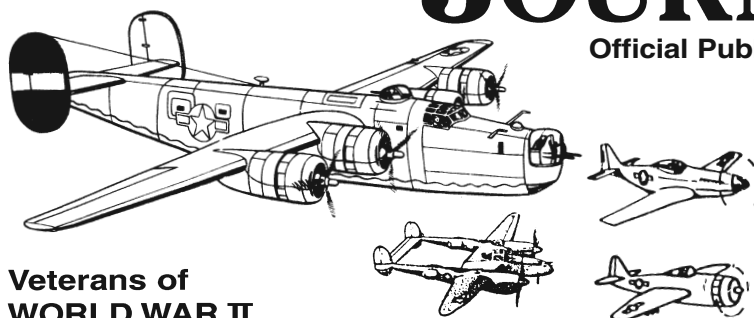




THE JOURNAL

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**Veterans of
WORLD WAR II**



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At the Imperial War Museum, Duxford: Consolidated B-24M Liberator "DUGAN"

Submitted by our British friend John Threlfall, who obtained this info from the staff of the Imperial War Museum, Duxford. John says, "The American collection there is, I think, the biggest outside the USA. I am content now as I have actually seen and touched a B-24."



Of similar size to the B-17 Flying Fortress, the Liberator was a later and more advanced design, the prototype flying in 1939. The B-24 was built in larger numbers than any other American aircraft of the Second World War. Five production plants delivered 19,256 Liberators. The Ford Motor Company alone, using automobile industry mass production techniques, built 6,792 at its Willow Run plant.

B-24s flew one of the most famous American bombing raids of the war, Operation Tidal Wave, the raid on Ploesti. On 1 August 1943 they made a low-level attack on the Romanian oil fields, which supplied one-third of German high-octane fuel. Only the Liberator had the range to reach these targets from airfields in North Africa. Of the 179 aircraft dispatched, 56 were lost, and of 1,726 airmen involved, 500 lost their lives. Five airmen received the Medal of Honor, a record for one operation. With its long range, the Liberator also played a key role with the U.S. Navy and RAF Coastal Command against German U-boats in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Duxford's B-24, serial number 44-51228, was built by the Ford Motor Company at their Willow Run plant in Michigan and is believed to have been the last Liberator in service with the USAF. Redesignated as an EZB-24M, it was used for ice research, finally retiring to Lackland Air Force Base, Texas in 1956 where it remained on display until its move to Duxford in 1999. The aircraft is now painted to represent DUGAN, a Liberator based at Wendling, Norfolk, with the 392nd Bomb Group. ■

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

JOURNAL



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President's Message

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH)

Several things have happened since I reported to you in the last *Journal*. For one, Jim Dyke resigned as Secretary. Because the 2ADA Bylaws require a secretary to be present at all meetings, I appointed Ray Lemons (445th) to take Jim's place. We will miss Jim. He has been a faithful and wise friend who contributed much to the Association. Ray Lemons is a retired executive from Mobil/Exxon. He too has been a faithful attendee at most 2ADA functions. He spearheaded our Southwest Regional Dinners for several years. He was a POW and has been National President of that organization. He will serve well as our secretary.

Maxine Mackey and her convention committee have been very busy finalizing details for the convention cruise. As I write this on February 8th, about 88 people are registered. After contacting most Executive Committee members it was decided that the Association would pay for an inside cabin based on double occupancy that is \$629.31 per WWII veteran of the 2nd Air Division. That means that two veterans sharing an inside cabin can travel free. Those who wish to upgrade to an outside cabin or a cabin with a balcony are free to do so. Sure, it will take a bite out of our treasury, but the money in the treasury is the veterans' money and it was agreed it should be spent on the veterans. Remember, all food and entertainment is included in the package. **DON'T MISS THE BOAT!!**

Much thought and counsel has gone into what the future holds for the Second Air Division Association. In my opinion there are three options that must be decided on during the cruise:

- Continue on for another year
- Shut the Association down
- Merge the Association with second generation members of the Heritage League.

As I read our bylaws it seems to me that a merger can be accomplished by simply amending Article 3.2 to grant full membership with voting and office holding rights. If it can be done this way there need be no hassle with our charter or other legal entanglements.

Keep in mind that these are only my thoughts, and the Executive Committee and members present on the cruise will make the final decision. All the more reason you should be aboard the ship.

The cruise leaves Baltimore on September 17th on the Royal Caribbean. Remember your passport and be sure it's up to date. For reservations, call or e-mail our travel agent, Terri Lane, 972-824-0202 or terri_catchawave@cox.net.

On other matters of interest, Libby Morgan, the Trust Librarian, reports that the following books were purchased for the 2AD Memorial Library from funds from the Phyllis DuBois endowment. Phyllis was our original Trust Librarian.

- *New New York Interiors*, by Angelica Taschen
- *A History of St. Paul's Cathedral and the American People*, by Peter Chapman
- *Promised Land: Thirteen Books that Changed America*, by Jay Parini
- *A Jury of Her Peers: American Women Writers from Anne Bradstreet to Anne*

Proulx, by Elaine Showalter

Stay well and happy! ■

Excellent Skydiving Advice

FROM 490TH BG'S "BOMBS AWAY"

Recently, I got to thinking about my first skydiving instructor. During class he would always take the time to answer any of our stupid first-timer questions.

One guy asked, "If our chute doesn't open, and the reserve doesn't open, how long do we have until we hit the ground?"

Our jumpmaster looked at him and in perfect deadpan answered, "The rest of your life." ■

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).

THE JOURNAL is the official publication of the 2nd Air Division Association.



Life may not be
the party we hoped for,
but while we are here
we might as well dance!

It's Only Money — Nothing Valuable!

Purchasing Power Conversion Factors

To Convert:			To Convert:			To Convert:		
Past Dollars to 2010 Dollars Use		2010 Dollars to Past Dollars Use	Past Dollars to 2010 Dollars Use		2010 Dollars to Past Dollars Use	Past Dollars to 2010 Dollars Use		2010 Dollars to Past Dollars Use
Year	Multiplier A	Multiplier B	Year	Multiplier A	Multiplier B	Year	Multiplier A	Multiplier B
1920	10.8977	0.0918	1950	9.0437	0.1106	1980	2.6451	0.3781
1921	12.1762	0.0821	1951	8.3828	0.1193	1981	2.3977	0.4171
1922	12.9734	0.0771	1952	8.2247	0.1216	1982	2.2586	0.4428
1923	12.7458	0.0785	1953	8.1630	0.1225	1983	2.1883	0.4570
1924	12.7458	0.0785	1954	8.1024	0.1234	1984	2.0977	0.4767
1925	12.4545	0.0803	1955	8.1326	0.1230	1985	2.0256	0.4937
1926	12.3137	0.0812	1956	8.0130	0.1248	1986	1.9886	0.5029
1927	12.5261	0.0798	1957	7.7563	0.1289	1987	1.9186	0.5212
1928	12.7458	0.0785	1958	7.5416	0.1326	1988	1.8424	0.5428
1929	12.7458	0.0785	1959	7.4898	0.1335	1989	1.7577	0.5689
1930	13.0511	0.0766	1960	7.3633	0.1358	1990	1.6676	0.5997
1931	14.3390	0.0697	1961	7.2894	0.1372	1991	1.6002	0.6249
1932	15.9090	0.0629	1962	7.2170	0.1386	1992	1.5535	0.6437
1933	16.7656	0.0596	1963	7.1227	0.1404	1993	1.5083	0.6630
1934	16.2652	0.0615	1964	7.0308	0.1422	1994	1.4707	0.6800
1935	15.9090	0.0629	1965	6.9192	0.1445	1995	1.4301	0.6992
1936	15.6801	0.0638	1966	6.7270	0.1487	1996	1.3891	0.7199
1937	15.1357	0.0661	1967	6.5255	0.1532	1997	1.3580	0.7364
1938	15.4577	0.0647	1968	6.2630	0.1597	1998	1.3371	0.7479
1939	15.6801	0.0638	1969	5.9388	0.1684	1999	1.3082	0.7644
1940	15.5681	0.0642	1970	5.6174	0.1780	2000	1.2657	0.7901
1941	14.8268	0.0674	1971	5.3816	0.1858	2001	1.2307	0.8126
1942	13.3714	0.0748	1972	5.2142	0.1918	2002	1.2115	0.8254
1943	12.5985	0.0794	1973	4.9089	0.2037	2003	1.1845	0.8442
1944	12.3837	0.0808	1974	4.4210	0.2262	2004	1.1538	0.8667
1945	12.1085	0.0826	1975	4.0512	0.2468	2005	1.1160	0.8961
1946	11.1771	0.0895	1976	3.8305	0.2611	2006	1.0811	0.9250
1947	9.7737	0.1023	1977	3.5966	0.2780	2007	1.0512	0.9513
1948	9.0437	0.1106	1978	3.3428	0.2991	2008	1.0123	0.9878
1949	9.1577	0.1092	1979	3.0021	0.3331	2009	1.0159	0.9843
						2010	1.0000	1.0000

How to Convert Past and Present Values — or “What Is My Money Worth?”

The table above provides a simple way to convert values from the past into their equivalent value today (or vice versa). To convert a value from a particular year to its 2010 equivalent, simply multiply the original price by the conversion factor **Multiplier A** shown in the table for the appropriate year.

For instance, say you want to know if the value of your house has “kept pace with inflation.” Multiply the original price of the house by the Multiplier A factor shown for the year you purchased it.

Example: A house was purchased in 1965 for \$25,000. Adjusting for price inflation, this price in terms of 2010 dollars is \$25,000 x 6.9192 = \$172,980. This is approximately how much the house would have to sell for today just to keep up with price inflation.

To convert 2010 dollars into past dollars, simply multiply today's dollar amount by the conversion factor **Multiplier B** shown in the table for the appropriate year.

Example: If the price of a movie ticket is about \$10 today, what was the constant-dollar equivalent in, say, 1974? Today's \$10 purchase price in terms of 1974 dollars is \$10 x 0.2262 = \$2.26.

The Editor's Contribution

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

To all of you who sent me condolences and "well wishing" cards, HEY! I am not sick! Haven't been for years! I think that some of you are confused about my arthritis, which I know is rare among us, but my doctor advised me that I should avoid mile-long hikes around the big airports; more than one hour of inactivity in vehicles, including things that fly; and endless stairways; *due to a possible bout with phlebitis*. He told me it was OK with him if I wanted to commit suicide, but he is not in favor of it since it would affect his income.

On February 21, 2011, I received a fax from our Trust Librarian Libby Morgan which reads as follows:

Mrs. Eaton (widow of former Trust Chairman Tom Eaton) called in to the Memorial Library on Saturday, and asked us to contact you, as editor of the 2ADA Journal. She thinks you would be interested to know that Milton Veynar, widower of deceased HQ WAC, Hathy Veynar, celebrated his 90th birthday on February 18, 2011. She would like you to publish the fact that she received an acknowledgement of her birthday card to him, which indicated he is in good spirits. He still lives in the same house in Virginia, near his daughter, Caron, who lives on the same street.

Well, well, Milton, so you finally arrived at 90! I have you beat . . . my birthday is May 5, 1920, so if life begins at 90 I have been living "high on the pork, err pig, err hog," for almost a year and frankly I don't feel any different. But you guys who enjoyed the sights over the aluminum trail flying the Hump during the 1940s unpleasantness may feel different! As the old postmaster said, "To each his zone." Mrs. Eaton indicated that you are in good spirits. Well, I have given up most "spirits" a few years ago. But as a former president would say, "Stay on the course."

Finally, I wish to welcome three new Group Vice Presidents: Dorothy Krogmann of Headquarters, Jack Dyson of the 445th, and Frank Bales of the 492nd. Frank, I

discovered, is an alumni of the University of Idaho where he got his degree in 1950 and I got mine in 1951. Hell, that's about 60 years ago and we are still active — must have been the mountain air!

ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

8th Air Force Commanders:

1. Major General Carl A. Spaatz, May 1942 – November 1942.
2. Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, December 1942 – January 1944
3. Lt. General James Doolittle, Janu-

ary 1944 – May 1945.

2nd Air Division Commanders:

1. Brig. General James P. Hodges, September 1943 – August 1944.
2. Major General William E. Kepner, August 1944 – May 1945.

SPRING QUIZ

During WWII the 8th AF was one of the most highly decorated military organizations. How many Medals of Honor were awarded, and can you name at least three of the recipients? ■

Folded Wings

56th FG

Frank Gyidik

44th BG

LTC Robert Dubowsky (Ret.)
Alex J. Toth

93rd BG

Felix B. Brugnani
Wilbur E. Cushing
Murray D. Friedman
Stanley L. Marr
Dominic E. Pesce

389th BG

John E. Curran
Rocco V. Moreo
John W. Morgan
Paul B. Summey
David J. Wisheart

392nd BG

Irving C. Dupuis
Major Milton A. Henderson (Ret.)
Walter C. Lienemann

445th BG

Rex L. Bowen
Eugene Buszta
LTC Henry E. Hester (Ret.)
Arnold J. Nass
Bruno Paussa
William J. Peveler
G. Robert Westphal

446th BG

George O. Gigstad
Joseph F. Pepe
Maurice J. Saxton
Walter Toronjo, Jr.
John T. Zeien

453rd BG

Ralph E. Ford
LTC John Kassab
James H. Marshall
Odo Oliva
Frank A. Ruggiero

458th BG

Milton W. Bennett
Robert H. Clark
Major Leroy J. Fischer
Gene R. Groll
James A. Harper
Richard R. Hopkins
Arthur G. Kaltenbach
Malcolm B. MacEwen
Edward J. Murphy
Arnold A. Pisken

466th BG

Marvin Greenbaum
Thomas E. McCue
Paul Stikeleather
Alexander L. Suto

467th BG

Charles W. Cox
Earl Gerard
Robert J. Nelson

489th BG

Roberta B. Harkness (AM)

491st BG

Louis J. Moriarty
John E. Thomas

492nd BG

Thomas A. Graven

SM

James G. Young

2ADA MEMBERSHIP NEWS

BY OAK MACKEY (392ND), 2ADA VP MEMBERSHIP

Have you reserved your tickets for the Second Air Division Association Convention Cruise? Actually the cut-off date for making reservations was April 2, 2011, but it is likely that Terri Lane of "Catch a Wave Vacations" still has cabins available. You may call her at 972-824-0202, or e-mail to terri_catchawave@cox.net. This will be a different and fun convention, and all the amenities of the cruise ship will be available to you. Otherwise it will be the same, except that your hotel floats. Food is included in the price of your cabin and is prepared by full time chefs and served by full time servers. A Convention Cruise is not a new idea — Evelyn Cohen often suggested a cruise although she never actually made arrangements for one. The September 17 departure is about the same date as previous conventions of recent years. It will be a five day voyage out to Bermuda and back, not too long, not too short. Think about it. Maxine and I have often thought of going on a cruise but actually have never been on one, so we are very excited about going, so much so that we have reserved a cabin with a window and balcony. We will be with our many 2ADA friends and it will be a new experience. Yes, it will be fun!!

Today is February 10 and Editor Ray Pytel wants this article right away for the first *Journal* of 2011. You all received your annual dues notice early in January and the response has been terrific; for a while 150-200 checks were in the mail each day. It has tapered off some now, but I am still getting checks every day. The majority of members have paid their 2011 dues, but there are still a few who have not. Those few will be sent a second dues notice as a reminder, just as Evelyn sent second notices when necessary. The Second Air Division Association is a unique organization, initiated by Second Air Division veterans very soon after the end of WWII. We support the Second Air Division Memorial Library in remembrance of our 7000 friends and crew members who paid the supreme price for the freedoms we all enjoy. We support the Memorial Trust, and the Board of Governors who administer the Trust and the Memorial Library. They remain our friends from England, just as we had many English friends during the war. So, before you decide to drop your 2ADA membership, have a second thought. Your check in payment of your annual dues is a positive

sign of your personal remembrance of those 7000 whose names are on the Roll of Honor in the Memorial Library. Also, of course, you receive three copies of the *Journal* each year, a unique publication written by members, not by some outsider. Annual dues remain \$20.00, just a nickel a day.

As of February 10, Second Air Division Association membership is 1706, a loss of 57 since the convention last September in New Orleans. You may recall from the Fall/Winter issue of the *Journal* of my proposals at the New Orleans Convention to amend the Bylaws to make Associate Members full voting members in the 2ADA. The idea was to bring in new young members eligible to be officers in the Executive Committee, thereby making it possible to prolong the demise of the 2ADA to some date far into the future. My idea fell on deaf ears for the most part, and generated very little support. In the not too distant future the income from the declining membership will no longer support the *Journal* and other expenses. When

that happens, the Second Air Division Association must be terminated. It is my belief that we can continue at least through 2012. Then at the 2012 convention we can decide if we can go on to 2013, and so on. Our average age is 90; who ever thought we could carry on this long? Hey, I am just a kid at 88 — we can keep the Association going for a while yet, as some members are even younger than I. Your thoughts on this matter are very welcome!

Last June, 2010, a letter came from Ray Strong. In it are listed the names of those from Second Air Division Headquarters who attended that party in Chicago in 1946 where the idea of a Second Air Division Association was first hatched. They were: Howard Moore, Jordan Uttal, Percy Young, Clem Kowalczyk, Jimmy LaPonsie, Smiley (Henry) Brandt, Ray Strong, Henry Dietch, and Mike Vydarny.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

AVIATION WISDOM: *Mankind has a perfect record in aviation – we never left one up there!* ■

Improved Pension Program Aid and Attendance Benefits

It's a benefit that those working with veterans and senior citizens call a well-kept secret. A way for the government to help them with up to \$1,800 worth of expenses each month if they qualify. The improved Pension Program Aid and Attendance Benefits is a Veterans Administration program that's been around since 1951 to help veterans and their spouses whose medical expenses exceed their income.

The benefit is meant for veterans who served during wartime and their spouses. It provides up to \$1,554 tax free per month for a veteran, up to \$1,842 tax free per month for a veteran and spouse, and up to \$998 tax free per month for a surviving spouse.

These benefits are available for those 65 and older who meet the requirement that their medical expenses exceed their income, including that from Social Security and pensions. And those living in an assisted living facility may have their rent counted as a medical expense. There is no limit on what the benefit may be used for.

The veteran does not have to have actually served on the battlefield, just anywhere during a time when the country was at war.

There is an organization which is trying to spread the word about this benefit: the American Association for Wartime Veterans.

For more information on the Improved Pension Program Aid and Attendance Benefits and the American Association for Wartime Veterans, call 800-850-5504 or visit www.usawarvet.org

The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF

BY MATTHEW MARTIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

GREETINGS FROM NORWICH!

On Thanksgiving Day 2010 we lost our most generous British benefactor, Bernard Matthews, who folded his wings that day. In 2004 he gave the Trust £100,000. Over the years he had supported us in many other ways. He was one of Great Britain's most successful post-war businessmen. From very simple beginnings he built up a huge turkey business both here in the UK and throughout the world, employing several thousand people.



Bernard Matthews, our most generous British benefactor, gave £100,000 to the Memorial Trust in 2004.

The reasons he gave us the money were threefold. Firstly, without you Americans the Second World War would not have been won. Secondly, without the concrete airfields you left behind, his business would never have been so successful. He bought several of them. Thirdly, without a loan of £1000 when he was starting out in business made to him by Dick Gurney, a former Governor and father of David Gurney, a present Governor, he would never have got going in business.

I attended his funeral, which was by invitation only, as a representative of the Memorial Trust. There were concerns about animal rights protestors. The service was magnificent, a most worthy send-off for this true son of Norfolk. Your Library was mentioned several times in one of the addresses. Both I and your President Chuck Walker sent letters of condolences to his family.

On other matters, we here in the UK are having to come to terms with very real government cutbacks. The British Government is seeking to tackle the national and local budget deficits. Your Library continues to receive very real support from the Norfolk County Council running into many tens of thousands of pounds sterling each year. There can be no guarantees as to the future, and this is

why we remain profoundly grateful for all the support we receive from you all.

Under the leadership of Libby Morgan, the Trust Librarian, your Library continues to make very real progress. Libby tells you about the new book selection policy in her article elsewhere in this edition of the *Journal*. There are several other events and initiatives, all of which raise the profile of your Library. There is an imperative that we remain relevant, thereby meeting the needs of our users and audience. The presence in the Library of two American post-graduate scholars from the University of East Anglia ensures a uniquely American feeling to it all.

I look forward to joining everyone going on the cruise from Baltimore to Bermuda in September. I have been on only one cruise before, and that lasted 24 hours. We travelled from Helsinki to St Petersburg. It was a Russian ship and the food was Russian. Not at all appetising, so I am hoping for better things this time and to seeing those of you who are coming.

Have you thought about making one more trip over the pond? If so, you will receive the warmest of welcomes. A possible time to come is in November, around Remembrance Sunday, 13th November 2011. There are a number of activities planned. Do come! ■

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

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH)

The Annual General Meeting of the Board of Governors was an exceptionally good one. Chairman Matthew Martin did it all in 45 minutes. He could do it because all the committees had prepared their reports ahead of time. They had been distributed to members before the meeting. That certainly speeds things up. The most important report was the annual report the Governors must make to the British Charities Commission. It was a 12-page report plus a one-page appendix that detailed the operating cost of the library. Chairman Martin must have spent untold hours putting the report together in precise details to assure compliance with British law.

The Finance Committee gave a favorable report and the auditors found no fault. Governor Hawker reported on the library

operation, which included a review of the excellent contribution being made by the American scholars. Libby Morgan, our Trust Librarian, reported 74 visitors per day April through June and 78 July through September. This adds up to a total of 24,060. That's a small increase from years past. The new website is up and running: **www.2ndair.org.uk**. New features include a site map, search facility, an online image gallery, and an online version of the 2ADA Roll of Honor which was digitalized earlier this year. Currently this can be browsed alphabetically by surname. It is hoped that a search capability can be added for the Roll of Honor. Dr. Alban reported that the cataloguing of 2ADA material is going well. He will put together guidelines about donating material to the archives. A prioritized

list would be very useful, as a number of people have made inquiries about what is acceptable. Brian Mahoney said that the Heritage League is going well. The League now has about 300 members plus 189 veteran honorary members. Colin Mann, Chairman of The Friends, reported it had been a difficult year for The Friends. He thanked David Hastings for his help with printing. Colin said there were currently 106 members and that he is looking into a SAT-NAV program directing people to airfields and other interesting sites in Norfolk.

In summary, it was a heck of a Governors meeting due to the dedicated work of the Governors. We cannot say enough good things about their hard work and dedication. I can only say thank you from all of us. ■



BY JACK B. DYSON

In October 2004 my wife and I attended the 8th Air Force Historical Society Annual Reunion in Kansas City, Missouri. We had a great time of fellowship and met many of you. We met Ray Lemons who told us that the 2nd Air Division Association had reunions and that the next one would be in May 2005 in San Antonio, a

short drive from my home in Houston. We attended that one and haven't missed a reunion since.

I served as a tail gunner in the 445th Bomb Group, arriving in Tibenham in September 1944. After completing six missions I was made a Gunnery Instructor for the 445th and continued in that job until I returned to the States at the end of the war.

I returned to my home state of Texas. After marriage and college I went to work in the oil and gas industry and spent most of my working years as a natural gas trader.

I attended two of my crew reunions in Michigan, at the home of my pilot, Frank Hofmeister, who passed away last September. There are only three survivors of our crew: Clarence Catt (armor gunner) of Illinois, John Pastine (belly gunner) of Florida, and myself. Like you, each time I hear that another of my crew members has passed away I meet the news with

mixed emotions: laughs about some of the crazy things we did and sadness that we can no longer sit down and talk about those crazy things. When we were promoted to lead crew, our nose gunner, Stanley Stanfield, was replaced by a bombardier. Stanley went down on his second mission after leaving our crew. There were no survivors from that mission. Stanley was the only one of our crew to die during combat.

Last year Doris and I took two of our three children and two of their spouses to England. We visited the library in Norwich and the site of the air base at Tibenham and the buildings that housed the 2nd Air Division Headquarters. It was a very meaningful trip for all of us.

I hope you "all" are going to be able to go on the cruise in September. Doris and I have made our reservations and are looking forward to the reunion.

Thanks, guys, for being such a cordial group. I'm glad I found you. ■

YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY BRIAN H. MAHONEY
Heritage League President

We are still reveling in the wonderful "Good Times" of the 2ADA/Heritage League Convention in New Orleans. It was a very fine time, and productive for our "second generation" outfit. Several years back, our Executive Committee had a great discussion about what we wanted most in our conventions, going forward. One thing we agreed on, among the diverse other themes of location, size, and season: We should be with 2AD veterans as much as we possibly can, in the increasingly valuable time we still have the privilege of their company.

I am not confident that many Heritage League members will be able to take the time and expense to board the boat in Baltimore, though we will be thinking all the cruisers and wishing them the best of weather and pleasures. We had been committed to once again holding our Annual Meeting with you, when we understood it would be on the *terra firma* of

Texas, but felt a need to accommodate as many of our own working members as practicable, especially because it will be an election year for The League.

So, for 2011, the Heritage League Convention will be held "alongside" the 8th Air Force Historical Society gathering in St. Louis, from October 11-16 at the Sheraton Westport Plaza. Registration details will soon be published on our website, www.heritageleague.org. It will be managed by the same outfit, AFRI, which helped make New Orleans so efficient and enjoyable for all. We are very excited to socialize with those in our generation—the 8th AFHS "Next Gen" initiative conscientiously studied the perpetual Heritage League model for ideas on perpetuating the 8th AFHS, and we no doubt will have things to learn from them, too. But we are especially heartened that we will also meet many 8AF and 2AD veterans there.

As both organizations intend to honor and remember the service and sacrifices of USAAF groups in England during the war, we have much more in common than our unique distinctions. (There is nothing trivial about the difference in our focus, which is on the Second Air Division in particular, as opposed to their embrace of the entire Mighty Eighth.) The Heritage League is like a smaller, more tightly knit family, going to a big reunion of relatives, some more "distant," and not yet met. They are keen to host our membership, as they have twice hosted our board in

the last eight years, and we are equally excited to introduce our members to their "cousins."

There are already a considerable number of folks in both The League and the 8th AFHS, if not nearly as many as in both The Heritage League and its historical parent, the Second Air Division Association. As well, there are many veterans in both the 8th AFHS and the 2ADA. I am happy to report that a considerable number of recent 2ADA leaders and Heritage League leaders have been members of *all three* organizations, building bridges and improving all three, as they fulfill their very related missions.

The League is not interested in stealing any thunder from the 2ADA's elegant and exciting plan for the Bermuda convention, but we want to make clear, again, that all 2ADA members, their families, friends, and interested researchers, have always been and always will be free to come to our conventions, no League membership required. And I would like to remind each 2AD veteran that you can be a free Honorary Life Member in The League, just for the asking. (Contact me if you are not already enrolled.)

I hope this finds all of you healthy enough to come to another reunion. If you can make that boat, do it! If you need something more "conventional," in the company of your Heritage League friends, you will be most welcome to "meet me in St. Louis." Either way, smooth sailing! ■



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

NORTH PICKENHAM

BY FRANK BALES

The New Boy on the Block at the 492nd



LT. J. FRANK BALES, 1944

My moment of fame has finally arrived, with the call from Chuck Walker advising me of my selection to be the next VP of the 492nd. The Beasleys having done such a great job, I can tell you this won't be a cake walk for me following in their footsteps. So now I will give it a try, starting off by introducing myself and my wife Pauline to the members of the Second Air Division, an integral part of the Mighty Eighth.

In the beginning there arose from the heavens above a young lad by the name of Frank, herein and after known as the IDAHO LAD. That was going on 88 years ago. Little did the public know at the time, he would eventually be one of the many instruments used by our government to save the world for democracy, helping in his small way to devastate the Fascist enemies of that time.

That is the starter. Now we go to the story prior to August 18, 1944. Raised in Idaho, in Caldwell, that is, I had four sisters and an older brother, plus an additional young lad who was our foster brother who lived with us, Raymond St. Joer. My older brother went down in the North Sea on May 14, 1943, shot up badly while leading a squadron of B-17s of the 303rd

BG on a raid over Kiel, Germany's sub pens. He had named his plane "The Idaho Potato Peeler." As all pilots knew, if you could not stay in formation you were "duck soup" for German fighters. My brother, Capt. Ross Cartee Bales, had to pull out of formation and two ME-109s came out of the sky and took him out. Nine men bailed out and the B-17 circled, then landed on the water, sat there 20 minutes and sank. Two Air Sea Rescue planes called out were also attacked with a loss of both. No survivors. Raymond did not fare much better; he was a radio operator on a B-24 crew that was shot down over Rabaul, New Britain on August 17, 1943. All members of the crew were MIA. In the meantime I was trying to convince my dad to let me go to Canada and join the RCAF like others of my peers were doing. But no way, I was off to the University of Idaho in the fall of 1941.

The big event in late 1941 was December 7th, the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I recall very vividly today how I was lounging around in the fraternity house (Phi Delta Theta) that Sunday morning when the news came over the radio and we heard our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, declare war. We all knew that great changes were coming. The remainder of the school year turned into party time which I assure you had a significant impact upon the grades. Not good.

Come the fall of 1942 I couldn't handle the school thing any longer, so a frat brother of mine and I took off and went to Spokane, Washington to enlist in the Aviation Cadet Program. As we were short on funds, we hitchhiked from Moscow, Idaho to Spokane, spending the night enroute in the Colfax, WA jail. The local hotel did not appreciate our sleeping in the lobby so the local police made a jail cell available to us. In the morning the local bakery truck loading up for deliveries provided cookies and cake for our breakfast. Then we were back on the road.

After taking the lengthy Aviation Exam we went back to campus to await our call which occurred in October of 1942. Now off to the service, farewell to school and family, we were now on our way to save the country.

First stop was basic training for Pvt. Bales in Denver, CO, Buckley Field. That is where and when I thought the Corporal in charge of our barracks was like a General, as everyone jumped on his command. It is also the location where about 10,000 of us stood at attention in the pouring rain so that the General, riding in a closed automobile, could pass in review. Finishing Basic, we became Aviation Students and were off to Houghton, Michigan Tech College. When we arrived we were greeted with about four feet of snow, and believe me it was cold. It was at Houghton Tech that we got into navigation and basic ground school studies. Also at the local air field we received a few hours of flying time in Super Cubs. Graduation meant that we were now full fledged Aviation Cadets. From Houghton we were off to Montgomery, AL, Maxwell Field, for classification. What will you train for — pilot, navigator, bombardier, radio or gunnery? That is where you also had your locks trimmed to the skin. After full testing I was selected for pilot training and was off to Americus, GA, home of future President Jimmy Carter. He was off in the Navy I believe at that time. In Americus we flew PT-17s. Many washed out and were sent to Biloxi for other training. After graduation I went on to Greenville, MI for Basic and flying PT-13's. Night flying was especially thrilling, especially when someone doesn't pay attention to the tower and you meet them coming head on at just over the field at the same altitude. Spooky and somewhat dangerous, you might say. From Basic, a few of us who had selected bombers as our choice were sent as the first group of Aviation Cadets to Stewart Field, Newburg, NY to train with the West Point Cadets who were taking pilot training. Each instructor had both Aviation Cadets and West Point Cadets under his wing, and we trained together. We took turns as pilot and co-pilots in flying our little boxcar AT-10s.

With the coming of February 5, 1944 and the graduation of Aviation Class 44-B, we were all sent home on leave (with our shiny Gold Bars) and ordered to report to Salt Lake City, Utah, Classification Center for our next assignment. My orders had me qualified and recommended to go to Dive-Bombers. (Maybe I'm lucky, as if you will recall, Torpedo Squad 8 did not fare so well.)

This is the end of the background story of the IDAHO LAD in this edition of the *Journal*. Coming next will be the war combat years and the events of August 18, 1944 and what significant event occurred on that day. That is the question??? ■

458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY RICK ROKICKI

As many of you know, I've held only two "jobs" in my adult working career – the USAAF for 33 months and 39 years with United Airlines. Both organizations have their own newsletter or journal. *United Monthly* and the *2ADA Journal* both have their obituary sections. Now, more often than not, a name comes up that I carry in my memory bank. Occasionally the same name comes up in both organizations.

In the *2ADA Journal* there was a letter from June Hartzell saying that Bud passed away in December. He often supplied interesting articles that I used in this column. We kept in touch by phone and mail. Bud was a civil engineer and designed various mechanical systems at Wilkes-Barre and Scranton, PA. These were state government buildings that used oil heat. Pennsylvania is an anthracite hard coal producer and oil heat had to be converted to coal by the Luzern County legislator. Bud had to comply to get the building contract. The politician was from my hometown of some 7,000 people and was well known as one of the "good guys" who helped the widows who had sons who needed work during school vacations. I was one of them. Mom was a widow and it was in the mid-1930s Depression. Bud and I knew him well. Me early, Bud Hartzell later in life.

I received a letter from Henry Fraysier who was the radar navigator on Lt. John Moran's crew saying that Maurice Lee Watson had passed on. Maurice was the ball turret gunner. Maurice lived in Western Maryland and usually called when the big snows were coming our way. He did the *Journal* story about the French village that honored their crash effort to avoid their housing area. They had a great ceremony and established a monument there. He was a good friend and I shall miss his calls.

Beverly DeJulio wrote advising of Dario's passing. At one of the reunions I discovered we both had a relationship with the B-17. He was transferred to the 15th Air Force in Italy. He did five or six missions while training others before returning to the 458th. Dario DeJulio had the most beautiful handwriting I've ever seen. (Something our public schools today very much lack in teaching.) His Christmas cards always had an airplane theme.

I started work as a federally licensed aircraft and engine mechanic with United Airlines in Washington D.C. in July 1946. After ten years I was promoted to Boston as an aircraft maintenance supervisor. When I first met the station manager, I felt I knew him from somewhere else. Later at a supervisor/manager meeting it came to me that he was our briefing officer Christmas week 1943 at

my transfer to the 458th from the 96th Bomb Group, Snetterton-Heath, B-17s. He passed away some years after I left for Baltimore in a 1964 transfer/promotion.

The customer service manager was a former 8th AF pilot who was shot down on his 6th mission and was a POW for almost two years. He was either in the 95th or 100th BG. Our Regional Mid-Atlantic Vice President was a B-17 pilot in the 96th BG, the same group I was in but at a later time. When we talked, we recalled the same pubs and even the particularly well endowed bar maid at the "Green Lantern." As above, all three were in their 90's when they made their "last flight."

I would appreciate any input you might have that would be of interest to our group or the Association. Best if by letter, and newspaper coverage should give the source of the article. ■

I Flew

BY BRAD BAKER

REPRINTED FROM BADGER NEWS

*When the last checklist is run and the bag drag is over
I will reminisce of the days I once knew,
I will not remember the 3 AM alerts
But only that I flew!*

*I will not remember the crew rest in tents
Nor recall how cold Arctic winds blew,
And I'll try not to remember the times I got sick.
But only that I flew!*

*I will never forget when nature became angry
And challenged my intrepid crew,
And I'll always remember the fear I felt
And the pride in knowing I flew!*

*I will remember the sights my mortal eyes have seen
Colored by multitudes of hues,
Those beautiful lights on cold winter nights
Seen only by those who flew.
God was extremely good to me
And let me touch his face,
He saw my crew through war and peace
And blessed us with His grace.
So when I stand at Saint Peter's Gate
And tell him that I'm new
I know he'll smile and welcome me,
Because he knows
I FLEW!*

The Riddle of the Sands on the Kent Coast

BY STUART MILLSON • REPRINTED FROM "THIS ENGLAND," SPRING 2011

What could be safer than the sandy beach at Greatstone-on-Sea on the Kent coast? Today, families enjoy the sea breezes and sandcastles, and the safe bathing in the shallow waters just beyond the dune and bungalows. But 66 years ago, the beach was a very different place, with lengths of barbed wire and tank-traps, and patrolling soldiers keeping their eyes fixed on the Channel horizon.

The war years took their toll on this now peaceful seaside scene, and for a long time after the conflict, the visitors and holidaymakers who began to return to this coast found themselves confronted with a stark reminder of the battles that had taken place – for out on the sands, like a beached whale or some enormous dead sea-bird of prehistory, lay the rusting, half submerged hulk of a war machine. An American B-24J Liberator bomber to be precise. Slowly sinking inch by inch, the plane had once been part of a vanguard force, striking at the very heart of Nazi Germany – yet how had it come to land on the Greatstone shore?

On the 20th of June 1944, Lieutenant Charles Stevens of the United States Army Air Force was desperately trying to keep control of his plane. He and his 10-man crew of the 491st BG had taken off from Metfield, Suffolk, for a raid into Hitler's now crumbling European empire. Like so many Allied bombing missions, the Lieutenant's raid was fraught with danger, but not even an experienced airman could have predicted the sequence of events which followed the sortie. Suddenly, somewhere over enemy territory, a terrific blow thudded into the aircraft . . . To Charles Stevens' horror, the nose section of the Liberator had taken a direct hit, and it became clear that the flight was heading for disaster.

However, the Lieutenant was able to keep some sort of control of the aircraft and, determined to return his men safely to the British coast, tried everything he could to keep them in the air. Probably not knowing exactly where he was, and certainly a long way from his original course, Charles Stevens saw a large expanse of sandy beach through the cracked glass of his damaged cockpit. The plane spluttered and descended – crashing into the shallow waters, just off the (then) small seaside hamlet of Greatstone-on-Sea.

Fortunately, the descent was witnessed by a RAF doctor, Squadron Leader D.D. Morrell, who waded out to the wreckage



The memorial to the 491st BG crew of an American Liberator bomber who were killed at Greatstone in Kent.

in an attempt to help the Americans. But despite Morrell's best efforts, the incoming waves forced him back. Then, a local civil defence volunteer appeared – a Mr. J. Frost – who took control of the situation – encouraging the Squadron Leader to try again, despite the rush of the incoming tide. This he did, and D.D. Morrell managed to dive beneath the wreck – pulling one crew member to safety. Another six survived, but four men lost their lives on that fateful day – Lieutenants Harold Meng (navigator) and William F.

Weck (bombardier), and Sergeants Thomas Fulbright and Bernard E. Peak (gunners). Their names are recorded today on a small war memorial by the beach car park.

Squadron Leader Morrell was honoured with an OBE for his outstanding bravery, and no doubt Mr. J. Frost received the grateful thanks of the airmen who survived. Today, the Liberator bomber lies buried beneath the sands – swallowed forever. Like the remains of a dinosaur, some future historian or archaeologist might re-discover its exact position. Until then, we should just be content to honour the memory of the men who so distinguished themselves on that June day in 1944. ■



A model of the crashed plane is part of the memorial. PHOTOS: WWW.GREATSTONE.NET



If you hadn't already heard, **Jack Stevens'** daughter, Cindy, asked us to pass on the word that Jack was in the hospital after a fall in which he broke his elbow and his hip near where it had been repaired after he broke it 10-15 years ago. Cindy last reported on January 7, 2011 that her father has been moved to a rehabilitation center which is close to his and Lucile's house. Two other daughters have been looking after Lucile, and Cindy has plans to travel to San Diego.

If anyone wants to send an e-mail or note, Lucile Stevens' e-mail address is lstev27910@aol.com and her mailing address is 3526 Larga Circle, San Diego, CA 92110. ■



WENDLING 392nd

BY OAK MACKEY

To reach the 392nd BG website, go to www.b24.net and be ready to enjoy the most complete and comprehensive records of any of the various Second Air Division bomb groups. There are details of each of the 285 combat missions flown by the 392nd BG, down to the names of the crew members who flew each mission. There are maps of the air base showing the location of all principal buildings and the sites of living quarters, and the runways and the revetments where the B-24s were parked, etc. There is a section about the ground crews who kept them flying, and all the other ground personnel on the base. There are stories from the combat crews, there is an entire section about the German POW camps, there are photos galore of flight crews, ground crews, B-24s in flight and on the ground, strike photos, and so much more.

This website was initiated in May of 1999 by Robert D. Books. He is the son of pilot Lt. Dallas Books who was killed on the March 18, 1944 Fredrichshafen mission when his B-24 was shot down by enemy fighters. Bob Books is an expert computer technician who prepared the website with material collected by himself and others, most of whom are also of the second generation. For instance, there is Jim Marsteller whose uncle lost his life as a crew member on Lt. Books' B-24. Jim traveled to Germany to the crash site and gathered all the information possible from the local people there. Gregg Hatton's father was a POW at a Stalag Luft who survived the war and provided Gregg with a rich store of information about life in a POW camp. Annette Tison is a researcher who can find anything about anybody. She supplied so much information for the site. Her uncle was KIA on a 392nd BG mission. Ben Jones was a young boy who lived near the 392nd BG airfield during the war, and he vividly remembers the B-24s departing in the early mornings on their combat missions. After growing to manhood, Ben moved to the United States, joined the U.S. Air Force, married a school teacher, and became a U.S. citizen. Bill McCutcheon's

father was a 392nd BG crew member, and Bill is now treasurer of the 392nd BG Memorial Association.

Additional material for the website came from pilot Lt. Robert E. Vickers' *Liberators from Wendling*, a history of the 392nd BG. Lt. Vickers stayed in the Air Force after the war, attained the rank of Colonel, and was an Aircraft Commander and pilot on the mighty B-52. All of the above and more has created a website which receives 30,000 visits each month, and it continues to grow. Books has a four year backlog of material to add as time permits.

The officers of the 392nd BG Memorial Association are: James V. Goar, President; Robert D. Books, Vice President; Carroll W. Cheek, Chairman of the Memorial Committee; William McCutcheon, Treasurer; and Annette Tison, Secretary and *392nd BG News* Editor. Jim and Carroll are 392nd BG veterans.

The second generation officers and members are keeping the 392nd BG Memorial Association alive and well. The veteran members will be gone in a few years, but this Association will exist for a long time!

That's all for now. Be kind to each other. ■

HALESWORTH 489TH NOTES

BY CHARLIE FREUDENTHAL

Just Happily Messed Up

The den in our house is a total mess. It is so full of STUFF that while I would very much like to get it cleaned up, I haven't got the will to start in. Let's look at the floor first – there's a carpet down there somewhere, underneath piles of old books, publications, and newspapers ready to be sold or given to some library. There's a bunch of baseball books and an assortment of other books, magazines and photos – mostly WWII – especially 489th. There's also a big envelope of stamps destined for the Sons of Norway (Helen is a son of Norway, you know). Did I mention the nine big albums of photos, most of them from Group re-

unions as far back as 1975?

Did I forget the file drawers? There are six of them – actually eight, but two have non 489th or WWII or USAAF material in them. The first four have reunion records and administrative files (Group and 2ADA). I know we really don't have much there, but it wouldn't seem right without them. Remember, I'm covering 36 years of 489th mission files, history work files, diaries and lots of photos of unidentified people and places. The reason for all the unidentified official photos, if you'll recall, is that the photo lab cut off all the identifying information before making them available. I've also got two albums and a box full of negatives going back to the '60s. Somehow or another they will have to go. And did I mention the four shoe box files full of crew photos, base photos, aircraft photos (on the ground and in the air), and lots with just people?

I look at this array daily, I kid you not, as Jack Paar used to say, and I pick up items to throw away, and I put them down again, almost right away. My mistake is in starting to read the diary or the story or identify the faces and places, and I start remembering. And that's the end of clean-up for that day. I know I'll have to do it though, and soon, because time is

flying and one day there won't be any need to look for copy for the newsletter, put labels on envelopes and stuff them, or answer a letter or two. We'll have found a place to store our records, and which one of us or our families will make the trip to look in them. As I said, time is flying and memories are fleeting.

So the next time we meet, please remember that I'm casual about what's happening, but only on the outside. Maybe we could find a few Heritage Leaguers to keep the flag flying. Right now though, I've got to get a magnifier to see if I can figure out what this tail number is. See you down the road a piece. ■

Life After Death

"Do you believe in life after death?"
the boss asked one of his employees.

"Yes, sir," the employee replied.

"Well, then, that makes everything just fine," the boss went on. "After you left early yesterday to go to your grandmother's funeral, she stopped in to see you."

The year 1942 saw the most frightening part of the war for us schoolboys as Norwich became a target for the infamous Baedeker Reprisal raids, when Hitler vowed to destroy all the English Cathedral cities. By that time we had had so many air raids that we had become complacent. On April 27th, the first Monday of the Blitz, our Airedale dog named Tan began to howl, which she always did at least ten minutes before the air raid sirens sounded. We took no notice and remained in our beds. The sirens went, followed by the "crash warning" and still we thought it was just another German raid on their way to the Midlands. Then there was the sound of aircraft circling overhead, and Father called us all to get up and get dressed and get to the shelter. As we reached the back door, however, the night sky turned into daylight with parachute flares and the bombers started their ear-splitting scream as they dove on the city. We all stood in the doorway petrified by the terrible whistling of the bombs as they fell, followed by the huge explosions with the house shaking under foot, until in a brief pause Father yelled "Run!" and we raced to our shelter, down the steps and huddled on the bunks. Soon we were joined by our neighbors, who in 1939 had thought Father mad to build the shelter. The noise was indescribable, with each explosion seeming to be louder than the previous one; the ground shook and the lights went out. Every few minutes Father would run up the steps to see if our house was still standing, but if you have never been bombed then you can never understand the noise, the smell, the shaking and the fear. At one point there was a massive explosion, which seemed to come

THE NORWICH BLITZ

from a schoolboy's perspective

BY DAVID J. HASTINGS



from the Eaton Park area, and on that first night Norwich had no defense at all.

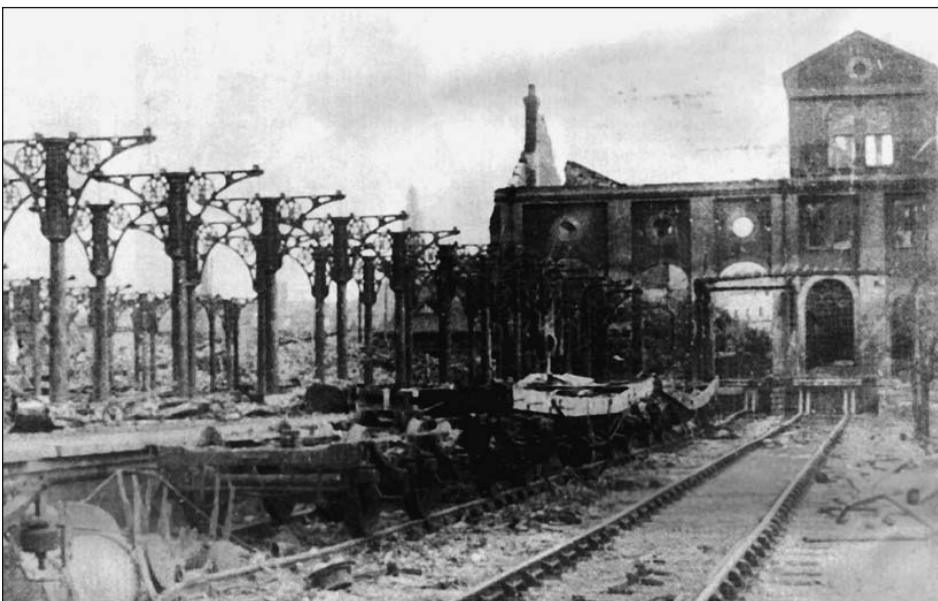
Eventually, after what seemed ages, the noise decreased, the bombers droned away and the all-clear sounded. We then began what was to become a ritual for the rest of the war, as after having checked the house, Father said "Let's go down to the police box at the bottom of Colman Road to see what has happened," while my mother donned her Red Cross uniform and left for her place of duty at the Casualty Evacuation Centre. Upon emerging from the shelter we saw our house was still standing, but two houses near to us had been hit and we saw the fire engines and ambulances busy. We walked to the

police box, where Father knew the local policeman on duty, and we heard that a large part of the city centre had been destroyed, which we could see hidden under the huge pall of flames and smoke. We made some tea and could just not believe that this was happening to us. We went to bed exhausted.

Mother arrived home at 6:30 am with terrible stories about the casualties, and both Bill Lamb and I were convinced that there would be no school that day, so immediately after breakfast we went to Eaton Park in the hope of collecting bomb splinters. The park was deserted as we wandered around the craters, including one massive hole that had been caused by a land mine which had made the huge explosion we had heard during the attack. We were also puzzled by one or two small craters. After collecting a good amount of splinters, we returned to the park gates only to find them shut and guarded by armed soldiers. They were horrified to see us and asked what we had been doing. When we mentioned the small holes, they terrified us as they pointed out that this was why the park had been closed — they were unexploded bombs! On Tuesday evening the sirens wailed again so we all made our way back to the shelter. A few aircraft were heard and one or two bombs dropped but then it was "All Clear" and we retired to bed.

The next day we cycled to school, picking our way through all the rubble and broken glass, totally amazed at the devastation, and arrived only to be told to report to the Headmaster's study. Sadly for us, the school had not closed the day before and we were punished for playing truant — what a life. Stayed late, as we had a Scout waste paper round to complete, and then went home to do all the homework. Listened to the 9:00 pm news, more pins moved on the map, and then to bed. Hardly settled in and our dog began to howl, so Father got us all downstairs and into the shelter with our neighbors as the sirens sounded. Then it all began yet again, with the increasing roar of aircraft engines as the Germans arrived once more to try and destroy our city. Again the scream of engines and terrible

(continued on next page)



The lines and platforms at City Station looking southwest towards the city centre.

THE NORWICH BLITZ

(continued from page 13)

whistling of the bombs were followed by the explosions shaking the shelter, and then we could smell smoke in large amounts. Father was up the stairs and yelled for me to get my tin hat on and get outside as we had incendiaries in the garden and on the garage. Oddly, the thought of my house burning down took away all the fear of the falling bombs and the terrific noise, as I helped to carry around the sandbags which Father threw on the incendiaries. Later in the war the Germans dropped small anti-personnel "butterfly" bombs to deter us from going near the incendiaries. Little did I know then, but a few hundred yards away some of my best friends had just all been killed by a direct hit on their house. The scene over Norwich was as bright as day with huge fires, and to our surprise we found charred Caley chocolate papers drifting down from the sky. Eventually the attack ended, and other than a badly scorched garage wall, our house survived. We did our walk to the police box and learnt the worst: the City Centre was in flames and our famous Caley Chocolate factory had been destroyed along with many other famous buildings. Father then left us to walk down to see if the business was still alright in the city, while as usual Mother returned absolutely exhausted from her work in the Casualty Evacuation Centre. When I got older, I often wondered how they had ever coped with the pressure.

Rumor had it that chocolate was running down St. Stephens Street, so the three of us cycled to school down St. Stephens, through all the rubble, smoke and flames. No sweet chocolate in sight, but there was a mass of bitter black substance which turned out to be burnt cocoa. At the bottom of St. Stephens we were shocked to see that our favorite toy shop of R.G. Pilch had been totally gutted by the fire as had the city centre. It was all just unbelievable. School was still in one piece and the Cathedral was safe despite a bomb landing on the North Transept. Some of the day we spent in the shelters and because of the rubble we stayed at school for lunch. Back home for tea when Father announced that we were leaving to stay with a good friend of his, Mr. Waters, who owned the garage at Braconash just outside Norwich. Father did not want his family to endure another night like that. Mr. Waters had a wonderful thatched cottage, and I was given a small room at the top with a window looking towards Norwich. They gave us a great supper, but it



**St Peter Mancroft circa 1890-1910.
The houses at the west end of the
church were all destroyed in the Blitz.**

seemed all wrong to have been evacuated. Mother was not sure about who was covering for her, and Father was concerned about leaving the house as well as the business. As the sirens wailed once more, the decision was made that in the morning we would return home, as it was terrible to watch our city being attacked and not know what was happening to our home and our friends.

At last some defense had arrived, and we had anti-aircraft guns, a rocket battery on Mousehold Heath, and some Barrage Balloons. We went back to Norwich immediately after a great early farmhouse breakfast and went back to school where we all swapped bomb splinters and some even had part of a German aircraft.

On Friday night it all began again with yet another attack and a mix of incendiary and high explosive bombs. Again we all piled into the shelter, and as the explosions got nearer and nearer you wondered if the next one would be it. I was out at times with Father to deal with incendiaries, and at one point he had to climb up the ladder to put out an incendiary on the roof and I felt quite brave standing at the foot of the ladder with my tin hat on. Our house received its first damage that really made Father mad, when a mobile AA gun fired outside on Colman Road and cracked all our front windows! School on Saturdays was from 9:00 am to 12:30 pm and despite the Blitz there was no excuse for homework not being completed.

On Saturday evening we decided to make up the bunks in the shelter and start

early, but to our amazement there were no sirens. Everything was quiet, and by midnight Father agreed that we ought to return to the house and the comfort of our own beds, which delighted our dog. We just could not believe that the Norwich Blitz was over. During that one week, over 250 people had been killed, 684 injured, 1,800 houses destroyed and 23,000 damaged and a large part of the city centre in ruins. Although the Blitz ended, the regular attacks continued, with many famous buildings being destroyed. On the school field we lost our beloved Scout hut to a direct hit as well as the changing rooms.

On June 27th we thought it was the beginning of another Blitz, as at 2:00 am under a full moon, the Germans began a huge raid, dropping the usual parachute flares followed by over 20,000 incendiaries and 33 high explosive bombs on the city. The flames poured into the night sky, and unknown to us at home, our school had been hit. The School House boys had worked hard helping to man the hoses, and they saved many of the buildings. When we Day boys arrived the next morning, we just could not believe what we saw. The Lodge and my classroom was just a burnt out shell and with it had gone all my books. The playground still had the large incendiary container which had burnt out, and later that morning we all helped the firemen to pull down the dangerous gable wall to the Lodge. Later we were allowed to see our desks, but inside the books were all glued together. I felt angry, and also very sorry for my parents, as those books had cost them a large sum of money. Luckily the wooden shed where our dear Mr. Barwick taught us carpentry had been saved by School House, so we could continue to make cow-milking stools and pencil boxes!

The final straw to us was later in June as we were playing cricket on the school playing field, and despite it being wartime we still played in the traditional "whites," when without warning a low-level German JU88 bomber appeared out of the clouds and machine-gunned the field. We all fell into the slit trenches, and after he had gone we stood up to realize that our "whites" were now very muddy. On return home my mother was not at all impressed, and even worse was to come when Father arrived later at tea time. When he heard the news, I was promptly punished for wasting valuable washing powder, despite my protests that the Germans had attacked us. I think this was perhaps the only time when I felt his stern punishment was a trifle unfair. ■

Letters from England

Reprinted from **SECOND THOUGHTS**, the newsletter of the
Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial
Submitted by Don Morrison

July 2010

Dear Friends,

I may well be English. I say this advisedly, after a few days in London, followed by a few more days in Rugby, with a side trip to Madingley and Duxford in between. I say this realizing that I'm on holiday and here for my son's wedding to boot. But much like a movie about a certain Mary some years ago, "There's something about England."

I felt this almost immediately, when we first struck out from our hotel – the Marriott Town Hall – and crossed Westminster Bridge with the panorama of the Thames, Big Ben tower, Parliament, and Whitehall ahead of us. The first statue I saw was . . . Boadicea. I took this as a good omen.

I forgot to mention that there was a driving rain, with a cold wind. Having not brought a jacket in order to save weight in my luggage, I was shivering in the mini-maelstrom and my mother-in-law was hunkered down in her wheelchair, umbrella pulled down tight, looking like a turtle totally tucked into her shell.

Our immediate mission, besides soaking in history, was to walk to a nearby Indian restaurant, which turned out to be neither nearby nor Indian. So we settled for a Pret à Manger, a chain that I think could give fast food a GOOD name. At this point the rest of our party, my wife, son, daughter-in-law to be and mother-in-law, decided to take a taxi back to the hotel.

I, my judgment perhaps compromised by the cold and lack of sleep, decided to walk back. The rain had let up and I wandered around Westminster Abbey and a nearby church. I heard a brass band playing and wandered into the Westminster Abbey Choir School Fête. There I struck up the first of many conversations with complete strangers. It reminded me of every small town Iowa celebration – there were crafts and baked goods for sale and a raffle – except it was surrounded by massive centuries-old architecture with people from all over the earth strolling along the sidewalks.

Two days later I took a train to Cambridge and a taxi out to Madingley. I arrived once again in the rain and cold but in a suit this time, so a bit warmer. I was taken in by a gentleman named Stephen Smith who sheltered me under his umbrella and regaled me with stories of restoring war birds and flying in them all over Europe and even once to the States. Then I found the Wilbys, Friends of the 489th, who were saving a seat for me. Fortunately, Mrs. Wilby, a veteran of this event, had brought plastic garbage bags for our chairs or my seat would have been as damp as my back. The rain lifted, speeches were given and then there was a remarkable sight: 107 U.S. airmen, half entering at each end of the Wall of the Missing, solemnly strode the wall carrying 107 floral arrangements of remembrance. Then 107 members of the audience – really a rather small proportion of the total present – took their place in front of their respective airman, received the arrangement and then each placed it reverently at the base of the wall. In the interest of space I will leave it at that – except to say I cannot imagine a similar scene in the U.S., this ongoing appreciation of a common experience in history, though only a short (by British standards) 65 years ago.



On our last day in London I went out for a late afternoon walk that stretched to six hours. My intention was to take a left at Boadicea and walk down along the Thames to the Tower of London. But then I came across a magnificent memorial to the pilots of the Battle of Britain where I must have taken 40 pictures. A short stroll later and my eye was caught by the statue of a man in what turned out to be Whitehall Gardens. I walked over and snapped a picture of this fellow and read the plaque identifying him as William Tyndale who "died a martyr at Vilvorde in Belgium in AD 1536," or who, if I remember my history correctly, was burned at the stake as a heretic, depending upon one's perspective.

From there I abandoned the Thames and wandered back towards the front of Whitehall. As I walked along the street I saw numerous other statues and memorials in the middle of the street, including one to the "The Women of World War II." I eventually ended up touring the Cabinet War Rooms, which one participant characterized as "in every way an excellent battle headquarters, with only one fault, namely its proximity to Winston." I crossed the street – where once again my life was saved at a crossing by the painted words "Look Right" – and gazed at what is perhaps the most beautiful park I have ever seen. It contained a narrow, meandering lake with pelicans, ducks and geese, and the lushest overhanging trees and plants – green upon green. And it was then that my trip really began. I wandered the parks and streets, often in an absolute downpour, balancing my um-

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LETTERS FROM ENGLAND (continued from page 15)

brella between my head and belt buckle to snap photos, up to Buckingham Palace, over to the Wellington Arch and its square's many memorials, and down Piccadilly Street, my intention to visit Trafalgar Square. I stopped for a bowl of noodles and studied my map, realizing I was headed the wrong direction by 45 degrees. Out of the shop I took an immediate left and got even more lost.

Walking past high end shops, but completely closed in, for the first time during the day I could not see the London Eye or any other landmark to guide me. Eventually, I came upon what turned out to be St. James' Square and it was here I learned that I might be English. First I noticed a sign to another street: "Jermyn Street Unsuitable for Long Vehicles." In America that sign would have said "NO TRUCKS." Then a bit further along the fence surrounding the park a sign reading: "Attention: Bicycles chained to these railings cause obstruction and are a danger to pedestrians. Please leave them elsewhere." In America the sign, if there had been one at all, would have read "NO BIKES."

And here's the difference: In America, we merely forbid things in coarse, stark terms. At St. James Square, at least people were credited with having the good sense that if courteously informed they would do the right thing by themselves and others. As Willie Wonka said, "So shines a good deed in a weary world." And then I realized a few more things. While we were in England there was no talk radio, at least as practiced in the U.S., "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." I read the *Times* every day, often online, where the comments rarely show the vitriol I see in American news sites even in response to the simplest of stories. What I did see were people from all over the world generally going about their lives with dignity, courtesy and sense. I saw the same thing when we visited Rugby and Birdingbury for the wedding.

I think what accounts for this is hidden in those magnificent buildings of London, in the churches, shops and thatched roof homes that exist in the villages, and in the ceremony at Madingley. It all represents the shared history – our common story. A history that may be mythologized from Boadicea to Churchill and beyond – a history that may sometimes ignore the warts, but a history not merely of shared events but of shared courage and ideals. In my country even our history has become divisive – Tea Party, indeed – but in my *England*, its history that binds us, not blinds us, to "us." It's a story that not only allows but expects those who share in it to live with dignity, courtesy and sense.

One day in downtown Rugby while waiting for my wife and mother-in-law to complete some business, I noticed an older man standing in the center of an intersection. He was sharply dressed, wearing a nice suit with matching houndstooth hat. After a few minutes I walked up and asked him if he was a veteran. He was, "in the medical corps in Germany, 1945." After the war he became a policeman in Rugby and has stood for many years on this very spot in this very intersection directing traffic. He gestured down the street, "I met my wife when she was working in one of the shops down there." At about that time his wife of 65 years came walking up that street and we talked about how they met, what she did as a shop girl and other things. His parting remark to me, said with a smile, was "Everyone has a story."

And indeed they do. We of the Friends and the Heritage League endeavor to preserve and tell as many people's stories as we can. These special stories of a shared history, not just of events, but of shared courage and ideals – told with dignity, courtesy and sense – with a dollop of humor thrown in when we can.

POSTSCRIPT FROM AMERICA

As an extension of our trip I had planned to visit the Norwich area, indeed with such enthusiasm that my wife felt compelled to remind me occasionally that we were making the trip for our son's wedding. We did end up having to cancel that portion of our trip due to the health of one of our party's members.

So I must give my apologies to, among others, Russell Ives and Allan Sirrell, North Pickenham (492nd BG) and the owners of the Blue Lion; Marjorie Shires, Hardwick (489th BG); Patricia Everson, Seething (448th BG); Biran "Skip" Skipper and Penny Mendham, Hethel (389th BG); Catherine Thomson, Hethel (466th BG); Brian Ward, Roger Blunt, veteran Jac Rude, and Darren Jelley, Debach (493rd BG), whom I met at Madingley and whose enthusiasm at the mention of the B-24 "Lucy Quipment" was one of the high points of my trip; Alan Brooks, Parham Airfield, home of what's left of Luch; Libby Morgan and colleagues at the Memorial Library; and finally to Mike Phillips and Maurice Gaston, Eaton Golf Club, Norwich – whose planned brunch was the one activity my wife fully endorsed. My regrets also to Colin Mann whom, although we were less than 20 feet apart at Madingley, I failed to recognize. (I can assure the Friends however, that he cut a fine figure in his kilt).

I am so sorry to have not met all of you but appreciate your expressed and intended gracious hospitality. I thought I would have *your* stories to carry me through two more years of the *Herald*. But as the saying goes, Man proposes and God disposes. So until next time . . .

Keep shining through,

Reed

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

Winter 2010

Dear Friends,

This year marked the 65th anniversary of the end of World War II. As the participants of that conflict pass from our midst, there are occasional stories of a veteran receiving a long overdue medal. Examples abound: In Massachusetts, 89-year-old Arthur Butler received a Bronze Star this past October for his actions on Okinawa. The same month, in nearby Connecticut, Harry Ruderman received his Bronze Star for heroism in the European Theater. Six South Carolinians just received the French Legion of Honor for their roles in liberating France from the Germans, and President Obama recently signed legislation awarding the Congressional Gold Medal to World War II units composed of Japanese Americans. Yet one group remains unrecognized.

Sixty-five years after the cessation of hostilities, an entire group continues to be overlooked, this despite the fact that they flew many of their missions when the outcome of the war was still in doubt, in the dark, icy skies of Europe. The men of Bomber Command have yet to receive a more-than-deserved Campaign Medal.

The main reason of course is clear, and reared its head immediately upon the end of the war. Following a policy of nighttime "area bombing," the raids were credited with targeting primarily civilians – though in light of the Germans' policy of total war and the limits of technology of the time, this course was set early. During disastrous daylight raids, attempting to slow up the German advance through France, missions were near suicidal, with loss rates routinely surpassing 50%. During and after the Battle of Britain, Bomber Command was acknowledged as

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Settling in at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library

BY ELIZABETH RAWITSCH AND BETH SOUTHARD,
UEA AMERICAN SCHOLARS

Happy New Year! It's been a busy couple of months here at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library! We have a number of projects underway, and it's difficult to decide where to begin sharing them!

We have continued to have good attendance at our monthly book group, and while opinions have been mixed, so far all the books have generated great discussion. Our group quite enjoyed *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Shipping News*, but were more crit-

ical of *Last Night at Twisted River* and *Cold Mountain*. We have already lined up the book selections for the rest of this year and hope to continue this successful and stimulating event.

In other book news, we have very much enjoyed creating monthly book displays which highlight American history and culture. Our "Wild West" display went down very well, focusing not only on the mythical cowboy but also on Native Americans and westward expansion. Currently we are celebrating the Oscars and American cinema and already making plans for an aviation themed display in the coming months.

The Norfolk Record Office (NRO) has organized an "American Memories Morning" in March to share selections from the 2nd Air Division's archive collection (newly catalogued as part of the Evelyn Cohen and Jordan Uttal Memorial Cataloguing Project) at the Archive Centre at County Hall, and we are excited to be taking part. Visiting members of the public will have the opportunity to reminisce about East Anglia during World War II and particularly about the "Friendly Invasion." Elizabeth plans to share some of her grandfather's memories about the two years that he was stationed in East Anglia with the 3rd Air Division. We are also collaborating with the NRO on a children's event about the U.S. Army Air Force during World War II for the spring.

In addition to the other events organised by the NRO, we are working on some events to be held in the Library. The first one is scheduled for April, a children's event that will focus on aviation during the war. We hope to have a story, a craft activity, and also a scavenger hunt in the library to help highlight the unique history of this space and also educate people about our collection. There is a second children's activity we are planning for the summer holidays which will link with the national summer reading event. And, continuing on the success of the "Wild

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"TO SEE OURSELVES": A day on the Memorial Library enquiry desk

BY JIM RAWLINGS, 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL LIBRARY



Recently after a day working in the Memorial Library I recalled a line from a Robert Burns poem, "*O would some power the gift to give us to see ourselves as others see us.*"

All of us at whatever level are justifiably proud of the concept of the Memorial Library and the service we deliver. We know instinctively that the service is appreciated and, if we were ever in any doubt, a quick view of the comments in our visitors' book would confirm our opinion....

"I never knew it was here, a fantastic place"

"Best library I have ever been in"

"Thanks for giving us a future"

"I learnt something today"

"Fascinating and thought provoking"

"Thanks for preserving the legacy"

"Outstanding"

However occasionally a day occurs that makes you step back and reflect on just how our customers see us. The Saturday in question was just such a day. It started with what we might consider a routine query for books on aircraft markings. It transpired that the enquirer was making a special visit from Lincoln (a round trip of two hundred miles) to consult our stock. He was soon to be involved in a world convention of plastic mod-

ellers and "had to get the markings just right" and was "truly amazed" at our stock coverage.

He was swiftly followed by a Dad who was delivering his daughter, from Northern Ireland, to the local University. He was a student himself studying for a PhD and had heard a rumour about the library and had checked it out on the website but "the reality exceeded his wildest expectations." He quickly "dumped" his daughter and returned to browse this "exceptional and unique" library. He maintained that it would be a great pleasure to visit his daughter in Norwich over the next three years so he could "enjoy" the library.

Finally a visitor from Surrey on the same day was "speechless" with admiration and quite strongly emphasized to me that he hoped I appreciated what a "great privilege" it was to be allowed to work in such a "fantastic and interesting place" (I do).

Comments like those I quote above are not unusual but the concentration within one working day did focus my thoughts. We never take our customers for granted and are always endeavouring to enhance and expand the service we deliver.

Recently a lady from Colchester (a round trip of 120 miles) asked me "Do you ever stop to think what help, support and entertainment you give to so many people and what a difference you make?" On that particular day, I certainly did. ■



HETHEL 389th Bomb Group Green Dragon Flares

BY FIELDER NEWTON

I thought the news of the 2ADA going on a Bermuda cruise for the September convention to be great! As you all have the information on hand, please consider joining us for this important gathering — it could be the last time we will be together. Decisions will be made in finalizing the procedures to shut down the longest and best association in the 8th Air Force.

Recently a friend e-mailed me the following information concerning Hitler's Stealth Bomber. I found it to be mind-boggling and want to share it with you. The following details are taken as written from the National Geographic website: <http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2009/06/090625-hitlers-stealth-fighter-plane.html>.

The full scale replica of the Ho 2-29 bomber was made with materials available in the 1940s. The stealth design was years ahead of its time. It was faster and more efficient than any other plan of the period and its stealth power did work against radar. Experts are now convinced that given a little bit more time, the mass deployment of this aircraft could have changed the course of the war.

The plane could have helped Adolf Hitler win the war. First built and tested in March of 1944, it was designed with greater range and speed than any plane previously built and was the first aircraft to use the stealth technology now deployed by the U.S. in its B-2 bombers. Thankfully Hitler's engineers only made three prototypes, tested by being dragged like a glider, and they were not able to build them on an industrial scale before the Allied forces invaded. From the Panzer tanks through the V-2 rocket, it has been long recognized that the Germans' technology was years ahead of the Allies. But by 1943, Nazi high command feared that the war was beginning to turn against them, and they were desperate to develop new weapons to help turn the tide.

Nazi bombers were suffering badly when faced with the speed and the maneuverability of the Spitfire and other Allied fighters. Hitler was also desperate to develop a bomber with the range and capacity to reach the United States. In 1943 Luftwaffe chief Hermann Goering demanded that the designers come up with a bomber that would meet his requirements, one that could carry 1,000 kg over 1,000 km flying at 1,000 km/h.

Two pilot brothers in their thirties, Reimar and Walter Horten, suggested the flying wing design they had been working on for years. They were convinced that its drag and lack of wind resistance would meet Goering's requirements. Construction on a prototype was begun in Gottingen, Germany in 1944. The center pod was made from welder steel pipe and was designed to be powered by a BMW 003 engine. The most important innovation was Reimar's idea to coat it in a mix of charcoal dust and wood glue. Inventors Reimar and Walter Horten inspired to build the Ho-29 were responsible for thousands of Luftwaffe pilots' deaths in the Battle of Britain. The 142-foot wingspan bomber was submitted for approval in 1944 and it would have been able to fly from Berlin to New York City and back without refueling, thanks to the blended wing design and six BMW 003A or eight Junker Jumbo 004B turbojets.

If you are looking for close calls in history, this puppy was almost deployed in WWII by Hitler. Reportedly, it could have flown from Berlin to New York City and BACK without refueling.



Some of the world's top stealth-aircraft experts created this full-size replica of the Horten 2-29. A Northrop Grumman team tested this re-creation of "Hitler's stealth fighter" against World War II style radar and determined that—intentionally or not—the Nazi plane would truly have been radar resistant.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDA REYNOLDS/FLYING WING FILMS



The Ho 2-29 replica with period-appropriate backdrop in a rented hangar used for historical re-creation scenes.

SOURCE: MYTH MERCHANT FILMS

Reimar thought the electromagnetic waves of radar would be absorbed and in conjunction with the aircraft's sculpted surface the craft would be rendered almost invisible to radar detectors. This was the same method eventually used by the U.S. in its first stealth aircraft in the early 1980s, the F-117A Nighthawk. The plane was covered in radar absorbent paint with high graphite content, which has a similar chemical makeup to charcoal. After the war the Americans captured the prototype Ho 2-29 along with blueprints and used some of their technological advances to aid their own designs. But experts always doubted claims that the Horten plane could actually function as a stealth aircraft. Now using the blueprints and the only remaining prototype craft, Northrop-Grumman (the defense firm behind the B-2) built a full-size replica of the Ho 2-29. This story on the stealth bomber gives us thoughts of what the Air Force and the UK would have been facing if the war had not ended as it did.



More and more of our comrades are folding their wings. Those of us from the 389th BG and PA Chapter of the 8th AFHS lost a good friend, John Morgan, after his long battle with cancer took him on his last flight. Our sympathy to all 389th families who have recently had loved ones fold their wings.

Stay healthy and keep 'em flying. ■

Hitler's Stealth Jet Bomber

REPRINTED FROM 8TH AF'S "BADGER NEWS"

Rebuilt by the Northrop Grumman Corp. in El Segundo and called the Horten 229, the radical "flying wing" fighter-bomber looked and acted a lot like the U.S. Air Force's current B-2 Spirit, right down to the stealth radar-evading characteristics. The aircraft was technologically decades ahead of its time. Could it have altered the course of the war? The question may never be answered. Fortunately for America and the rest of the world, it wasn't put into mass production before Nazi Germany surrendered in May 1945.

But American researchers boxed up and shipped home from Germany the prototypes and partially built planes that existed, and now the same company that builds the B-2 has rebuilt a Nazi jet bomber. Northrop Grumman Corp. spent its own time and money, using the original German blueprints, to replicate the wood-and-steel-tube bomber, right down to its unique metallic glue and paint.

Using radar of the same type and frequency used by British coastal defenses in World War II, the engineers and technicians found that a Horten 229, flying a few dozen feet above the English Channel, would indeed have been invisible to the Royal Air Force — an advantage that arrived too late for the Nazis to exploit. In January, the Northrop team tested the replica's ability to evade radar at the company's test range in the Mojave Desert. For the tests, the model was lifted 50 feet off the ground, but was not flown. The team consensus was that the aircraft indeed was stealthy.

The automation in Northrop's model shop allowed some production that would have taken months to build by hand, to be completed in several days. Some parts, like the engine, were recreated in plastic and coated with metallic paint to make it look like an engine to the radar. "Anytime we build models like this, we want them to replicate real articles as closely as possible," said Tom Dobrenz, one of Northrop's directors in the special technologies area. "So a lot of the techniques we have today will enable us to make things, whether it's wood or plastic or fiber plastics, accurate down to the hundredths and tenths of an inch."

This plane was the most advanced technology that the Germans had at the end of the war and was significantly better than anything flying operationally probably until the 1960s. ■



The recessed engines of Hitler's stealth fighter (replica shown at a California facility in late 2008) would have helped the plane avoid radar detection.

By World War II's final months, the Ho 2-29's designers had begun work on a larger version, the Horten 18. The 18 was meant to be an intercontinental bomber able to take the war to the U.S. mainland and even deliver an atomic bomb.

But by early 1945, aviation historian George Cully said, "The Germans had run out of pilots, petroleum, and time." PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BENTLEY/FLYING WING FILMS



Pictured at a U.S. government storehouse outside Washington, D.C., the only surviving Horten 2-29 is in the same state of partial completion as when it was discovered. During World War II, U.S. forces came across Hitler's stealth fighter when they captured a top secret facility in the woods near Frankfurt.

During the war's final days, the Ho 2-29 and other cutting edge Nazi aircraft were rounded up and shipped to the U.S. as part of Operation Seahorse. Today the plane resides at the National Air and Space Museum's Paul E. Garber Preservation, Restoration, and Storage Facility in Suitland, Maryland. — PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KATZMANN

SETTLING IN AT THE LIBRARY (continued from page 17)

West" display, we are planning an event for Adult Education Week on the American West in film and history.

We are also undertaking individual projects. Elizabeth has begun work on the Memorial Library's film collection. She is currently looking into ways to transfer the Memorial Library's VHS holdings onto DVD. With the help of the NRO, we are beginning to digitize some of our video and sound recordings, which we are gradually uploading to the Memorial Library's official YouTube page (<http://www.youtube.com/user/2admemoial>). We will also be developing both a blog and a Facebook page about the Memorial Library over the coming months.

Beth has been working along with Libby on a special project for 2012 which will highlight the historical and cultural ties between Norfolk and America from the seventeenth to the twentieth century. The project is a joint effort between the Memorial Library, the NRO and Norfolk County Council Cultural Services Department and will last from July to November, ending in a celebration of the 70th anniversary of the "Friendly Invasion." As a history major, Beth has been working to identify historical links such Pocahontas and John Rolfe's visit to his hometown of Heacham shortly before her death, the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln who emigrated from Hingham, and of course the stationing of several thousand Americans here in the 1940s!

All in all, it's been a busy few months. We look forward to seeing these projects through to fruition and continuing to promote and improve the Memorial Library and its services. ■

A 1950 RAF RECRUITMENT ADVERTISEMENT

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for YOU** →



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Because of rapid expansion the Royal Air Force urgently needs men to train for flying duties now. Pilots and navigators can be certain of commissions after initial training. Air signallers and air engineers fill top N.C.O. ranks. Pay is extremely good and there's extra flying pay. The R.A.F. offers everyone the chance of a full career. Find out more about it now.

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Please send details of Flying Careers in the R.A.F.
Applicants from U.K. only

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
AGE.....

★ IF YOU ARE 14-17 — AND KEEN — JOIN THE AIR TRAINING CORPS ★



LETTERS FROM ENGLAND (continued from page 16)

the only force capable of taking the war to Germany itself. But the first night raids proved relatively ineffective. The 1941 Butt Report showed that under the best of conditions – a full moon – only two in five crews got within five miles of their target, falling to only one of fifteen on moonless nights. Despite a huge commitment in men and raw materials, German industry rolled on.

A second reason, perhaps, is the personality of the man ultimately charged with prosecuting the ramped up area bombing policy, Sir Arthur Harris. Harris embraced the policy fully, and in word and deed sent his men to burn German cities, including the homes of workers who manned the factories, to the ground. He was so blunt and single-minded in pursuit of this goal that he earned the nickname "Bomber" Harris. The policy itself became so associated with him and his men that its origins were largely forgotten, and the moral consequences, supported by politicians and the public, were transferred to them as well.

But make no mistake. This type of warfare was official government policy, one which made perfect sense in the exigencies of the day. Following statistical methods, similar to those used by the U.S. in designing the campaign against Japan, Professor Frederick A. Lindemann (later Lord Cherwell) convinced Churchill that the quickest way to weaken Germany's ability to continue on the offensive and turn the tide was to leave the factory workers disorganized and homeless. The PM adopted the policy and Harris carried it out with his force.

A fighter pilot's memoir I once read noted the strain and fatigue felt by the fighter pilots. But he noted he felt most sorry for the bomber crews, who were pale and drawn, always feeling the strain of night operations. They stared for hours into the frigid darkness, looking for the faint flicker in front of a star, meaning that a German fighter was nearby and most likely closing with its cannon. Later in the war, aircrew thought the Germans had developed a "scarecrow" anti-aircraft shell, which, when it burst, looked exactly like a bomber blowing up. But the Germans had developed *schrage musik*, upward firing cannon which blew a bomber up so quickly there was no warning at all.

Bomber Command's offensive no doubt *was* terrible in both its implementation and its cost. Hundreds of thousands of airmen and tens of thousands of aircraft bombed German cities night after night, taking a horrific toll. On the other side of the ledger were more than 12,000 aircraft lost in flame and the deaths of 55,000 airmen – yielding the highest loss rate of any British military unit.

It is easy now to look back through "modern" eyes and condemn the carnage. But this is not about policy and commanders; it is about the young men who fell in flame and those who stared unblinking hour after hour, hoping to catch a possibly life-saving glimpse of a passing shadow. It is about young men, now grown old, who were doing no more than their country was asking. It is high time that these young men gain the recognition that their selfless efforts deserve.

If you agree, please visit and join the Facebook group, "Give Bomber Command a Campaign Medal." For a more complete treatment of the topic, see Max Hastings' 2008 paper on the "Mail Online" website. Supporting these and other people can result in the completion of some unfinished business. Until next time . . .

Keep shining through,

Reed

“Reading Across the Pond”

Reviewing the Memorial Library’s stock selection policy

BY LIBBY MORGAN, TRUST LIBRARIAN, 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL LIBRARY

“The things I want to know are in books; my best friend is the man who’ll get me a book I ain’t read.” — Abraham Lincoln

“I’m rather proud of the fact that I know several astronauts who became astronauts through reading my books.” — Arthur C. Clarke



If you’ve read Jim Rawlings’ article in this issue of the *Journal* (see page xx), then you might begin to appreciate the high regard that our customers have of the books that are stocked by the Memorial Library. It is a unique resource within UK public libraries, and people sometimes travel from long distances to consult the books we have on our shelves. To summarize the collection in one sentence — we have a collection of over 4,000 books covering all aspects of American life and culture, and a specialist collection devoted to the history of the 2nd Air Division in the Second World War.

Stock selection

Previously a responsibility of the Fulbright Librarians, stock selection is a task that is now shared by all the Memorial Library staffing team, who follow a written stock selection policy when choosing books to purchase for the collection. Newly published titles are picked up from book reviews in periodicals, magazines and newsletters, and various online sources. We are also happy to respond to suggestions from our library patrons.

Reviewing the selection policy

The current stock selection policy is now ten years old, dating back to when the new Memorial Library opened in The Forum in 2001. Last year I was asked to review the stock policy by the Library Sub-Committee, and recently produced a discussion paper for their January meeting. Although no major revisions were proposed, the following recommendations were approved by the Memorial Trust Governors at their meeting on 27 January 2011.

Recommendation	Why?
1. Stop purchasing new “reference” works in print format.	1) Expensive to replace. 2) Little used as people turn to the Internet to find out factual information. 3) Use money saved on purchasing new lending titles.
2. Whilst continuing to buy new titles in hardback, switch to buying more paperback titles where possible.	1) Better value for the money. 2) Users on the whole prefer to borrow paperbacks rather than hardbacks.
3. Provide an alternative way for people to find out about American life and culture, by stocking “classic” American literature (historic and contemporary authors) in paperback format.	1) Non-fiction book issues are on the decline as people are turning more often to online information sources than to non-fiction books. 2) Attempt to increase our issues (within Norfolk libraries, fiction titles issue twice as often as non-fiction). 3) Support high school students across Norfolk by including U.S. literature titles studied at GCSE and A-level. 4) Encourage new users to the Memorial Library — some library members do not read non-fiction. 5) Provide better access to U.S. literature not otherwise available to Norfolk residents.
4. Create an “Express USA” section, bringing together our stock of popular / bestseller paperbacks (fiction and non-fiction) in a new “quick choice” display.	A new way to promote our popular non-fiction (and fiction) stock, and make it easier for library users to find.

I suppose the biggest change to the policy is expanding the subject coverage to include American literature. We are hoping this will encourage new users to the Memorial Library, to learn about American life and culture, and to discover the history of the 2nd Air Division in the Second World War.

If anyone would like a copy of the stock policy discussion paper, please e-mail Libby Morgan at 2admemorial.lib@norfolk.gov.uk.

A COOL PIECE OF HISTORY: WWII Escape Tactics

REPRINTED FROM 490TH BG'S "BOMBS AWAY"

Starting in 1941, an increasing number of British airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the Crown was casting about for ways and means to facilitate their escape. Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where stuff was, but also showing the locations of "safe houses" where a POW on-the-lam could go for food and shelter.

Paper maps had some real drawbacks — they make a lot of noise when you open and fold them, they wear out rapidly, and if they get wet, they turn to mush. Someone in MI-5 (similar to America's OSS) got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched up into tiny wads and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise whatsoever. At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk and that was John Waddington, Ltd. When approached by the government,

the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort.

By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the UK licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly. As it happened, "games and pastimes" was a category of item qualified for insertion into "CARE packages" dispatched by the International Red Cross to prisoners of war.

Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW camps were. When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece. As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add:

- A playing token containing a small magnetic compass
- A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together

- Useful amounts of genuine high denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money!

British and American air crews were advised before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a "rigged" Monopoly set — by means of a tiny red dot cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch located in the corner of the Free Parking square.

Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWs who successfully escaped, an estimated one third were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British Government might want to use this highly successful ruse in still another future war. The story wasn't declassified until 2007 when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honored in a public ceremony.

It's always nice when you can play that "Get Out of Jail Free" card! ■

THE REPUBLIC P-47 THUNDERBOLT

BY COL. ROBERT S. JOHNSON

Pilots who flew the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt are haunted by feelings of anonymity. As one man wrote to his local aviation museum, "I was a P-47 pilot and flew a tour in Europe. The P-47 shot down more enemy aircraft and did more damage on the ground than any other fighter. In some books, the P-47 isn't even mentioned. In magazines that tout models, you see many replicas but never the P-47. People don't think of it as a 'pretty' aircraft, but many of them have not had the opportunity to see one in full flight."

I couldn't agree more, except I'd have to say that the Thunderbolt was never very pretty. It was an ugly brute, and one of the most wondrous and fearsome devices man has ever fashioned. The huge fighter earned its reputation through action, not its looks.

More than 15,000 Thunderbolts, often lovingly called "Jugs" by the men who flew them, were built — the most of any American fighter in history. They served in nearly every combat theater in WWII. It was the biggest, heaviest single-engine fighter



of the war, weighing more than a Ford Trimotor passenger plane.

Naysayers said the plane was too massive to fight with smaller German and Japanese planes, but seventeen of America's twenty-one top-scoring aces flew the Jug. The supercharged fighter could cruise more than seven miles high, and was amazingly powerful and fast at that altitude. When a Thunderbolt dove from high above, Axis flyers found escape almost

impossible. They were forced to fight or turn tail amidst a storm of lead.

The P-47 hefted eight .50 caliber machine guns into the sky, when most other fighters carried six or less. As Republic's media department said, the Thunderbolt had the "firepower to shatter an enemy fighter with a single burst."

The airplane could take it too. Pilots coaxed their beloved Thunderbolts home after hitting trees and high tension wires. Others left horrified crew chiefs counting dozens and sometimes hundreds of holes in the Jug's battered skin after a particularly hairy mission. Pilots called the plane a "Flying Bulldozer," a "Bucket of Bolts," or "The Iron Monster." They said you could fly through a brick wall and live. It turns out they were right.

This often overlooked predator of the skies could rip apart enemy planes, lug a ton of bombs into the air, ravage ground forces, and at the end of the day, hit a telephone pole and still bring its pilot home.

Does it matter that they weren't pretty?

Love and War at the Norfolk Record Office

BY HANNAH VERGE, NORFOLK RECORD OFFICE

Work continues on the Evelyn Cohen and Jordan Uttal Memorial Cataloguing Project at the Norfolk Record Office. Since the last report, Ellie Jones, project archivist, has now updated the catalogue for the 65th Fighter Wing, Women's Auxiliary Corps, and Headquarters. Significant recent additions to the archive also include correspondence concerning the making of George Wright's model aircraft, which are displayed at the Memorial Library in Norwich.

Since I am writing this around Valentine's Day, of particular interest are the memoirs, love letters and wedding photographs relating to GI brides and sweethearts back in America. As a county, Norfolk has a long tradition of sending valentine's cards and other Valentine's Day customs, including the ritual of Jack Valentine, who knocks on the door leaving his gifts for a family member and then disappears into thin air! It appears that some airmen also sent wartime valentines to their families, as well as sweethearts, including one V-mail valentine from Norman Johns, serving in the 491st Bomb Group, with a verse which says much about wartime conditions for American servicemen:

*As I sit here about to freeze
I wish that you were mine
I'm pleading between every sneeze
Asking if you'll be my
VALENTINE.*

The archive contains over one hundred memoirs, a few of which tell the stories of GI brides. It is estimated that more than 70,000 British women went to the United States with their American husbands after the war. They included Sybil Neale Billings from Norfolk, whose memoir records that she first met Billy Billings, of the 56th Fighter Group, on a blind date in May 1943, when officers threw a party for the men at The Lido dance hall on the Aylsham Road, Norwich. Love prevailed and they married in June 1944, moving to the United States after the war ended.

As well as written memoirs, the archive contains many sound recordings which have now been digitized for preservation and access. One records how Marvin Kite and his sweetheart Doris were married by transatlantic telephone in November 1946, followed by a formal ceremony when



she joined him in Georgia in March 1947.

There are also many love letters to sweethearts back in the United States which tell of the new life experienced by American servicemen in England. Lt Alfred Ronald Neumunz, 453rd Bomb Group, wrote to his "dearest Babs," in August and September 1944:

"For the first time I tried a few English Beers, worthless that they are.... It is for you, not the future generations as I've been told, that I'm so called fighting this war.... We live in a small shack that is overcrowded. The rain leaks through the roof, the beds are hard like stone.

Bicycles are the main mode of transportation, that is except for feet. We walk or ride miles to reach anything including bathroom facilities.... But it's home...."

The archive also contains some beautiful wedding photographs, but sadly, as in the photograph above, we do not always know the identity of the happy couple. If you do recognize this photograph, or would like further information about the project, please contact me, Hannah Verge, at The Norfolk Record Office, The Archive Centre, Martineau Lane, Norwich, NR1 2DQ, United Kingdom; Tel: 011 44 1603 222599; E-mail: norfrec@norfolk.gov.uk ■

Unable to decide whether to go to Salt Lake City or Denver for vacation, a man called the airlines to get prices.

"The airfare to Denver is \$300," said a cheery agent.

"And what about Salt Lake City?" he asked.

"We have a really great rate to Salt Lake," she said. "It's just \$99, but there is a stopover."

"Where?"

"In Denver."



WHAT THEY READ ABOUT US BACK HOME . . .

U.S. planes helping to forge chain of invincible air power

REPRINTED FROM THE DAILY NEWS, HUNTINGDON, PA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1943

SAN DIEGO, CA, SEPT. 21, 1943 — American planes are helping to force a chain of invincible air power that is linking Hitler to his doom, U.S. air commanders abroad said in special messages to Hugh Baillie, president of the United Press, who disclosed their comments yesterday in an address to 50,000 Consolidated Vultee Aircraft workers here.

Baillie, just back from a trip to England, North Africa and Sicily, spoke to the workers who make the Liberator bomber that is playing an active part in the aerial assault against the Axis.

One message from Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commander of the U.S. Eighth Air Force in England, said:

"You who build these great battleships of the air will have many occasions to be even more proud of your part in sending them into the air. Wingtip to wingtip with the Flying Fortresses, Thunderbolts and

Marauders, the Liberators are helping us to forge a chain of invincible air power that is linking Hitler to his doom."

Lieut. Gen. Carl Spaatz, commander of the northwest African air forces, cabled:

"B-24 Liberators from both the Ninth Air Force in the Middle East and the Eighth Air Force from the United Kingdom have augmented the bombing power of the northwest African air forces on many occasions. Those of the Ninth Air Force were coordinated with our heavy and medium bombers in the first raid on Rome, in a large scale attack on the big German air base at Foggia and a number of others. For many months B-24s from Africa have been making separate attacks on certain targets. They have greatly increased our strength in this theater. Crews and planes have done a splendid job on all occasions. My congratulations to the workers of Consolidated Aircraft who have built them."

Brig. Gen. Victor H. Strahm, chief of staff of the Ninth U.S. Air Force with headquarters in Cairo, said in his special message to Baillie:

"To my mind there has been no weapon available to our forces in this war of which we can be more proud than our Consolidated-built Liberators. From desert bases of the U.S. Ninth Air Force, here in the Middle East, they have struck at the enemy — first, along the North African coastline where they disrupted communications and supply lines and later on the European mainland where Axis port and rail facilities and airdromes felt the devastating weight of their attack."

Baillie also read messages from United Press correspondents in England, North Africa and the Middle East who have been covering the story of the ever-increasing aerial attack against the Axis.

(continued on page 26)

WHAT THEY READ ABOUT US BACK HOME . . .

LIBERATORS POUND INVASION COAST

Pace of aerial attack slowed by bad weather

BY WALTER CRONKITE, UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

REPRINTED FROM THE MONESSEN DAILY INDEPENDENT, MONESSEN, PA, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 6, 1944

LONDON, MAY 6 — (UP) — American Liberators fought their way through the worst spring gales in years today to pound Germany's anti-invasion defenses in Northern France and sent the war's greatest air offensive into its 20th straight day. Defying weather that grounded most Allied planes, the four-engined bombers of the 8th Air Force sent another cargo of block busters crashing down on "military installations" in the Pas de Calais area across the Straits of Dover from England, a USAAF communiqué announced.

Mustangs, Lightnings and Thunderbolts of both the 8th and 9th Air Forces escorted the Liberators. At least two formations of bombers and fighters roared over London at breakfast time and later were heard crossing the Channel above clouds. It was the 8th Air Force's 15th operation in 15 days and 19th in 20 days.

In the Mediterranean theater, RAF Halifaxes and Wellingtons attacked railway yards and oil storage tanks at Campina, 19 miles northwest of Ploesti, Rumania, in the pre-dawn darkness today. The raid, the first by RAF night bombers on the Rumanian oil fields, followed daylight attacks yesterday by American Flying Fortresses and Liberators on the Ploesti railway yards and the Danubian communications center of Turner Severin just below the Iron Gate.

Though American and British planes have been over Western Europe every day and night since April 17, the scale of their attacks has dwindled in the past week because of gradually-worsening weather. Only a few hundred planes at most participated in yesterday's raids on France, while last night's RAF operations were confined to mine laying and a Mosquito patrol over southern France where three

Junkers 88s were shot up on airfields at Mont-de-Marsan, 70 miles south of Bordeaux. Coastal reports said winter conditions returned to the Dover Straits last night, with gales reaching an intensity of 60 miles an hour, rain squalls blotting out visibility, and the temperature dropping many degrees in a few hours.

The American and British air forces based in Britain barely managed to reach 10,000 sorties in the past week, less than the total recorded in three days of the previous week. American heavy bombers have not been out in large force since their raid on Berlin a week ago, though the RAF managed two large-scale attacks on anti-invasion targets in France. Travelers returning to Spain from France were quoted by Radio Ankara as reporting that Allied air attacks already had reduced the mobility of German troops 50 percent. ■

Research for Tomorrow

REPRINTED FROM "PLANE TALK," CIRCA 1943-1944

Our age is the first in history when men experienced sensations the human race never experienced before. These include traveling at high speed, descending to the depths of the ocean, and rising to the outer realms of the earth's air envelope.

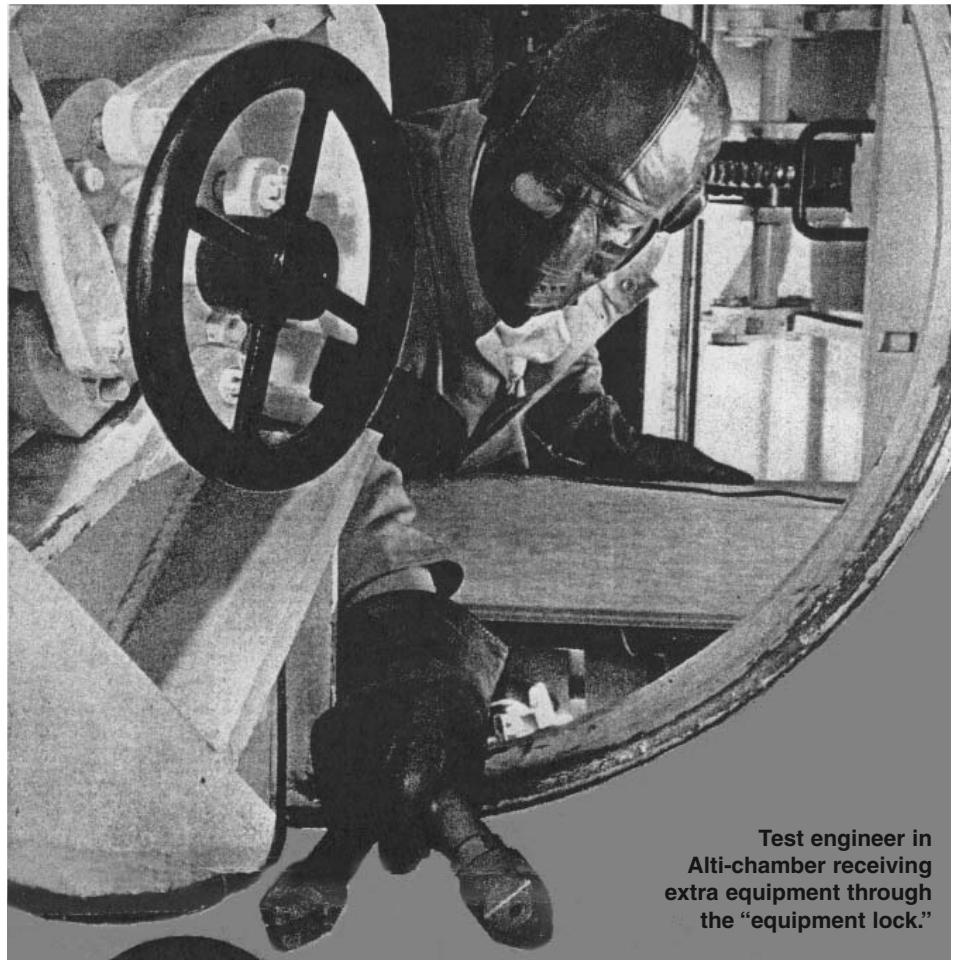
The great new alti-chamber that Consolidated Vultee has built at San Diego is one of the ways devised to study the effects of such a new experience on the human organism. Similarly, a hot and cold room has just been completed at Vultee Field, to permit engineers to study the effects of temperature changes ranging from 150° to -100°F.

We have already learned some fascinating things about altitude changes. For instance, sinus trouble is often relieved and the sinus passages drained when a sufferer is put in the negative air pressure prevailing at 10,000 feet. But new troubles can be induced. For example, pilots with fillings in their teeth have recently developed a toothache at high altitudes; but on landing they cannot tell where the pain was and the X-ray does not help. Present treatment is to remove the metal fillings and substitute new ones over a non-conductive cement base.

The air pressure of 14.7 pounds per square inch at sea level declines to 2.17 pounds per square inch at 40,000 feet above the earth. Hence the growing shortage of oxygen for the human organism as man ascends, and the need for oxygen masks without which anoxia develops – an illness that first lulls the senses, then dulls the judgment, then sends the victim to his fate unknowing. Or madness may sweep the mind.

At 10,000 feet the flyer usually adjusts the valve to breathe 30% oxygen through his mask. At 20,000 feet he will want 50% oxygen. At 33,000 feet he must have it 100% pure. At higher levels even this is not sufficient and the 100% pure oxygen must be driven into the blood under pressure.

Many things we already know – such as that "bends" can develop from too rapid a change in pressure for airmen, just as for divers; the cause seems to be the bubbling of the nitrogen in the blood. And many things are yet to be learned. To help discover them, the great reinforced ten-ton altitude chamber at San Diego has been built for research. Here the air pressure can be adjusted to simu-

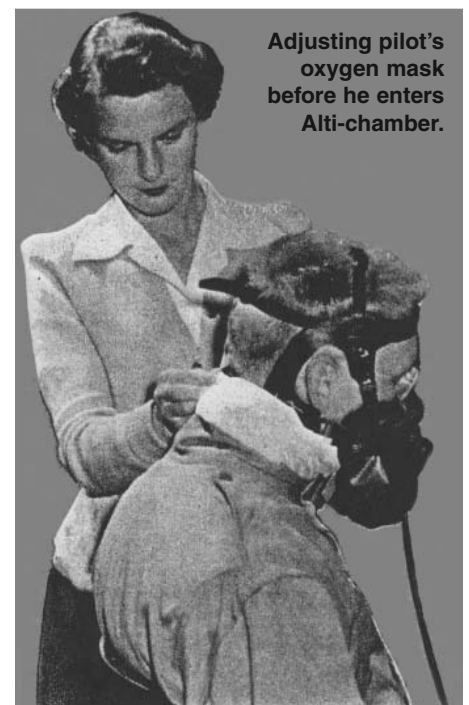


Test engineer in Alti-chamber receiving extra equipment through the "equipment lock."

late any altitude; similarly, the air temperature can be correspondingly reduced to the low temperatures prevailing high above the earth. Such temperatures can seriously affect plane performance: the hydraulic fluid usually used in planes freezes at -50°F, for instance; gasoline freezes at -90°F, and rubber becomes as brittle as glass.

Pilots come to the alti-chamber for training in the use of oxygen equipment and for testing of their physical responses to high altitudes. Here engineers test materials, equipment and instruments for performance under stratospheric conditions. And here is conducted the aero-medical research that is being done for Consolidated Vultee by Dr. H.F. Helmholtz, Jr. and Dr. A. Randolph Sweeney, who were both previously associated with the Mayo Aero Medical Unit.

The flying of tomorrow will be faster, safer and more comfortable because of such research being conducted today. ■



Adjusting pilot's oxygen mask before he enters Alti-chamber.

Author's Note: The following was my contribution to the final evening of the 489th reunion in Oklahoma City, October 1992.

Everybody has heard how much higher and faster the B-24 could fly than the B-17, how many more bombs it could carry, and the battle damage it could sustain. This paper is about the little known attributes of the Liberator: its amenities or lack thereof.

In the late 1930s and the early 1940s, if you bought an automobile that was "loaded" you got a car with a radio and a heater and neither one worked very well. The 1940s B-24 also came with a radio and heater and neither one worked very well. Although the operational altitude was between 18,000 and 27,000 feet, the B-24 was not pressurized. The crew was expected to fight and survive in an oxygen-starved sub-zero environment. Recognizing these extreme conditions, we dressed accordingly. First we put on our long underwear, then an electric heated suit, and then the flight suit. Because we didn't trust the heated suit, we donned fleece-lined pants, a jacket, and boots. After that came the Mae West life vest, parachute harness, and flak vest. Fleece-lined boots and helmet followed, topped off with a steel helmet. We were now ready for war.

A few hours into the mission, the beer we drank the night before became a pressing problem. The B-24 relief facilities consisted of a funnel-shaped device attached to a rubber tube that exited the aircraft. This device worked reasonably well until the design engineers, and perhaps an environmentalist, felt that the fluid should be captured and placed in a rubber bag under the floor. When the urge for relief became acute, we would begin the process of exposing the area demanding relief.

The "Luxurious" B-24 Bomber

BY WILL PLATE (489TH)

As we worked our way through the many layers of clothing, the frigid air reached the sought after area before we did, and the object of the search went into hiding behind our heart.

After much coaxing, the process of relief began. Suddenly we realized that the fluid was not exiting and found that the tube had frozen. We were not completely relieved yet, and here we stood not knowing what to do. The solution was to suck it up and wait until we landed. I don't know how the rest of the crew handled that problem, but from then on the co-pilot and I used a bomb fuse can. The fuses came in cans about 16 inches long and two inches in diameter with lids. I would set the can beside my seat, and when I had finished using it, I just placed the lid on it knowing that it would instantly freeze and would not spill on the flight deck.

On almost every mission, Sandy Gaylord, our navigator, had to relieve his bowels. He would spread a map on the nose wheel and then go through the gymnastics of exposing the critical area and dropping a deposit on the map paper. He claimed that it was medically important to know that the deposit instantly froze. When the nose wheel doors were opened for landing, that paper and the deposit were blown from the aircraft and forgot-

ten. Eventually the local citizens began to see a strange type of blackberry bush growing on the common grounds. It was finally identified as a berry that is grown in the Eastern United States. It was a puzzle for many years how these strange berries got on an English common. On one of his later visits to England, Sandy spoke of the method of relief he used many years ago. Someone asked Sandy if he was ever served blackberry cobbler in the mess hall when he was there in 1944. Sandy said he was sure that he had eaten some blackberry pie while he was stationed there. Finally the English folks had the answer to the blackberry bush puzzle – Sandy had eaten the cobbler, and then relieved himself on the nose wheel doors and the deposit landed on the common when the wheels were extended.

During a reunion in Kentucky, Ray Alnor, the ball turret gunner, related his experience. Like Sandy, he went through the gymnastics of undressing in the frigid atmosphere looking for a place to make his deposit. He spied a box near the bomb bay doors and made his deposit in it. There was no smell problem as we were wearing oxygen masks and the deposit was frozen. After we completed the mission and had descended to a lower level, the oxygen masks were removed and the deposit began to thaw and smell. Ray looked out of the window and couldn't see any airplane near us, so he heaved the box out and forgot about it. While debriefing he heard a pilot shout, "If I ever find that S.O.B. that threw that box out the window, I will kill him!" It seems the box landed on the pilot's window of an airplane below and behind us. Since the B-24 didn't have windshield wipers, the co-pilot had to land the airplane. (Ray didn't tell me this until 1992.) ■

WHAT THEY READ ABOUT US BACK HOME *(continued from page 24)*

Walter Cronkite, assigned to American aerial activities in Britain, cited incidents from the raids on Europe to illustrate the ruggedness and staying power of Liberators. Sidney J. Williams of the UP London bureau reviewed the vital part Liberators and Catalinas have played in the war against U-boats in the Atlantic. Richard D. McMillan, at Allied headquarters in North Africa, cabled that Liberators had played an important part in turning the tide against Marshal Erwin Rommel at El Alamein. Walter Collins of the UP Cairo Bureau reported that Liberators from that theater had been especially effective in raids against Italian ports.

Brig. Gen. Strahm said in his message that Liberators had participated in three actions which would be considered outstanding when the aerial history of the war comes to be written: the raids against military targets in Rome, the low-level attack upon the Ploesti refineries, and the destructive raid on the Messerschmitt plant at Wiener Neustadt.

"I have often wished, Mr. Baillie," Strahm cabled, "that the men and women back home could sit beside the pilot of one of those ships, as with engines churning up a cloud of desert dust, it takes on a ten-hour mission deep into enemy territory. At such a time the pilot always

wonders if the ship will return safely. But an instant later his faith in his ship and in the conscientious craftsmanship of the people who built it asserts itself and he heads confidently off for the target. And if his mission is a tough one and his battered ship heads toward home with the lives of pilot and crew hanging on one slender thread of a well finished rivet or a well tightened nut, I am sure that as he searches the horizon anxiously for a sight of home there is in him a great sense of gratitude toward those Americans who far from the smoke and clash of battle build the finest aircraft they know how to hasten the day of peace." ■

“Lil’ Max” Memorial – “Our” B-24

Rijswijk, The Netherlands

BY BILL DAVENPORT (446TH)

Author’s Note: It is heartwarming to know that our efforts are still appreciated by some of the folks who dedicate monuments to our fellow crew members. This has occurred ten times for the 446th BG.



On September 27, 2010, Jean, Guide Dog Aunyx, and I had the honor of representing the members of the 446th Bomb Group Association to say “Dank U Well,” – “Thanks,” for remembering one of ours. “Lil Max,” a B-24 Liberator, and its crew crashed in Rijswijk, The Netherlands, on September 26, 1944. The monument was erected by the community led by historian Bart Tent, retired oilman. It was unveiled in 2009, 65 years after the crash. Students from the local Shalom School have adopted this memorial as a project and will be responsible for its up-keep in future years, and they will have a brief remembrance program on the anniversary of the crash each year, as is customary in Europe.

The aircraft of the 446th Bomb Group, 705th Squadron, 8th Army Air Force from Flixton, England was returning from a mission to the Hamm, Germany marshalling yard where it received severe flak damage. Pilot Gill’s crew had two men killed and five became POWs, while through the assistance of the Dutch underground four evaded capture.

The monument rededication program consisted of a description of the reasons for the monument by Bart Tent. A program by the students of the Shalom School included original poems in Dutch and English read by the young poets. The Mayor, Mrs. Ineke van der Wel-Markerink, accepted the plaque for placement in the City Hall along with other awards from Bill Davenport who represented the 446th Bomb Group Association. The Mayor praised the Association for the plaque and for our thoughtfulness in coming to say thanks. After this brief ceremony, several attendees also came forward to express their appreciation for our coming to say thanks.

A number of folks who were there during the war years related their memories of the crash and events following. It was a truly humbling and at the same time honoring experience for Jean and I.

This is the tenth monument erected in



Above, clockwise: Bart Tent and Bill Davenport at “Lil’ Max” Monument; Bill Davenport and Rijswijk Mayor van der Wel-Markerink with WWII escape map; Shalom School students, caretakers of the monument. Below: Plaque presentation (L-R): Bill Davenport, Bart Tent, and Mayor van der Wel-Markerink.



Europe by the local communities to commemorate a 446th Bomb Group crew. Others in the Netherlands are located at Eemnes, Soesterburg Royal Dutch Aviation Museum, and Barendrecht. In France at Shoeneck, Barenbach, Marclac, and Isles of Chaussey. In England at Rumburgh, and this past June at Margate.

In 1985 when the Association was founded to perpetuate the memory and the deeds of the 446th Bomb Group by its members, the recognition by those who were the beneficiaries of its efforts had not dreamed of becoming a major accomplisher of its purpose.

Thanks, Merci and Dank U Well. ■

WAR IN THE ETHER

REPRINTED FROM "FLYPAST," MARCH 2011

Bill Cahill introduces the work of the "Ferrets," electronic warfare Liberators shadowing the USAAF's B-29 onslaught on Japan

As the USAAF prepared to unleash waves of 20th Air Force Boeing B-29 Superfortresses to bomb the Japanese mainland, some questions remained unanswered. In October 1944, little was known about the air defenses awaiting them. Based on Saipan and Guam, the U.S. Twenty-First Bomber Command (XXI BC) decided that the Empire's radars needed mapping before the bombers found out the hard way. This project became the domain of the "Ferrets."

Imperial Japanese Army (IJA) air defenses of the Home Islands centered on a protective ring of radars providing early warning of an impending raid. They were deployed in limited numbers in chains stretching across western China and along the Chinese coast to monitor bombers flying in from India. The majority were concentrated on the Home Islands of Honshu and Kyushu, with outlying posts on the Nampo Shoto island chain.

In 1942, an initial lackluster series of searches was conducted using a Boeing B-17E Flying Fortress. The following year the USAAF modified a Consolidated B-24 Liberator with radar receivers as part of Project FERRET. It was tasked with investigating radars on Kiska. Though this was successful, it was eight months before the USAAF returned to this task.

Even with the deployment of new "Ferrets" and the incorporation of radar receivers into B-29s of the 20th, by late 1944 the intelligence gathered on what the Home Island had in store was still paltry.

With Washington's agreement, the 20th Air Force authorized the augmentation of the XXI BC's long range photo-reconnaissance squadron, the F-13-equipped 3rd PRS, with four primary and two reserve Ferrets to form a Radio Countermeasures (RCM) flight. (The F-13 was a strategic reconnaissance version of the B-29.)

SPECIAL LIBERATORS

Scheduled to leave the USA on December 24, specially modified B-24J *Ferret 6* was to be followed up with five additional examples on or about February 17, 1945. After conversion at Fairfield Air Depot, Ohio, the Liberator was assigned to Eglin Field, Florida, for crew training before departing California on January 5, 1945. Upon arrival at Hickam Field, Hawaii, *Ferret 6* was delayed for minor modification and additional training flights, arriving at Guam



"Ramp Champ" was one of three B-24M "Ferrets" assigned to the 3rd PRS.

PHOTO: BARRY GILKES VIA STEVE BIRDSALL

on February 23.

Five B-24Ms were delivered to Fairfield in early January 1945 and within three weeks were ferried to Eglin for training prior to moving to the Pacific. Four departed for Guam in mid-February 1945 with one staying behind at March Field, California, for a new training course.

The four B-24Ms met up with *Ferret 6* at Guam in late February 1945, though this number quickly dropped after one of the M-models was wrecked in a training sortie. The quartet was assigned to Guam's Air Depot for modification work to bring them up to theatre standards. As *Ferret 6* was intended to fly mainly at night, its defensive armament was reduced to just flexible tail guns. The B-24Ms left on April 27 with the J-Model following almost a month later.

FLIGHT 'R'

The 3rd PRS and its attached RCM Flight (referred to as Flight 'R') fell under the control of the 20th Air Force but day-to-day charge was initially handled by the Countermeasures Air Analysis Center, a unit designed to monitor Japanese radars for the XXI BC, the 7th Air Force and the U.S. Navy. Even with the fine facilities of the CAAC available, XXI BC needed to know more than what pure radar reconnaissance could provide.

The plan drafted in December 1944 em-

phasized the need to intercept enemy air-ground communications to better understand Japanese fighter direction tactics. Early efforts centered on receivers operated by a RCM observer on one to two B-29s in each squadron. This immediately ran into problems with equipment installation and non-Japanese speakers sifting through radio chatter to determine what was worth recording.

While some minor successes occurred in February 1945 with post-mission translation by Japanese-American (Nisei) linguists, a better solution was required. Guam Air Depot added voice recorders and seats in the former navigator's position in the nose of the Ferrets to allow two radio intercept operators to work receivers.

After emerging from the Air Depot at the end of April, the B-24Ms flew a series of check flights and RCM calibration sorties against friendly radars. After aircraft and crews were declared fit, the combat debut of Flight 'R' was to map the Nampo Shoto chain between Iwo Jima and Japan.

LISTENING OUT

The first operational mission was on May 18 with B24M 44-41981 flying for 14½ hours against installations at Haha Jima. The long transit north from Guam and over Iwo Jima limited the Liberator to three hours of circling the target area, prescribing a rectangle approximately 15

miles (24km) off the coast. The second 3rd PRS patrol was flown six days later to the same locale.

The tempo was low as crews were also performing calibration and training sessions. This changed during the last week of May when Flight 'R' managed a trio of missions in three days, two revisiting Haha Jima. On May 29, B-24M 44-41991 reached out to Aogashima at the north end of the Nanpo Shoto chain. While not confirmed, the Ferret very likely staged through Iwo Jima to give adequate range and endurance.

Flight 'R's first month of combat ended with *Ferret 6* returning from depot. While only five missions were flown, the results were trickling in. Radars plotted had their positions confirmed by photography and details were passed on to Iwo Jima-based North American P-51 Mustangs for destruction.

On June 2, the now familiar track up the Nanpo Shoto to Tori Shima was staged, taking 17 hours. A lack of activity confirmed the idea that radar-recces should be coordinated with B-29 strikes, thereby tempting the defenses to turn their scanners on.

Missions to Hachijyo Jima, Tori Jima, and Aogashima, some lasting up to 19½ hours, included the debut of B-24J *Ferret 6*. Results varied with weather impacting on collection efforts and flights were still not synched with B-29 strikes.

IN THE WAKE OF B-29s

Combined flights came on June 9 as B-29s struck against Nagoya, Akashi and Narao, and the Ferret flew up to Aogashima to confirm radar locations and activity in northern Nanpo Shoto. Two Ferrets were launched to support a B-29 raid on Osaka on the 15th. Although there were only ten missions in June, the Flight was preparing for a higher tempo by



Two RCM operators in their cramped quarters in the former bomb bay.

confirming tactics for integration with B-29 raids and staging through Iwo Jima to enable the overloaded B-24s to reach the Home Islands.

By the end of June, Flight 'R' crews had developed a routine. CAAC assigned a Ferret against a location to identify, or confirm suspected sites, and every effort was made to synchronize with planned XXI BC attacks to ensure the Japanese radars were active.

If flying north over the Nanpo Shoto, RCM observers verified any received signals matching the known order of battle. Once the Ferret arrived at its mission location, the real work started.

Observers listened for radar wave transmissions and once one was found they used a direction finder to get a 'fix' on its point of origin. After landing and maintenance debrief, the crews crawled into their racks for a well deserved sleep. The next day the operators spent four to five hours plotting the fixes and writing up a report.

Two sorties during the night of July 2-3 marked the debut of Flight 'R' off the Home Islands with B-24s off the coasts of Honshu and Shikoku to support B-29 strikes. This was followed with a three



Detail of an unknown B-24 "Ferret." Some of the modifications visible include additional windows and antennas for the APR-4 and APR-5 receivers.

sortie effort alongside a raid by 500 B-29s against central and southern Honshu on July 6-7. The Ferrets orbited along the southern coast of Honshu, reporting good radar and radio intercepts.

After a nine-day rest, three more sorties were staged over the night of July 16-17 as B-29s hit Honshu and Kyushu. One Ferret was positioned off Hamamatsu while the others were off the east coasts of Kyushu and Shikoku. Three-ship sorties were staged three more times in July.

TOWARDS THE END

Flight 'R' wrapped up a busy week with a 25-hour flight by *Ferret 6* off Hamamatsu on August 2, shadowing B-29s bound for Honshu. There were two missions on August 6, with the Ferrets pulling out about the same time as three B-29s took off from Tinian on a world-changing sortie to Hiroshima.

Despite the atomic bomb, the war continued and two single missions were flown, one on August 8 off Kyushu and one the next day off Shikoku. On the 10th, two B-24Ms and *Ferret 6* flew to Guam in preparation for a sortie on the 11th, but this was scrubbed.

A trio of Ferrets was in the air again, this time to support daytime B-29 strikes to Hikari, Osaka and Marifu on the 14th. The crews recovered at Iwo Jima for a quick rest, flying back to Guam on the following day to complete their last combat sorties — the war was over.

In its six-month existence, Flight 'R' flew four of the most advanced electronic reconnaissance aircraft on 42 combat sorties. The Ferrets introduced both the USAAF and the U.S. industry to the technology required to wage a war in the ether. This experience helped to prepare America for the merging "Cold War" with the USSR; a conflict in which data like frequencies and band-width coupled with nuances such as controller "signatures" would prove vital. ■



B-24M 44-41985 after its crash shortly after delivery to Guam.

USAF's First UAV Fighter Wing Is Now in Place

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The United States Air Force first reported back in March 2008 that it was close to forming an entire Fighter Wing made up of Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (aka 'Drones'), or UAVs.

By August 2008, it was reported that the 174th Fighter Wing would replace all F-16 Fighting Falcon fighter aircraft with MQ-9 Reaper unmanned combat aircraft.

In March of this year, the last two F-16Cs departed Hancock Field, marking the end of F-16 aircraft operations at the base. Aircraft 85-1570 and 85-1561 made three low passes for the assembled crowd gathered to commemorate the end of manned aviation at the Syracuse ANG base. The unit then transitioned to the remotely piloted MQ-9 Reaper.

Now completed, the transition from manned to unmanned aircraft makes the 174th the first fighter wing to solely operate UAVs.

MQ-9 REAPER

In terms of cost comparisons, a Reaper comes in at approximately 33 percent as much as an F-16, and associated fuel costs are 99 percent less. The Reaper's service ceiling is 50,000 feet. In terms of weapons, it can carry Paveway Laser-guided bombs and/or Hellfire air-to-ground missiles, while the duration of airborne missions can exceed 28 hours.

The original 174th Fighter Wing's F-16 pilots are now trained in how to operate the Reaper, but while they will be capable of operating it from within the U.S., ground crews tasked with maintaining the craft now travel with it when deployed to foreign shores.

MANNED, UNMANNED AIRCRAFT

While the manned-to-unmanned transition is a significant one in terms of the development of UAVs, it does not yet signal the beginning of the end for traditional, piloted aircraft. Aircraft like the F-16 will continue to have an active and direct air combat role due, in part, to their speed over UAVs and their ability to reach the battle zone quickly. The Reapers, therefore, will work alongside other types, flying over target areas at altitude and dropping bombs/ firing missiles as required.

FUTURE UAVS DESIGNS

The USAF is integrating UAVs into its fleet more and more, and this trend is set to continue into future years. According to the newly-issued Unmanned Aerial Vehicles Systems (UAVS) Update document, a



The Reaper is 36 feet long, has a wingspan of 20 feet, a normal service ceiling of 50,000 feet, at speeds of up to 250 mph, and can stay in the air for up to 28 hours. Unit cost is around \$8,000,000.

comprehensive program of future UAVS designs are planned. Pilotless fighter, bomber and air-refueling aircraft are already being developed and some have already been put into service. The inclusion of the word 'Systems' into the name signifies the fact that as this area of focus matures, it has come to the attention of the upper echelon of the Armed Services has come to realize that an extensive ground crew is required, including radar detection at various strategic locations around the world and additional strategic sites for ground spotting. These additional requirements create an overall 'System.' The document adds that these UAVS would function in tandem with conventional, piloted types. One of the highlighted benefits of UAVS are airstrikes that can be carried out more precisely and, thus, fewer civil-

ian deaths caused than those associated with standard aircraft.

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGY

According to some sources, however, the increased use of UAVS could have a psychological effect on operators, as Colonel Albert K. Aymar explained to the *Boston Globe*. "When you come in at 500-600 miles per hour [i.e. in a manned aircraft], drop a 500-pound bomb and then fly away, you don't see what happens," he said. When, though, a missile is fired by a UAV, "you watch it all the way to impact, and I mean it's very vivid," Aymar added. "So it does stay in people's minds for a long time." Consequently, the USAF is reported to have acquired the services of workers that deal with psychological themes — psychologists and therapists among them. ■



Letters to My Wife

BY CAPT. GILBERT E. SCHULZE (458TH)

Ed. Note: The following wartime letters from Capt. Gilbert E. Schulze to his wife were submitted to the Journal by his daughter, Helene Schulze Dondero. Capt. Schulze was the pilot of "Admirable Little Character," Crew 47 of the 458th Bomb Group, 754th Squadron at Horsham St. Faith. He flew 31 missions in 1944, including Berlin and D-Day, with no injuries to the crew nor loss of ship. From 9-12-44 to 10-12-44 he was Field Inspector, 96th Wing, with his duty to inspect various airfields in France to accommodate bombers hauling gas from England for the ground troops. It was on one of these trips that he visited Paris and flew through the Eiffel Tower (see picture on page 38 of the Fall/Winter 2010 Journal). After Schulze completed his missions, he was appointed as instructor of replacement crews and Assistant Group Operations Officer.

September 12, 1944 (Tuesday)
ENGLAND

Gen, Dear:

Last night Capt. Butch Lamars and I went to town for a movie. We saw that one about pre-war Poland that you wrote to me about. Have forgotten the name, but it was very good.

We had a box of K-rations upon returning, and I was just undressing to get into bed and write to you when I was called to the phone. Major Hinckly wanted me at the Wing War Room, Hdqts., immediately. I dashed over there and learned that I had been chosen out of all the officers on this base for a particular job. That was a thrill, but a bigger one came upon finding out what the job was to be. It's a hum-dinger, and I'll tell you more about it later, if I can.

It is 2:30 am right now, and I'm packed and ready to go, but need some sleep, for I'm to be awakened at 5:00 am and takeoff is at 7:00 am. I don't know how my mail will reach you, but in case you don't hear from me for awhile, please don't worry.

Honey, I'll keep you posted as much as possible, and I'm sorry I can't tell you more now. One clue to wonder about is that I'll not be flying a B-24, and wouldn't it be great if I ran into Bruce? A prayer for both of us.

And love from your husband, Gil.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈



September 13, 1944 (Wednesday)
Somewhere in FRANCE

Hello, Mademoiselle:

This is your vagabond Pee-lot sending you a kiss (haven't learned the French word for that yet), and a big hug with all my love. How are you, Gen? I miss you so much, and for a thousand different reasons.

Gen, dear, I know you are anxious to learn what I'm doing and where I am, but for obvious reasons, I can't tell you everything. However, I'll try to give you an inkling of what's cooking. It will be brief, for I'm dead tired. We landed just before dark and I'm dirty and in need of a bath before turning in for the night.

T.O time was 7:00 am yesterday morning. We threw our clothes and field equipment into the back of our C-61 and took off for southern England. The plane is a single engine monoplane Fairchild, 200 hp. It's similar to the Waco at Hogan's airport and cruises about 90 to 100 mph. Sgt. Kelly, my crew chief, is riding with me. We refueled in southern England before starting across the Channel. Due to the small capacity of the gas tank, I wanted to make sure we had enough to cross the widest part of the Channel. Truthfully, Gen, I was a bit scared when we headed out to sea, being used to four engines and several thousand gallons of gas. This little old single put-put and 60 gallons of fuel seemed mighty meager. Halfway across,

though, I got my confidence back, and when we buzzed over the cliffs of France, I was ready to swear by our little C-61.

This was an excellent opportunity to brush up on my pilotage navigation. Believe me, Honey, this is beautiful country with nice farms and forests. We followed a river from the coast in to our destination. After landing I reported for duty to the Commanding General of the 9th A.F. I am presently on detached service acting as a Liaison Officer between the 9th A.F. Hdqts. in France and the 96th Wing, 8th A.F. in England.

Our B-24s are hauling supplies from England to the troops here in France, and my job is to inspect certain airfields where supplies are needed. I make sure the fields I pick are suitable to handle the bombers – long enough runways, perimeter strips are OK for unloading supplies and for repairs, etc. Will be working with the Brass Hats, and travelling all over.

While at Headquarters we will live like kings, but when travelling, will live on K-rations, carry our own water in the plane, and sleep in bedrolls if necessary. We have seen the destruction that we and others have done over here. It's not a nice sight, but we did a good job of it.

More later, Honey. Gil

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

September 18, 1944 (Monday)
FRANCE and BELGIUM

Bonjour, Madame:

Quel est Gil's joli femme? In fine spirits, I hope. Honey, sooooo much has been going on since I last wrote you that I've not had time to write since. If you'll put your arms around me and hang on tight, I'll start reeling off the news.

After having a conference with the big wigs of the 9th AAF, Capt. Hoffman and I flew up to inspect an airfield in northern France. Bob Hoffman is over here for the same reason I am, except he represents the 2nd Wing. The field we inspected was OK for heavy bombers and they are now using it. We came back to Hdqts. and that evening we got a room in a rather nice hotel but it had no beds and no hot water. We slept in our bedrolls.

Next day, Capt. Hoffman went north while Kelly and I flew east to inspect Field #63. It was long enough, but had an

(continued on next page)

LETTERS TO MY WIFE

(continued from page 31)

obstruction on the approach and was grass. We found the runways no good for our planes. We ate K-rations for lunch, picked up some gas, then headed for St. _____. I lost the map of this area, but thought by following the one highway, we could get there without any trouble. So we flew off the map and then picked up the road going to our destination. Well, the road went through a town that had been bombed to the ground. In looking down at the destruction we evidently picked up the wrong road out of town, for after about 30 minutes flying time we had not come to our field, soooo — we were lost.

I saw a contingent of army men below playing baseball in an alfalfa field, so I circled and landed. I no sooner stopped rolling when droves of G.I.s surrounded the plane asking questions. "What state are you from? Got any souvenirs? How about a ride?" These men had been up in the front lines and had been brought back about 30 miles behind the lines for a rest. While they wrote their names all over the plane and asked questions, I was trying to find out where I was. Finally they told me, but all wanted a ride. I settled the issue by asking them if anyone was from Hamilton, Ohio. The closest was from Dayton, so no one got a ride. Kelly and I took off from this short alfalfa field, but the alfalfa, being rather high, slowed us down a bit. As the wheels left the ground, we were coming to the end of the runway and a row of trees along the border. Instead of climbing, I held the plane close to the ground to pick up air speed, and upon reaching the trees hauled back hard on the stick and we zoomed up and over the tree tops with inches to spare.

One field we inspected had been bombed by us several weeks ago. The wreckage included hangars and lots of Jerry's planes. Our engineers had filled the bomb craters and had the field in pretty fair condition. At the end of one runway was a river into which you would get a dunking if you didn't stop soon enough. Buzzing back to our base that evening, we passed over an old stone monument that looked similar to an Indian totem pole, except it was much larger and all stone.

Gas is at a premium here, and even Hdqts. can't get it at times. Usually before going back to headquarters I stop in at this one air strip that has been abandoned by our forces, except for a small contingent of men. They have a fair supply of

gas out in the woods for their Jeeps, and being on friendly terms with the Captain in charge, he told me to drop in any time and he'd let me have what gas I needed. I always manage to get to that field when I need fuel.

One evening I landed to refuel and the weather landed behind me, so Capt. Koessler took me to town for some champagne. He first introduced me to a British Captain Borask and his wife, both Underground agents for the Allies. Both had parachuted out over this area many months ago and had been working against the Nazis ever since. He was in uniform now, but before the town (the heart of the champagne district) was liberated, he wore civilian clothes and lived as any other Frenchman. Capt. Borask knew the owner of a champagne company (a pilot in WWI) and took us over to the distillery. We had several glasses of the best wine, before the owner, Mr. Meucien, took us for a tour of his distillery and wine cellars.

Making the wine is a complicated process, but briefly: grapes are skinned, meat squeezed out, and with sugar added, put into large tanks to ferment. Later the sediment is removed, the wine bottled and laid in racks on their sides. Months later, the bottles are placed in racks with tops slanted downwards and stored in large caves one third mile long and 40 feet deep. Daily, each bottle is given a shake to force the sediment up into the bottle neck. After the contents are ready, the neck of the bottle is frozen, cork removed, and pressure forces the sediment out. The bottle is then re-corked, labeled and ready for market. The Nazis had taken over half the caves for use as a factory for making tanks, but the machinery rusted and they abandoned the caves.

After leaving the winery, Capt. Borask treated us to supper at a restaurant whose owner had worked with him in his Underground business. Food is very scarce in France, but we had lamb chops with all the trimmings. With every other bite, we had some kind of wine or champagne. After supper, Mr. B. took us to his apartment and showed us his radio set with which he had been able to keep in touch with England. It was concealed in a suitcase. He had plenty of interesting stories to tell. At one time he was keeping 30 Allied airmen safe, was ordered to guard a German train, and organized groups of the Maquis (French resistance fighters), among other things.

The Captain's wife was a good-looking redhead, French, and very interesting too. They had been married in France several

years before the war. At the apartment he gave me a shot of one of the rarest drinks he had taken from some captured Nazi stores. It was Benedictine, made by monks. It had a very sweet taste, but as it went down my throat I could feel its potency. Three shots and you would be standing on your head or out cold. Fear not, I only had one small shot.

Gen, dear, so much has happened and there has been so little time to keep you posted that when I do write about "Gilbert's Travels" they dominate the letter. I want you to know though that your husband is thinking of you constantly. Being over here has given me a good insight on this war, and I've come face to face so often with the realization of the blessings God has bestowed on us. I'm so happy and thankful that you are my wife, and I do need your presence so much.

This is all interesting work, Honey, but as soon as I've finished this job, I'm going to see the right people and try to get on the list to go home.

More about your roving reporter in the next issue. I think I will not mail this until I get back to England, because I don't know how the mail situation is over here. Did you get the first letter mailed from France OK? I haven't had a word from you about the car. Still interested? I am. In fact, I haven't had mail for a week. It's all in a pigeon hole back in England. A kiss and a prayer for the dearest wife in the world. May your spirits be as high, and faith be as strong, as my love for you.

In love with you, Gil

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

September 26, 1944 (Tuesday)
To Verdun, FRANCE

Gen, Dear:

Let me tell you of the closest call I've had. We stayed all night at this one landing strip, due to weather, as I mentioned in my last letter. In the morning we had an overcast with ceiling about 1,500 feet above the field. We also had to leave for Verdun to check out a field there, but it looked as though we could stay under the overcast all the way, so Kelly and I took off. On the way, however, the cloud base kept getting lower (or the elevation of the terrain increased), and the field we wanted was about 10 miles east of Verdun. Well, about 20 miles west of Verdun, the overcast was down to the tops of the hills and we were still following the valleys and roads. The roads were full of columns of tanks and trucks. We waved

to the fellows as we flew by at 300 feet, then 200 feet, and by the time we had crossed over Verdun, the church steeples were above us. There are hills all around Verdun and it looked like we would have to turn back. And only 10 miles from our destination!

Well, our course led us right over a hill and that wasn't good. Glancing at the map again, I saw a railroad track going south out of Verdun, and knowing that they usually take the lowest spots through the hills, decided to follow it to the field. We began following it, banking and turning, no more than 75 to 100 feet above the ground, with hills on either side of our wing tips. The tracks were now running in the "V" cut that the R.R. company had dug through the high spots. Hoping the overcast would not come down any lower (or else the company would charge us for using their right of way), we banked and turned along the tracks with no spare space to make any other type of maneuvers while in these cuts. All of a sudden they seemed to narrow and then they did, because as I made a sharp turn to the left, the tracks disappeared into a tunnel about 250 feet ahead of us. I quickly pulled back on the stick, gave the little Fairchild all the power it was capable of putting out, and just that quick, we were up and into the "soup," climbing and turning as we went.

We turned, because when I pulled up we were in a turn already because of the hill ahead of us, and not knowing how high it was I wanted to turn away from it and head back. All is white outside the cockpit, but might as well have been black, 'cause we couldn't see a thing. Visions of three covered hills came to mind, and I leaned forward holding my breath as though to help that little old plane climb. Now the transformation from visual flying to instrument flying is not easy. Had this been a B-24, it wouldn't have been so bad, due to all the instruments and the power to climb, but this pea shooter was lacking in both departments. By now we had gained several hundred feet, but I was over-controlling this little plane (after being used to kicking 64,000 lbs. around), and the needles on the instruments were bobbing around so much that I had no idea what position of flight the airplane was in, except I knew we were still turning. We had gained about 400 or 500 feet by this time and I figured we'd better take up a heading. In checking the compass, I took my mind off the other instruments and probably over-controlled again, which let old Vertigo (sense of balance) go out on me, and when I took another look at

the instruments the needle was over here and the ball was over there, the rate of climb had hit the peg, (now I didn't know if we were going up or down), the compass was spinning and the altimeter was unwinding.

My first instinct was to pull back on the stick, for we were going down, but fast, and this maneuver probably tightened the spiral we were probably in. The next second my mind flashed back to basic training when we used to practice spins and unusual positions while under the hood. That was almost two years ago; now I was back where I had started from. I remembered how I used to relax first, then center the needle, then the ball, and then ease back on the stick. So this I did, and the altimeter stopped unwinding at about 200 feet above the valley floor. Only the Lord knew where the hills were! There were three thoughts running through my mind in those few short seconds, and they kept repeating themselves: *Lord forgive me my sins and grant me peace with Thee, protect Gen, bless the folks at home.*

Again we started circling through this sea of milk, and this time everything went

OK because a prayer had quieted the heart, soul and nerves of the person flying the plane. We soon broke out of the overcast at about 4,000 feet on a heading that should take us to the field. The problem of getting down to land now presented itself. If we were on course, within 10 miles we should be able to let down in about 20 or 25 minutes without much trouble. Our 20 minutes were up when we spotted a break in the overcast, so I cut the power, glided down and came out on the deck. All ended OK, except for my poor old piece of chewing gum. It sure took a beating that day!

Gen, Honey, to make sure this edition isn't delayed longer than necessary, I'll close with a kiss and start another letter with the Paris trip in it. Put your arms around me and squeeze. I want to make sure I'm not dreaming. Oh, I am? Well, just wait 'til I get home. You won't have a breath left after I get done squeezing you.

Your Admiring Little Character, Gil

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

Gil's letters to his wife will be continued in the next issue of the 2ADA Journal. ■

"Some Puns"

SUBMITTED BY RALPH WELSH (448TH)

- Those who jump off a bridge in Paris are in Seine.
- A man's home is his castle, in a manor of speaking.
- Practice safe eating — always use condiments.
- Shotgun wedding — a case of wife or death.
- A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.
- A hangover is the wrath of grapes.
- Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.
- When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.
- A bicycle can't stand on its own because it's two tired.
- What's the definition of a will? (It's a dead give away).
- She was engaged to a boyfriend with a wooden leg but broke it off.
- If you don't pay your exorcist, you get repossessed.
- The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered.
- A lot of money is tainted — taint yours and taint mine.
- He had a photographic memory that was never developed.
- Once you've seen one shopping center, you've seen a mall.
- Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead-to-know basis.
- Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses.
- Acupuncture is a jab well done.



To the Editor:

Enclosed is a picture from a recent issue of *National Geographic*. The picture was taken in October 1940. I was in high school at that time and evidently did not realize the severity of the situation in England at that time. I visited London on a three-day pass four years later in the fall of 1944 and observed people sleeping in the tube on metal bunk beds. By 1944 I imagine that people slept there for shelter purposes mostly, not for fear of German bombing or of the so-called unmanned "doodlebugs."

Bob Harris (389th)
13 Clearwater Drive
Dover, NH 03820

Ed. Note: In late 1944 when the V1 doodlebugs and V2 rockets were filling the London sky, it wasn't imagination that filled the shelters – it was the bombing that made their "business booming."



To the Editor:

What a wonderful day it became when I read your remarkable letter, received and read ten minutes ago. Your Summer 2010 *Journal* was the best issue I have read in all the years since it started. That's why I asked for additional copies.

My dear friend George Keeler is our Legion Post Commander here in Pine Plains. His dad served with us in the 93rd Bomb Group and my squadron (409th) during the last six months of the war. George's dad has gone home where we old soldiers will reconnect for our final rendezvous at an altitude known but to God. I am running on near empty and look forward to being with the greatest men I have ever known. The quality trait of our comrades that looms largest in my memory is their loyalty to one another. Courage was abundant, loyalty was universal! Your letter stands as proof of your loyalty and friendship.

Edward J. Reilly (93rd)
26 Nine Partners Drive
Pine Plains, NY 12567



DEEP SLEEP



In October 1940—as German bombs rained on their city—Londoners sought overnight safety in the Aldwych tube station, one of about 80 underground stops used as shelters during World War II. At times more than 170,000 people slept in the shelters. At first the station staff were unprepared, says Robert Bird, senior curator of the London Transport Museum. “Gradually, sheltering became properly organized, with admission tickets, bunk beds, medical aid, chemical toilets, and refreshments.” These days nobody sleeps at Aldwych—not even on a train car passing through. The station was permanently closed to traffic in September 1994.

— MARGARET G. ZACKOWITZ

Photograph by Acme Newspictures/National Geographic Stock

Ed. Note: I received another letter from Ed Reilly a few days later:

To the Editor:

Your deeply moving and honest testimony of and to your life's service to America was an honor to read. I felt deeply honored that you took the time and made the effort to tell me about a great American. Your letter tells me why America is the greatest nation on earth.

Those of us who grew up during the Great Depression have lived through America's finest hour. I am 88 and a bit senile, but I can remember 1933 better than the names of my 24 grandchildren. I feel as proud of you as I feel about this nation that made your fruitful life possible.

1933 was the year Hitler initiated his national health care bill. It was remarkably like the one just proposed and signed by President Obama. The German bill aimed at getting rid of undesirables, the elderly, the mentally disabled, people with low IQs, racially undesirables, blacks, Jews, babies born out of wedlock, and the handicapped.

My father ran a store that sold hospital supplies, medical equipment, wheelchairs, surgical and medical equipment. In 1933 Germany was the number ONE supplier of such products. My dad was a traveling salesman who called upon doctors and hospitals to sell these German-made supplies. Salesmen from Germany called upon him to wholesale such equipment. These German guys were afraid of Hitler. I worked in Dad's store mopping floors and packing and unpacking boxes. They trusted my dad and confided their fear of Hitler. My dad and his brothers were WWI vets. Both his brothers and my mother's brothers were army, navy, marine and air service veterans. Every male in our family was a vet and all my uncles saw the war with Germany coming while we were in elementary or high school. My father talked about it at home. We went to the Newsreels for a nickel or a dime at night and saw Hitler's picture a dozen times a week. So I had been expecting to go to war since I was 10 years old.

I graduated from high school six months before Pearl Harbor and went

away to Seminary to study for the priesthood. When Pearl Harbor was bombed I left the seminary to join the army. I applied for aviation cadet pilot training, got washed out and wound up going to radio operator, then aerial gunnery school at Yuma. I was trained on both B-17s and B-24s, as well as DC3s and DC4s. Going to England to bomb Hitler came as no surprise.

I am not a fan of Nazis, Communists, Socialists or Muslims, and I am not a fan of anyone who favors them. Enough said about some of our enemies in Washington. We will always have enemies from within. I am encouraged to believe that there are Americans like you and like the wonderful men of the 8th Air Force. They were the finest men I have ever known and you are one of them.

Edward J. Reilly (93rd)
26 Nine Partners Drive
Pine Plains, NY 12567

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To the Editor:

Many thanks for your card which we received on New Year's Eve. Here is something that may be of interest to you.

When I told you of the visit Maureen and I made with our local "Probus Club" to the U-Boat museum in Birkenhead last June, little did I know we were in for a surprise. Early in August 2010 I got a letter from Walter J. Laughlin of Westport, Connecticut. Walter told me he had seen the letter in the *Journal* and that it had stirred up some memories for him. Walter had arrived in England on July 5, 1944 on the *Mauretania*. From here he went to Rackheath where he served as a corporal with the 788th Squadron of the 467th Bomb Group. He was a member of the usually unsung group of hard workers, the ground staff. He returned home in July 1945 on the *Queen Mary*.

Walter has sent me not only some very interesting letters, but also photographs of himself taken during and after WWII. I am very grateful to Walter for getting in touch with me, and all this occurred because he read my letter to you in the *Journal*.

Maureen and I send our best wishes to you, your family and all the members of the 2ADA. Hope you have a happy and healthy 2011.

John Threlfall (RAF)
30 Lower West Avenue
Barnoldswick
LANCS BB18 6DW
ENGLAND

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New from Warbirds Sculptor Robert Henderson: The National DFC Memorial



The National DFC Memorial was dedicated on October 27, 2010 at March Air Field Museum in Riverside, California. The sculptor is Robert Henderson, who also crafted the B-24 Memorial in Balboa Park, San Diego.

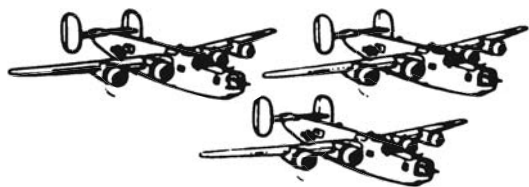
The National Distinguished Flying Cross was created by Congress 80 years ago and is America's oldest military aviation award. The cross symbolizes sacrifice and the propeller symbolizes flight. The combination of these symbols makes clear that the DFC is an award for heroism or achievement for individuals involved in aviation.

The 17 ft. high memorial has three components:

- The bronze DFC Medal (2 ft. wide)
- Bronze airplane replica: OA1A Loening (4 ft. wingspan)
The OA1A Loening was an amphibious airplane, five of which were used for the 20,000 mile Pan-American flight in 1926.
- Bronze airplane replica: NYP Ryan (4 ft. wingspan)
The NYP (New York to Paris) Ryan dates back to 1927 and made flight history as the "Spirit of St. Louis" piloted by Charles A. Lindbergh.

Robert Henderson is the official sculptor for Mario Andretti, John Denver, and Walter Cronkite. His outdoor sculpture gardens can be visited at the United States Air Force Academy, Pearl Harbor, and Balboa Park, San Diego (to name a few). Robert can be reached at 800-305-1738 or log on to www.warbirdcentral.com.

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Bernard Matthews, CVO, CBE, QSM 1930-2010

BY DAVID HASTINGS



We have lost another great friend of the 2nd Air Division with the death of Bernard Matthews on November 25, 2010. He was a leading Norfolk businessman and owned several of the old 2nd Air Division bases which housed his turkey sheds.

When we approached him for support as we were planning the 1983 Norwich 2ADA Convention, he gladly agreed and then assisted with every other Norwich convention, not only financially but in the later years with his magnificent brass band.

In 1992 he was one of the main sponsors of the "Diamond Lil" project to bring a B-24 Liberator back to Norfolk, and indeed one from his family flew in the aircraft. Then in 1994 after the disastrous Central Library fire, he was one of the first to answer the appeal to rebuild the 2AD Memorial Library. He also played a major part in the 2001 Norwich Convention and the opening of the new Memorial Library, and his brass band played at the final banquet in the Sport Village. Finally, in 2004 he made a most generous donation to the Memorial Library Endowment Fund.

Whenever the Second Air Division Association or the Memorial Trust asked for help, Bernard was always there as a true friend, and we will always remember him with pride and affection. ■

Neal Sorensen, 89 2ADA Past President

BY CHARLES FREUDENTHAL

Word has been received from his family that Neal Sorensen, who served as President of the Second Air Division Association



in the 1996-97 period, and as 489th Bomb Group Vice President from 1991-1994 and 2000-2003, died on April 29, 2010. After completing his 489th BG wartime tour as a navigator, and being discharged from active service, Neal joined the Air Force Reserve and retired as a Lt. Colonel.

In 1987, as Executive Vice President of the American Spirit Graphics Company in Minneapolis, Neal offered to have the company take on the task of publishing the 489th Bomb Group history. His experience in the publishing field, coupled with his 489th background, made a significant contribution to the project, including, as Neal said, "keeping the cost reasonable." Later, representing the 2ADA, he was responsible for having the Fulbright Commission invest in government bonds paying five percent interest, rather than leaving the funds in a bank savings account. He also served as 2ADA liaison to the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum, and was principally responsible for the bronze B-24 display at the Air Force Academy.

Neil was a graduate of the University of Minnesota; a former mayor and councilman of the city of Medicine Lake, MN; former President and CEO of McGill-Jensen Publishers; and CEO of the Beddor Companies. He was also a Stephen minister and Elder of Faith Presbyterian Church. ■