognized our flying clothes and began to cheer us and follow us down the street. They gave us wine to drink while we saw all the sights, and eventually it turned dark. We were walking down a street when suddenly bullets started ricocheting off a building. We holed up in a doorway and found out there were still die-hard German snipers around.

A civilian in the next doorway (probably an American deserter), offered to take us to a place for drinks. All we had was invasion money. It turned out to be a “House of Pleasure” and the madam was an American from New York City. We filled her in on how the war was going, and

she supplied drinks, no charge. Later, we went to General Ike's Hotel HQ, and they let us sleep in the lobby and gave us coffee and toast for breakfast.

Back at the airfield two days later, our plane was ready to fly. I gave the fighter pilots a buzz job and headed for England. I didn't have the “Code of the Day,” and English gunners started shooting ahead of us. I cursed them out over the radio, but I guess they were taking precautions.

When I got over the base and called “Arton Tower,” they said that the plane was not listed. Then I identified myself, and when we landed, all the jeeps from Headquarters came out to meet us. We were debriefed and the Engineering Officer told me that a 4" Channel main bulkhead was cut in half, and said if I had put any stress on it, the plane could have broken in half. I didn't tell him about the buzz job when I left France.

When I got to my hut, they had divided up all my clothes and taken my personal possessions to Father Quinlan, who was going to send them to Peggy. They didn't officially notify next-of-kin for about two weeks, so Peggy never knew.

Because of our “ordeal,” we were given a week's leave. We went to Edinburgh, Scotland, played golf at some course that was like a cow pasture, and kissed all the Scottish lassies at the USO. It was a tough life! ■

Feat of Strength

FROM 490TH BG'S “BOMBS AWAY”

The strong young man at the construction site was bragging that he could outdo anyone in a feat of strength. He made a special case of making fun of one of the older workmen.

After several minutes, the older worker had had enough. “Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?” he said. “I will bet a week's wages that I can haul something in a wheelbarrow over to that building that you won't be able to wheel back.”

“You're on, old man,” the young guy replied.

The old man reached out and grabbed the wheelbarrow by the handles.

Then he turned to the young man and said, “Alright. Get in.” ■

458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



The 3 Kingsbery Brothers – or Texas Ranch Hands at War

GUEST ARTICLE BY JACK KINGSBERY

I was trained in the States as an engineer/gunner on the B-24 but was grounded from combat just before I arrived in England because of asthma. I was then assigned to the 458th BG as crew chief on B-24 bomber number 628.

Horsham St. Faith was an old British airbase and fortunately the Germans hadn't bombed it. I reported to the Operations office that morning. I was told to take a Jeep and drive to an airbase about twenty miles to the east of our base. One of our planes had engine trouble and had landed at the other field the day before. I told the officer that I had never driven in England. He said, "No problem. Just think 'left', think 'left' and you will be okay." Driving on the left side of the road was sure different from driving in the U.S. I kept thinking "left," "left" and made it just fine. I got the bomber's engine fixed and ready to fly to our base at Norwich. The bombardier on the crew mentioned that he had driven in England several years before, so I told him to drive the Jeep back and I would take the plane. I thought it would be safer to fly.

In February of 1944 the Germans launched their last all-out bombing attack on London. It took place at night, and since all of southern England was totally blacked out, the Germans dropped flares attached to parachutes over London so the German bombers could see their targets. The bombs did lots of damage to London and the lighted flares kept burning as they hit the ground and set lots of additional fires. It was a clear night, and from our base we could see the thousands of burning flares coming down over London. That was the last big attack on London and was an awesome sight to watch.

The bombing of southern England had slowed down some after we arrived, but in June 1944 the Germans started launching the V-1 "buzz" bomb. It was actually a cruise missile with wings powered by a pulsejet engine and controlled by an electrical compass in its nose. The V-1s were launched from France close to the English Channel and would fly until they ran out of fuel.

Each V-1 carried a 2300-pound warhead that did lots of damage when it exploded. The V-1 was more of a nuisance than a threat because most of them were dropping in open areas instead of cities.

At first everybody jumped out of bed and ran to the air raid shelters. We soon learned to stay in bed when the air raid siren was sounded and listen for the distinct sound of the buzz bomb's engine. As long as the engine was running we were safe, but as we heard it cut out, there was a mad scramble to the air raid shelter. Only two or three V-1s hit close enough to our base for us to hear.

In September 1944 the Germans introduced a new weapon, the V-2 missile. It was a rocket-propelled bomb with a longer range than the V-1 and a better guidance system. Over 1,100 V-2s hit southern England, killing 2,700 people, mostly civilians. One V-2 hit our base close to the NCO Club hut. It caved in one side of

the club but no one was hurt. I picked up a small piece of that V-2 missile that I still have.

My two brothers served in the Army. My older brother Hank was a B-24 bomber pilot based in England, not too far from my base. In 1944 his plane blew an engine on take-off and crashed. The flight engineer was killed instantly, but Hank survived along with the rest of his crew. Hank had a broken jaw and leg but recovered and was discharged in 1945.

My younger brother Tom got to use his ranch experience in the Army's 10th Mountain Division, training horses and mules for mountain warfare. He was stationed at Camp Hale in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado where Tom and his friend Price Wood trained pack mules for mountain warfare in Italy. After the mules were shipped to Italy, Tom and Price were sent to Fort Reno, Oklahoma. Prior to World War II the U.S. Army used thousands of horses and mules. Except for the pack mules used in Italy, modern mechanized warfare had rendered them obsolete. The



My B-24 Mechanic Crew in England. From left: Warren Courtney of Arlington, Virginia; Arnold Holcomb of Asheville, North Carolina; Donald Seyler of Troutdale, Oregon, and me, Jack Kingsbery. We serviced this plane for over 50 combat missions.

Army continued to feed and care for the horses and mules, and Tom and Price, both being cowboys, were perfect for the job.

Fort Reno had ten thousand horses, all of which were broken to ride, and nine thousand mules. The Army cowboys built a roping arena and a racetrack at the fort and had a great time picking horses for roping and racing. After the war the Army sold the horses and mules to the public. A lot of the horses were auctioned off at a big sale in Fort Worth. A well-known horse trader hired Tom to come to the sale and point out the good horses in the bunch.

Tom was discharged in November 1945. Whenever Hank and I started talking about our war experiences, Tom would say he had the most dangerous Army assignment: Fighting off nine thousand hard-kicking mules with one pitchfork. ■

Off the Wall War Art

BY STEVE SNELLING • PICTURES BY MARTIN BOWMAN • REPRINTED FROM EDP SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 2006
SUBMITTED BY MR. & MRS. E. PARKE, KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, ENGLAND

They may not be works of art in the traditional sense, but the remarkable murals left by U.S. servicemen in East Anglia represent a priceless collection, according to aviation historian Martin Bowman.

They are memorials to a war-ravaged generation; a lost youth. But these are not of the sort cast in the traditional mould. In fact, there's nothing remotely sober or somber about these crumbling and fading monuments to a struggle of gargantuan proportions.

They are, for the most part, gloriously garish, saucy and sexy, rude and crude celebrations of youthful exuberance that seem to capture, in a way few memorials ever can, the spirit that infected thousands of young airmen who risked their lives flying out of the fields of Little America during a relentless three-year campaign to free Europe of Nazism.



The extraordinary 392nd BG mural decorated the ground officers' mess at Wendling.



A Bucking Bronco, formerly at Shipdham

They are, in short, the sadly diminishing fragments of wall art which once decorated bleak living quarters of the 8th Air Force bomber and fighter bases that spread like a rash across the rural landscape of East Anglia more than sixty years ago.

Today many have disappeared, destroyed along with the temporary buildings they once adorned, their worth ignored and unrecognized. But not all have gone. A number have survived, battle-scarred and worn by the ravages of time, to inspire those enthusiasts dedicated to preserving the memory of the men who put their lives on the line far from home. Enthusiasts like Martin Bowman.

The author of more than 70 books, the vast majority relating to the aerial cam-

paign waged by American and British airmen based in the region during the Second World War, he has spent more than thirty years photographing and recording the myriad and sometimes magnificent murals which make up a rather unique display of forgotten war art.

His quest, part of a continuing and probably never-ending odyssey, is stunningly reflected in his latest work, *Echoes of East Anglia*, which is subtitled "a sentimental journey through pictures and memories 1940-1945."

Here for public consumption is a graphic demonstration of Martin's fascination for a conflict he is too young to have experienced, but whose legacy endures in the remnants of all those short-lived military communities that still freckle the countryside.

There are pictures of windowless control towers and bramble-infested Nissen huts, aerial shots revealing the outlines of vanished runways in the midst of a patchwork of fields and of forlorn fragments of airstrips, deserted and overgrown. But most evocative of all are the images of paintings and graffiti which helped brighten and enliven a time fraught with fear and tension.

They range from the Disney-esque to the downright naughty, and their discovery, even now, never fails to excite the Norwich-based writer. "They're like time capsules, and more often than not, the quality and the ingenuity displayed in them is absolutely phenomenal," he says. "They ought to be protected. I can't understand

why they've never had preservation orders placed on them. In many ways, they tell us more about the men who lived and flew during those years than any memorial."

There is a passion in his voice that is born out of the long years searching out 'lost' echoes of the region's wartime heritage. He still vividly recalls his earliest encounters with airfield art. "I know it sounds grand," he says, "but I remember feeling like a young Howard Carter venturing into those Egyptian tombs. That's how momentous it seemed to me as an impressionable 17- or 18-year-old when I saw my first murals.

"It felt as though I was the first person since the war to have seen them, which wasn't true of course, but I think I was the first to suggest putting them into a book. As it was, I think only one of them ended up in my first book, *Fields of Little America*, and that was in black and white. It's taken almost thirty years to get them into a book in the way I wanted."

His earliest photographic forays were undertaken on a scooter with a camera that by his own estimation was scarcely up to the task. Not just that, but he could only afford enough film to take one shot of each piece of artwork. "All I know," he recalls, "is it was never enough."

Most of the former bases had reverted back to agricultural use. "Paradoxically," he explains, "that's what saved a lot of these buildings and their murals. They'd have probably rotted or rusted away but for the fact that farmers took them over for their own means.

“Not all, though, were so fortunate. I remember there was one horrible instance in Broadland, can’t remember exactly where, that involved an old Nissen hut, which I think had come from the base at Rackheath. I went to see it and it was absolutely festooned with wartime pin-ups and paintings of Hollywood movie stars. It was fantastic.

“I seem to recall it was being used as a boat shed. Anyway, I took some photographs, but when I took them to be developed they disappeared. Not to worry, I thought, I’ll go back and take some more pictures. But when I got there, a few months later, the whole shed had been flattened. And to add insult to injury, the owner told me he’d made a bonfire out of the pile of paintings that were on wooden boards. But I got my own back. I hinted that had he kept them, they’d probably have been worth a fortune!”

True or not, their historical value is unquestionable, as evidenced by the fact that at least two examples have found their way into museums, one at Hendon and the other at Duxford, the walls having been carefully dismantled from their rural lo-



Six foot tall dancing girls used to strut their stuff at Deopham Green until the late 1970s when the building was demolished.



A Stirling bomber at North Creake which is now displayed in the RAF Bomber Command Museum at Hendon.

cales to delight new generations. “Unfortunately,” says Martin, “the one at Duxford was repainted, which didn’t seem right to me. I felt it should have been left in its original state. That’s what they did with the painting of the Stirling from North Creake, just putting it behind glass.”

Among the many he has tracked down, favorites stand out. They include scantily clad beauties at Shipdham that reflect the men’s inevitable preoccupation with the fairer sex and the moving religious scenes which decorated the chapel at Hethel. “I first saw that place in about 1971 and if you’d asked me if that building would still be around in 2006 I’d have said, ‘no way.’ It was virtually derelict. All the rendering had gone. It was overgrown and looked just about ready to collapse.

Since then, of course, the chapel has been restored and the great thing is that during the work they discovered a third previously unknown mural of the Madonna to add to the memorable paintings of the crucifixion and the map of Europe.”

A surprise of a different kind came to light at Wendling. “One of the airbase buildings was used to house people who’d been bombed out of Norwich,” said Martin, “and before they moved in, a false wall was put in.”

“Years later a few bricks were removed from the wall and you could see something of a mural hidden behind it. Eventually the whole wall was removed to reveal a wonderfully elaborate painting of a giant American eagle in a sky filled with Liberators.”

Martin is convinced there are more such wall murals waiting to be uncovered. “We’re still making discoveries,” he says. “Only about a month ago I was over at Horham, looking at an old hospital site, when a chap asked me if I’d seen a bit of wartime artwork that was ‘just up the road.’



A pin-up at Shipdham, home of the 44th Bomb Group, inspired by a Gillette A ‘Gil’ Elvgren model.

“It was on the walls of an air raid shelter. I’d never seen that before. The drawings, cartoon outlines of a Suffolk yokel and an American smoking a fat cigar, had actually been scratched on the wall with a stone.”

Sadly, the find came too late to make it into his book, though it could yet appear in the third book in his photographic trilogy celebrating East Anglia’s role in the air war, which he is already planning.

“The idea is to include more stories from the Americans who were ‘over here’ and matching them with pictures.

“I’m particularly interested in the pubs that they frequented and which made a big impact on them. There are still a lot of them around, you know.”

Echoes of East Anglia by Martin W. Bowman is published by Halsgrove, priced £14.99. ■



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY LLOYD W. PRANG

Charles Broadwater, tail gunner on the Bill Adams and Franklin Tarbell crews, both original crews of the 735th Squadron, wrote to tell us that a crew-mate of his, **Hulon Briggs**, had passed away on January 18, 2007. Chuck's letter will be in the September 2007 issue of the 453rd Newsletter.

Cliff Thomas, aka The Philosophical Pharmacist, was honored at the South Dakota Board of Pharmacy Meeting on February 16, 2007. Six of his children were present when he received the Board's Lifetime Achievement Award. He was also personally recognized by the Governor in a proclamation declaring February 16, 2007 as "Cliff Thomas Day" in the state of South Dakota. Cliff was the radio operator on the Joe Meintel crew, 735th Squadron.

The 453rd/389th reunion in Las Vegas in April turned out to be a huge success. I've noted a few comments below. The full text of these messages will be in the Newsletter. We had originally booked only thirty rooms but when this was exceeded the hotel managed to "find" a few more rooms at the same low rate. And the room rate was low considering that we were in the center of the "strip." The bids I had received from hotels on either side of our hotel were double the rate that we paid. The hospitality room was well attended — much more so than we had imagined when we "booked" the room. Although the room was, by my way of thinking, quite expensive, it was very large, had a huge bar area and was extremely comfortable. These days, only parking is still "free" in Las Vegas. A local newspaper article I saw prior to going to L.V. said that when the Mob ran things they would comp a room or a meal for you. That has definitely changed.

The 389th BG had a total of eight people in attendance. They were: **Paul Billings** and his son **Douglas** from Tennessee; **Bill Crum**, his wife **Marian** and her sister **Alta King** from California; **John Morgan** and **Mary Detweiler** from Pennsylvania; and **Dick Peterson** from California. The names of the people from the 453rd will be published in the September Newsletter. Paul Billings wrote: "We had a great time and I believe everyone else had a great time also." And he mentioned that some of you might have pictures of the reunion. If any of you have pictures, please send copies to the editor of the 453rd

Newsletter, Mrs. Jean Stites, 9334 Kahl Road, Black Earth, WI 53515. Thanks.

I know I said I would not be making any plans for anyone to go to any of the shows in L.V., but when our daughter, **Betty Eskew**, and **Linda Wittig** and her daughter **Brenda Tudyk** started to make plans to go to the "Rat Pack" show and Irene and I decided to join them, I had a change of heart and began to tell people about our plans. Approximately half of those who had registered for the reunion went to see the "Tribute to the Rat Pack" show on Wednesday night. As it turned out, Linda and Brenda had to cancel their plans to go to the reunion because of a medical emergency that happened to Linda's husband.

Anyway, as they say "the show must go on." We learned that **Bert and Claire Biel** and twelve of their family members were to be celebrating Bert and Claire's 65th wedding anniversary on that very Wednesday night and that they had decided to join us at the "Rat Pack" show. That made it doubly important for the show to go on — and did it ever! The show consisted of people who did unusually good impersonations of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Joey Bishop and Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn Monroe "picked on" Bert Biel for her part of the show. The Greek Isles Hotel, where the show took place, had never had anyone celebrating 65 years of married bliss, so this was a milestone for everyone. You had to be there to really appreciate what took place. Bert's family bought all the photos that were taken of Bert and "Marilyn." Hopefully, we'll have some photos of them in the September Newsletter. I know Bert, Claire and their entire family will never forget that evening. None of the rest of us will either.

Andy Cumming, crew chief of the B-24 "Arrowhead," wrote: "Joan and I must let you know how much we enjoyed meeting all of you and visiting after so many years. We had a lot of local business to attend to, as we had been away for several weeks so could not spend as much time with the group as we wished. **Russell Robinson**, who flew 'Arrowhead' more than anyone else, was very interested in my relating the news of our reunion. Russ is now about 85, so to me at 91, you all are a bunch of kids."

Since **Christina Turner** and **Camer-**

on Laughlin, guests of **Nick and Marilyn Radosevich**, drove from Tucson, Arizona, they were able to bring a "boom box" and some CDs. The music helped to brighten the atmosphere in the hospitality room. They also took a turn at being bartenders. Thanks again, folks. FYI: Nick was the pilot on an original crew. **Bob Victor**, (aka Jimmy Cagney, of the famous "you dirty rat" line), a member of Nick's crew, was there too, as he usually is. And I've never seen **Isabelle**, Bob's wife, have such a good time.

Allen and Dorothy Williamson wrote saying the reunion was fun and that they enjoyed it. Dorothy also said that Allen was sleeping a lot since he got back. Hey, it took me three days to recover. Navigating three time zones is getting to be a little rough.

John Ross came to his first reunion in Savannah in 2000 and said he was "hooked." Then he went and got seriously sick. L.V. was his first time back with us. He wrote: "Many thanks for arranging a great Las Vegas reunion. I'm certain that each one becomes more difficult, but you still manage to accomplish the impossible. Meeting the guys from the 389th was a big plus, and I hope they felt at home with us. (*They said they did*). The 'Rat Pack' show was outstanding along with acknowledging our presence. (*Irene was extremely pleased with this too.*) I'm certain the Biels won't forget the vamping of 'Marilyn Monroe.' Besides, the pictures will always be there as a fun-filled reminder. What happens in Vegas, in this case, won't stay in Vegas. Again, my deepest appreciation for a memorable four days in Sin City. My best to Irene."

For **Francis Cartier**, a bombardier on the Cyrus Adams crew, this was his first reunion and every time I looked he seemed to be having a good time. So much for those who say, "It was all right but I didn't know anyone."

To **Jack and Bette Jones**, a real big "Thank You" for all your help with registration and the bartending. Jack, it seems you had such a good time behind the bar that I think you missed your real calling.

After the reunion **Earle and Marcy Nase** wrote that they and **Ralph Walker** and **Marge Joy** went on a tour of the national parks in Nevada, Arizona and Utah. On Monday Earle and Marcy came back to Las Vegas and from there returned to Ft. Myers. I guess Ralph and his daughter returned to New Hampshire.

All right, so a whole bunch of you missed another darn good time. It might be well to consider going to the 2nd Air Division Association convention in Grand Rapids. Give it some serious thought. ■

Rough Mission for a New Crew

LIBERATOR "K FOR KING" • APRIL 22, 1944

BY GEORGE KELLING (445TH BG)

The ETO Air War was a mighty endeavor, and it is difficult to read the histories of the conflict without being overwhelmed by the sheer size of it all, whether in numbers of aircraft, tons of bombs dropped, casualties on both sides, devastation on the targets, or a score of other statistics. For those doing the bombing and for those on the ground in Europe, however, it broke down into thousands of personal stories. This is one of them.

The Crew

In November of 1943, a new Liberator crew assembled at Biggs Field, north of El Paso, Texas, for operational training. They were a cross-section of America: 2nd Lt. Charles L. Riddle, pilot (Spokane, Washington); 2nd Lt. Robert H. Lemon, copilot (home town unknown); 2nd Lt. Ray O. Hargis, navigator (Natchitoches, Louisiana); 2nd Lt. John W. Bryant, bombardier, (Fort Worth, Texas); Staff Sgt. Robert M. Varty, radio operator (Sycamore, Illinois); Sgt. John F. Mahoney, engineer (Litchfield, Connecticut); Sgt. Harry A. Kolinski, gunner (Brooklyn, N.Y.); Sgt. Harold E. White, ball gunner (Utica, N.Y.); Sgt. Charles B. Coffman, gunner (Adams, Pennsylvania); Sgt. Vincent T. McHugh, tail gunner, (Wabunsee, Kansas).

The new crew spent about three months working up and going through a grueling set of tasks before they were declared ready for combat. In March 1944, they completed their training and were ready for the war. They had a short pre-embarkation leave, then met again at Topeka, Kansas where they took over a new B-24. Crew 54, as they were designated, flew their aircraft south to Brazil, then across the Atlantic to Africa, then to England. They arrived without incident, but with some war stories from stops in South America and Africa. After turning in their shiny new Liberator, they were sent to Northern Ireland for what they remember as a boring two-week series of lectures about ETO air combat. That completed, they were sent to Station 124, home of the 445th Bomb Group, located at Tibenham, England, a few miles south of Norfolk.

The Mission

Crew 54 was assigned to the 700th Squadron, and the new guys were expected to hit the ground running. April 1944 was a hectic time of preparation for D-Day. The new crew flew an aborted mission over France, and then was alerted on April 22 for Eighth Air Force Mission 311, a



The crew of "K for King." Standing (L-R): John W. Bryant, Robert H. Lemon, Ray O. Hargis, Charles L. Riddle. Kneeling (L-R): Robert M. Varty, Vincent T. McHugh, Harold E. White, Charles B. Coffman, Harry A. Kolinski. Crew member John F. Mahoney took the picture and is not in it. Photo presented to the Resistance Organizations of Belgium.

major effort over Germany. Illness among the original crew brought about two changes. 1st Lt. Francis C. Sneed of Lawton, Oklahoma replaced Lt. Lemon as copilot, and Sgt. James R. Cockriel took over the rear turret guns from Sgt. McHugh. Sneed had been on the station for some time, and was assigned as an operations officer in group headquarters. Cockriel was known to the crew. He trained alongside them in another crew at Biggs Field and flew across the Atlantic at about the same time. He had used his leave to get married.

The crew manned B-24H 41-29306, carrying a mixed load of high explosive and incendiary bombs, and got the call sign "K for King." After having flown a shiny new Liberator across the Atlantic, they saw 306 as ancient. Although the aircraft had been in combat only some four months, it had some 25 missions on its log books, including at least four into Germany. The ETO air war was a rough environment. Right or wrong, the crew's perception was that as new guys they were given a bucket of bolts, and that their new guy status gave them the last and low position in the formation.

The entire mission was snake-bit from the first. In a departure from the norm, the mission took off in mid-afternoon. Sour-

ces differ on the reason for the change. One account states that it was to fool the Germans, who were accustomed to seeing the bombers over the Reich earlier. Another source says weather over the target prevented an earlier takeoff. A veteran of the missions sees it as a blunder for which someone should have been court-martialed. Whatever the reason for the takeoff time, it ensured that the mission would return to England after dark, and after the hour that their friendly identification codes and signals (IFF) had expired.

These considerations were far from the thoughts of the crew as they rolled down the runway. Perhaps they noted Tibenham's ancient church at the end of the runway, but they were more likely concentrating on getting the aircraft in the air and in formation. Precision was essential, since they were one of some 1,662 aircraft, 803 bombers and 859 fighters, headed for Germany that day.

The formations rendezvoused successfully at 1645 and headed for the Hamm marshaling yards, the primary target. From that time on, though, things began to go wrong. Col. Robert Terrell, commander of the 445th and command pilot for the 277 B-24s of the 2nd Air Division on the mission, noted: "Strong headwinds and too

(continued on next page)

ROUGH MISSION (*cont. from page 21*)
many short zigzagging legs to the target took parts of the 2nd Wing over the Ruhr Valley, ...[delayed] the approach to the primary target." One problem led to another: "The Second Wing [which contained the 445th] missed the I.P. and the 445th [was] prevented from bombing the primary target owing to other, incoming groups." The formation therefore headed for Koblenz, the secondary target.

The air war became very personal for the ten men manning "K for King." Approaching Koblenz at 20,000 feet, they ran into what John Bryant, the bombardier, and Ray Hargis, the navigator, both describe as "flak you could get out and walk on." They were hit, with damage to one wing and two of the four engines knocked out. Although none of the crew was wounded, the aircraft was badly damaged. It was clearly impossible to complete the mission, so Riddle had the bomb load jettisoned and headed west for the English Channel, throwing out everything excess on the way. The arrival of American fighters to escort the wounded Liberator was a welcome sight.

Perhaps due to damaged fuel lines, a third engine quit, and 306 could go no further. The aircraft was losing altitude quickly, and although the Channel was in sight, it was out of reach. At 10,000 feet Riddle put the aircraft on autopilot and ordered the crew to bail out at 2130 local time (2030 English time). It was a first jump for all of them. John Bryant recalls that the only instructions he received about parachuting were "to wait a long time and then pull the red handle hard." The crew apparently waited long enough and pulled the handle hard enough, and they all reached the ground safely.

The remainder of the American bombers had their own problems. After the mission, they were jumped by German intruders when coming in to land at their home bases, with thirteen Liberators shot down in England. The incoming Liberators were mistaken for Germans by anti-aircraft, and there were 38 crew members killed and 23 wounded.

Although flying on one of the four engines and losing altitude quickly, Liberator 306 continued to fly, and landed more or less intact in a field near the town of Espierres (Spiere in Flemish). The aircraft did not break up or explode, and the Germans soon arrived to secure and salvage the aircraft.

The crew landed far away from the plane. Four of them were quickly rounded up by the Germans. 1st Lt. Francis Sneed appears to have been captured within minutes of landing. Gunners Harold White and Harry Kolinski, the two New Yorkers, were picked up during the course

of the night, and eventually sent to Stalag XVIII A in Austria (the inspiration for the 1953 William Holden movie) where they spent the remainder of the war. Sergeant Charles Coffman got shelter in a farm, but was picked up the next day. Six crew members remained at large, and ended up in two parties with different stories. Lieutenants Riddle, Hargis, and Bryant, and radio operator Staff Sergeant Varty landed in fields in various locations near Espierres, and they began walking. Bryant encountered Varty in a field, and they went off together. Riddle was found by Jean Lefebvre, a bold and daring patriot who spent much of his time on his bicycle seeking downed aviators. After wandering for two days, the bombardier and radio oper-

to another safe house at Mons-en-Pevele, France. They were hidden in a fruit merchant's shop until they were picked up by an impressive individual who presented himself as a Canadian paratrooper. He spoke English with a Canadian accent, and had a big cigar, a big car, and an attractive female assistant. He looked good. Too good! John Bryant recalls: "They were too prosperous-looking, and they had a car. It didn't look right." Bryant expressed his misgivings but was overruled. The four got into the car and moved south to Arras. The agent, "Monsieur Marcel," was extremely affable for the trip, showing the four aviators the points of interest along the way. They were stopped at a German roadblock on the northern outskirts of



Mahoney and Cockriel with the Belgian resistance members

ator encountered a friendly farmer who sheltered them and contacted Lefebvre. By chance, navigator Hargis knocked on the door of the house which had originally sheltered Riddle. By another coincidence, after two days of wandering, they found shelter about 700 yards from where the Liberator made its unmanned landing.

Under Lefebvre's direction, after several days the four members were assembled in the same relatively small house. They obviously couldn't stay there long, particularly since the house was on the outskirts of town and so near to the scene of the crash. Lefebvre and other resistance members conducted the group by bicycle to Les Ballons, near the French border, where they were sheltered while the resistance arranged their entry into the underground railway across France to neutral Spain.

The next step was to cross the border

Arras, and Marcel got out with his papers, reassuring the four Americans that it was only a formality requiring him to show his driver's license. Marcel came back with the Germans, the four were trapped in the car, and it was all over. To make it worse, the German major in charge sounded like a bad movie, saying "For you, the war is over!" Sixty years after the incident, John Bryant states that from then on he has followed his instincts.

The four were captured by the Luftwaffe Police, but since they were in civilian clothes, they were turned over to the Gehime Feldpolezei (a very rough equivalent of the Counterintelligence Corps). They were taken to Lille, where Staff Sergeant Varty was separated from the three officers. Unknown to his three companions, Varty was shot that day under questionable circumstances. The German authorities lied, telling the three officers

that Varty had gotten sick and been sent to the hospital. They informed the International Red Cross that he had died in the crash. The physician's postmortem report has come to light, and it notes that he was shot in the chest and abdomen; not the wounds one would expect from an assassination or firing squad. The treason of Monsieur Marcel had further consequences, since three of the French and Belgian resistants who were aiding the escape were sent to German camps, never to return. Varty was buried near the scene of his death, and his remains were removed to a cemetery in his home town of Sycamore, Illinois, after the war.

The two remaining crew members, Sergeants Mahoney and Cockriel, experienced an equal measure of adventure and horror. They united soon after landing and an English-speaking student guided them to a nearby wood and protected them there. They were taken in by farmers Palmyre and Michael Vandembroucke-Janssens, who went for Father Josef Rathe when the Americans arrived. Between farm and parish church they were given refuge in the vicinity of Ingooigem. They remained in the area for some four months, most of it spent in the loft of the farm. There was plenty to occupy their time. In addition to polishing the brasses and maintaining the church, they joined the local resistance and participate in patrols with the guerrillas. As the British forces came close to their location, the guerrilla group decided to try to pass the two Americans through the lines. It was not a simple operation, since the Ingooigem area was more or less in no man's land. For example, the nearby town of Waregem was occupied by the British, then the Germans returned. Finally, on September 6, 1944, the resistance party made contact with a British reconnaissance unit. Just as they were meeting up, a retreating German column came fighting through, killing two British troopers. The Belgians and the two Americans tried to escape across the fields towards a nearby forest. An aggressive group of Germans came out of the forest, surrounded the group, and, in the words of a survivor, "A young SS non-commissioned officer, who was in my opinion not more than 18, shouted that all the civilians must be killed." They were mowed down, then another salvo was fired into the recumbent bodies. That work done, the Germans departed.

The Germans were not as thorough as they thought, since the two Americans and one Belgian were alive, but wounded. Cockriel and a Belgian, Daniel Demulle were able to crawl to a nearby farmhouse. Unknown to the two, Mahoney was alive but dying in the pile of bodies. The Germans returned, saw him move, and gave

him the coup de grace. Another wounded resistant got away, but was executed by the Germans shortly afterward. Even with the hindsight of sixty years, it resounds as a brutal affair.

The farmer, Michael De Cock, remained with the two wounded men and sent his wife to Waregem for help. There she got the doctor and they were able to return, render aid, and get the two wounded men to the town hospital. Liberation came shortly after, but it was a sad occasion for the inhabitants of Waregem, many of whom knew Mahoney. Father Rathe, who had sheltered and befriended Mahoney, conducted a service for the fallen airman, and led a parade through the town in his memory. He was buried at the American Flanders Fields War Cemetery, established after the First World War for the American fallen in the 1918 battle of Spitalbossen, also the scene of the 1944 shooting. He was later disinterred and buried in the American Ardennes Cemetery at Neuville-en-Condroz, Belgium, established shortly after World War Two. Cockriel was transferred to British military hospitals, and rejoined his unit in England on Armistice Day, almost seven months after taking off on his ill-fated mission. Cockriel and Mahoney were awarded Distinguished Service Crosses after the war.

He was the only crew member from "K for King" to rejoin the 700th. Riddle, Hargis, and Bryant, and probably Sneed, were sent to Stalag Luft III at Sagan, Poland. They remained there until December, when they joined the brutal and freezing march to the west and south, a measure that Hitler insisted on to keep the kregies out of the reach of the rapidly-approaching Russians. They wound up at Moosburg, Bavaria, where they were liberated by Patton's advancing army on April 29. Kolinski, White, and probably Coffman spent the remainder of the war at Stalag XVII in Austria. They were liberated in spring, 1945. Riddle remained in the military after the war, but the other crew members returned to their home areas

and got on with their lives.

Reviewing this series of events sixty years after the fact, it is hard for an outsider to decide whether the glass was half empty or half full. It cannot be denied that the sortie of "K for King" accomplished nothing in that it did not put the bombs on the target. On the other hand, at ages in the low twenties, the new crew members were able to absorb flak, keep their heads, parachute out safely, and try to get back into the war. It didn't work, but they did all the right things.

The Belgian and French perspective is less ambiguous. The incident and the resistants were fondly remembered in Espierres and vicinity. A monument to the fallen in the Spitalbossen shootout was erected on the site of the execution, and it remains, in perfect condition, to remind passersby of the sacrifices of the young Belgians, Americans, and British. In Espierres, Rue Jean Lefebvre runs near the scene of the bomber's crash landing, and Rue Fortune Dubois in Mons-en-Pevele commemorates the resistant who cared for the crew members in that French town.

It was a rough mission for a new crew, but the kids on board stepped up to the plate and did their best. The people on the ground defied the Germans to attempt to save them. It was a creditable performance all around.

→ → → →

The author, George Kelling, has retired from the Army and is an Air Force civilian historian. He has been working for some three years on the story of "K for King," and would welcome any criticism, corrections, or additional information. He can be reached by phone at 210-654-6085 or by email at ikelling@sbcglobal.net. This article is based on official reports, correspondence with veterans and enthusiasts in the States and in Belgium, a number of secondary sources, contact with crew members and their families, and a trip to Belgium. The investigation continues. ■



The monument to Mahoney, Varty, and the Belgians killed in the massacre

Remembering the Primary Training Antics

BY BOB SUCKOW (445TH BG)

Events that occurred while you were going through Primary Flight Training are worth reminiscing about.

From Cimmarron Field at Oklahoma City, two incidents stand out in memory. Crawling into a PT-19 Fairchild Primary Training two-place open cockpit was to be an unusual experience. Mr. Scroggs, my instructor, was to give me some aerobic maneuvers called Slow Rolls and Snap Rolls.

When going through maneuvers of this type, you wind up upside down for protracted periods of time (this is important to lend credence to this story). So, as you get into the cockpit of this military giant — it appears so to me — you are required to fasten your seat belt once seated. Well, this GI seatbelt has a lever that is to be placed in position over your lap with two clicks to ensure safe use of the device. But, only one click occurred (big mistake!) in my haste to give Scroggs in the front cockpit the big thumb — “ready in the rear!”

We arrived at 5,000 feet for our demo of Slow and Snap Rolls. As the instructor started the first maneuver, we were now upside down — the first position of a slow

roll. At this point in time, gravity decided to take over because my head and body were pointing toward the ground. Because the seatbelt was not fastened properly, I started to leave the aircraft. You should have seen this student clawing on everything possible to get back in from a precarious position midway between airplane and open air. I’m sure my toes came out of my GI shoes to help pull myself back into the safety of an airplane with a properly fastened seatbelt. As the airplane righted itself, it helped me get comfortable in my seat. You can bet your last twobits that my GI seatbelt was fastened properly — with two clicks.

Fortunately Scroggs never saw me hanging out of the cockpit. Whew! No demerits and no written report by him saying his student was floating to earth with a trusty parachute.

Second incident at Primary:

A fellow student having 12 hours of instruction had not soloed (usually it was done at 8 hours or so.) Guess they were very short of pilots at this time during the Big One, so extra time was spent giving additional hours of training. Anyway, on one sunny day a number of us students

were practicing take-offs and landings — solo, of course, on a big, square grass-covered auxiliary field. At a moment in time, this instructor and his 12-hour-non-soloed student came to the field. He was to solo, we found out! Now, we were to get a show unequaled, as long as I can remember during flight training. All aircraft at the field were instructed to remain on the ground as this single event was about to unfold so that the soloing student had plenty of room to perform his class act — and, brother, did he need it! Five of us soloed experts (proud as peacocks) were parked at the edge of the field to see the unfolding show.

At the corner of the field we observed the instructor get out of the airplane leaning forward beside the cockpit housing the actor for the big performance about to take place and giving last instructions. Then, the instructor waved the student on his exotic solo flight. He, the budding star, thrust the throttle full forward, raising a cloud of dust thicker than could be found in the Sahara Desert during a major storm. To top his first actions as a top-notch “uno piloto” he swung the airplane

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The Man in the Funny Hat

BY FREDERICK J. RUSSELL • REPRINTED FROM THE CUSTER-HAWK GAZETTE, VOLUME 6, ISSUE 1

It was just after we had returned from the cemetery on the day of my father’s funeral that I heard this particular story of my Uncle Bob’s for the first time. One of the people whom my father had grown up with had dropped off a copy of a newspaper article from 1944. The article reported how my father and six of his brothers were all serving in the armed forces at the same time — three of them in the U.S. Army and four, including my father, in the U.S. Navy. It also gave some information about where they had been.

One of my Uncle Bob’s sisters-in-law was reading the article. Her eyes widened when she came to the part about him.

“Bob,” she said. “I never knew that you went to England.”

“I was only there for a short while,” he said.

“And Italy. You were in Italy too?”

“Yes,” said Uncle Bob. “I was in Italy too.”

“It says you were at Anzio and Monte Cassino.”

“I was at both,” Uncle Bob said. His eyes had a faraway look as if he was seeing something that we couldn’t, and his voice sounded distant and low with a strange quality to it. It made me think of a cemetery like the one we had just recently left.

“Naples! Oh, Bob, you visited Naples,” my aunt said.

“Several times.” Uncle Bob’s voice was back to normal. “I had a lot of fun in Naples. I’d have to say it was my favorite place in Italy.”

“You went to Rome and met the Pope?”

“Well, yes I did,” he said nonchalantly.

“The Pope spoke to you and you never mentioned it in all of the time I’ve known you,” my aunt said, shaking her head with an amazed look on her face.

“All right, I met the Pope and he spoke to me. No big deal.”

“Bob! The Pope spoke to you and all you have to say about it is ‘No big deal.’” My aunt was almost shouting. “Tell me, what did he say to you?”

Uncle Bob just shrugged his shoulders.

This, of course, did not set well with her.

“What do you mean you don’t know? How could you not know?”

“I don’t know because I don’t remember,” said Uncle Bob.

“Oh, Bob! It was the Pope! How could you not remember?”

“Look, we had been at the front for over three months. This was our first chance to get away from it in a long while. The trucks had dropped us off in Rome two days earlier. Not one of us wasted any time as we headed for the first place serving booze that we could find. All we did was drink until we passed out and when we came to, we started drinking again.

“By the time I met the Pope, I had been drinking for three days straight. All I knew was some guy in a funny hat came up to me and began speaking to me. Like I said, it was no big deal.”

My aunt just shook her head and laughed. ■





491st BOMB GROUP
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY JOHN PALLER

I mailed in our reservations to the Spring '07 meeting of the New Jersey Chapter of the 8th Air Force Historical Society. My wife, Diana, and I have attended their lunches in the past and we have enjoyed the events. It provides an opportunity to meet with 8th Air Force comrades and their families (I say "families" because slowly the "second generation" Heritage League members are increasing). I know that other states throughout the country have similar meetings. I encourage our members to look into these regional chapters and consider attending their functions. Sometimes we, as well as our children and grandchildren, cannot get away for three or four day conventions, but can more readily spare an afternoon for a local event.

MORE ON THE LUFTWAFFE STURMGRUPPEN

After reading "Where Are Our Fighters" in the Winter 2007 *Journal*, I researched a little further and would like to add some information to the fine article from the 361st Fighter Group Newsletter.

I planned to write this by dealing solely with the Sturmgruppen and its formation in the spring of 1944. However, much had transpired in the German Air Force prior to the advent of the Sturmbock, a term formed by combining "sturm" or assault, and "bock," a male goat or ram.

A brief history should begin with the 1936-37 period and the Spanish Civil War when a number of future Luftwaffe leaders were battle-tested and German aircraft including early models of the Bf109 were introduced — an airplane which, incidentally, then soldiered on until the Nazi regime collapsed in May of 1945!

In early September 1939, Germany attacked Poland and unleashed WWII upon the world. The Luftwaffe reigned supreme with the Junkers Ju87 "Stuka" dive bombers, and improved Bf109 fighters and the Heinkel He111 bombers. In the west the "phony war" against England and France continued until the spring of 1940 when Hitler threw his panzer divisions against France and the low countries, defeating them by mid May of 1940. Again, the vaunted Luftwaffe ruled the skies. Eager to invade England, Hitler sent the Luftwaffe against the British Spitfires and Hurri-

canes in what became known as the Battle of Britain, a time period during which the Luftwaffe received its first bloody nose at the hands of the Royal Air Force.

In its inability to obtain air superiority over the English Channel, many sources believe that this situation prompted Hitler, in his impatience, to attack the Soviet Union, breaking the Hitler-Stalin Pact and creating a two-front war.

By this time, later models of the Bf109 were in service, as well as early models of the Focke-Wulf Fw190.

Even though the Luftwaffe had been stymied by the RAF earlier, their aircraft improved and pilots continued to hone their skills. It was over Russia that many German aces (*experten*) were created. It was not unusual for Luftwaffe pilots to achieve over 100 victories, some over 200

These raging battles took place beyond the range of American escort fighters; therefore, Luftwaffe losses were only to the defensive fire of the bombers.

Many tactics were tried against the four-engine American bombers (*Viermots*). One method was air-to-air bombing runs against the tight bomber formations. The head-on pass was also used until the "D" model B-24s were superseded by "H&J" models with powered nose turrets. Also, the B-17G chin turret tended to further discourage the head-on pass.

Another device tried on the Fw190, but disliked by the pilots, were time-fused rockets of 21 cm (approximately 8-1/2" diameter) in hopes of breaking up the integrity of the tight formations.

In November 1943, Adolph Galland met with fighter commanders and informed the



Thirteen Luftwaffe Sturmgruppen pilots. By the end of the war, ten would be killed, one wounded, and only two walked away from their Sturmbock.

and at least five *experten* with over 300. Erich Hartman was at the top, ending the war with 352 victories. In late 1942 and into 1943, as the Eighth Air Force built its strength, many seasoned pilots from the Eastern Front were brought in to protect Germany's Western border.

As the turbo-supercharged B-24s and B-17s were operating at altitudes of 22,000 to 26,000 feet, both of Germany's top fighters, the Bf-109G and the Fw190, were operating at the upper limits of their performance envelope. This war in the west was a whole new ball game for the Luftwaffe pilots. Some preferred the Eastern Front, in spite of the harsh winter conditions, to this new kind of high altitude air war against heavily armed bombers. In 1943 the attacks were usually two-plane elements firing at the bombers in running battles.

group that Reich Marshal Herman Goering had ordered the establishment of the Sturmstaffel, organized to fly heavily armed fighters in close formation into the *Viermots*. The attacks, initiated from the rear, aimed to knock out the tail gunner and then use the heavy cannon to destroy the bombers at the closest possible range.

As the Luftwaffe's best hope, the Me262 twin jet fighter, had developmental problems, the Fw190 was being modified for this role.

Firepower increased from the Fw190 A-5 thru the A-6, A-7 and finally the Fw190 A-8, the ultimate Sturmbock! One of the Luftwaffe officers involved with the build-up of the Sturmstaffel and later the Sturmgruppen was Major Gunther von Kornatzki, refining the tactics and modifying the A-8 to carry the Mk108 cannon. The fire-

(continued on next page)



HARDWICK

Open Letter to the 93rd

BY JOHN LEE

May 2007 was sixty-two years since the end of WWII. By the time this *Journal* is issued we should have some feedback from the people who visited Norwich to celebrate this occasion. The interest of our younger generation in what we did there is inspiring. As noted in my last article, the 93rd will have its next reunion in Minneapolis, September 27-30.

In response to our requests for input from veterans, Walter Fifer tells us some of his experiences. He was a radio operator on Captain Phillip Clark's crew. He went overseas with the 458th BG and flew fifteen missions, after which their crew was transferred to the 93rd. With the 93rd he flew fifteen more missions, the last being August 8, 1944. Here is his story:

It seems that my roughest missions always came on the 8th of the month, as my four worst missions have been on that date. I flew with Captain Dougherty as his radio operator. He went in at 14,000 feet, which is the lowest yet, and a mile or so too low to suit me. We were by ourselves, but this time I was glad, because if we had had a formation with us I don't think we would be here to tell it. We were to drop five British flare bombs on the target, which was a small village just in front of our troops. The reason was so that the 1st and 3rd divisions of Forts (B-17s) could pick up the target easier and be sure of not getting behind our own lines. It was very interesting as we went in over Cherbourg. There were a couple of convoys heading into the port. It looked like the harbor was pretty well cleaned up, as it was full of shipping. I could see about five

small vessels that the Germans had sunk to block the harbor. The shell holes in the large harbor's ports were very visible. From there on, I saw lots of villages that were mainly shell holes and craters. The red crosses marking the hospitals were plain to see, so there shouldn't have been any excuse for the Germans to bomb them. They had built a great number of aircraft landing strips. I was really enjoying it until we got to the German lines. Did they ever give us the works! I never saw so much flak in my life, and it was accurate. I think a lot of it came from German tanks, 'cause their 88mm could reach 14,000 easily. Anyway as we were by ourselves, we did violent action to try and get through safely. It seems we turned as much as ninety degrees but it was still too close for comfort. We got the flares on the edge of the target, but I don't know how we did it with such a bomb run. If we had a course for a few seconds, the flak was right on us, but the navigator and bombardier did a great job. The bombardier took the shortest run I've ever known, but it was good. By the time I got the bomb doors shut, after watching the flares hit, we were at 16,000 feet and climbing fast. It was just a short time till we were back over our lines, but we were in that heavy flak for about fifteen minutes. I think there were ten of the most scared men on that ship that I have ever seen. Maybe it was because it was the last mission for eight of us and twenty-nine for the other two.

Our thanks to Walter Fifer for providing his interesting experience. Walter's son has established a website in dedication

to his father's service: <http://members.aol.com/dvm87/index.html>.

The famous war correspondent, Ernie Pyle, wrote about a bombing that he witnessed on August 8, 1944. The article from *Ernie's War* titled "A Surge of Doom-like Sound" spoke of the colored smoke that guided our airmen during the mass bombing that preceded our breakout from the German ring that held our forces on the beachhead of Normandy. We cannot include his entire article but here are a few quotes from it:

Dive bombers hit it just right. We stood in the barnyard of a French farm and watched them barrel nearly straight down out of the sky. They were bombing about half a mile ahead of where we stood. They came in groups diving in every direction, perfectly timed one right after another. Everywhere you looked, separate groups of planes were on the way down or on the way back up or slanting over for a dive or circling, circling over our heads waiting for their turn . . . Then a new sound gradually droned into our ears. A sound deep and all encompassing, with no notes in it. Just a gigantic, faraway surge of doom-like sound. It was the heavies. They came from directly behind us. At first they were the merest dots in the sky. You could see clots of them against the far heavens, too tiny to count individually. They came on with a terrible slowness. They were in flights of twelve, three flights to a group and in groups stretched across the sky. They came in "families" of about seventy planes each . . . Their march across the sky was slow and steady. I've never known a storm or a machine, or any resolve of man that had about it the aura of such a ghastly relentlessness.

Remember, your contributions can help make this column more interesting.

We hope to see many of you at the reunion in September. ■

STURMGRUPPEN (cont. from page 25) power of this A-8 version also included two inboard MG151/20 cannons, but it was the two outboard Mk108s with a 33 mm shell (about 1-1/4" diameter) that made this Sturmbock an awesome weapons platform. As few as three shells striking the inboard engine and the wing root of a B-17 or B-24 would bring it down.

One Luftwaffe pilot stated that although he could shave the wing off a B-17, he believed the B-24 was structurally weaker.

After adding armor plate, bullet proof windshield and canopy sides (blinkers), the Fw190 A-8 could only carry aloft 55 shells for each of its two Mk108 cannons. These airplanes were no match for the nimble P-51 escorts.

The Sturmgruppen had to rely on Bf109 aircraft to fly top cover, as stated in the 361st Fighter Group Newsletter.

It was over Oschersleben on 7 July 1944 that the Sturmgruppen hit the 492nd Bomb Group, wiping out one squadron of eleven B-24s in a little over one minute! The 2nd Air Division lost 28 B-24s that day. The worst attack was against the 445th Bomb Group on 27 September 1944 over Kassel, a mission in which the 491st was close enough for our tail gunner, Burt Blackwell, to describe the scene to the rest of us in the aircraft. We watched the 361st Mustangs fly by us to engage the Luftwaffe, but the 445th lost 25 aircraft over Eisenach.

On 26 November 1944 our own 491st was hit, losing 16 airplanes in less than

fifteen minutes. And B-17s were not immune from the carnage wrought on the 8th Air Force, as the 1st and 3rd Air Divisions were also hit hard. However, the constant losses suffered by the Sturmgruppen before the end of 1944 were unsustainable and their effectiveness diminished during the last few months of the war.

The photo I have included with this article shows thirteen Luftwaffe Sturmgruppen pilots. By the end of the war, ten would be killed, one wounded, and only two walked away from their Sturmbock.

There is much more that has been written on this subject. In my next report, I will list publications available for more detailed study and/or just plain interesting reading. ■

A Tribute to a Norwich Native . . . Tom Brittan!

BY WILL LUNDY (44TH BG)

Although Tom Brittan has been one of our staunchest 2ADA supporters for well over thirty years, the chances are very high that most of our members have never heard about him or how I met him. So now, here is an attempt to do him a bit of justice, to let our members know more about him and what he has accomplished for us.

Tom is a native of Norwich, England, although now he lives in southern France with his French bride, Monique. Tom and Monique moved from Norwich, probably near 1980, to Sevenoaks, southeast of London, and then on to southern France several years later when their home there was completed. However, in all of this time Tom has continued his very dedicated work in support of our aircraft records. He was, and is, our top expert.

My best guess is that Tom got his first association with the 2ADA when the 2AD Memorial Room was initiated in the then new library building in Norwich in the 1960s. At that time Tony North worked there full time, long before most of our veterans had learned of its existence. It was 1972 before I learned about it, and 1975 before Irene and I visited it. No doubt, though, surely Tom was one of the many Norwich youths who visited this room for their searches, obtaining more information about the many 2AD airfields that surrounded that fine old Norman city.

Later in the 1970s Evelyn Cohen scheduled one of our 2ADA conventions in Norwich, so that was an excellent reason for Irene and I to pay another visit (Irene, too, is a native of Norwich) and I am sure that I met Tom during that time. Even then, Tom, as well as many other youths in Norwich, was busy with his efforts to learn more about our part in the war, and especially about our Liberators.

These visits to Norwich and the new 2AD Memorial Room rekindled my interest in the 44th BG records, and that led to contacts with several of these young men, and Tom, of course. As most of these young "historians" were especially interested in photos of our Liberators, they searched everywhere for them. It seems that they became more aware of the fact that our numbering system on our Libs created a problem with their identification of them long before we historians did. The problem was: Although the official identity number of each Liberator was painted on the vertical stabilizers, such as 41-23841, nearly all of our field records were short-

ened to the last three digits — 841. Of course, all too often, 841 could have appeared on another Lib, even in the same squadron.

That was the beginning of a close association with Tom mostly related to the 44th BG aircraft records. Steve Adams and Paul Wilson, also of Norwich, were important aides as well, as they, too, were very interested in the 2AD history, were collecting photos of Liberators, etc., and soon became experts in identification of many of our Libs.

But, obviously, Tom continued to expand his field of B-24 identification from the 44th BG on to other groups in the 2nd Air Division, and finally to all Liberators in the ETO. Not only did he research and compile these records, he expanded these individual Group listings to complete finished reports. They include multiple listings by aircraft names, another by last three digits, complete with manufacturer codes, etc. One really has to see these reports to believe it. There is nothing about each plane, each squadron, or each Group that he has omitted. They include the date of arrival at a base, damages, emergency landings — where, when and why, changes of squadrons, changes of call letters, numbers, temporary transfers, etc. It is a complete history for EACH aircraft at EACH base, and from one base to another base. It even includes a chronological index of B-24s lost, crashed or salvaged!

Tom periodically updates these individual base records, reflecting any changes or errors that might have been identified. And he adds even more data itself if located. He also continues to respond to any questions that may arise about any airplane, quickly and accurately. If there is a question about a Liberator, ask Tom! His last goal was to obtain data about every B-24 ever to serve in the ETO.

The current complete report for the 44th BG extends to 64 pages, printed one side only, very professional, and supplied to us without request for any expense! Yes, I repeat, mailed to ALL OF US AT NO CHARGE, not only free to the 44th BG, but I am sure it is free to all fourteen 2nd Air Division groups.

This service and aircraft data is ABSOLUTELY priceless, without question, and CERTAINLY has cost Tom a considerable amount of money. If anyone has ever earned official recognition by the 2ADA, it surely must be Tom UP FRONT, first on the list. ■

REMEMBERING THE PRIMARY TRAINING ANTICS

(continued from page 24)

around, causing the instructor to "be dusted off" in the choking, blinding prop wash.

Now, instead of going down the edge of the square field, he cut crosslots and leaped into the air very much like a deer sailing over a fence. He was to go around the field staying in the pattern. But do you know, this hotshot decided to see the countryside and disappeared for about ten minutes. Our anxious moments were rewarded by seeing him make an approach diagonally across the landing area — throttle appearing to be at least at half-mast. Oh boy! A perfect opportunity for porpoise action, and he did not disappoint us — he hit that turf with enthusiasm and the airplane began to hop — one, two, three, four times. By that time the angle of attack was so much with the nose down that the wooden propeller struck the ground. During that maneuver about six inches of one blade broke off. One way or another he was going to get this sucker on the ground. Read on.

At this point of his interesting but troubling situation, this highly-trained mind remembered that when you think the airplane is not in the mood for landing, take off and try again a bit later. This he belatedly did, but with six inches off one propeller blade. You're right — the aircraft begins to vibrate and shudder in protest. Literally, as we watched his ascent, it appeared to be a bi-plane taking off. Mind you, a PT-19 is a single winged airplane but its configuration had changed.

He cantered around the pattern, the airplane making unusually raucous and complaining noises as it proceeded down the ill-defined downwind portion. As the final phase of this saga took place, he sashayed down the approach with up, down, and funny-looking S-patterns, just missing the barbwire fence by about six inches.

Can you believe it? After some muted hops and gallops, he negotiated terra firma and got the cantankerous steed to settle down at the opposite corner from where his instructor was standing. On second look, the instructor was actually on his knees watching this PT-19 do the antics brought on by one of his forever-to-be-grounded students. ■

HAMBURG! (continued from page 1)

When war finally came, the Luftwaffe soon executed city-busting raids on England, notably in the blitz against London and the firebombing attack on Coventry. Nearly three years later, it would be the cities of the Third Reich suffering the effects of these tactics.

Despite the drift of strategic talk in the 1930s, neither the Luftwaffe nor the RAF built top-class strategic bomber fleets before the war. At Bomber Command, the first years of the air war featured only desultory bombing activity. Initial results were poor and losses high.

Then, in September 1941, Prime Minister Winston Churchill approved a plan to build 4,000 bombers, devoting one-third of the British war production capacity to the effort.

Churchill believed a bomber offensive against Germany was a way of “breaking her war will,” and he ranked the importance of the effort “second only to the largest military operations which can be conducted on the Continent.”



**Air Chief Marshal
Arthur Harris**

Churchill put Harris in charge of Bomber Command in early 1942. When it came to faith in the power of the bomber, there was no bigger believer than Harris. He took over a command that was expending more than a quarter of its effort against naval targets, a policy he ridiculed as “frightening cod.” The campaign against German industrial targets got about the same level of effort.

Harris redirected the command’s focus, turning it to the generation of mass city bombing.

The choice of tactics came from experience, not theory. Harris in 1942 had tried low-level daylight bombing with his new Lancaster bombers. The results had been disastrous, with the RAF losing many bombers for little gain. From a tactical perspective, Harris thought, the British experience showed that the only way to achieve results was to fly at night and to carpet-bomb entire city areas.

“HIT THE WORKERS”

Harris pursued cities for tactical reasons, but he had a clear operational premise, too. “De-housing” the German workers — and killing many of them along the way — could be as effective as blowing up factories, he concluded. Churchill’s



science advisor, Lord Cherwell, calculated that 22 million Germans lived in the Reich’s 58 largest cities and that turning them out of their homes would weaken German morale.

“If you can’t hit the works, hit the workers,” Harris said in a famous, and infamous, formulation.

Ultimately, Bomber Command would do both. By the summer of 1943, Harris had built and trained a force geared for taking part in 1,000-aircraft night attacks on German cities. The Americans were ready for mass raids, too. However, the Allies faced a major problem: The air war in mid-1943 had not yet turned decisively in favor of the Allies, and, until it did, the whole plan for the Normandy invasion was at risk.

The most important task was gaining air superiority. Here the Allies were in a tough contest. The more they bombed Germany, the more fighters the Nazis pulled from the Mediterranean and other theaters to stiffen defenses. The Great Depression of the 1930s had left Germany with tremendous industrial overcapacity; war leaders quickly exploited this, and German fighter production actually grew in 1943.

The air war was at a crossroads. London and Washington, being slow in building their strength, had to use their bombers to cripple German industrial production before it was too late. The Americans geared up for August attacks on Schweinfurt and Regensburg. Harris picked

Hamburg.

Many factors made Hamburg an ideal target. It was an industrial city; home to Blohm & Voss shipyards and hundreds of other, small manufacturers grouped around the city center. In addition, flying to Hamburg would be easier than flying to most other German cities. To reach Hamburg, the bomber stream could fly eastward over the North Sea, slip past anti-aircraft guns and night fighters in occupied Holland, and reach Hamburg without having to fly over more than a sliver of German land.

RAF Bomber Command crews had bombed Hamburg several times before, but this mission was different. Bomber Command had top-notch Lancaster bombers, trained crews, technical advantages, and a daylight partner in Eighth Air Force. Now, as Harris said, “for the first time, the command found itself in a position, under suitable conditions, to inflict severe material damage on almost any industrial center in Germany.”

Harris also had an ace in his sleeve. It was a supersecret radar electronic countermeasure, code-named Window. For more than a year, the RAF had been holding back on the use of Window, but Bomber Command pulled it out for the first Hamburg raid on the night of July 24-25, 1943.

Window was a huge advantage. One of the biggest problems confronting Bomber Command was the deadly combination of Luftwaffe night fighters and the radar warning system that controlled them. Grid

boxes covered occupied Europe and each contained a night fighter — typically a Bf-109 or Bf-110 — equipped with short-range cockpit radar. Prong antennae stuck out from the noses of the night fighters and gave their radars a range of four miles in a 70 degree cone. The best, such as the He-219, could bag Lancasters seemingly at will and even take down the 400 mph Mosquito light bombers.

Long-range Freya radars picked up bombers at their assembly points about 80 miles from the British coast. From early 1942 the Luftwaffe also had a dense line of Wurzburg radars that gave ground controllers accurate vectors to the bombers. The Wurzburgs also assisted flak gun-laying.

FOOL THE WURZBURGS

Window's job was to fool the Wurzburgs. Window was tested and ready by early 1942, but then a strange self-deterrence took over and the RAF declined to use it.

Harris said the overriding reason the system did not go into use was the government's "fear of retaliation in kind at a time when our own radar defenses could



In this famous photo taken from above, an RAF Lancaster bomber flies over Hamburg on one of the raids that destroyed the German industrial city.

have been obliterated by the enemy use of Window." However, Harris scoffed at this concern. It was folly, he thought, to assume the Germans didn't know about electronic countermeasures.

"The biggest mistake anybody can make, militarily," Harris said, "is to credit themselves with being so damn clever that, between two evenly balanced industrial nations, you dare not disclose a particular weapon or device to the enemy for fear of giving him something he doesn't already have."

As the Hamburg raids approached, "the power of the enemy defenses required drastic counteraction," said Harris.

"The morning of July 24, 1943 began as a summer day should, warm and bright," wrote RAF Flight Lt. A.J.F. Davidson, who was already a veteran of 39 bomber missions over Europe. Soon word came that "ops" were on for the night and "my gut began its familiar crawl."

For the 791 bomber crews who took off for Hamburg that night, Window was a new device. More than a few of them had doubts about whether it would work over heavily defended Hamburg.

Certainly the device didn't look like much. Thin aluminum strips, blackened on one side, were tied in bundles. A crew member crouched over a flare chute deep in the fuselage and hand-dispensed one bundle per minute until his bomber was out of Wurzburg range.

With more than an hour's warning from the Freya radars, Hamburg's intricate defenses swung into action. Civilians took to shelters. Searchlights swept the skies and flak batteries slewed to engage the enemy aircraft.

Then the Window clouds flooded the Wurzburg radar screens with false returns. Ground control operators lost contacts. This version of Window befuddled cock-

pit radar, too. On the night fighter scopes, Window clouds forced the fighters to free-lance, using only visual cues. Their only option was to turn back into the bomber stream and try to pick out the silhouette of a big four-engine Lancaster.

Window caused the crumbling of the integrated German defense. Bomber crew reports after the first attack described searchlights waving aimlessly. RAF signals intelligence confirmed the confusion of the ground controllers hit with Window.

The first RAF raid was a success, shutting down parts of the water system, for example. Large-scale fires flared up again and again.

FIRE TYPHOON

It was the RAF's Raid Two that began the firestorm.

The RAF did not expect this. Hamburg's brick buildings and waterways seemed to render it a less-than-ideal target for incendiaries. Also, a major fire in 1842 had already taken out medieval timber buildings still found in some German city centers, such as Dresden.

Consequently the bomb loads of the July 28 raid combined high explosives plus *(continued on next page)*



Flying to Hamburg was less dangerous. RAF and USAAF bombers could fly eastward over the North Sea and cross no more than a sliver of German land.

HAMBURG! (continued from page 29) batches of the four-pound incendiary sticks. More than 700 aircraft of the main force dropped 2,326 tons of bombs in a concentrated area about two miles from the city center. Incendiaries started thousands of fires. Hot, dry weather played a part.

Then came the conflagration.

“About half way through the raid, the fires in Hammerbrook started joining together,” noted an official RAF history. Superheated air of 600 degrees centigrade generated suction in the narrow streets and spun tempests where the “overheated air stormed through the streets with immense force,” according to a contemporary German Army report.

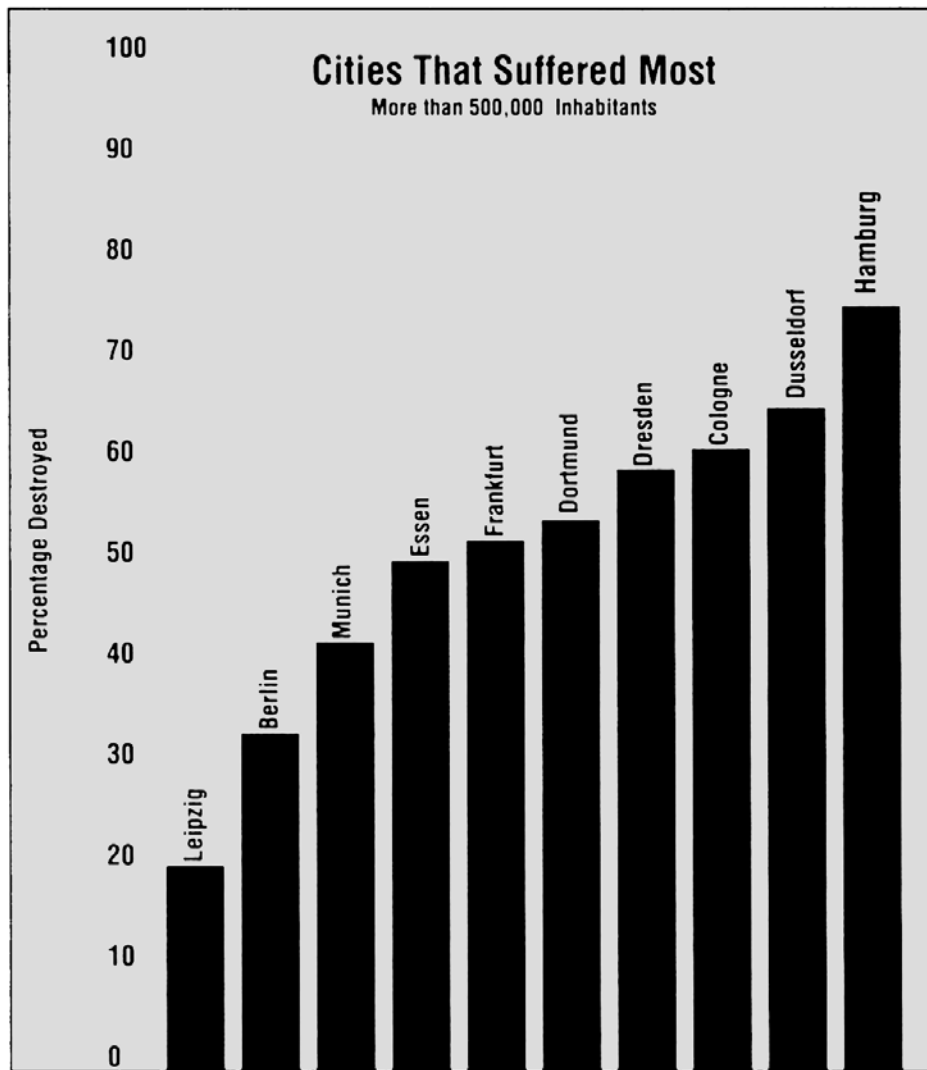
Suddenly, the whole area became one big fire with surrounding air drawn into it with the force of a storm. The RAF bombing continued for another half-hour, spreading the firestorm area gradually eastward. It is estimated that 550 to 600 bomb loads fell into an area measuring only two miles by one mile.

The firestorm raged for about three hours and only subsided when all burnable material was consumed. Sixteen thousand apartment units vanished, along with more than 40,000 people. A German report called it a “fire typhoon such as was never before witnessed, against which every human resistance was quite useless.”

Human tales — some inflated for propaganda purposes, yet all devastating — told of the horror. A policeman wrote of finding a girl, black with soot, wandering aimlessly and dragging her dead little brother behind her. Official records put the dead at 13,000 men, 21,000 women and 8,000 children.



Adolf Hitler and Hermann Goering were shocked by the raids. Former reichsminister Albert Speer wrote, years later, that “Hamburg had suffered the fate that Hitler and Goering conceived for London.”



RATTLING THE REICH

Bomber Command, protected by Window, experienced light losses in the July raids. On previous missions to Hamburg, Bomber Command had lost six percent of each attacking force. This time, however, losses totaled only 57 aircraft — just 2.4 percent of the total.

Beyond the light attrition, both the immediate bomb damage and the ripple effects in German high politics were victories for Bomber Command.

“When the smoke cleared,” Harris later wrote, photos showed “the heavily damaged areas” covered at least 74 percent of Hamburg’s closely built-up residential districts. The city docks and four main shipyards were damaged, with power and transport at a standstill. It was World War II’s first widespread destruction of a major city. It would not be the last.

Hamburg’s survivors demonstrated determination, but more than a million moved out of the city. Yet it wasn’t the workers who were rattled. It was Nazi officialdom. For the first time, after almost four years of war, the devastating

Hamburg attacks led many in the Nazi leadership to wonder whether Germany would be able to find a way out.

“The first heavy attack on Hamburg made an extraordinary impression,” Speer told interrogators in 1945. Other Nazi higher-ups were also stunned by the bombing of Hamburg. A city with a million inhabitants “has been destroyed in a manner unparalleled in history,” Goering reported. Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels wrote that regime functionaries in Hamburg described “a catastrophe the extent of which simply staggers the imagination.” Goebbels thought food, shelter, clothing and evacuation transport all presented nearly impossible problems after the raid. He added that the local Nazi official “spoke of some 800,000 homeless people who were wandering up and down the streets not knowing what to do.”

To historian William L. Shirer, the greatest damage was “to the homes and the morale of the German people.” Shirer remembered how lurid reports of Luftwaffe bombing of England had “buoyed up” German hopes for a quick victory early

“Drama Over Cologne”

14 October 1944

in the war. Those hopes, naturally, evaporated in an instant. Germany’s military leaders could not deny the consequences. Hamburg, coming on top of the disasters on the Soviet front, brought home to many that Germany was heading for doom.

Speer said in 1945: “It was I who first verbally reported to the Fuehrer at that time that a continuation of these attacks might bring about a rapid end to the war.”

It was not to be. In 1943, the power to capitulate was held by only one person — Hitler. His flunkies might be terribly shaken, but Hitler was not. He refused to visit any bombed cities despite the pleas of Goebbels and others that he do so.

BEGINNING OF THE END

Harris and Bomber Command did not win the war at Hamburg. The Allies couldn’t know it at the time, but they faced nearly two more years of hard fighting and tough losses.

The city of Hamburg was attacked several more times right through the end of the war, although there were no more firestorms there. The only other firestorm to destroy a German city came at Dresden in February 1945.

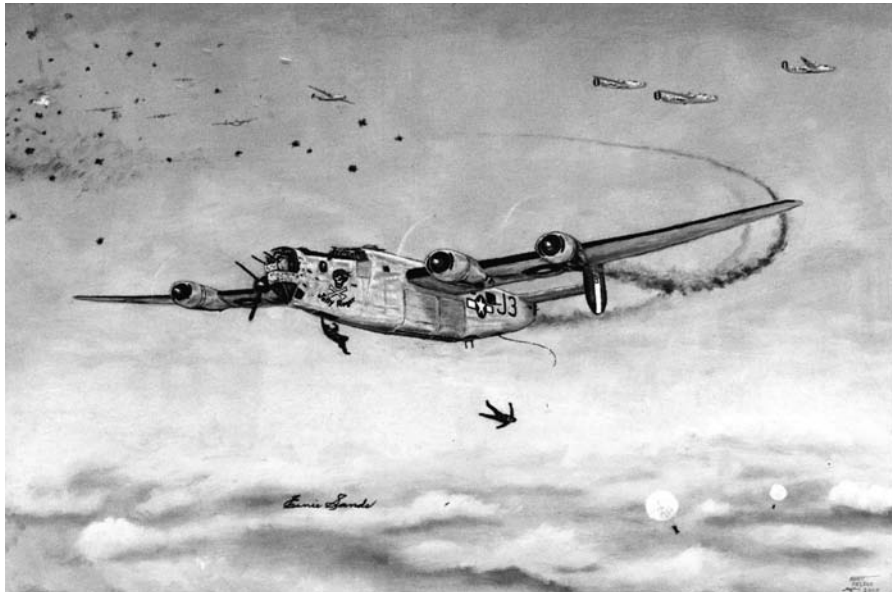
Still, the destruction of 6,200 heavily urbanized areas of Hamburg was grim enough. Only Berlin, with 6,427 burned-out acres, had more total area leveled, according to Bomber Command’s calculations.

Harris had made his point. He turned the tables on Germany itself and Bomber Command shook the foundations of the Reich. What Bomber Command amply demonstrated at Hamburg was that the war could, and would, be won by the Allies, and that Germany would pay dearly. Time was running out on the Reich. As Churchill said, after the Axis forces began retreating from North Africa in November 1942, it was the “end of the beginning.” Hamburg in July 1943 was the beginning of the end.

In 1945, the city of Hamburg surrendered to British armies with no resistance.



Rebecca Grand is a contributing editor of AIR FORCE Magazine. She is president of IRIS Independent Research in Washington, D.C., and has worked for RAND, the Secretary of the Air Force, and the Chief of Staff of the Air Force. Grant is a fellow of the Eaker Institute for Aerospace Concepts, the public policy and research arm of the Air Force Association. Her most recent article, “Safe-side in the Desert,” appeared in the February issue of AIR FORCE Magazine. ■



On 14 October 1944, B-24J, S/N 42-50864, “JOLLY ROGER,” with a crew of ten was the lead plane of the 458th Bomb Group, 755th Squadron, to bomb the marshaling yards at Cologne, Germany. Immediately after bombs away, “Jolly Roger” was hit by three bursts of flak, knocking out the number three engine and injuring several crew members; the most severe was MC Miller who was struck by shrapnel in the head and face. Lt. Robert Ferrel and Lt. Ernest Sands pulled Lt. Miller from the nose turret and administered first aid. The “Jolly Roger” was on fire and going down. Pilot Lt. William Klusmeyer ordered everyone to bail out. Sands attached a line to Miller’s parachute ripcord and pushed him out the camera hatch, immediately followed by S/Sgt. Joseph Pohler.

Lt. Sands left the ship via the nose wheel doors and pulled his ripcord after passing through several cloud layers. After landing, Lt. Sands hid himself in a depression till after dark, and then started walking west. The nine other crew members had been captured by German soldiers. Lt. Sands evaded capture for seven days but was caught and beaten by German civilians as he was trying to cross a river to get to Belgium. Sands ended up in Stalag Luft III and on January 27, 1945, was marched west during a blizzard, eventually ending up in Stalag VIIA at Mooseburg in the spring of 1945.

On April 29, 1945, an American tank burst through the front gate at Mooseburg with a force led by General Patton. It was one day before Sands’ 24th birthday.

Ernie Sands always wondered what had happened to MC Miller. The last he had seen him was when he had parachuted from the plane. Had he survived? Many years later, after the war, Ernie received a phone call — it was MC Miller. He had tracked Ernie down to thank him for helping save his life. Miller had survived after being treated by German doctors and had fully recovered in a POW camp.

Ernest Sands served as North Dakota’s Lieutenant Governor from 1981 to 1984.

Prints are for sale of “Drama over Cologne.” They are limited edition lithographs (up to 350). Also available are artist proofs (up to 50). Regular numbered prints go for \$40. Artist proofs, which include an original sketch in the lower margin, go for \$60.

Prints measure 27" x 21". Actual image size is 23" x 15.5". The prints are signed by 458th lead bombardier Ernest Sands. Contact:

SCOTT NELSON
6705 CR 82 • SOLEN, ND 58570
Phone 701-597-3525
www.scottnelsonart.com



LT. ERNEST SANDS

HETHEL HIGHLIGHTS



BY JOHN M. RHOADS

Greetings to all 389th Bombardment Group veterans. I have been undergoing a series of tests regarding my health, including that of my urologist's "watchful waiting" on my prostate cancer. My next appointment with him is in August near the same time as the 2ADA convention in Grand Rapids, MI. There is a possibility that I may not see you there. My attitude is that of survival. What more will this 85-year-old be in for? During my annual physical in April my primary care doctor suspected that I might have apnea. I spent an overnight session in the sleep disorder center of a local hospital. As of this writing, my doctor has not received a report. The worst part was having to sleep on my back. I never sleep on my back.

When I read accounts in my hometown paper, including the obituaries (to see if I am included), I know I am luckier than some of my old high school classmates. This includes the bloke who was responsible for penning on me the unflattering sobriquet of Flybutt. Members of the 389th BG forum on Yahoo know about this one.

Last summer a third generation 389th man, Jamie Richardson, wrote that after graduation from Dartmouth College, he had gone to Hethel where his grandfather, Robert Harris, served as a 566th radio operator on the William Gowey crew. He visited the Hethel chapel museum and states that he was fortunate to have seen it because it was not open the day he visited. However some men were working on the chapel museum and they gladly let him in. Many sons or grandsons have not had an opportunity to trace the steps of their father or grandfather who served at Hethel some 60 plus years ago. I visited Hethel while I was on active duty at Wycombe AB from 1963-1966. The chapel at that time was used for livestock.

I have seen the chapel museum via a video that David Mitchell, a Wymondham resident, took. The maintenance of the chapel museum is supported by contributions of men who served at Hethel and by our British friends. You may contribute to the maintenance fund by sending a donation to Allen P. Hallett, Treasurer, 240 Highland Ave., Leominster, MA 01453, designating your contribution for the Hethel Museum.

We are saddened of reading about our comrades appearing in the last issue of the *Journal* who have folded their wings. Statistics reveal that World War II veterans are succumbing at the alarming rate of about 1,500 per day.

Let us not neglect to remember our men and women of the Army, Air Force, Navy, Marines, U.S. Coast Guard, and the Reserve and National Guard elements of these services. Many of them are serving in harm's way. We should pray daily for their welfare and safety. ■

Lemons

FROM 490TH BG'S "BOMBS AWAY"

A woman went to a Florida lemon grove to apply for a job, but the foreman thought she seemed way too qualified for the position. "Do you even have any actual experience picking lemons?" he asked. "Well, I think I do," she replied. "I've been divorced three times."

The Fightin' Sam Legendary Liberator Campaign

BY WALTER MUNDY (467TH BG)

As Chairman of the Legendary Liberator Campaign, and on behalf of the Committee, I am pleased to report that the goal of \$125,000 for the *Fightin' Sam* and improvements to the Second Air Division exhibit at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum has been exceeded. A total of \$127,633 has been received from the 2ADA membership and a few unaffiliated donors.

Below is a summary of the donations by bomb group and other organizations. Twenty-eight donations were received that did not specify any affiliation. I want to thank the Group Vice Presidents for their assistance in reaching their membership. Any Group that has a donation total different from what is shown here should contact me.

The design of the *Fightin' Sam* and the Second Air Division exhibit is underway. My next report will have the design features and status report as the project progresses.

LEGENDARY LIBERATOR CAMPAIGN SECOND AIR DIVISION AND FIGHTIN' SAM EXHIBIT AT THE MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE MUSEUM

SUMMARY OF DONATIONS

ORGANIZATION	TOTAL DONATION
389th BG	\$ 6,115.00
445th BG	2,220.00
453rd BG	1,660.00
44th BG	2,380.00
392nd BG	8,524.00
491st BG	9,070.00
93rd BG	5,760.00
446th BG	22,428.00
448th BG	7,320.00
489th BG	3,515.00
458th BG	3,575.00
466th BG	4,710.00
467th BG	21,465.00
492nd BG	970.00
2AD HQ	1,600.00
HERITAGE LEAGUE 2AD	2,050.00
2ADA	5,850.00
4th FG	50.00
361st FG	110.00
TOTAL DESIGNATED DONATIONS	109,372.00
UNAFFILIATED DONORS	
306th BG	600.00
34th BG	125.00
2SAD	50.00
28 INDIVIDUALS AND ORGANIZATIONS THAT DID NOT SPECIFY AN AFFILIATION	
17,486.00	
TOTAL UNAFFILIATED DONATIONS	18,261.00
TOTAL OF ALL DONATIONS	\$127,633.00



To the Editor:

I just got word that H.W. Dallacqua, my navigator, passed away on April 4, 2007 after a long illness. I flew eight missions with him in February 1944 with the 453rd BG, 734th BS. We got shot down on March 6, 1944, raiding Berlin. "Spike" had his system of helping get formed at splasher 6. He was usually the first to spot a green flare.

We both ended up at Stalag Luft I in Germany. Before the war ended, there were 8,000 men there and we ate what we could get our hands on. Any house cat that had the misfortune of getting there, usually ended up in the stew pot as "pom-eranian rabbit." Bricks of coal were rationed so tight that we had to schedule a time we could have a fire in the stove.

"Red" Cline was in pilot's Class 43E with me. He was there and sawed his bed boards to make a violin. He couldn't play it well enough to be in the band, but there was another guy who could and did. Red made a case for the violin out of empty Klim cans. Powdered milk came in these.

Hubert R. Cripe (453rd)
507 N. Chestnut Street
Astoria, IL 61501



To the Editor:

I had photocopies made of my two articles in the Winter *Journal*. I sent one each to John Quinn in Belfast and Ken Ellwood in Shipton. I haven't heard from either of them to date, so I am hoping they received them okay.

I am afraid a trip to Norwich has had to be put on the back burner for the immediate future. I had a hospital appointment with an orthopedic surgeon yesterday and he told me I need a hip replacement operation. He cannot do it until September so I'm running in low gear at the moment.

Maureen and I are celebrating our "Ruby" wedding anniversary later this month so I am going to hobble around Wales with her for a few days. We are also going up to Scotland in early May. Then I will have to slow down for a while.

I have already started reading the back issues of the *Journal* again. This time I am taking a particular interest in the 445th BG.

A friend of ours has reproduced a couple of studies of the *Lucky Gordon* for me and I am going to use them in my special file on the history of the 445th. Also when I eventually get down to Norfolk I will certainly visit Tibenham.

Your RAF Friend,
John Threlfall
30 Lower West Avenue
Barnoldswick
Lancs BB18 6DW
England



To the Editor:

This is in answer to Philipp Schrage's inquiry about the 12 March 1945 air raid on Swinemunde in the Winter 2007 *Journal*, Vol. 46, No. 1.

I enclose an account of that mission from the book *The Liberators from Wendling* by Colonel R.E. Vickers, Jr.:

Mission #257
12 March 1945
Field Order #625
Target: Swinemunde

This mission was prompted by an unusual request from the advancing Russian forces. The target assigned was shipping facilities and shipping in the Oder River near the city. The 392nd was selected from the 14th Combat Wing Groups to provide the strike force because of its efficient bombing record. A total of 31 aircrews were committed, general briefings being conducted between 0415 and 0530 hours. At 0740 the entire Group force was launched, having been personally briefed by the 14th Combat Wing Commander, General Leon Johnson, on bombing precautions with the Russian forces just twelve miles away from the target area. Over the target, 10/10ths cloud cover was encountered, causing the force of 28 ships going over to bomb by H2X radar. The majority of crews felt that the target had been well hit by the huge volume of dense smoke that rose out of the undercast after release of the 144 1000 lb. GP bombs. This assessment later proved to be correct, as the target had been attacked well. Once again, there were no fighters seen and flak was negligible. Returning ships landed at base safely at around 1540 hours.

As a member of the John E. Ross crew, this was one of the 35 missions I flew over Germany.

The German people were all for Hitler and the Third Reich. They raced across Europe, the submarines sinking cargo ships, bombing civilians in London, killing millions of Jews, just because they were Jews, and killing POWs in camps as well

as on the frozen hills of Bastogne. This is what I knew and understood at the time. I suggest that Philipp Schrage read a few history books.

You can call me a "terrorist" or "air gangster," but we were trying to stop a war that you allowed Hitler to start.

How about a thank you for the Berlin airlift or for rebuilding your cities and factories after the war?

Harris B. Albright (392nd)
2707 N. Trevino Place
Mesa, AZ 85215



To the Editor:

I recently copied three articles from the *Journal* concerning James Stewart and I noticed your name appeared on page 20 of the Summer 1999 issue concerning 8/16/44 to Dessau, flying aboard *Sweetest Rose of Texas*. Just in case you don't have a copy of this article I am enclosing it for you. What an experience for all crew members!!! Now I knew your flight position as an engineer.

A couple of years ago, I visited with Col. Harold L. James in Texas and we reminisced. When James was assigned to Schellinger's B-24 to Ploesti on 8/1/43, Harold noticed that he had modified the Liberator with two 50 caliber machine guns in the nose which the pilot operated. After dropping their bombs directly on the target, Harold dropped the plane down to avoid anti-aircraft fire. They proceeded down a city street and Germans on the rooftops fired "down on them." The guns were used to keep the Germans' heads down. A couple of crew members thought the aircraft was hit, as she descended so swiftly.

I also copied an article I wrote about the B-17 *Sentimental Journey* that I worked on in Arizona. In this article I described my interest in the Flying Fortress and the B-24 Liberator because of my Dad's experiences in the 389th Bomb Group.

I appreciate each issue of the *Journal*.

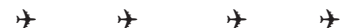
Hugh McLaren (AM 389th)
4920 N. Shoreland Ave.
Whitefish Bay, WI 53217



To the Editor:

I am looking for a copy of a story I wrote for the 2ADA *Journal* in the 1980s or 90s, entitled "This Ole Hut" by Michael Donahue, 93rd BG. I would appreciate it if I could get a copy of this story from one of the 2ADA members.

Michael J. Donahue (93rd)
725 Village E., Apt. C
Midland, MI 48640



To the Editor:

We have been informed that the President of the Republic of France has decided to recognize a number of American veterans of World War II who had military service in France during the period from June 6, 1944 to the end of the war, with the award of France's highest decoration, The Legion of Honor. This award would be given on a limited basis to 100 American World War II veterans each year until future notice.

If you had military service in France during World War II and are interested in applying for this prestigious decoration, you will need to write to the appropriate French Consulate (Consulate General of France, 737 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 2020, Chicago, IL 60611) and enclose a copy of your DD 214, Honorable Discharge Certificate, and a brief statement on your military service in the liberation of France. You should indicate that you would be pleased and honored to be considered for this award.

It might take a year for your request to go through official French channels.

Steven F. Kovach, President
American Order of the
French Croix de Guerre, Inc.
P.O. Box 82
Wyckoff, NJ 07481



To the Editor:

The second edition of my book, *Barefoot to Wings*, has been published. Several members purchased copies of the first edition that was published in 2001. The second edition has a new cover page and the number of pages has been increased to 364, including an epilogue that presents stories by B-24 combat pilots John (Jack) Merrill and Baldwin C. Avery plus my story of the dishonoring of a WWII veteran in my home town as a result of political chicanery.

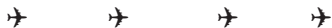
To refresh memories, the book is an autobiography and ends with my completion of school after WWII to receive an engineering degree. Included is the chronology of each of my 30 missions flown from August 1, 1944 through February 5, 1945 with the 389th BG and based on my navigation logs and memory such as it was. It is a soft cover book of 5-1/2" x 8-1/2" dimensions and set to 12-point type for easy-on-the-eyes reading. Thirty-one photos are included.

This book may be purchased from Amazon or the publisher at www.buybooksontheweb.com, and an abstract with cover page may be viewed on this website. I have

an inventory of books and if anyone would like an autographed copy I will be glad to mail one for \$21.95 (includes \$3.00 for shipping). Personal checks or money orders will be accepted in payment; also, e-mails and telephone calls are welcome.

I'm doing fairly well at 83 though not jumping any fences, but I can still climb or crawl through them when my ears improve enough to hear the turkey gobblers.

Albert (Al) V. Malone
13195 Co. Rd. 4080
Rolla, MO 65401
Phone 573-341-5731
LBNALHOOT@JUNO.com



To Evelyn Cohen:

I trust this note finds you in the very best of health. On February 24th it was 62 years ago (1945) that our B-24 bomber crashed outside of our base, Tibenham, after having a malfunction in the #1 and #3 engines. Five lost their lives and five were saved, which I call a miracle.

Should I reach August 3, 2007, I will be 90 years old. I now close this short letter. May God bless you for many years to come.

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



To the Editor:

Can we please express our thanks to all those members of the 2nd Air Division who made us so welcome at the Southwest Regional Dinner in Dallas in March. Chuck Walker and his team gave us a really great weekend and it was a joy to stay with Geoff and Terry Gregory once more as well as seeing Jordan in his new home.

The banquet was just like old times, and it was really wonderful to see so many of our old friends for one more time.

After the dinner we spent two nights with Marion Stegeman Hodgson, the WASP pilot who has supported your Memorial Library, before going on to stay with her daughter, the well-known American author Marjorie Stegeman Parker. Marjorie has just completed her latest book, which is about the 2nd Air Division USAAF and how the friendships began with the youngsters in those days.

So as always, bless you all for being such a wonderful family and for being so kind to us on our twenty-seventh 2ADA dinner. We will never forget you.

David and Jean Hastings
Salhouse, England



To the Editor:

Thank you for your recent inquiry on behalf of the 2nd Air Division Association Annual Convention. The Lake Michigan Carferry looks forward to the opportunity to serve your group. We will offer a special discount to those who sail aboard the S.S. Badger between August 27th and September 6th, 2007. Listed below are guidelines to expedite your group's reservations, ticketing and discount qualifications:

Your group code is "AFR." When making reservations, changes, calling with questions, and claiming tickets, each individual must reference this code for discounted passenger fares.

Reservations can be made together or individually through our main reservation system at 1-800-841-4243. Please note that a \$25 deposit is required at the time of booking.

Convention attendees will receive a 20% discount off the current passenger fares. The current vehicle fares will apply. However, those traveling on an evening sailing will receive an additional \$11 off per auto.

Sailing reservations must be made at least two days in advance of your departure and are subject to availability. **Discounted fares will not be extended to any individuals who have not reserved ahead or to those who do not reference the group code above.**

Sara Ewing
Group Sales Manager
The Lake Michigan Carferry
P.O. Box 708
Ludington, MI 49431



**New Members
of the 2ADA**

44th BG
Samuel H. Lipton

93rd BG
Steven Eli Schanes

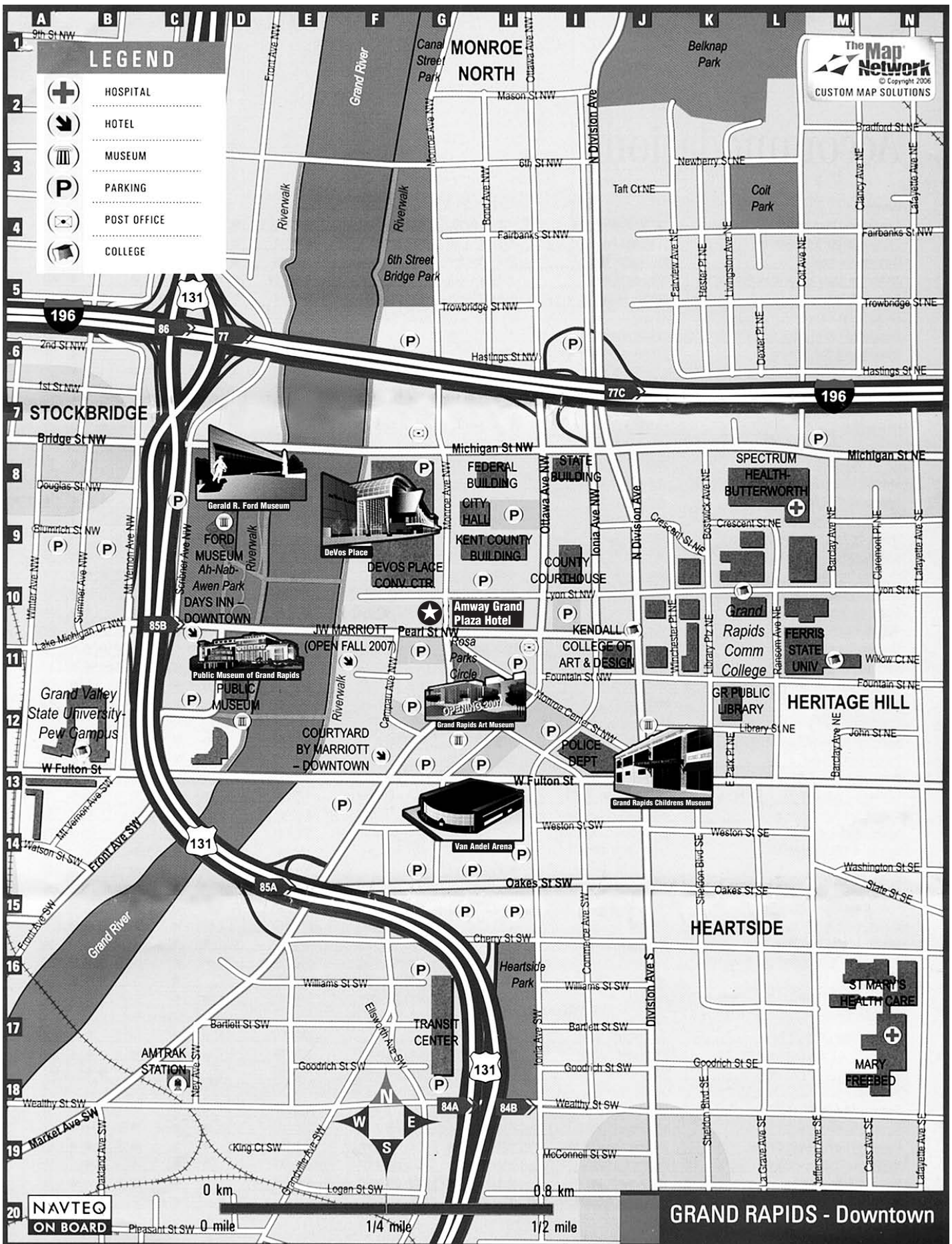
389th BG
James T. Castellano
James F. Vollmer

392nd BG
Landon H. Brent

453rd BG
H. Cameron Murchison (466th)

466th BG
Jack E. Burroughs, Sr.

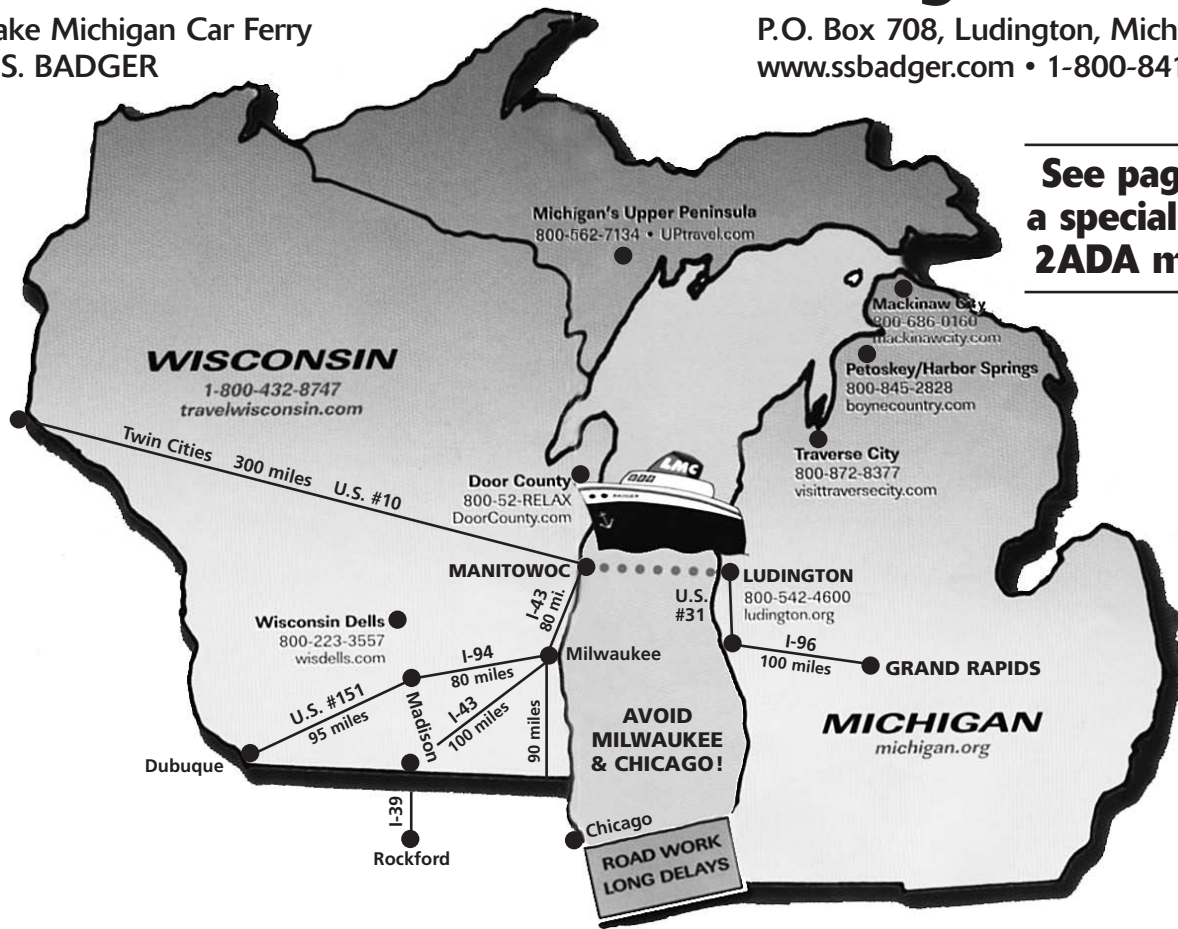
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See page 34 for
a special offer for
2ADA members!

The S.S. BADGER now sails daily between the two states from the middle of May through mid-October. Blending tradition with innovation, the BADGER affords a rare opportunity to step back into the past and take a journey that's as unique and enjoyable as the destination. With capacity for 620 passengers and 180 vehicles (including the largest RVs and motorhomes), a trip on this majestic ship can fit into any kind of vacation. And while you can put your hurry-up world on hold and just relax during the four-hour crossing, there is plenty to do – from special themed cruises, free live entertainment and movies, to shopping, restaurants, and a children's play area.

2007 SPRING & FALL SCHEDULE			
May 11 - June 7 • September 4 - October 14			
LEAVE LUDINGTON	ARRIVE MANITOWOC	LEAVE MANITOWOC	ARRIVE LUDINGTON
9:00 AM (ET)	12:00 NOON (CT)	2:00 PM* (CT)	7:00 PM (ET)
2007 SUMMER SCHEDULE			
June 8 - September 3			
LEAVE LUDINGTON	ARRIVE MANITOWOC	LEAVE MANITOWOC	ARRIVE LUDINGTON
8:00 AM (ET)	11:00 AM (CT)	1:15 PM (CT)	6:15 PM (ET)
7:55 PM**(ET)	10:55 PM (CT)	12:30 AM***(CT)	5:30 AM (ET)
Crossing time 4 hours. Ludington is Eastern time zone (ET); Manitowoc Central (CT). *5:00 PM on 5/26. **No 7:55PM sailing 6/16. ***No 12:30AM sailing 6/17.			

Reservations Are Recommended.

Express check-in for paid passengers.

Please arrive 60 minutes prior to scheduled departure.

Reservations will be held until 30 minutes prior to departure.

1-800-841-4243

2007 FARES		
Passengers (Vehicle fares not included)	ONE WAY	ROUND TRIP*
Adult	\$59	\$99
Seniors (65+)	\$54	\$89
Children (5 through 15**)	\$26	\$42
Children under 5	FREE	FREE
*Undecided about your return date? Save your one-way receipt and we will give you the round trip discount anytime during the 2007 sailing season. **Children under 16 must be accompanied by someone 16 or older		
Autos, Vans & Pickups (Passenger fares not included)	EACH WAY	
Autos, Vans, SUVs, Pickups	\$62	

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

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