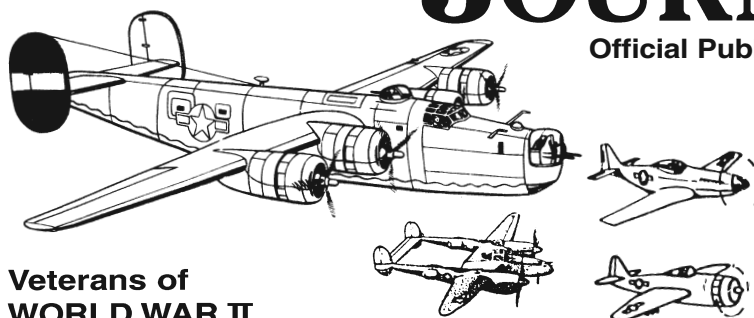




# THE JOURNAL

Official Publication of the:



Volume 50 Number 2

Summer/Fall 2011

## Wings Across America: 29,000 miles of flying with a 2nd Air Division B-24 co-pilot

BY DAVID HASTINGS

Like all British pilots I always dreamed of flying in the United States but never thought it would happen. However, in 1981 the 2ADA Executive Committee came to England and as a new Trust Governor I had the pleasure of meeting David Patterson. We talked about flying and he suggested that I should see his superb Cessna C-337 six-seat executive twin-engined aircraft when we attended the San Antonio convention later that year. We did this, and what a great aircraft she was. David knew that I was keen to fly in the USA, and suggested that I get my U.S. licence, attend a mountain flying course, and then get checked out on the C-337 the next year when the convention was held at Palm Springs. Luckily I already had the C-337 on my licence, as a Norwich Air Taxi operator had allowed me to fly their aircraft — but even so, David Patterson was a tough examiner and my check-ride lasted over five hours. So began what would be over 29,000 miles of flying with him to all parts of the USA and Canada.

Our next 2ADA convention was at McAfee in New York, and I could not believe it when David phoned to suggest that instead of flying scheduled airlines, would I like to try and get the C-337 all the way across the U.S. from San Francisco to New York and back? What could any pilot say but "Yes, please." His aircraft was based at the regional airport at Concord just east of San Francisco and we completed all the flight planning for this exciting 6,000 mile flight, checked the Met and then at 0715 hours I started engines at the beginning of my greatest flying adventure yet, thanks to David Patterson.



David Hastings (left) and David Patterson with the Cessna C-337 at Wendover.

We were soon airborne on a glorious morning and Oakland Centre cleared us up to 5,500 feet on Airway Victor 6. Then we approached my first challenge as we were cleared up to Flight Level 11.5 with the Rockies in sight, as well as the forecast weather front which gave me my first taste of the rough air in the mountains. Suddenly as we approached the Lake Tahoe VOR beacon we broke out of the clouds as we streaked towards the glowing sun in the east, and what a morning to be airborne.

We are settled back in the cruise at 170 knots and enjoying our first coffee of

the day, and what scenery as we pass over Reno. 1000 hrs and just over another ridge we can see the Bonneville Sand Flats of car racing fame, and we start our descent to the old wartime airfield at Wendover and our first stop, which David has arranged as this was where the 467th Bomb Group first formed before flying to our village at Rackheath. My first landing in the turbulent air of the Rockies was passable, and the Fixed Base Operator makes us welcome and I gather that I am the first British pilot he has seen. We refuel, and then comes my first "hot and

*(continued on page 18)*

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## SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

# JOURNAL



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# The Editor's Contribution

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

Yes, this is the space usually reserved for the President's Message. No need for concern — President Chuck Walker has just been very busy moving and didn't have time to submit his column for this issue of the *Journal*. Look for his report in the next issue.

Today is July 7th and all is well with the editor! No, I haven't died, got sick or become forgetful; I have been enjoying the outdoors just like the rest of us.

I had to replace my speakerphone, so you may not hear my voice on the answering portion when I'm away, but hell, you don't want me to stay by the phone or at home all the time like some of the old people do . . . You have to enjoy your-

self while you're young!

I also found out that cheap copy paper screws up the fax machine! That's why some of your faxes did not come through when I was away and no one heard the fax machine "holler."

Some of you wrote and said I should give up something since I turned 91 last May, so here goes . . . All my life it's been wine, women and song, and now I am *thinking* of giving up singing . . .

That's about all I have to say until the next issue!

## ANSWER TO THE SPRING QUIZ

See page 7 entitled "8th Air Force Medal of Honor Awards." ■

## 2ADA MEMBERSHIP NEWS

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

As of this date, a delightful day in June, exactly 1500 checks have come my way in payment of your annual dues to the Second Air Division Association. That is a terrific response, for each check not only provides money to meet expenses, it is also your vote of confidence in our unique, one-of-a-kind organization. It is evident that all of you who have paid your dues want to keep the 2ADA going as long as possible. Thank you for being so prompt!!

There are about 200 members who have not paid the 2011 annual dues yet. In that number there may be some who have died and the family has not sent me a notification. Then, there are others who are ill, perhaps in nursing homes, who no longer handle their own financial affairs. If your family would identify you, I would be happy to continue your membership whether your dues are paid or not. Years ago we were a much more fun and vibrant organization. Evelyn Cohen arranged conventions at places like the Playboy Club in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and the Coronado Resort Hotel on Coronado Island near San Diego, California, in England with attendance reaching as high as 1000, and in many other fun and interesting places. Well, we are older now, and membership has declined, but even so we are still a worthwhile, viable organization. Annual dues remain a very affordable \$20.00, just a nickel a day. If your interest has waned a bit and

you have not paid your 2011 dues, please re-think your priorities, sit down and write your check payable to the Second Air Division Association, then mail it to me at 6406 E. Presidio Street, Mesa, AZ 85215.

## MEMBER SPOTLIGHT

There are members who have donated their time and skills for many years to the Second Air Division Association, and it is appropriate to mention Rick and Ceil Rokicki in this regard. I first met Rick at the 1978 2ADA convention in the Coronado Hotel, where he was elected President of the Second Air Division Association. I believe Rick and Ceil have attended every convention since then except they were unable to come to New Orleans in 2010. If the 458th BG ever had a Group Vice President other than Rick, I don't know who it could have been; I believe Rick is the only one they ever had. When computers came into vogue so many years ago, Rick was named Director of Data Processing Services. Rick had some computer skills, but it was Ceil who is the real computer expert from her days as a bank manager. Together they keep the 2ADA roster current. From time to time, as the need arises, they mail a current copy to Choice Graphics, the printers who assemble, print, and mail out the 2ADA *Journal*. Therefore, Rick and Ceil, THANK YOU and THANK YOU for your years and years of excellent service. ■

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).

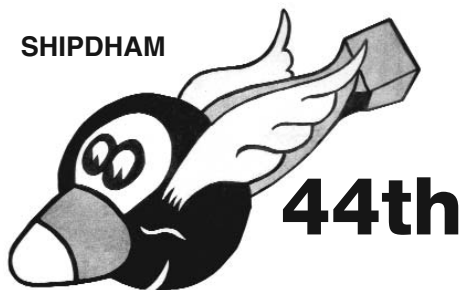
**THE JOURNAL** is the official publication of the 2nd Air Division Association.

## Summer Quiz

The cartoon below depicts which U.S. war? How many wars has the U.S. engaged in since that war?



"Sure war is hell, but thank heaven this is the 'war to end all wars.'"



BY PERRY MORSE

With the anticipated closing of the 44th BGVA in 2013, Board members are making an extra effort to spread their history into as many historical libraries as possible. Currently, copies of the *8 Ball Tails* are distributed to sixteen different libraries. In addition, the website, managed by Arlo Bartsch, receives hits from all over the world, and there are constant requests for specific information about family members who served with the 44th.

Recently, through the influence of Past President & Treasurer, Jerry Folsom, the University of Utah has entered into an agreement to copy all *8 Ball Tails*, from the time the organization was first organized in 1994. This information will be available on the 44th BG website.

Our 2011 reunion will be a return to Savannah, Georgia, October 13-16. The Mighty Eighth Museum in Pooler, GA will be the highlight of the trip. A representative of the 44th Fighter Group from Holloman Air Force Base will be the speaker at the banquet. By agreement at the previous reunion, all Board members will retain their positions until 2013, and any business to be conducted will be via email. President George Washburn will conduct a Membership Meeting in Savannah, to keep members informed of happenings.

The 44th continues to maintain a connection to the Shipdham Aero Club where

members have established a library named for the late Will Lundy, 44th BG Historian. Their museum has two display rooms, with photographic sets of displays. It is run by an independent Museum Trust. The Aero Club continues to educate children in the area about the history of the 44th Bomb Group, and speakers from the Aero Club are available for programs for local organizations.

Despite ill health, Steve Adams, a 44th Board member living in Norwich, will continue the tradition of laying a wreath at the Cambridge Cemetery on Remembrance Sunday.

With one more year before the official closing of the 44th BGVA, there is a wealth of personal stories that have never been in print. There are decisions to be made about placing these individual accounts of WWII into institutions that will keep them available for future researchers. ■

## KETTERINGHAM HALL DIVISION



BY ELEANOR STORMS

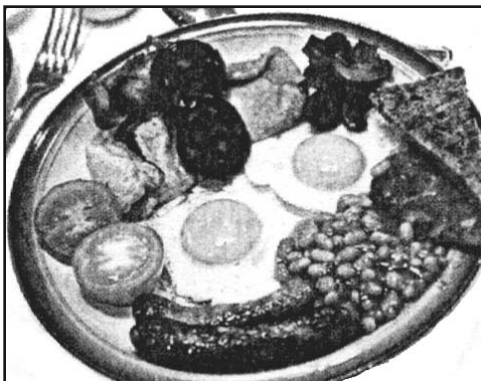
As reported previously in the 2ADA *Journal*, WAC Dorothy Krogmann (one of the former Headquarters vice presidents) and WAC Eleanor Storms were the only two there to represent Headquarters at the 2010 2ADA convention. It was a special honor for us both to be asked, along with Joan Patterson, to light the HQ memorial candle for all of our deceased, and especially at this time, for WAC Evelyn Cohen and our mentor, Jordan Uttal.

Ever since General Eisenhower asked for the Women's Army Air Corps (later WAC) to serve in the ETO, we have been attached to the 2nd Air Division Headquarters. After the New Orleans convention, Dorothy Krogmann was asked to consider filling the HQ Vice President vacancy, and she accepted in order to keep the communication door open for the remaining HQ members and for future 2ADA news. Dorothy has since resigned the position and I have agreed to take over. You can reach me at 3631 SE Flavel, Portland, OR 97202.

Cheers! ■

## The Full Monty: A Fine Fried Feast

BY ROBERT HARLAND • REPRINTED FROM "THIS ENGLAND"



"To eat well in England you should have breakfast three times a day," so said the playwright and novelist W. Somerset Maugham. He was of course referring to that great British culinary institution, the full English breakfast.

This usually comprises several fried foods — bacon, eggs, tomatoes, bangers (sausages), baked beans, fried bread, mushrooms, and black pudding.

If you're a Brit, this is food for the gods. Also called a full Monty or a fry-up, the full English is available in thousands of cafés and restaurants throughout the day. Its history, however, goes back many centuries to rural England. This breakfast delight is what your average peasant had first thing in the morning to fortify himself before heading off for a day of back-breaking work in the fields.

Interestingly, rather like that other great British culinary classic, fish and chips, the traditional full English has made a substantial contribution to the international food scene. Hotels and restaurants around the world serve a breakfast buffet on the English model. But, for my money, the best full English is still found in the country of origin. There is even a website dedicated to fry-ups where the aptly-named Dave Fry goes in search of the best in Britain: [www.ifancyafryup.co.uk](http://www.ifancyafryup.co.uk).

It is said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the full English has indeed been copied and renamed in many different countries. Although the ingredients may differ slightly, in the United States the English fry-up has become the full American. There's also the full Scottish, the full Australian, the full Canadian, the full Irish, the full Welsh, and from Northern Ireland there's the Ulster fry.

But, whatever it's called, lovers of a hearty fried breakfast can thank English peasants all those centuries ago for coming up with the delicious idea. ■

# The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF

BY MATTHEW MARTIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

## GREETINGS FROM NORWICH!

As readers of the *Journal* will be aware, the Governors in recent years have organised a lecture in Norwich every other year on post-war Anglo-American matters. We have been most fortunate in securing very eminent British speakers to deliver these. The lectures have been very well attended and have been a means to keep your Library in the public eye locally. This is in addition to all the outreach work which Libby Morgan, the Trust Librarian, and her hard working colleagues carry out.

Hot off the press, it looks as if we have secured a most interesting speaker for the 2011 lecture. His name is not that well known in the UK and will be even less well known in the States. He is Sir Sherard Cowper-Coles KCMG LVO. Sir Sherard was British Ambassador to Israel from 2001 to 2003, to Saudi Arabia from 2003 to 2006 and to Afghanistan from 2007 to 2009. In addition, he was First Secretary



**SIR SHERARD  
COWPER-COLES**

at the British Embassy in Washington from 1987 to 1991. He has written a book entitled *Cables from Kabul*. He is described in the UK media as a heavy hitting diplomat. All being well, the lecture will be held in Norwich on the 15th November this year. Speaking personally, I am really looking forward to it. It has the possibility of being most thought provoking and perhaps a trifle controversial. If you are thinking of making one more trip over, I urge you to consider taking in this lecture and coming to the UK at that time. I am most conscious that it is around the time of Thanksgiving in the States

when all right-minded Americans like to be with their families, but there is, I believe, sufficient time to make it over here for the lecture.

Otherwise I can report that your Memorial Library is in good heart. I never cease to be amazed and grateful for all the support we receive from you guys in the States, and by this I mean not just financial support but on a personal level. Also, we are hugely grateful for all the positive support we receive from the local community here in Norfolk. The Norfolk County Council's continuing help is immense and in these difficult times something which all Governors locally and supporters of your Library locally value enormously.

I am now looking forward to September and the 2ADA convention cruise. It is great being able to refresh what for me are now looking like old friendships.

In the meantime, as Earl Zimmerman likes to say, keep taking the pills! ■

## The 2nd Air Division Archive

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 completed her 10-month contract to do the main cataloguing work. Editing and formatting the final catalogue of records deposited by veterans and business records of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust will now take place. There are over 270 boxes of records, more than 140 sound recordings and over 2,400 catalogue entries for the archive.

The original catalogue has been updated and, during the course of the project, several new donations of records received from veterans have been added. The archive continues to grow steadily and be shaped by donations like these. This therefore seems a timely opportunity to let you know the types of records you might have which could be suitable for inclusion in the archive.

We are particularly interested in collecting original records from people connected with the wartime activities of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF, in the European Theatre of the Second World War, 1942-1945. Records of the official activities of

the 2nd Air Division Association and Trust may also be suitable for the archive.

Some of types of records in which we are especially interested include:

- Correspondence
- Diaries and memoirs
- Official reports
- Photographs
- Audio recordings (such as reminiscences)

If you have served on the Board of Governors of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, or the administration of the 2nd Air Division Association, you may also have your official correspondence and papers.

The following will not usually be accepted for the archive, but may be added to either the print collections of the Memo-

rial Library or to their memorabilia collections:

- Published and printed materials
- Three-dimensional materials, such as ephemera or artefacts

As far as possible, we prefer to receive original records, rather than copies, as this enhances the overall strength of the archive. It is extremely helpful if you are able to identify any photographs which you send and provide as much information as you can about the background and context of the records. Currently, the Record Office prefers to receive paper copies of records, but if you have records in an alternative format, Library and Record Office staff can discuss options for depositing these records. ■

**If you have records which you are considering donating,  
please contact Libby Morgan or Jenny Christian at  
The Second Air Division Memorial Library, The Forum,  
Norwich, Norfolk, England, NR2 1AW,  
telephone +44 (0)1603 774747  
or send e-mail to [2admemorial.lib@norfolk.gov.uk](mailto:2admemorial.lib@norfolk.gov.uk)**

# A Heartfelt Thank You

BY CHERYL AND ROBERT HENDERSON

As the Second Air Division Association is winding down, we find ourselves in a unique position. We are thankful for having been able to have worked with your leaders as we created the monumental bronze B-24 Liberator and placed it on the Honor Court at the United States Air Force Academy. That project resulted from Neal Sorensen coming to our hotel room (after the unveiling of the bronze B-17 at the Academy) and in less than one hour, standing up, shaking our hands and declaring (I quote), "You get to work on the bronze and I'll go get the money. See you in one year." True to his word, the unveiling and dedication of the bronze B-24 took place in the summer of 1998. To this day, the sculpture garden is the most visited site at the Academy. The sculptures are required study for the cadets and the garden is sometimes referred to as "The Study Hall." Indeed, this legacy is safe.

We are now embarking on creating the only sculpture patio housing twelve life-size bronze images of noteworthy women aviators. Referred to as the Sky-Ladies, this educational exhibit will bring together Colleene (W.A.S.P.), Harriet Quimby, Pancho Barnes, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Beryl Markham, Sally Ride, Bessie Coleman, Amelia Earhart, Emily Warner, Nancy Harkness Love, Jackie Cochran, Judith Resnick, Geraldine Mock, and Hannah Reitsch.

It is said that many women of today do not choose aviation as a career primarily because they lack mentors. We are dedicated to recording these "mentors" in bronze and into the lives of today's women. "Colleene" is the first to be created. She will represent all W.A.S.P.s. That brave and adventurous group of women fliers was not nationally recognized until 1977. Colleene's face is one that sculptor Robert Henderson feels comfortable sculpting — it is his mother's.

More information about the project, and how groups/individuals can participate, are online at [www.Sky-Ladies.com](http://www.Sky-Ladies.com) as well as on Facebook. World War II veterans' children and grandchildren find these sites to be their history lessons since most schools no longer have in-depth curriculum about that era. Of course, if



you'd like to re-live the magnificent machinery of World War II, [www.warbirdcentral.com](http://www.warbirdcentral.com) is still available.

THANK YOU for what you have given to our country during the war years as well as taking responsibility by leaving your legacy behind via the bronze warbirds. We'd enjoy continuing our journey, together, during this new project.

Again, we appreciate sharing a bit of your past, present, and hopefully, future.

To your esteemed editor, Ray Pytel: Your support of Robert's work and your encouragement via the *Journal* is "monumental" in itself. Your wit and obvious love for the *Journal* makes it a delightful and informative publication.

Thank you all! ■

## Folded Wings

### HDQ

S. Hazard Gillespie

### 93rd BG

Clinton A. Gruber  
Col. Robert A. Jacobs (Ret.)  
Arthur C. Magill

### 93rd/389th BG

Col. Michael Corcoran, Jr. (Ret.)

### 389th BG

Albert H. Leighton  
John G. Petrocelli

### 392nd BG

Donald C. Gephard  
Albert C. Venier

### 445th BG

Edward Barnes  
Bruno Dziobak  
Betty J. Tucker (AM)

### 448th BG

LTC Joseph G. Spare (Ret.)

### 453rd BG

Robert L. Krentler  
Lawrence G. Masek  
Jim Peterson  
Albert L. Thomale

### 458th BG

Col. George W. Dicks (Ret.)  
Frederick H. Erdmann  
Richard R. Hopkins  
Bernard J. Newmark  
Philip C. Sagi  
Edwin J. Sealy

### 466th BG

Leroy M. Zach

### 467th BG

J. Eugene Brooks  
Walter J. Mundy  
Samuel E. Scott



# 8TH AIR FORCE MEDAL OF HONOR AWARDS

REPRINTED FROM THE MIGHTY EIGHTH, BY ROGER FREEMAN

In terms of men and units, the Eighth Air Force was one of the most highly decorated military organizations of the Second World War. A week after the cessation of hostilities the total of awards stood as follows:

To personnel: *Medal of Honour* 17; *Distinguished Service Cross* 220, plus 6 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Silver Star* 817, plus 47 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Distinguished Flying Cross* 41,497, plus 4,480 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Soldier's Medal* 478, plus 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Air Medal* 122,705, plus 319,595 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Purple Heart* 6,845 plus 188 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Bronze Star* 2,972 plus 12 Oak Leaf Clusters; *Distinguished Service Medal* 11, plus 1 Oak Leaf Cluster; and *Legion of Merit* 207, plus 2 Oak Leaf Clusters.

To Units: *Distinguished Unit Citation* 27, and *Meritorious Service Unit Plaque* 19. Further awards were made during the early post-war years.

Brief particulars of MH recipients follow, order by date of action.

**JACK W. MATHIS**, 1/Lt, 359th BS, 303rd BG. 18 March 1943. Posthumous.



Born 25 Sept. 1921 at San Angelo, TX. Enlisted in the U.S. Army 12 June 1940. Transferred to AAF 1941 and began air crew training Jan. 1942. Graduated as bombardier and commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve 4 July 1942. Assigned 303rd BG at Salt Lake City, Utah. Moved to UK with Group Sept. 1942. Usually flew with 1/Lt Harold Stouse's crew. Action for which award made occurred while Lt. Mathis was serving as squadron bombardier and flying in B-17F, 41-24561, BN: T, *The Duchess*.

**MAYNARD H. SMITH**, Sgt, 423rd BS, 306th BG. 1 May 1943.



Born 19 May 1911 at Caro, Michigan. Son of a circuit judge. Enlisted in USAAF 1942. Sent to UK as replacement gunner in spring 1943. Action for which award was made occurred

while Sgt. Smith was serving as ball gunner on his first mission, flying in B-17F, 42-29649. Sgt. Smith flew four more combat missions before being returned to the U.S. Nicknamed 'Snuffy.'

**JOHN C. MORGAN**, Flight Officer, 326th BS, 92nd BG. 26 July 1943



Born 24 Aug. 1924 at Vernon, Texas. Graduated from the New Mexico Military Institute 1931. Attended Schreiner Institute of Texas University 1931-32. Labor overseer in pineapple plantation, Fiji Isles 1934-37, then worked as a salesman in Texas. Joined RCAF Aug. 1941. Underwent flying training in Canada and then sent to the UK as Flt/Sgt, summer 1942. Transferred USAAF 24 Aug. 1943 and trained at Bovingdon on B-17s. Assigned 92nd BG. Action for which award was made occurred while F/O Morgan was acting copilot on B-17F, 42-29802. JW: C, *Ruthie II*. In Aug. 1943 assigned 813th BS, 482nd BG. Commissioned 2/Lt Nov. 1943. Became assistant operations officer of 813th BS. Shot down over Berlin 6 Mar. 1944, parachuted and interned in Stalag Luft 1 for 14 months.

**ADDISON E. BAKER**, Lt Col, Hq 93rd BG. 1 August 1943. Posthumous.



Born 1 Jan 1907 at Chicago, Ill. Family later moved to New York. Left school in 1927 and worked as motor mechanic in Akron, Ohio. Enlisted in AAC Jan. 1929. Graduated from flying school in 1930 and commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve. Assigned inactive status and between 1932 and 1940 ran his own service station in Detroit, Michigan, and worked for a graphite bronze company in Cleveland, Ohio. In Feb. 1942 assigned 98th BG at Barksdale Field, LA for B-24 pilot training and in Mar. 1942 assigned as CO of embryo 328th BS, 93rd BG at the same station. Moved to UK with 93rd BG Sept. 1942. Appointed operations officer 93rd BG in Mar. 1943. CO 93rd BG from May 1943. Action for which award was made occurred

while Col. Baker was on his 16th mission and acting as co-pilot and group leader on B-24D, 42-40994, *Hell's Wench*. Other awards, SS, DFC, & AM (2 OLC).

**LLOYD H. HUGHES**, 2/Lt, 564th BS, 389th BG. 1 August 1943. Posthumous.



Born 12 Jul. 1921 at Alexandria, LA. Family (imigré Welsh) later moved to Texas. Attended Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, Sept. 1939 - Dec. 1941. Enlisted in AAF 28 Jan. 1942. Accepted for pilot training Mar. 1942. Graduated, commissioned as 2/Lt in Air Reserve, and assigned 389th BG at Biggs Field early 1943. Moved to UK with Group Jun. 1943. Action for which award was made occurred while Lt. Hughes was serving as pilot on B-24D, 42-40753, J.

**JOHN L. JERSTAD**, Major, 201st PCBW. 1 August 1943. Posthumous.



Born 12 Feb. 1918 at Racine, Wis. Graduated with Bachelor of Science degree at Northwestern University, Ill. in 1940. Taught in high school at St. Louis, Missouri. Enlisted as aviation cadet July 1941. Commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve 6 Feb. 1942. Assigned 98th BG at Barksdale Field, LA, Feb. 1942 and in Mar. 1942 transferred to 328th BS, 93rd BG. Moved to UK with Group and flew combat missions. Transferred Hq 93rd BG Mar. 1943, and to 201st PCBW May 1943 as operations officer. Action for which award was made occurred while Major Jerstad was serving as pilot of 93rd BG, B-24D, 42-240994, *Hell's Wench*. Other awards: SS & AM (1 OLC).

**LEON W. JOHNSON**, Col. Hq. 44th BG. 1 August 1943.

Born 13 Sept. 1904 at Columbus, Missouri. Graduated from U.S. Military Academy, West Point, NY, and commissioned 2/Lt in Infantry June 1926. Transferred AAC 1929 and completed pilot training Feb. 1930.

(continued on next page)

## 8AF MEDAL OF HONOR AWARDS

(continued from page 7)



Served at various AAC stations in US and Philippines until 1941. Assigned to embryo 8AF as assistant chief of staff for operations, one of 8AF's first four flying officers. Moved to UK with Hq staff June 1942. Assumed command of 44th BG Jan. 1943. Action for which award was made occurred while Col. Johnson was acting as group leader and co-pilot of B-24D, 41-23817, L, *Suzy Q*. Promoted Brig. Gen. and in command 14th CBW Sept. 1943–May 1945. Various appointments in post-war USAAF/USAF including command of 3rd AD in UK 1948–50. Other awards: SS, LM, DFC (1 OLC), AM (3 OLC), French Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre, Belgian Croix de Guerre, and British DFC.

**FORREST L. VOSLER**, T/Sgt, 358th BS, 303rd BG. 20 December 1943.



Born 29 Jul. 1923 at Lyndonville, NY. Left school 1941 and worked for a year as a drill press operator in Livonia, NY. Enlisted USAAF 8 Oct. 1942. Trained as radio operator and gunner at Scott Field, Ill. Sent to UK as replacement crew member in summer 1943. Assigned 303rd BG and flew several missions. Action for which award was made occurred while Sgt Vosler was acting as radio operator on B-17F, 42-29664, VK: C, *Jersey Bounce Jr*. Temporarily blinded and wounded in face and legs, Vosler was returned to USA early in 1944. Received treatment at Valley Forge Hospital, Phoenixville, Pa, where he recovered his sight in July 1944. Honorably discharged from the USAAF 17 Oct. 1944. Other awards: AM & PH.

**WILLIAM R. LAWLEY, JR.**, 1/Lt, 364th BS, 305th BG. 20 February 1944.



Born 23 Aug. 1920 at Leeds, Alabama. Enlisted in USAAF Apr. 1942. Accepted for flying training Aug. 1942 and commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve 22 Apr. 1943. Sent to UK in Nov. 1943 as a replacement crew pilot.

Action for which award was made occurred while Lt Lawley was serving as pilot of B-17G, WF:P 42-38109. Returned to USA in Sept. 1944 having flown 14 missions (121 hrs). Remained in USAAF/USAF after the war.

**WALTER E. TRUEMPER**, 2/Lt, 510th BS, 351st BG. 20 February 1944. Posthumous.



Born 31 Oct. 1918 at Aurora, Ill. Attended business college for four years after leaving school, and also worked as an accounting clerk. Enlisted in U.S. Army June 1942. Transferred AAF Nov. 1942 and trained as navigator and gunner. Commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve 26 Aug. 1943. Sent to UK as replacement crew member Dec. 1943 and assigned to 351st BG. Action for which award was made occurred while Lt. Truemper was serving as navigator on B-17G, 42-31763, TU: A, *Ten Horsepower*. Other decorations: BS.

**ARCHIBALD MATHIES**, S/Sgt, 510th BS, 351st BG. 20 February 1944. Posthumous.



Born 3 June 1918 in Scotland. Parents emigrated to Pennsylvania. Trained as mechanic on enlisting in USAAF, and later as air gunner. Sent to UK 8 Dec. 1943 as replacement. Assigned 351st BG 19 Jan. 1944. Action for which award was made occurred while Sgt. Mathies was on his second mission and serving as engineer/ball turret gunner on B-17G, 42-31763, TU: A, *Ten Horsepower*.

**EDWARD S. MICHAEL**, 1/Lt, 364th BS, 305th BG, 11 April 1944.



Born 2 May 1918 at Chicago, Ill. Enlisted U.S. Army Nov. 1940 as private. Accepted for flying training June 1942 and commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve Apr. 1943. Received B-17 training and sent to UK with replacement air crew. Action for which award was made occurred while Lt. Michael was acting as pilot of B-17G, 42-37931, WF:D *Bertie Lee*. After hospitalization in UK he returned to the U.S. in May 1944 and served

as instructor and ferry pilot. Remained in USAAF/USAF after the war. Other decorations: DFC, AM (3 OLC) & PH.

**LEON R. VANCE JR.**, Lt Col, Hq. 489th BG. 5 June 1944.



Born 11 Aug. 1916 at Enid, Okla. Attended University of Oklahoma for 2 years before entering U.S. Military Academy, West Point. Commissioned as 2/Lt in Infantry June 1939. Accepted for pilot training summer 1940. On graduation served first as flying instructor and then as squadron CO. In Dec. 1942 appointed director of flying at a basic flying school at Strother Field, Kansas. In Nov. 1943 appointed deputy CO 489th BG at Wendover, Utah. Helped form Group and went to UK with it Apr. 1944. Action for which award was made occurred while Lt. Col. Vance was on his second mission acting leader in 44th BG PFF B-24H 41-28690, QK:B. After a period in hospital, Lt. Col. Vance was to be returned to the USA for further treatment. The C-54 (42-107470) in which he was travelling disappeared on the flight between Iceland and Newfoundland. Other awards: AM (3 OLC) & PH. Lt. Col. Vance was married.

**ROBERT E. FEMOYER**, 2/Lt, 711th BS, 447th BG, 2 November 1944. Posthumous.



Born 31 Oct. 1921 at Huntington, West Virginia. After leaving school he spent three years at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Enlisted in USAAF Nov. 1942. Accepted for flying training June 1943, but later transferred to navigator's course. Commissioned as 2/Lt in Air Reserve 10 June 1944. Posted to UK Sept. 1944 and assigned 447th BG. Action for which award was made occurred on Lt. Femoyer's seventh mission while he was serving as navigator on B-17G, 42-107052, L. Other awards: AM.

**DONALD J. GOTT**, 1/Lt, 729th BS, 452nd BG. 9 November 1944. Posthumous.

Born 3 June 1923 at Arnett, Okla. On completion of his education at Fargo, Okla., he worked for an aluminum company at Bridgeport, Conn. Enlisted in Air Reserve 21 Sept. 1942. Accepted for pilot training in Nov. 1943. Commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve 7 Jan. 1944. Trained with B-17s and sent to the UK with a replacement crew





Aug. 1944. Assigned 452nd BG. Action for which award was made occurred while Lt. Gott was piloting B-17G, 42-97904, R, *Lady Janet*. Other awards: AM (3 OLC).

**WILLIAM E. METZGER JR.**, 2/Lt, 729th BS, 452nd BG. 9 November 1944. Posthumous.



Born 9 Feb. 1922 at Lima, Ohio. Left school 1941 and worked for Lima Electric Motor Company. Enlisted in U.S. Army 5 Oct. 1942. Accepted as aviation cadet Apr. 1943. Graduated 12 Mar. 1944 as pilot and Flight Officer in Air Reserve. Served at a

number of bases in US. Commissioned 2/Lt in Air Reserve 24 Aug. 1944. Sent to UK with replacement crew Oct. 1944. Action for which award was made occurred while Lt. Metzger was serving as co-pilot on B-17G, 42-97904, R, *Lady Janet*. Metzger was nicknamed "The Reverend" due to his intention to take holy orders prior to joining USAAF.

**FREDERICK W. CASTLE**, Brig Gen, Hq. 4th BW. 24 December 1944. Posthumous.



Born 14 Oct. 1908 at Manila, Philippine Islands. Enlisted in New Jersey National Guard as private 2 Oct. 1924. Accepted by West Point 1 July 1926 and commissioned 2/Lt in U.S. Army Engineers 12 June 1930. Accepted for flying training and rated as fully qualified pilot 22 Dec 1931. Served with

17th Pursuit Sqdn, Selfridge Field until resigning the service 17 Feb. 1934. Remained on reserve status. Joined Sperry organization which manufactured instruments including the Norden bomb sight. Returned to active service 19 Jan. 1942 and selected as one of eight to accompany Maj. Gen. Eaker to the UK. Arrived 20 Feb. 1942 and between 23 Feb. 1942 and 19 June 1943 was A-4 at VIII BC with responsibility for planning airbase and depot system. Promoted Col., 1 Jan. 1943. Volunteered to command 94th BG June 1943. CO 4th CBW, 14 Apr. 1944. Promoted Brig. Gen. 20 Nov. 1944. Action for which award was made occurred while Gen. Castle was acting as air task force commander and flying in a 487th BG B-17G, 44-8444. Other awards: DSC, LM, SS, DFC (3 OLC), AM (4 OLC), PH, Belgian Croix de Guerre with Palm, French Legion of Honor, Order of Kutuzov, 2nd & 3rd degree (Soviet) & Silver Cross Virtuti Militari, Class V (Polish). ■

## "V FOR VICTORY"

BY JON GUTTMAN • REPRINTED FROM WORLD WAR II MAGAZINE



The right and wrong way to gesture, shown by Churchill himself.

**Q. Winston Churchill made the "V for Victory" hand gesture famous during World War II. Did it originate with him?**

**A.** The first public reference to the "V" gesture came in a BBC short-wave radio message on January 14, 1941, from a former member of the Belgian parliament who had fled his country after it was occupied in May 1940. "I am proposing to you as a rallying emblem the letter V," Victor de Laveleye told Belgium's bilingual populace, "because 'V' is the first letter of the words *victoire* in French and *vrijheid* in Flemish . . . The victory which will give us back our freedom, the victory of . . . our good friends the English. Their word for victory also begins with 'V.' As you see, things fit all round."

Soon "V"s began appearing in Belgium and elsewhere, including the practice of making a "V" with two fingers with the palm forward. (Doing so with the back of the hand forward was a rude and even obscene gesture allegedly dating back to the Hundred Years War). In a BBC address on July 19, 1941, Churchill said, "The V sign is the symbol of the unconquerable will of the occupied territories and a portent of the fate awaiting Nazi tyranny. So long as the peoples continue to refuse all collaboration with the invader, it is sure that his cause will perish and that Europe will be liberated."

The German propaganda machine weighed in with a claim that the V actually signified *viktoria* – a Latin-based term for victory, Germanized with a "K" – in support of Germany. Given the Nazis' publicly professed campaign to "purify" their language of Latin influence, however, and that the Teutonic word for victory is *sieg*, nobody in the occupied countries gave any credence to it. ■



## WENDLING 392nd BY OAK MACKEY

The members and Board of Directors of the 392nd BG Memorial Association had a sincere desire to meet with the 2nd Air Division Association in 2011. Well, there was a problem. None of the Board of Directors and very few of the members wanted to go cruising to Bermuda. Therefore, the 392nd BGMA will be having their annual meeting with the Eighth Air Force Historical Society in St. Louis, Missouri at the Sheraton Westport Lakeside Chalet, October 11-16, 2011. The room rate is just \$104 plus tax, and parking and airport shuttle are free. You may call 888-627-7066 to reserve your room, or go to [www.starwoodmeeting.com/book/8thair](http://www.starwoodmeeting.com/book/8thair) force. It is well known that many members of the 392nd BGMA and the 2ADA

are also members of the 8th AFHS. The Heritage League of the 2nd Air Division Association will also be having their 2011 meeting in St. Louis with the 8th AFHS. So, all you Crusaders from the 392nd BG, if you want to attend a convention and meet your friends of long ago and have an excellent chance to meet new ones, come on to St. Louis. The 8th AFHS has a large membership. It is reasonable to expect at least 500 members at the 2011 Convention. President Harry Tanner is a second generation member of the 8th AFHS, as are other officers and members of the Board of Directors. These young folks know how to plan and conduct a fun convention. You will have a good time in St. Louis! It's time to sign up now!!

This column in the Spring issue of the 2ADA *Journal* featured **b24.net**, the website of the 392nd BG. If you have seen it, you have enjoyed the best website of all the 8th Air Force Groups who served in England during WWII. If not, check it out, you will enjoy it!

Well, here I am. Short of time and short of information, time to close. 'Bye for now. ■

## A Dog Napping

One day, while I was doing some gardening, a tired-looking dog wandered into my yard. I could tell from his collar and well-fed belly that he had a good home and was well taken care of.

He calmly came over to me and I gave him a few pats on his head. He followed me into the house, walked down the hall, curled up in a corner and fell asleep. An hour later he went to the door and I let him out.

The next day he was back. He greeted me in the yard, followed me inside and resumed his spot in the hall and again slept for an hour.

After this continued for a week, I pinned a note to his collar, "I would like to find out who owns this wonderful dog and I want to ask you if you are aware that every day he comes to my house and takes a nap?"

The next day, he arrived for his nap with a different note pinned to his collar. "He lives in a home with six children, two under the age of three - he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?"

## Michigan man lands seven wounded Lancasters

Thirteen days after Great Britain declared war on Germany, Crawford County resident Frank Linto joined the Canadian Army to help fend off the Nazis' takeover of Europe. Linto has a wall of his home dedicated to his time in the Royal Air Force.

In a day when crossing country borders and fighting a war with people of different ethnic backgrounds was quite common, Linto's decision then was easy to make.

Linto, 92, was born and grew up in downtown Detroit. His family had a summer home in Canada. Frank opted to join the military there because the pay was better than in the United States, which had not entered the war at that point. At first, he was denied acceptance into the Canadian Army because of his thin frame. But he quickly packed on the pounds, was given a uniform and was sent off to training.

Linto was first assigned to a gunnery unit, but he convinced his superiors to allow him to transfer to flight school in the Royal Air Force. Young men from New Zealand, Poland and Finland were also brought into the fold of the RAF to man fighter planes and bombers.



Linto said he would have given his decision second thoughts if he had known the fear and dangers he would have to deal with while flying a Lancaster bomber.

"If I had known, I would not have put on all those pounds and would have stayed thinner. I never thought I would be shot at that much or that the Germans were that good with anti-aircraft fire."

Linto is best known for his "Lucky Seven" landings. He was shot down seven times by German ground fire, but safely landed his Lancaster on English soil every

time. Cats are only two up on Frank Linto.

"I never bailed out because I had seen chutes that wouldn't open or would catch fire and it wasn't a pretty sight," he said. "Why leave a good airplane when it was still flying?"

The last time Linto was shot down, he crash-landed his bomber well beyond his base, and as he was getting out of the plane, Major Clark Gable rode up on a motorcycle. Gable said he had never seen a Lancaster and asked if he could go through the plane. "I said be my guest, but there is petrol dripping on a hot engine and a bomb is hung up in the bomb bay. He didn't go in!"

Linto met and married his beloved wife, Mary of Scotland, while he was still in the RAF. After the war, he returned to Detroit with Mary and took a job with Pfeiffer Brewing Company. "It was like going on vacation every day," he said.

Frank has a wall in his home that is covered with memorabilia from his years in the RAF. He said being a pilot is not as glamorous as Hollywood makes it out to be. "It's not like in the movies where they're all dressed up. You look like a bum when you're flying." ■

# 458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY RICK ROKICKI

I called Bill Nothstein, past 2ADA Treasurer, a short time ago to find out how both Lucile and he were doing. Bill was in the process of graduating from a walker back to his cane, and making progress. He asked me if I knew Bernie Newmark had just passed away. Bernie had been on as a member of the Audit Committee for years. However he was a hard man to find during the winter/snow times. He had things to advise all New England ski people. He was their radio guy and gave weather reports, inches of snow, snow pack, freshly opened ski trails, etc. In any case, he did the actual skiing too. I know definitely he continued to ski until well after turning 85. To the best of my knowledge, he never had a broken bone from any ski fall. All the above leads to this:

Although we were both in the 754th Bomb Squadron, I didn't know him at Horsham St. Faith. I just knew he was a co-pilot, smoked a pipe, and was easy to get along with. At one of the reunions, this particular one, I was in the new Ambassador Hotel on the edge of the airfield that wasn't quite finished when we arrived. We were sitting in the lobby waiting for our rooms to be ready for occupancy when I mentioned the large ten to twelve foot high painting of the insignia on the center of the 754th hangar door. Well, it seems that Bernie and some painters he "hired" painted it one weekend. Seems like it just magically appeared and no one knew how it happened. Anyway, the actual painting of the original insignia was one that Bernie had made by Disney artists in the U.S. before leaving for England. There were questions of "where are you going, what kind of airplane," etc. Bernie said he didn't know where the Group was going (see large question mark) but that it would be the B-24 Liberator aircraft. Note the "bull nose & lightning." After he had the paint-

ing, he shopped around in Los Angeles to have some cloth patches made for his crew, but before that could happen, the Group shipped out. Now once in Norwich, he went to several shops to have a dozen or so made, however, the company would not do a dozen; their minimum order was 200! To make a long story short, Bernie took the lot and made an effort with "management" to have that insignia confirmed to be the official 458th BG identity. However, after all that "politicking" he was able to settle for it being accepted as the 754th Squadron patch. All this because of Bernard Newmark and his persistence. He said, "We got a head start on the other squadrons," and other squadrons did their squadron insignias shortly afterwards. ■



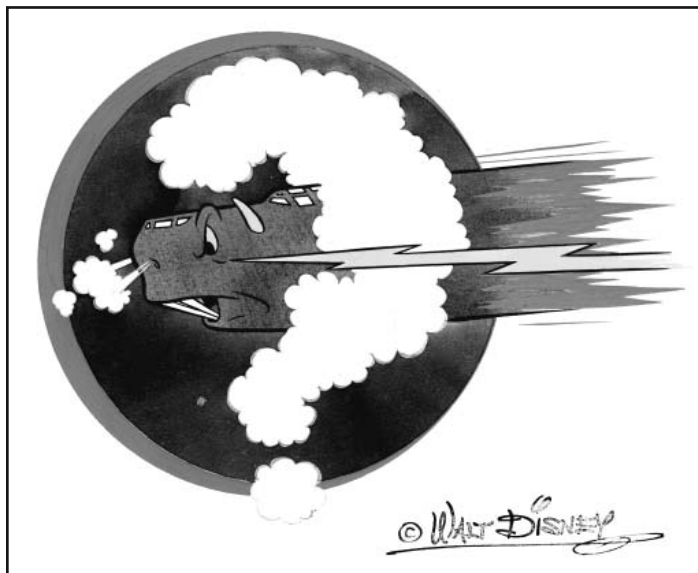
Kellett Auto Gyro, RAF, in front of 754th hangar.  
Note the painted insignia on the door.

## Göring: Cargo Material



Extra baggage? Göring (right) in March, 1936

Hermann Göring was noted for his excesses — his weight among them. By the end of the war, the Luftwaffe chief was so portly that the American pilot assigned to fly the recently surrendered Göring from Austria to Germany requested a larger plane; so says Captain Mayhew "Bo" Foster, now 99, in a recent interview. Worried that the dainty two-seater Piper L4 reconnaissance plane wouldn't have the *umph* to lift the craft and the corpulent Nazi off the runway, the pilot asked for a cargo plane instead. But his request was denied, and the May 9, 1945 flight went off without a hitch. ■



# Last-Ditch Nazi Poison Plot Revealed

BY ALEX KINGSBURY • REPRINTED FROM WORLD WAR II MAGAZINE

American GIs in 1944 with “captured” German sausages; later they’d be seen more as threat than treat.



Two months before the end of the war, in March 1945, a captured B-17 Flying Fortress took off from a German airfield in Stuttgart and set course for the French border. Above the small town of Ayon, four German agents — three men and a woman — jumped into the night. Not long after, the plane was shot down by Allied fire and the agents were captured and interrogated by Allied counterintelligence officers. Two of them told stories that left the agents incredulous: of German saboteurs carrying poisons meant to be administered in various diabolical ways to Allied soldiers.

“The above story seems somewhat fantastic and it may be that the agents prepared it together to make themselves interesting,” the British interrogators noted in their report, recently declassified by the British National Archives. “On the other hand, both described these poisons quite spontaneously.”

The dangers the report outlined seemed serious. With the Third Reich on the brink of collapse, Nazi saboteurs had apparently arranged for a major campaign of terrorism and resistance to Allied occupation. One captured German document discusses poisoning whiskey, schnapps, and wine bottles; disguising poisons as medical items; treating plates and other items with

highly poisonous substances; and accumulating solutions of strong poisons that could be injected into food: “e.g., injection of Doryl into a sausage.”

The agents of chaos were armed with a variety of clandestine gadgets to fulfill their missions. For instance, female agents were trained to kill Allied commanders using deadly “microbes” hidden in make-up mirrors. Special cigarettes were created that would give their smokers headaches; the German agents would then offer a tube of Bayer aspirin that included a tablet or two that had been poisoned. There were reports of poisoned cigarette lighters, chocolate bars, and Nescafé.

British intelligence was so worried by these troubling reports that it issued guidance that “captured agents and hidden equipment dumps should be searched for cigarette lighters, medicine, foods and cigarettes which are obviously not part of a food dump prepared for the use of the agents themselves.” Indeed, as British soldiers pushed toward Berlin they were barred “under pain of severe penalties” from eating captured German food.

Ultimately, however, the threat was limited — thanks in part to Hitler. “The Allies were very worried about what the Nazis might do, and were rather mesmerized by the idea of a last-ditch resistance

by Hitler in the Alps,” explains historian David Stafford, a World War II intelligence expert and the author of *Endgame, 1945*. “But in the end, this turned out to be a mere Chimera. Hitler decided to make his last stand in Berlin and die a martyr’s death. So far as his egomania was concerned, Nazism was him, and when he died, it perished with him. We know that some diehard Nazis did carry out attacks after his death, but their efforts were puny and uncoordinated, and never got any traction.” ■

## Mental Hospital

After hearing that one of the patients in a mental hospital had saved another from a suicide attempt by pulling him out of a bathtub, the hospital director reviewed the rescuer’s file and called him into his office.

“Mr. Haroldson, your records and your heroic behavior indicate that you’re ready to go home. I’m only sorry that the man you saved later killed himself with a rope around his neck.”

“Oh, he didn’t kill himself,” Mr. Haroldson replied. “I hung him up to dry.”

# WWII soldier killed in action receives honor 66 years later

BY DEBBIE BALZOTTI • REPRINTED FROM THE DAILY HERALD, PROVO, UTAH, FEBRUARY 27, 2011

It has been 66 years since Collin Allan's brother was killed in action during World War II, and on Friday the Mapleton resident received the Distinguished Flying Cross on behalf of his brother.

Evan Allan was honored during a ceremony at Hill Air Force Base in Ogden. Former United States Senator Robert Bennett was in attendance, along with many Allan family members who wanted to honor a soldier who gave his life 66 years ago but has not been forgotten.

On September 18, 1944, a B-24 nicknamed "Heaven Can Wait" piloted by Lt. Claude Lovelace and co-pilot Lt. Evan Allan was shot down by 20-mm guns while delivering supplies to surrounded troops fighting in WWII.

The pilot was struck in the head and lay slumped over the controls while Lt. Allan, also hit in the head and bleeding profusely, fought to control the damaged plane and bring it in for a landing with both engines on fire. The plane slid on its belly, finally coming to rest in a field five miles inside Germany near the small town of Hommersun, saving the lives of five crew members but losing his own.



**Lt. Evan Allan died in 1944 while delivering supplies to surrounded troops fighting in World War II.**

Back home on the family farm in Mapleton, Evan's parents received word that their son Evan was missing in action. Younger brother Collin remembers the terrible news that came on October 8, 1944.

"I'll always remember how it was when

we heard he was missing," Collin said. "Then, we waited and hoped until the war ended when many families finally found out the names of those who were prisoners of war."

Sadly, in mid-June 1945, the three surviving members of the Allan family opened the letter reporting Evan's death.

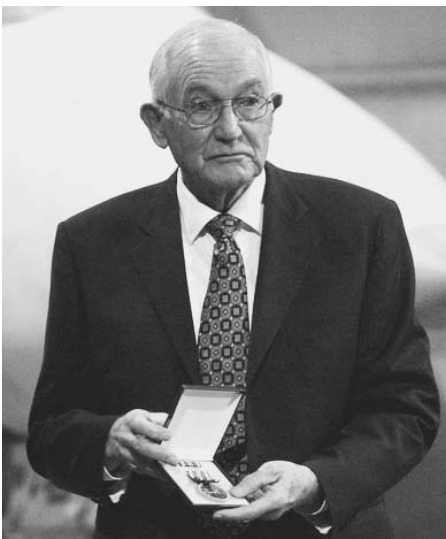
"We have conflicting stories of what happened during the battle," Collin said. "The wife of one of the crewmen who died said that three different locations were listed for where the plane went down. Four of the bodies had been kindly buried behind the Catholic church in Hommersun after the crash, and we were able to bring Evan's body back in 1949 to be buried at Evergreen Cemetery here in Utah."

Through the years, Collin read about other pilots receiving medals for their bravery and sacrifice during WWII, so he decided to request recognition for his brother. During the 1970s he wrote letters to the surviving crew but received very little response from these reluctant heroes and only a few more details.

About 12 years ago, Senator Hatch's of  
*(continued on next page)*

## Six decades later, World War II airmen honored with medals in Utah

BY MATTHEW D. LaPLANTE • REPRINTED FROM THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, FEBRUARY 25, 2011



**Collin Allan received the DFC on behalf of his brother on Friday, February 25, 2011 at the Hill Aerospace Museum.**

James and Gwen Allan laid their boy to rest at the top of a hill in Springville's Evergreen Cemetery in the fall of 1944. Eventually, they would go to join him there — James in 1975 and Gwen in 2000.

In all those intervening years, they never knew the truth.

Their son, Lt. Evan Allan, was a hero.

In a ceremony held Friday afternoon at the Hill Aerospace Museum on Hill Air Force Base, Maj. Gen. Andrew Busch and former Utah Sen. Bob Bennett presented the Distinguished Flying Cross to Allan's younger brother, Collin, who began extricating the story of his brother's death from the shrouds of history in the late 1990s.

Also honored was Sgt. Paul Sersland, an aerial gunner on a B-17 who participated in 35 bombing raids over enemy occupied Europe in 1944 and 1945.

"It's perfectly appropriate, even though it's decades late, that we still recognize the work these men did," said Bennett, who worked to secure the awards for the two fellow Utahns before leaving office earlier this year.

Collin Allan choked back tears when he spoke of the pain he has carried since losing his older brother 66 years ago. "Not a day goes by that I don't think of him," he said.

Allan was just 12 years old when his older brother died at the age of 22. For most of his life he simply accepted the lack of details about his brother's death — he knew only that his brother had been killed in a plane crash.

"There were so many of them," he said. "How could you expect the military to know the details of each and every one?"

*(continued on next page)*

## WWII SOLDIER RECEIVES HONOR

*(continued from page 13)*

fice began writing letters to have a medal awarded. After a couple of years with no success, Collin then asked Chris Cannon for help and he assigned an aide who again spent many hours until Cannon lost his bid for re-election.

"All the paperwork was transferred to Senator Bennett's Provo office where his assistant Emily Wiscombe finally got it to go to a military committee," Collin said. "But then a letter came, that it was declined because they said someone said the five crew members bailed out prior to the crash."

But Collin had obtained the testimony of a surviving crew member through the Freedom of Information Act.

"The crewman was asked the question if anyone bailed out and he replied that at 200 feet in a B-24, 'It was too damned low!' So I sent the copies of his eyewitness testimony and the committee decided to award the medal," Collin said.

Collin Allan was excited for the day to come when his brother would be honored for the true hero he was.

"There hasn't been a day I haven't thought of my brother," Collin said. "I spent all those years trying to get this medal for him because he deserved it and we were very close brothers. And, I think we need heroes — real heroes who are part of a long line of patriots that have died so that freedom might live." ■

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## SIX DECADES LATER *(continued from page 13)*

But as his mother's health faded, Allan became determined to better understand what had happened to his sibling. Using the Freedom of Information Act, he uncovered documents related to the crash of his brother's bomber. Ultimately, he located one of the men who had survived the crash.

This is the story he uncovered: On September 18, 1944, a squadron of Air Force B-24s was called upon to resupply Allied troops that had been surrounded near Eindhoven, Holland. But amid radio failures and heavy fighting on the ground, many of the planes in the group had to make several passes before they were able to drop their supplies.

The third pass proved disastrous for the men in plane 42-94786, nicknamed "Heaven Can Wait." A burst of 20-millimeter cannon fire struck the plane, instantly killing Lt. Claude Lovelace, who slumped over the controls.

*(continued on next page)*

# Details of the crash of "Heaven Can Wait"

BY COLLIN ALLAN

On September 17, 1944, paratroopers of the 101st Airborne were dropped at Eindhoven, Holland. The 82nd Airborne paratroopers were dropped in the vicinity of Nijmegen and Groesbeek, Holland and the Canadian and British were dropped at Arnhem, Holland. All of this was part of an Operation called Market Garden — concocted by British Field Marshall Bernard Montgomery and approved by General Eisenhower.

On September 18, 8th Air Force B-24s were to re-supply the surrounded airborne troops in Holland. The B-24s were chosen for this dangerous mission because of a lack of C-47 transport planes and because of their armor and speed. Planes of the 845th Squadron, 489th Bomb Group were among those called upon for the mission.

The mission was delayed until early afternoon because the Germans had overrun the drop zone and had to be pushed back into the Reichswald Forest. The 489th was the lead squadron that crossed the North Sea at 1000 feet and then dropped to 25 to 50 feet at the Dutch coast to stay under German radar. A bridge that was a key check-point had been blown during the night and the bombers burst over the forest onto the drop zone in some confusion. The confusion worsened when two smudge pots were not identifiable because of smoke from a German artillery bombardment that had just ended. Additionally the radio transmitters had been switched in a snafu before takeoff. The 82nd Airborne transmitter was at Eindhoven and the 101st transmitter was at Nijmegen.

Knowing that the supplies were desperately needed and had to be in the right spot, the 489th leader decided to circle. The planes were low enough that when one of them went over a German farmhouse, the farmer was in his backyard shooting at the plane with his shotgun. They were fired at from the ground every time they went over a German unit. When the Group came in the second time, another group was making the drop and the 489th had to circle again. The third time was right on target and the supplies were dropped, but the delay had proven disastrous. The Germans had moved 20 millimeter ack-ack guns mounted on mobile carriers into the exit route and the escaping planes were heavily damaged.

Plane #42-94786, nicknamed "Heaven Can Wait," with Lt. Claude Lovelace as pilot and Lt. Evan E. Allan as co-pilot, was hit hard in the first burst. Lt. Lovelace was hit in the head and killed, and was slumped over the controls. Lt. Allan, also hit in the head and bleeding, fought to control the plane and bring it in for a crash landing with engines shot out and on fire.

He belly landed the plane in a pasture and slid across the meadow land, then hit a pond of water. There was a berm about six feet high on the other side of the pond, and when the plane hit this it ground-looped, breaking in two. Because of the efforts of the co-pilot, Lt. Allan, in landing the plane, five crew members survived the crash. They were taken prisoner and survived the war and returned to their families.

In 2004, on the 60th anniversary of this event, the Dutch Historical Group placed a plaque at the crash site with the names of the crew members and the events of that day in 1944. They did this in memory of the many brave men who fought and died for their liberation. The crash site is about five miles into Germany, near a town called Hommersun. ■



# Thanks, Luftwaffe

SUBMITTED BY GEORGE A. FERRELL JR.

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VALOR, FEBRUARY 1995, VOL. 78, NO. 2, BY JOHN L. FRISBEE, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

*A friend gave me this fantastic article about a WWII P-51 pilot who got shot up on a mission to Czechoslovakia. He parachuted down and found an FW-190 which he flew back to his base in France. I had never heard of such an exploit! Bruce Carr was in the 9th Air Force, and had 22.5 victories. The incident, described below, took place in October 1944.*

Bruce Carr ended World War II as a lieutenant with 14 victories confirmed and the Distinguished Service Cross. Despite all that, he denies any claim to heroism — a doubtful assertion — but he can't disclaim his role in a daring experience, to our knowledge unique in the history of that war.

Carr was a P-51 pilot with the 354th Fighter Group. At the time of this adventure, the group was based in France. In October 1944, while on a mission over Czechoslovakia, he was downed by flak. After days of evading — cold, hungry, and physically exhausted — he decided it was better to turn himself in to the Luftwaffe than to risk capture by the locals. He knew from the surrounding air activity that there was a German airfield not far away.

Lieutenant Carr found his way to the field and hid in the forest outside a fence surrounding a revetment in the woods. An FW-190 was parked there; its ground crew had completed servicing the aircraft. It was full of fuel and ready to go. Carr's plan of surrender took a 180-degree turn to the positive side. Maybe he could "borrow" the enemy fighter and fly back to his base in France. If he were caught tinkering with the bird, things would not go well, but it was worth a shot.

As dusk fell, Carr slipped through the fence and climbed into the FW-190. In the failing light, he did his best to familiarize himself with the cockpit and get ready for a takeoff at dawn. All switches and gauges were labeled in German, hence of no help. Then by the gray light of dawn, the young lieutenant found the switches for gear and flaps. Now to start the engine and get on his way before the ground crew arrived to preflight the bird.

To the right of the seat was a handle that he guessed might have something to do with starting the engine. Already there were sounds of activity on the field, so

## *Downed far behind enemy lines, an American P-51 pilot made a dramatic escape with the unintended help of the Luftwaffe.*

he didn't have much time for experimenting. Cautiously, Carr pulled the handle. Nothing happened. He tried pushing it. He was rewarded by the sound of an inertial starter winding up. Pulling the handle must engage the starter, he guessed. He cracked the throttle, wound up the starter, and pulled. The engine came to life with a roar. Taxiing through the woods with no parachute, helmet, or radio, he could see a green field ahead and no signs of unfriendly reaction. Carr firewalled the throttle, then roared across the field and into the air, leveling off at treetop altitude. He saw no sign of pursuit as he headed for home. Flying the fighter was no problem. An airplane is an airplane, as they say. He didn't have time to consider what would happen at the field when the Germans discovered one of their planes was missing.

All went well until he reached the front lines. Every armed Allied soldier in range opened fire on him. There was little Lieutenant Carr could do in the way of evasive action since he was blowing leaves off the tops of trees, but his luck held. No hits.

Another problem lay ahead: the likelihood of being shot down by his own airfield defenses. Without a radio, he had no way of assuring them that this was a friendly FW-190. It was best to get on the ground as fast as possible. He came screaming in on the deck, pulled up, rolled over on his back, reefed it in for a short approach, dropped flaps, and pushed the button he thought would lower the landing gear. There was no reassuring thump of gear coming down. As he pulled up for another try, he could see the AA crews uncovering their 40-mm guns. With no parachute, his only option for avoiding another encounter with flak was to belly in. This he did without injury.

As the FW-190 ground to a stop, Lieutenant Carr was surrounded by MPs, whom he could not convince that he was a 354th pilot on a delayed return from a mission. Things grew more and more tense until the group commander, Col. George Bickell, arrived and stuck his head into the cockpit. His first words were, "Carr, where in hell have you been?"

After his extraordinary experience, Bruce Carr was back on operations in a few days. By April 15, he was credited with 7.5 more victories, five on one mission, putting him among the top 50 World War II AAF fighter aces. Today, retired Colonel Carr flies a P-51 owned by Dr. Joseph Newsome — but, he says, a little more conservatively than in years gone by. And with the consent of the owner. ■

## **SIX DECADES LATER** *(continued from page 14)*

Though he had been struck in the head and was bleeding, Lt. Allan took the controls and brought the plane — its engines on fire — in for a belly landing in a pasture.

The aircraft slid across the green, hit a pond of water and flipped over a berm, breaking in two.

Allan was among five crew members who died on that day. But five others lived. In presenting the award, Bennett stressed that it was due to Allan's actions and sacrifice that those five men were ultimately able to return home to their families.

But after accepting his award, Sersland's thoughts were not on those who had returned home, but those who never made it back.

"It is a tremendous honor," he said. "I've seen many crews blown out of the air, shot down, and they never had this chance."

Standing beneath the nose of a B-17, much like the plane in which he had flown during the war, Sersland recounted the night of December 23, 1944.

Hundreds of bombers and escort aircraft took to the skies on that day, Sersland recalled. "It was really remarkable," he said. "There wasn't room for a bird up there."

There were thousands of men in the air for that mission. And Sersland said that every one of them was a hero in his eyes.

"I am deeply humbled and honored," he said. ■



# NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY LLOYD W. PRANG

The following was in the 453rd Newsletter but not in the 2ADA *Journal*, which I missed because we were on a two week cruise. Sorry. However, I got only one complaint. I take it as the article not being so important. For that person and everyone else who does not get the Newsletter, here it is.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

Following the lead of Evelyn Cohen, we didn't send Christmas cards to anyone this year. However, we did receive cards from many people. **Wib and Diana Clingan** were one of the first. Then there was **Oak and Maxine Mackey** of the 392nd. And **Mac McDowell**, and **Walter Morris**, who wrote that **Odo Oliva** wasn't doing so well, but still "hanging in there." Sadly, as I was writing this, Walt sent a note that Odo had died. **Don and Peggy Parcells** wished everyone a Merry Christmas and Don said he regrets having missed the 2ADA convention in New Orleans since he is a charter member of the WWII museum and would like to have seen what they have created. **Marcy Nase** sent a "Christmas card" that told of **Earle's** final resting place at Arlington National Cemetery. I hope the photos are clear enough for the Newsletter; I'll send the page to Jeane Stites. Earle was greeted by an Honor Guard, Military Brass Band, Caisson and Firing Party. His remains were placed in the Columbarium. There was also a regular Christmas card; in it she simply wrote "Christmas 2010, our first without Earle." This was a fitting end to a life that was composed of 35 missions in the front seat of a B-24, among other things. Next we got a card and letter from **Marcine Thomas**, wife of Cliff Thomas, who was the radio operator on the **Joe Meintel** crew. Hopefully, Jeane will be able to get it in the next Newsletter. **Jeane Stites** sent a Christmas card also. In **Hank Barker's** card he wrote, "To my fellow B-24 co-pilot and your dear wife. This card seemed to bring back some nostalgia, even if it is a B-17 in the snow." (I flew 17's right out of flying school in Florida, towing targets for the fighters to practice their marksmanship.) Anyway he also sent a new cell phone number — haven't tried it yet. **Brenda and Phil**

**Tudek** (Brenda is Linda Wittig's daughter) sent a long letter with her card. (Phil, our condolences on your mother's passing.) Hopefully Jeane will be able to print it. Finally there were two cards from the staff at the Memorial Library in Norwich.

Thank you one and all. I won't promise to do better next year. It'll probably be more of the same.

## REPORT OF THE 2AD MEMORIAL LIBRARY BOOK ENDOWMENT PROGRAM

Libby Morgan, the Trust Librarian, reports that the books purchased using 453rd funds during 2009/2010 are: *Robert E. Lee: Lessons on Leadership* (the Great Generals series) by N.A. Trudeau, and *50 American Artists You Should Know*, by Debra N. Mancoff. Both books are inscribed "Presented by the 453rd Bomb Group (H), 2nd Wing, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force, Old Buckenham, England." At the end of her letter Libby wrote, "I'd like to end with a comment that is often written in our visitors book: *Thank you for keeping the history alive.*"

## CONVENTIONS

As you already know, the 64th Annual 2ADA Convention will be held on a cruise ship, leaving September 17, 2011 for five nights round trip out of Maryland. Jim Dyke will not be registered for this one. That means there will be no 453rd business meeting this year. The present officers will stay as they are for another year.

I had wanted those of us who chose not to go on the cruise to have an alternative choice. The Heritage League had intended to plan to go to Las Vegas. I thought that might be a good alternative, and was ready to say we should join them. Alas, the Heritage League people were not able to make arrangements in time. Instead, they will be joining with the Eighth Air Force Historical Society when they hold their reunion in St. Louis in October.

Wib Clingan wrote that we should consider closing the 453rd. Maybe he's right? This idea disturbs me; although I think he's right, it's getting increasingly difficult to do anything. Please let me know what you think. ■

# YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY BRIAN H. MAHONEY  
Heritage League President

Each week brings news of the "last voyage" of another one or more of our cherished veterans — or their spouse — from one or more of the bomb groups. We soberly contemplate the value of the many previous and few remaining times we may be privileged to spend with those who brought the fight to Germany flying from England. Over the years, they have cultivated in us something approaching their own reverent regard for the ones who paid the full measure alongside them. We hope we have made clear that the honor of remembering them and their colleagues is something we embrace with gratitude.

We are pleased to hear that the Bermuda cruise, possibly your last reunion, is fully subscribed. We will be with you in spirit. We remind any who would like a landlubber gathering that you and your family are most welcome to join us in St. Louis just a week following, from October 11-16. (Full details at [www.heritageleague.org/reunions.htm](http://www.heritageleague.org/reunions.htm).)

All of the Heritage League officers and many regular members with still-vital veterans are taking up the work of continuing the individual bomb group associations that have decided to keep going. The Heritage League continues to remind all that we are "here for the duration," and will keep the annual reunion tradition alive for remaining vets, their descendants, researchers, and admirers. We would remind all of the vets that they can be free Honorary Life Members for the asking — my contact info is in the front of this *Journal*.

Even for us "relative" youngsters, each summer seems to pass faster than the one before. We savor the good moments very consciously. Here's hoping we may have more of them with each of you, and that you are comfortable and content in the knowledge that we will always cherish you, remembering the slain and the survivor alike. Thank you for all you have done. God bless you. ■



# 492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

NORTH PICKENHAM

BY FRANK BALES

## "New Boy on the Block"

Actually I am so new to the job that I can only say, I haven't had time to get involved with the planned 492nd Group meeting scheduled for September 21-25 in Washington, D.C. I will get aboard as quickly as possible, and in the meantime I will see that complete coverage of the reunion is in the next *Journal*.

Previously I ended with our arrival in Salt Lake City, Utah at the Army Air Corps Classification Center, the location for crew assignments. This is the first time I met Lts. Roger Leister, pilot; John Byers, bombardier; and Vance Cridling, navigator. With me as the co-pilot, thus was established the initial steps in the formation of the Leister crew. From there it was off to Casper, Wyoming to bring aboard the remaining members of the crew: Dalton Pontius, engineer; Philip Snyder, nose gunner; George Lifschitz, radio; Neil Matzek, waist gunner; Ernest Schreiner, top turret gunner; and Jess Duff, tail gunner. We had our ten-man crew and it was now full time preparation for the war ahead; i.e., gunnery, formation flying, photo bombing runs, air to air gunnery, etc. From Casper, Wyoming we were off to McCook, Nebraska for more practice, then on to Topeka, Kansas to await our assignment to a War Zone. Fortunately it was the UK.

Now "FAST FORWARD" to the Leister crew being assigned to the 466th BG, then upon arrival and reporting in we were suddenly reassigned to the 492nd BG due to recent massive losses of the latter. Not too encouraging to hear, being complete novices at this time of our military careers. Nevertheless we reported to our new duty station, North Pickenham. Only on board with the 492nd for a short period and with only nine missions under our belts, the dissolution of the 492nd occurred. Our squadron (the 859th) was transferred on August 10 to the 467th to become the 788th still under LTC Mahoney. Trained again under the rules of the 467th, we accomplished two more missions, the last on August 18th in a B-24 named the "Broad & High." Following are comments made to the local paper some time ago that tells the story of events on August 18, 1944.

## THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE "BROAD & HIGH"

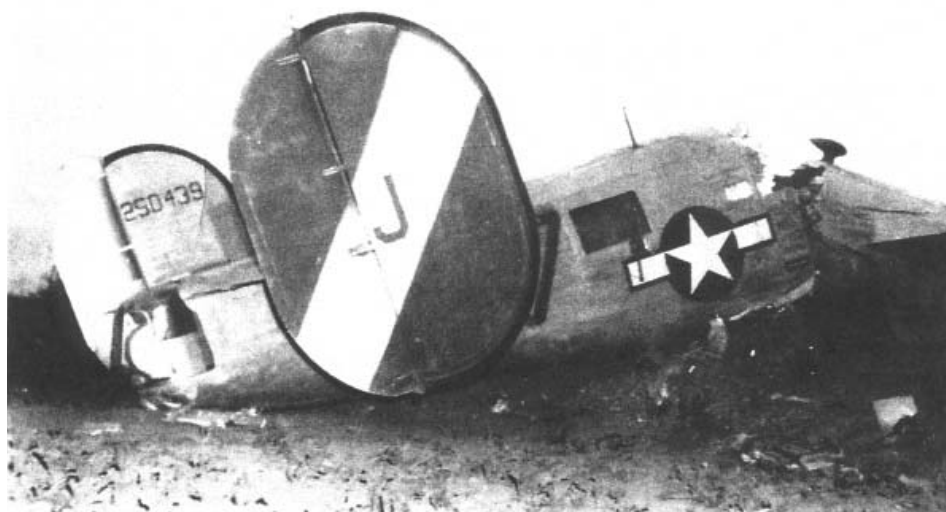
*This is the story of the last flight of the "Broad & High," a B-24 Liberator on a bombing run August 18, 1944, as told by the co-pilot, Frank Bales. Fortunately Lts. Byers and Cridling, having been moved to lead crews, were not aboard this day, being replaced by Lt. William Sherrill, bombardier-navigator.*

I was the co-pilot assigned to the 467th BG on the 18th of August 1944, located at Rackheath, England. Our ship was called the "Broad & High." It was early in the morning and we just got a wakeup call by the banging on the Quonset hut door, time to hit the deck. Immediately we would start the constant banter of "I wonder what the fuel load is going to be and what is the bomb load?" This would give us a good idea of the type of mission it was going to be. Would this be a max effort of the whole 8th Air Force or a short so-called "milk run"? We would get the message after breakfast. We were all in the briefing room when the CO walked onto the stage. "Our target for today is Woippy, France." At the briefing we learned that only 38 planes from Rackheath would be making the run. We were given the position we would be flying in the squadron formation, the time of takeoff, and then we would hack our watches. We were assigned the slot position in the low element, the lowest position in the forma-

tion. We hit the target, no fighters attacked, and there was minimum flak; however we were the only plane to get hit by some lucky gunners which resulted in the following events as witnessed by a British local in his following testimony on seeing the crash landing on our return.

*"On the evening of Friday, August 18th, 1944, one of the 467th's ships was in trouble. Young Noel Shearing was on Bramerton Common next to the river, with soldiers from a Bren-gun-carrier detachment billeted in woods near Kirby House when he heard a mighty roar and the huge silver bulk of a Liberator bomber came over so low that it clipped the top of the trees at the back of Bramerton Common. In that instant, he noticed that only one engine out of the four had a propeller turning: the bomb bay doors were open; the front gunner was slumped against the plexiglass of the front of the fuselage; the body of the aircraft was shot full of holes. The plane looked to be "in tatters," said Noel Shearing. Realizing it was going to come down, the soldiers rushed off in their vehicles towards Kirby Bedon. Half a minute later, at 7:30 p.m., it slammed down into Marsh Field and gouged a 10 meter swathe through the sugar beets that were growing there. The plane's impetus carried it uphill and it had the absolute misfortune to strike a bank as well as, according to eyewitnesses, striking a dead oak tree. Young Desmond Tomlinson, who observed the scene from some fifty meters away, saw that the plane had broken its back. Local people sprung into action to do what was required. The hot engines were steaming, but there was no fire. Teams of horses with ropes were required to pull parts of the scattered fuselage away to release*

(continued on page 19)



The end of the last flight of the "Broad & High."

## WINGS ACROSS AMERICA

*(continued from front cover)*

high takeoff" followed by seeing the beauty of Salt Lake. The whole flight is just unbelievable, including the rough air, but David is really spoiling me. Soon we are talking to the tower at Rock Springs, which is our next stop, and they warn me of extreme turbulence on the approach, but we make it safely down and taxi up to the FBO, who as always is so kind. We refuel and enjoy a coffee in their crew room before we take off on the final leg of the day, and clear up to 12.5 as we head for Colorado Springs in some of the most amazing scenery I have ever seen. The controller at Denver guides me around his zone and then we are lined up for an ILS approach to runway 17 at Colorado Springs. We taxi up to the terminal area, refuel and tie down "Sarah," as our Cessna is known, as we are night stopping here.

At the Clarion Hotel we meet with a charming USAF officer who invites us to visit the U.S. Air Force Academy the next day. David decides this is too good an opportunity to miss, so we alter our plans. The Academy was stunning, especially their chapel, and we met many of the Officer Cadets in training before we returned our Cessna for a 1310 hrs departure bound for Topeka. Another great afternoon of flying with David, and he is teaching me so much before we are cleared down for runway 13 at Topeka, all 13,000 feet long which makes the landing easy. Here we meet up with a group who have a superbly maintained C-47 Dakota in her wartime colours before we eventually arrive at the Airport Hotel for supper and a debrief on my first day of long haul flying in the USA.

The next day at 0800 hrs we complete all the pre-flight checks and then a great girl in the tower offers me the same long runway of 13 for takeoff. Soon we are crossing the Missouri River and settled into the cruise at flight level 7.5. Four hours later we are in the descent for the large International Airport at Dayton, and it is my first time to be mixed in with all the airliner traffic as I am slotted nicely on to the ILS for runway 24L. We are night stopping here as David wants me to see the Wright Patterson U.S. Air Force Museum, and we have a great day in this superb facility.

The next day we are up at dawn to pre-flight for our last leg of the journey to New York, and I still cannot believe that this is happening to me. Airborne at 0700 hours, and the air is silky smooth as we cross over Pittsburgh on this perfect morning for flying. Then three hours later my world is soundly shaken as we are handed



**The "Two Pilots" at the 2ADA convention at McAfee.**

over to New York centre and the almost constant R/T chatter with the sky full of aeroplanes. Still, it all works well, and we are soon cleared to descend to Morristown Airport, which is one of the regional airports in the New York area, and at 1030 hrs we land and have finally completed our flight all the way across America. We leave our trusty Cessna, and enjoy the great 2nd Air Division Association convention at McAfee with all our 2ADA friends including a visit to West Point.

At the end of the convention we have a tremendous storm, so our wives Jean and Joan decide to fly back to San Francisco by scheduled airlines while David and I make our way back to the airport at Morristown to find that the awful weather has caused delays and the tower suggests we book for a 1500 hrs departure. We enjoy lunch in the airport terminal looking at the driving rain outside; our wives certainly made a wise choice. Still, our departure time is honoured and we take off from Morristown at 1510 hrs, with the kind controller, having heard my English accent, asking if we would like him to try for a low level clearance all the way to San Francisco. The evening is perfect as we cross the Allegheny Mountains. We have a friendly greeting from a BAC 1-11 airliner on his way to St. Louis, and then we are cleared for the descent back to Dayton International Airport and our night stop.

The next day we have breakfast at 0430 hrs as David wants to get all the way to Albuquerque, and we are airborne at 0800 hrs with once more a low level clearance; all just unbelievable. As we approach Jefferson City and we think about a refueling stop, our mind is made up as we see a real live B-17 Flying Fortress in the circuit. We land behind him and meet the Confederate Air Force crew while we are refuelled. Then off again and we enjoy our lunch boxes as we approach the plains of Kansas. As we pass Wichita, we make a detour to avoid a large storm and then

we land at the old wartime training base at Liberal. Once again the flight line service really spoils us before we are airborne once more and passing over many of the old wartime airfields. Then at 1630 hrs we can see the Rockies ahead, and I am cleared to enter the exciting pass leading to Albuquerque and the great 13,000 foot runway of 26. We might stop here, and I think of how I am just so lucky to be flying with a wartime B-24 pilot.

Another early breakfast, and we run through our flight plan for the final day of our 3,000 mile flight. David has planned a surprise for me, as we are to fly up the Grand Canyon — he really spoils his English pilot. Airborne at 0820 hrs and back to the Rockies once more with still a low level clearance. How can we thank that guy at Morristown? At the Flagstaff VOR we turn off the airway and I get my first view of the awe-inspiring Grand Canyon. The scenery is just stunning as we slowly fly up the Canyon, something I never dreamed I would do. Then we are talking to the Grand Canyon airport where we land to take on more fuel. Airborne at 1140 hrs with a last look at that amazing Canyon before we pass over Lake Mead and enter the Mojave Desert. The centre advises us that we have no conflicting traffic, but we suddenly see a black dot in our 12 o'clock which grows rapidly, and we both push hard down on the controls. A huge black shadow passes overhead, but no noise or turbulence, and two very shaken pilots slowly come up from under the cockpit exclaiming, "What the heck was that!" as the centre had just told us we had no traffic at our altitude. Then we get a strong feeling that something is out to port, so I go back aft to collect my still camera, return and strap in and take just two pictures before the feeling that we have company goes. Now we approach Edwards Air Force Base and David suggests that I use my best English voice to ask if an ex-member of the RAF could have clearance to overfly the Space Shuttle runway in the desert. We are told to "wait one" and then are amazingly cleared to overfly. Everyone is so kind. Finally we leave the Rockies and start the descent to Bakersfield for more fuel and lunch.

At 1500 hrs we get our start-up clearance for the last leg of this exciting flight, and air traffic then just holds us in the top of the cumulus clouds as we fly up the California plain on a glorious afternoon. All too soon we can see the great landmark of Mt. Diablo at Concord, and with the hectic R/T chatter we know we are back in the crowded skies of the Bay Area.

*(continued on next page)*

#### 492ND BG (continued from page 17)

*the pilot and co-pilot who appeared badly injured. Tractors were also commandeered. The rescue services misunderstood where the crash had taken place and went first of all to the wrong side of the river. In the meantime, one crew member had managed to walk out onto the wing and escape. The village was agog, anxious to help . . . one couple had left out a note for their school-aged daughter, shortly due home: "Do NOT go out!" Her mother's white apron had been bloodied when she cradled the head of the co-pilot who was receiving whole blood from a British soldier at the site. The farm workers had found unspent ammunition aboard, and shortly two Snowdrops — white-helmeted Military Police — arrived to guard the aircraft and were put up in the village. Their hosts were amazed to see tinned peaches, long unavailable, in the rations that the authorities had sent for them. The plane had clearly been hit by anti-aircraft fire, and the deep irony was that the crew very nearly made it. Had the plane remained airborne just another three seconds, they would have cleared the obstacles."*

#### THE KIRBY KIDS

During the war, many of the children living in Kirby Bedon used to gather in the afternoon to watch the American bombers return from their missions. They were out there on the 18th of August 1944 and witnessed the crash landing of the "Broad & High" in a field near St. Andrew's Church. As it came in, it buzzed some of the kids who were watching from one end of the field. The town's women rushed quickly to save the crew. Untrained for such, their efforts and courage saved five lives. The kids saw everything, including the four who died. The Kirby Kids, as they came to be known, adopted the Leister crew as their own personal heroes to represent all of the Allied servicemen who fought for their values. From that day to this, the Kirby Kids have met every year in September to honor the crew and its fallen heroes. Inside of St. Andrew's Church is a plaque mounted on the wall and there is a memorial erected in the field at the crash site with the names of those four young airmen who died that day.

The annual reunion of the Kirby Kids has become another English tradition. When possible, the surviving crewmen and their families have attended the reunion to pay homage to their beloved comrades and the heroic English moms who saved them. The final flight of the "Broad & High" has become well known throughout Eng-



Roger Leister at the crash site memorial dedication.

land. And thanks to the Kirby Kids, the names of William Sherrill, Dalton Pontius, George Lifschitz, Philip Snyder, and the rest of the Leister crew will never be forgotten. Only last year, Roger Leister, the pilot, passed away, and on September 26, 2010 there was "A Service of Dedication

to Remember" Roger L. Leister and the crew of the B-24 that crash-landed at Kirby Bedon on August 18, 1944. The service was held at St. Andrew's Church in Kirby Bedon. Following the service, Roger's ashes were scattered at the final landing place of "Broad & High." ■

#### WINGS ACROSS AMERICA (continued from page 18)

Oakland Centre then hands us over to Concord Tower and we are welcomed back with a clearance to land on runway 32R, where thanks to "Sarah" I manage to make a smooth landing. We taxi up to Pacific States Aviation, and the Chief Engineer is waiting to greet us and is delighted to hear that we had no snags on the flight. On the way back to Squire Court we stopped at an instant photo shop to get the film developed. On the first picture there was just the wing and the mountains, but on the second there was our UFO. An amazing mystery which has still not yet been fully explained.

So that was the end of over forty-seven hours of flying and nearly 7,000 miles, including the thrills and fears of mountain flying, the huge open spaces of the USA, no landing fees, the ability to land at large or small airports and be treated the same as a 747, the amazing service of the Fixed Base operators, the excellence of the Met service, the kindness of Air Traffic when they heard an English voice, flying the Grand Canyon, to be allowed to overfly Edwards Air Force Base, to actually see and photograph a UFO, the great engineering of Pacific States Aviation which kept us safe in that lovely Cessna C-337, and finally the kindness, tuition, and skill of my B-24 co-pilot, David Patterson. Little did I know then that this was just the beginning of flying over 29,000 miles together. ■



The amazing UFO photographed from the Cessna C-337.

# The Luftwaffe Fighters' Battle of Britain: THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN FROM THE LUFTWAFFE'S VIEWPOINT

The story of how the outnumbered RAF fought and defeated the superior Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain will always be a source of fascination. However, accounts of the summer of 1940 have tended to centre on the British defenders, both in the air and on the ground, whilst the story of the losing German side has remained largely untold.

Using first-hand accounts from Luftwaffe pilots, bestselling author Chris Goss provides an insight into the experiences of the German fighter and bomber crews from the attacker's viewpoint and explains how those same German aircrew felt just months later when they flew against a tenacious enemy with nothing to lose.

Literary acclaim for the previous edition of *The Luftwaffe Fighters' Battle of Britain*:

"Just when we thought that nothing 'new' could be written on the topic, Chris Goss proved us wrong!" — *Pilot Magazine*

"The striking thing about this excellent history book is how very similar the accounts are from both RAF and Luftwaffe fighter pilots. The author has tracked down pilots who took part in the same incidents and presents them from both perspectives, to fascinating effect." — *Birmingham Mail*

*The Luftwaffe Fighters' Battle of Britain* is published by Crécy Publishing Limited, 1a Ringway Trading Estate, Shadowmoss Road, Manchester M22 5LH, United Kingdom. Their website is [www.crecy.co.uk](http://www.crecy.co.uk). £10.95, USA \$18.95.

— Other Crécy titles by Chris Goss —

## The Luftwaffe's Blitz

**The Inside Story: November 1940 - May 1941**

By Chris Goss

208 pages, hardback, with over 120 b&w photographs. £18.95

Much has been written about the Blitz from a British perspective but here we see the story from the viewpoint of the German aircrew involved, many of whom were shot down and taken prisoner. *The Luftwaffe's Blitz* details the Luftwaffe's assault against the United Kingdom in 1941. Integrated with accounts from the aircrew of the RAF's embryonic night fighter force as they fought against the Luftwaffe night after night in difficult and often primitive circumstances, this book provides a new perspective on the Blitz from the attacker's point of view.

## Bloody Biscay

**The history of V Gruppe/Kampfgeschwader 40**

By Chris Goss

256 pages, soft cover, with approximately 200 b&w integrated photographs. £14.95

Using personal accounts from both German and Allied survivors, *Bloody Biscay* relates the initial tribulations of the unit, the height of its success in the spring and summer of 1943, its battles against overwhelming odds, and its eventual annihilation over the Normandy beaches in June 1944. The attack in which



the famous British actor, Leslie Howard, perished is also described, clarifying the facts surrounding one of the more enduring mysteries of WWII.

Comprehensive appendices include the unit's commanding officers, known aircrew and all the unit's known "kills," providing a graphic insight into the activities of V/KG40.

## The Luftwaffe Bombers' Battle of Britain

**The Inside Story: July - October 1940**

By Chris Goss

208 pages, hardback, with over 100 previously unpublished photographs. £19.95

The story of how the outnumbered RAF fought and defeated the superior Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain will always be a source of fascination. However, accounts of the summer of 1940 have tended to centre on the British defenders, both in the air and on the ground, whilst the story of the losing German side has remained largely untold.

Forming a major two-part series, *The Luftwaffe Bombers' Battle of Britain* accompanies *The Luftwaffe Fighters' Battle of Britain* and gives the reader a new insight into the experiences of the German fighter and bomber crews from the attacker's viewpoint.

## Luftwaffe Fighter-Bombers over Britain

**The Tip and Run Campaign, 1942-1943**

By Chris Goss with Peter Cornwell and Bernd Rauchbach

336 pages, hardback, with over 250 b&w photographs, many previously unpublished. £24.95

*Luftwaffe Fighter-Bombers over Britain* analyzes the daylight bombing campaign from March 1942 – June 1943 using contemporary records and first-hand accounts from both the German and British sides. It highlights, amongst others, unopposed attacks on London, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Hastings, Yeovil, Salisbury, the Isle of Wight, Great Yarmouth, Torquay, and Bournemouth. Tactics are considered from both attacker and defender viewpoints, their successes and their failures.

Incorporating almost 300 previously unpublished photographs, and packed with detailed research, *Luftwaffe Fighter-Bombers over Britain* appeals to the aviation historian and those with an interest in local British history. ■



# Battle of Britain Roundup

BY GENE SANTORO • REPRINTED FROM WORLD WAR II MAGAZINE

After all that's been said for 70 years about the Battle of Britain and the following Blitz, what more is there to add? One of history's gifts is that it repays repeated visits, especially when accompanied by a smart and sharp-eyed guide. The books below are like that: far more than oversized dust gatherers, they demonstrate how even this familiar struggle can offer fresh meaning.



## The Blitz An Illustrated History

By Gavin Mortimer. 200 pp.  
Osprey Publishing, 2010. \$29.95.

From the archives of the *Mirror*, one of the UK's leading picture-driven tabloids, come some 200 arresting photos — many of them unseen until now thanks to wartime censorship and postwar secrecy. Searing shots of tangled steel-frame wreckage, heaping rubble, and voracious fires. Firemen being ceremonially buried. People tidily sleeping head-to-foot along lengths of track in London's Underground. Nurses singing Christmas carols to the wounded. Two people sitting on the sofa in their bombed-out house, quaffing beer. Tillz the hen emerging from her Anderson bomb shelter. Contemporary front pages, stories, and cartoons. All these riches are organized into several sections devoted to specific times and places. Mortimer's arresting re-creations of these many and varied experiences — from the heart-wrenching to the surreal — are gracefully woven from newspaper accounts, diaries, and interviews, and unfold in perfect counterpoint to the images.



Taylor captures the Luftwaffe's last fatal daylight bombing run.



## Robert Taylor's Battle of Britain

By Robert Taylor. 128 pp.  
Casemate, 2010. \$34.95.

Famed aviation artist combines his patented, remarkable renditions of air action with backstage scenes from his interviews with some of the hard-fought fray's leading figures. Added bonus: detailed explanations of the artist's working approach and methods. Fascinating, even more so for fans.



## The Most Dangerous Enemy: An Illustrated History of the Battle of Britain

By Stephen Bungay. 272 pp.  
Zenith Press, 2010. \$40.

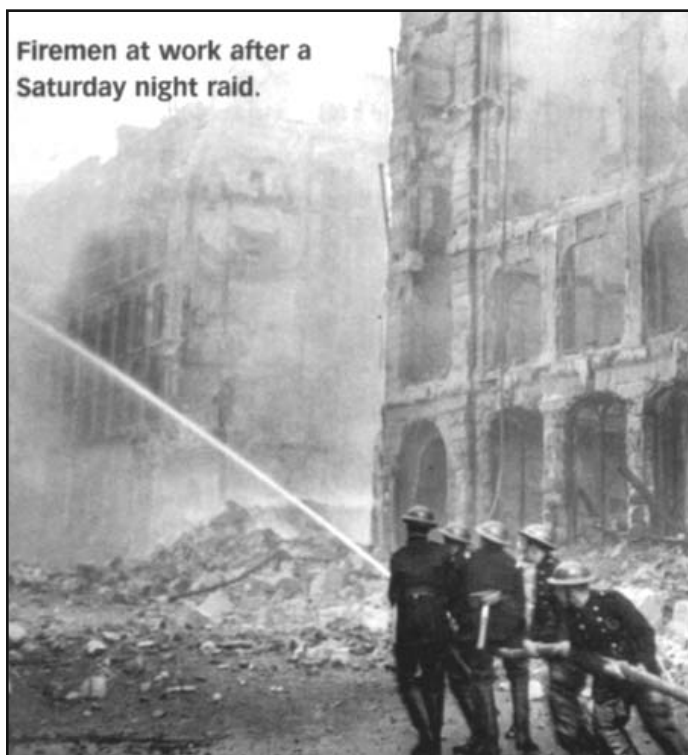
This remarkably concise and cogent rendition of larger events also offers clear explanations of strategy and tactics, and precise characterizations of leading and lesser figures. In revisiting this oft-told tale, Bungay seeks a middle way between over-reverence and over-revisionism. By and large, he succeeds, telling his tale with accuracy and verve. The 150 pictures, diagrams, and maps make the package pop.



## The Battle of Britain

By Kate Moore. 200 pp.  
Osprey Publishing, 2010. \$29.95.

Drawing 200 illustrations — photos, art, and posters — from the Imperial War Museum's mammoth collection, with its text vetted by the museum's staff, this solid offering provides background and perspective (and pictures) from both sides of the battle, all laced with apposite first-person memories. ■





SEETHING

# *The 448th Speaks*

BY KING SCHULTZ

## FOLDED WINGS OF THE 448TH

William R. Sudlow (4-12-11), Belton, Texas

### VISITORS TO SEETHING

Visitors to Seething Tower during the last year included the sons and daughter-in-law of Major John S. Laws of the 448th; Steve Skaggs; and Jeff Brett and his son.

We again thank Pat & Ron Everson for all the hard work they do in restoring and maintaining the tower along with Jim Turner and others. As a result, the tower and adjacent Nissen building are looking good with extra displays. On Open Days they are nice and busy.

### MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR 448TH CREW

The following appeared in the *East Anglian Daily Times*:

## U.S. aircrew's bravery is set to be honoured

BY JONATHAN SCHOFIELD

**R**elatives of a bomber command crew shot down over a Suffolk village during the Second World War will be flying in from America this week for a special memorial service.

On April 22, 1944, 26 United States Air Force B-24 Liberator planes took off from Seething Airfield in south Norfolk for a

bombing raid over Germany.

After surviving the raid the crew of Liberator 843 were returning home when, according to Technical Sergeant Kevin Wallace of RAF Mildenhall, they were pursued by enemy fighters and shot down over Kessingland, near Lowestoft.

The plane burst into flames on impact, killing all ten of the crewmen.

"Sixty-six years later, we've not forgotten them; in fact we will never forget them," said T/Sgt Wallace.

"Many of those heroes are buried near our base in the Cambridge Military Cemetery.

"Today, thanks to the hard work of dedicated people from Kessingland and RAF Mildenhall, they have a proper memorial at their final resting place in Kessingland."

The Rt Rev Graham James, Bishop of Norwich, will hold a service for the ten men and their families at St Edmunds Church in Kessingland on Thursday.

Kessingland Parish Council chairman Liam Martin said: "I offered to help trace the families, and amazingly we've tracked down family from every one of the ten men who were killed.

"They all have their tragic stories — there are two daughters who never met their fathers because they were shot down, so it will be lovely for them to see that their memories live on here."

A commemorative stone bearing the names of the crew was set in place alongside the village's war memorial on the grounds of St Edmund's Church in November last year.

On Thursday the families will witness a dedication service to the bravery of their relatives.

T/Sgt Wallace added: "Without the ultimate sacrifices these men paid to keep both my country and the United Kingdom safe, many of us would not be here today."

The crew of B-24 Liberator 843 *Repulser* were 2nd Lt Eugene V. Pulcipher (pilot), 2nd Lt Elmer P. Meier (co-pilot), 2nd Lt George S. Fahr (navigator), 2nd Lt William Carcelli (bombardier), Staff Sergeant Chester J. Romanosky (radio operator), S/Sgt James R. Hardin (gunner), Sgt William H. Durant (gunner), Sgt William S. Davis (gunner), Sgt Maynard H. Young (gunner), and Sgt. Carl E. Spellman (gunner). ■



**ALL HEROES:** The crew of a B-24 Liberator from the 448th Bomb Group that was shot down over Kessingland on April 22, 1944.



## NEWS FROM ACROSS the Pond

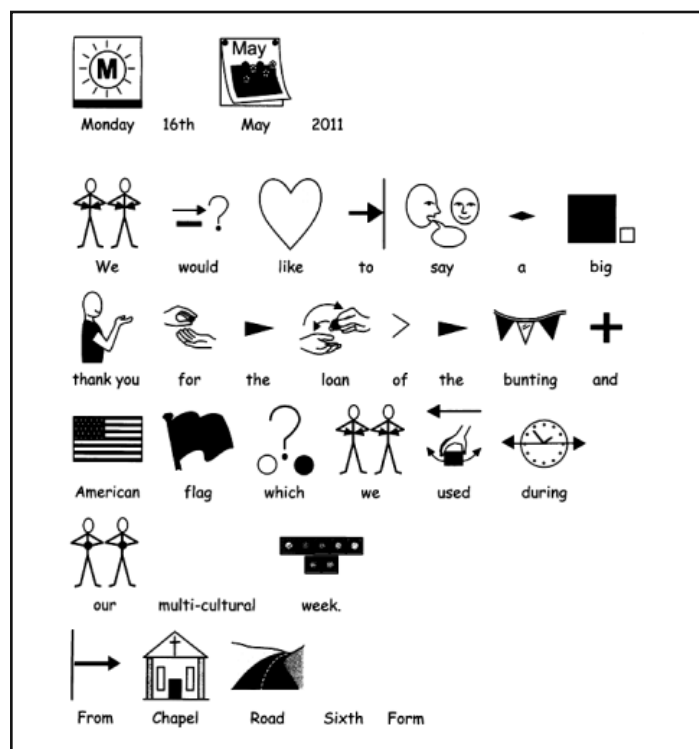
### Out and About in Norwich and Norfolk, Promoting the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library

BY LIBBY MORGAN, MEMORIAL TRUST LIBRARIAN

It is always good to welcome new people to the Memorial Library, and this summer has provided us with new opportunities to promote the Memorial Library to the people of Norwich and Norfolk in a variety of different ways.

In May we supported a multi-cultural day at Chapel Road School in Attleborough by loaning them our American bunting and flags. The school is a small Complex Needs School with 63 places for pupils who have severe and profound learning needs. In a supportive, challenging and happy learning environment all the students are respected and encouraged to reach their full potential, enabling them as equal citizens to participate in and contribute to the local community. The school's website is <http://www.chapelroad.norfolk.sch.uk>.

This is a copy of the thank you letter received by the Memorial Library, written by their sixth form pupils:



In June we supported Foster Carer Day at Gressenhall Farm and Workhouse by providing Memorial Library bookmarks and 2nd Air Division Memorial stickers for the "goody bags" which were given to all the children who attended a special open day at the museum for Foster Carers and their families.

On 12th June, Lesley Fleetwood and I promoted the Memorial Library at the 389th Bomb Group Museum Gala Day (at Hethel), taking an exhibition about the history of the 2nd Air Division during World War Two, and a display of library materials. In comparison with all the people who were dressed in 1940s military uniforms, we felt a little under-dressed for the occasion, but we enjoyed meeting and talking with old friends, and introducing some new recruits to the Memorial Library.



This photo shows Paul Wilson at the Memorial Library stand holding a copy of the book he wrote with Ron McKay, *The Sky Scorpions: The Story of the 389th Bomb Group in World War II*.

And finally, on 21st June we had a Memorial Library exhibition stand at the Armed Forces Day event here at The Forum building in Norwich — alongside all the armed services ex servicemen's and veterans' associations. We displayed our brochures and leaflets and publicity about all the local air base museums here in Norfolk, and encouraged people to come and visit us in the library — which they did! ■

### American Airplane Adventures at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library

BY ELIZABETH RAWITSCH, UEA AMERICAN SCHOLAR

This past spring the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library hosted two days of airplane related activities and crafts for children aged 5 to 12. On 8th March, Libby Morgan and I were visited by 30 students from St. John's School Hoveton, and on 21st April, Beth Southard and I spent the afternoon in the Children's Library, located immediately next door to us in the Millennium Library. The children who participated in our "American Airplane Adventure" were invited to explore the world of wartime aviation with a short film, colouring activities, and a treasure trail.

We showed the children model airplanes of assembly ships from each of the 14 Bomb Groups of the 2nd Air Division (most generously donated to the Memorial Trust by their creator, model maker George Wright, and on permanent display in the library). They were fascinated by the ships' multicoloured designs, which were devised to facilitate formation assembly on mornings when light was either too low or too bright for pilots to distinguish Group markings on the vertical tailfins of other aircraft. The children were invited to design and name their own assembly ships, and we were very impressed by the creativity of the results!

The children could also try our treasure trail, which was designed (by Beth and myself) to teach them about the experience

(continued on next page)





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

BY FIELDER NEWTON

**T**hought it would be of interest to comment on some seasonal patriotic history from our area. In the small village of Boalsburg, PA, just east of State College, there is a special celebration each year on Memorial Day with a vintage parade, Civil War reenactments, and ladies wearing dresses of Civil War attire and placing flowers on the graves of men who died in the war. All this takes place in the village that claims the honor of having held the first Decoration Day, now Memorial Day. People do come from near and far for reunions with family and friends to continue this tradition of remembering all veterans who died in the wars of the past and present.

Glad to report that Fred Squires and his boys are building a Quonset hut on an original frame. They covered the frame with new corrugated steel and wired it, placing lights on the ceiling. When completed, larger items found in the grounds will be on display. They are also getting additional items from other memorials that have been closed for lack of funds. Brian Skipper keeps in touch via email and tells me that Hethel is open to the public on the second Sunday of the month from March to October. Their annual special day was June 12th this year. The day includes military vehicles, classic cars, side stalls, exhibitions, reenactors, and refreshments. The day brought in \$940

this year. Our treasurer, Allan Hallett, recently sent a check for \$1,300 from donations he has collected in the last year. A reply of thanks was received from the group. All contributions are needed and genuinely appreciated.

No further news from the 389th, and we really miss the Group NEWS LETTER since our capable editor, Kelsey McMullan, had to stop publication due to lack of funds.

May your days ahead be good ones, and keep 'em flying. ■

## Ploesti Reunion planned for October

The 98th Bomb Group, one of the groups that flew the Ploesti mission, is having a reunion October 17-21, 2011 in Shreveport, Louisiana, and has invited all who flew the Ploesti mission to attend to tell their stories on Friday, October 20; the day will be dedicated to the veterans who flew the mission. Our 2ADA has three groups, the 44th, the 93rd, and the 389th, with members who flew this mission.

For further information, contact:

**Suzanne Mioduszewski**

**1137 Joyce Lane, Ann Arbor, MI 48103**

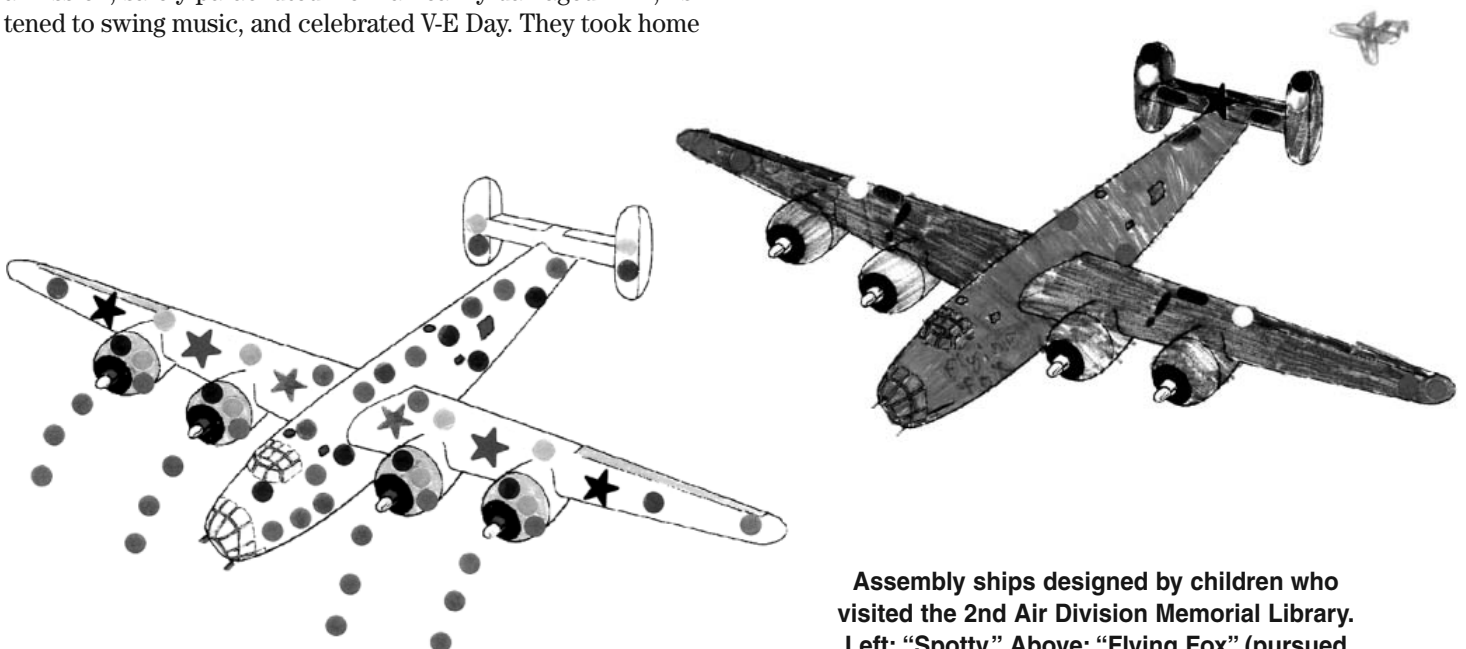
**Tel. 734-678-3838 • E-mail: [suzannes@me.com](mailto:suzannes@me.com)**

### AMERICAN AIRPLANE ADVENTURES AT THE 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL LIBRARY *(continued from page 23)*

of the 2nd Air Division in World War II and to familiarize them with various features of the Memorial Library. As they searched for clues, they participated in a story in which they enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Forces, were assigned to a Bomb Group, flew a mission, safely parachuted from a heavily damaged B-24, listened to swing music, and celebrated V-E Day. They took home

troves of treasure: a 2nd Air Division sticker, a Memorial Library bookmark, and a poster of George Wright's assembly ship models!

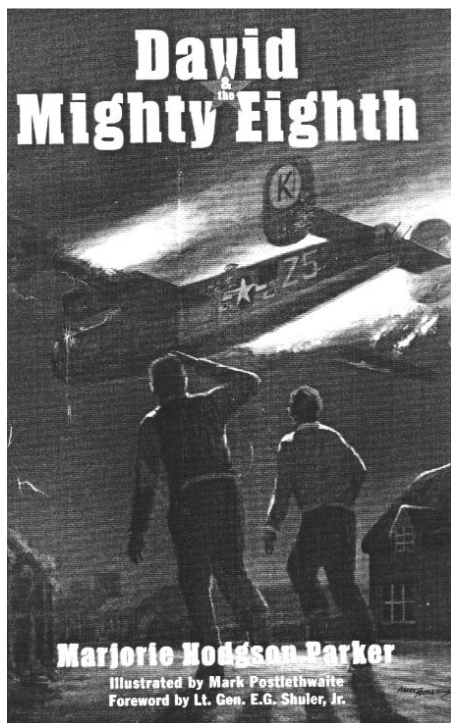
We extend our sincere thanks to all of the children (and their parents!) who participated. ■



Assembly ships designed by children who visited the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library. Left: "Spotty." Above: "Flying Fox" (pursued by a German fighter plane!)

# All Because of a Book . . .

BY DAVID HASTINGS



Mr. John Gantus and his wife JoAnn in the 389th Chapel.

Jean and I have just experienced a most amazing reunion and link with the past, thanks to a leading U.S. attorney in Los Angeles reading the book by Marjorie Hodgson Parker, *David and the Mighty Eighth*.

Mr. John Gantus asked Marjorie for our phone number, as he was intrigued to read about my crew chief “Pop” Gantus who first welcomed me to the 389th in 1944 and wondered if this could be his favourite uncle. When he found that they were the same, he and his wife Jo Ann decided to fly over and meet us, as they needed to learn all about what had happened to “Pop.” M/Sgt. John Gantus was the crew chief for “my” pilot Lt. Al Dexter and his B-24, “Pugnacious Princess Pat” with the 389th BG at Hethel, and right from that first day when he saw me standing at the hedge and took me to the dispersal, we became firm friends. The Liberators were away on a mission when I arrived, but I stayed with Pop, enjoying my first ever Coke and Hershey bar until the squadrons returned with a roar. Pop said I should return to the other side of the fence, but to wait as he was sure his pilot would want to meet me. I thought that after a tiring mission no crew would ever have time for a young English schoolboy, but was amazed when Al with Pop and all the crew came over

to the fence. Al said he had heard that I wanted to see his aircraft, and with that he lifted me back over the fence and so began a lifetime friendship.

When they were not flying, Pop used to allow me into the B-24, and on some days when they needed engine runs I was even allowed to start the engines. When the crew came to our house in Norwich for a meal, Pop was always with them, but when Al and the crew completed their 35 missions, Al Dexter was horrified when Pop said he was going to remuster to aircrew. Al pleaded with him not to, as the end of the war was near, but Pop did not listen. He remustered, and was shot down and killed on March 23, 1945 over Munster.

His family knew very little of what happened and reading the book awakened their determination to find out more, which led to us giving them two memorable days. At the first supper on their arrival they enjoyed watching the Dzenowagis film “Roll of Honor” which gave them a great feel for the next day, especially as the Memorial Library was closed for recarpeting. On the next day they just could not believe that they could stand on the exact spot at Hethel where their uncle “Pop” Gantus had lifted me over the fence. Then thanks to the kindness of Fred Squires, Anne and all the 389th team,

they marvelled at the chapel and the office of Father Beck and all the 389th records. They then wanted to see the favourite English pub used by Al Dexter and Pop, and the “Bird in Hand” went out of their way to make them welcome with a great lunch. John Gantus enjoyed the Woodforde ales.

Then we took them to Wymondham College so they could see the famous American Chapel and the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Garden, as well as the new International Centre, the library, and the Sixth Form hall of residence, and they were greatly impressed with the college and the students.

Finally on the way home we called at Rackheath, where the owner of the restored control tower showed them around, before they visited the Broads at South Walsham and then Ranworth Church followed by Woodforde’s Brewery. After supper they enjoyed another Dzenowagis film, “Parade.”

We were so delighted that once again we had met up with the Gantus family and hopefully filled in for them the missing bits of their family history. All this because of a book. We were just so lucky to meet two wonderful Americans who had carried on the friendship started in 1944 by their favourite uncle. ■

# UEA American Scholars' Report • 2010-2011

BY ELIZABETH RAWITSCH AND BETH SOUTHARD

It has been an interesting and diverse year here at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, with both of us spending time on a range of activities. Even potentially mundane tasks like shelving books and answering the phone turned into opportunities to learn new things about America and to stretch our research skills. We've had many opportunities to meet new people and hear both about their experiences in World War II and their visits to America. And we've established connections across the Norfolk County Council and Museum Services and through the various air bases, which has given us a greater understanding of how our own research may be used and adapted by the public in the future. Overall, it's been busy and rewarding, and we'd like to discuss in a bit more detail specific aspects of how we've spent our year as your American Scholars.

We've enjoyed the opportunity to wear many hats. As library staff we've been involved in the daily operations of the Memorial Library, but we also were able to draw upon our experience and knowledge in more focused ways, including creating book displays on Thanksgiving, the Oscars, American music, crime, and the Wild West. (The Wild West display went on to inspire our first adult lecture!) We've also been working with Lesley Fleetwood on identifying gaps in our existing book stock and working with Libby Morgan on identifying new publications that will enhance the Library's collection. We've also worked with several school groups, and have given tours to impromptu visitors (from both the UK and the US).

In addition, we've donned our scholars' caps to field enquiries on a diverse range of subjects, ranging from how to spell "simulacrum" to locating an instrumental version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* to identifying the original owners of World War II memorabilia and artifacts. (We chronicled one particularly exciting enquiry relating to a manual bought a car boot sale on the Memorial Library blog!) It's been satisfying to learn that the skills that we developed as PhD students have applicability outside the writing of our dissertations.

Beth has been drawing upon her knowledge and skills as a historian by working with Libby and a committee formed from people across Norfolk Libraries and Museum Services to help design and organise a Norfolk-American Trail for 2012, set to link with the Olympic Games and the 70th Anniversary of the "Friendly Invasion." In particular she has worked on identifying locations of historical interest in Norfolk and on planning an exhibit to be held in the Norfolk Record Office next summer. Even though she will not be an American Scholar next year, she hopes to remain involved in this project and is looking to organise an event which will be part of the program of activities.

Elizabeth has been working on reviewing the Memorial Library's film collection. She has assessed the quality of new acquisitions, and has identified almost two dozen VHS titles that can be purchased on DVD. This summer, she will be looking into ways to transfer the remaining VHS footage (which is becoming an increasingly obsolete format) onto DVD, and she will continue to see this project through to completion next year. Both scholars have also been working on updating and maintaining existing Library resources: Beth has been working on the links page on the "Lifelong Learning Guides" on the newly designed 2AD website, while Elizabeth has begun work on updating the Memorabilia Boxes and contact information for the Air Bases.

We have been event planners and presenters on a diverse

It has been an interesting and diverse year here at the Memorial Library. Even potentially mundane tasks turned into opportunities to learn new things about America and to stretch our research skills.

range of projects. Starting early in the year, we jumped in and worked closely with the Norfolk Record Office in planning and organizing events: an "American Memories Morning" in March, and a half-term children's activity called "Come Fly With the American Air Force" in May. They were all well attended, and we were glad for the opportunity to showcase the 2AD archive collection.

In addition to this, we took the initiative to design and host two children's activities of our own, in which we liaised with staff from the Children's Library in the Norfolk and Norwich Millennium Library. "American Airplane Adventure" (held in March) was well attended despite the unseasonably gorgeous English weather and received glowing feedback. Children and their families learned about World War II aviation through a short film, a colouring activity, and a newly designed treasure trail, which highlighted both stock and memorabilia housed in the Memorial Library. It was fabulous to see young people's enthusiasm about history in general and airplanes in particular. Boosted by this, we are planning a second children's activity for the summer holidays on American tall tales. It will showcase folk stories and songs about American legends ranging from Paul Bunyan to Johnny Appleseed to John Henry. We will be inviting the children to compose their own tall tales about Norfolk!

We have also been hosting events specifically for adults, drawing on our experience and knowledge as researchers and expanding beyond World War II history. In June we gave a talk called "Beyond Cowboys and Indians: The American West in Film, Television and History," which explored the origins of the West and its development and interpretation over the last century. The turnout exceeded our expectations, with more than forty people over two sessions, and the discussion at the end of both talks was very lively. After the success of this event — and feedback indicating that attendees would like more events of this type — we look forward to hosting a monthly public lecture series on "American Life and Culture" in the autumn, with four talks already scheduled on politics, literature, film, and music. (The first talk, by Dr. Lee Marsden from the University of East Anglia, is entitled "You Say Obama, I Say Osama, Let's Call the Whole Thing Off: Race and U.S. Foreign Policy Today.") In addition, we are looking to schedule talks on Norfolk-American links to tie in with the 2012 American Trail next year.

We also utilized our knowledge of social networking and computer skills to bring the 2AD into the digital age. Building upon the excellent work already begun by Libby and the other staff on redesigning the website, we have successfully launched the 2AD Facebook, YouTube, and WordPress pages. We are coordinating with the NRO Sound and Vision staff and the East Anglian Film Archive to put recently digitized veteran reminiscences and material relating to the formation of the Library online. In addition, we have begun blogging on a regular basis and are pleased that our posts have begun to generate

(continued on next page)



# “Come fly with the American Army Air Force”

By Athena Teli, Archive Education and Outreach Assistant, Norfolk Record Office,  
and Elizabeth Rawitsch, UEA American Scholar, 2nd Air Division Memorial Library

As part of May half-term school holiday this year, staff at the Norfolk Record Office joined forces with the Second Air Division Memorial Library to deliver a children’s activity focusing on the U.S. Army Air Force. A number of original documents and images from the Second Air Division archive held at the Norfolk Record Office were used to prepare the activity, including images of the Second Air Division Headquarters at Ketteringham Hall, B-24 Liberators and fighter planes, and photographs of ground and air crews.



Hosted by the Norfolk Record Office, “Come fly with the American Army Air Force” was a great success with a turnout of twenty-eight young people and carers. At the beginning of the afternoon participants enjoyed reenacting the 389th Bomb Group’s dangerous mission to Ploesti, Romania. The children could choose to be a crew member on a B-24 Liberator bomber or one of the military “brass” planning the mission. The story ended with the children safely bailing from their heavily damaged plane after successfully completing the mission.

The children then participated in two craft activities, one of which invited them to make membership badges depending on if they would have preferred to bail from their plane over land or over water. During World War II, airmen who parachuted from their planes over land became members of the Caterpillar Club (because parachutes were made of silk, which came from silk worms), while airmen who ditched their planes in the sea were

inducted into the Goldfish Club. The children could decorate badges modelled on those actually worn during World War II, or they could invent their own badge.



The children also created “silk” escape maps to assist them and their crewmates in escaping from Prisoner of War camps. (Maps made of fabric were less likely to make a noise when opened and were therefore easier for POWs to hide.) The children traced the outline of European countries onto muslin and painted them various colours according to their alliance during the war. ■



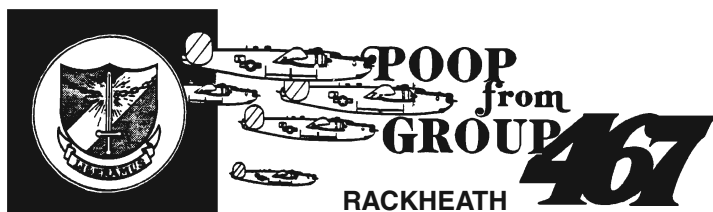
## UEA AMERICAN SCHOLARS (continued from page 26)

discussion and feedback. The 2nd Air Division Memorial Library has a growing online following!

Finally, we’ve continued the work started by Meghan Purvis two years ago with the “Reading Across the Pond” book group, which continues to meet on a monthly basis here in the Memorial Library. Throughout the year, we have had mixed reactions to the books we’ve chosen, but it has always generated an interesting discussion. The book group’s favourite titles this year were *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *All the King’s Men*, *House of the Seven Gables*, and *The Shipping News*. They were less favourable regarding *Cold Mountain*, *The Virgin Suicides*, and *Last Night in Twisted River*. At times the book group has been challenging to coordinate, but we have enjoyed reading and working with this wonderful group of people who have been

regulars for over two years and show no signs of flagging!

We would both like to extend our sincere thanks to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust and to the Board of Governors for the fabulous opportunity to be your UEA American Scholars. Although Beth is sad to be leaving, she will remain in Norwich while she finishes writing up her thesis and plans to stay in close contact with the Memorial Library over the next year (and to follow its progress closely thorough social networking sites). Elizabeth, however, is not going anywhere. She is thrilled to be continuing on as a UEA American Scholar for a second year (when she will be joined by Kathryn Anderson, a PhD student in the School of Literature) and looks forward to all of the possibility that the new year will bring. It has been — and, we are sure, will continue to be — a wonderful and rewarding experience! ■



Sad news has been received from Cindy Stevens, who wrote to say that while her father, former Group VP Jack Stevens, is continuing to make slow but steady progress, her mother Lucile passed away on June 14, 2011. A memorial service was held on June 28 in the Base Chapel at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego, California. Below is the obituary that appeared in the San Diego Union-Tribune:

**STEVENS, J. LUCILE** — December 19, 1921 to June 14, 2011 — J. Lucile Stevens, of Point Loma, passed away at Sharp Memorial Hospital in San Diego. Born Jennie Lucile Harshman, to Jennie Andrea Jensen and William Walter Harshman, in Indianapolis, Indiana, Lucile was the eldest of their five daughters. She graduated Shortridge High School in Indianapolis, was a violinist in what classmate and novelist, Kurt Vonnegut, famously praised as Shortridge's "serious orchestra," and studied at Butler University's Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music, also in Indianapolis. She later earned a degree in Social Science from San Diego Mesa College and performed in the college's orchestra. Lucile was a secretary for General Motors-Allison Division before joining the American Red Cross, where she worked in U.S. Army hospital administration from 1945-1948, in Washington, D.C. and the Philippines during World War II, and in Korea and Japan thereafter. She met her future husband, Jack, a U.S. Air Force pilot, while with the American Red Cross in Korea. Fully embracing military life, Jack asked Lucile for her hand in marriage while they were in an Army Jeep in Seoul. Lucile, a homemaker while raising her four daughters, returned to the workforce as a legal secretary at the University of San Diego Law School where she enjoyed working with students, professors, and clients in the Law School's Legal Clinic, and played in the university orchestra for nearly 20 years before retiring. Lucile was an officer for many women's clubs, was Southern California District Chairman and Member of the Board of Directors for the San Diego-Imperial Council of the Girl Scouts of America, and was a Girl Scout trainer and troop leader for many years in the 1960s and 1970s. She was active in the PTA for her daughters' schools. An avid gardener, Lucile studied botany and was a member of the San Diego Rose Society, the San Diego Floral Society, and the San Diego Orchid Society. She often donated the orchids she raised to church sales and other fundraising events. She was a member of the P-38 National Association, and also attended 2nd Air Division and 467th Bomb Group reunions in the US and the UK with Jack. She enjoyed travel, and after 50 years away from the Far East, returned to China in 1998 to find a much-changed country and people. Preceded in death by her parents, William Walter Harshman, and Jennie Andrea Jensen; and sisters Kathryn Marie Harshman, and Gloria Patricia Harshman; Lucile is survived by her loving husband of 63 years, Lt. Col. John E. "Jack" Stevens, USAF (Ret.), of Point Loma; daughters Judith Palmer, of Waipahu, Hawaii; Barbara Stevens, of La Mesa; Pam Stevens, of Kearny Mesa; and Cynthia Stevens, of Reston, Virginia; granddaughter Alyssa Dronenburg, of La Mesa; sisters Mavourneen Harshman, of Berkeley, California, and Anna Brownson, of Mount Vernon, Virginia; and numerous cousins, nieces, and nephews. Private burial was at Miramar National

Cemetery. The family may be contacted via email at: [lucilestevensmemorial@gmail.com](mailto:lucilestevensmemorial@gmail.com).

## THE RACKHEATH HERITAGE DAY, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 2011

David Hastings reports:

"The youngsters on the Rackheath Youth Council had worked extremely hard to clear all the vegetation on Site 6 which includes the quarters of Colonel Shower and had marked out the site clearly but no one expected the final result. Originally they had hoped that perhaps 50 people might attend, so they were shocked to find that nearly 400 local people turned up, with at one time the cars queued up all the way from the Sole & Heel Public House on the main road to the airfield site. We were all overjoyed to see the response and to talk with so many people during the afternoon who still remembered the bravery, sacrifice and friendship of the 467th BG and the 2nd Air Division. Everyone was impressed to see the site cleared, which showed the remaining buildings so well. Another interesting point was that when talking to most people I did mention the unique 467th Marker Stone on the Rackheath Industrial Estate. This obviously made an impression, as my wife Jean was working on the Marker garden that afternoon and was amazed to see so many cars stopping to admire the Marker.

"The Youth Council's next project is to show the film *A Village Remembers* as part of a 467th evening in the Church and Community Centre in November, and in 2012 they are considering having a "Diamond Lil" evening to remember that unique Liberator flight in 1992. We are certainly fortunate to have a group of young people who are keen to keep the memory of the 467th Bomb Group and the 2nd Air Division USAAF alive."

*For more on the Rackheath Heritage Day and the Rackheath Youth Council youngsters, please see the back page. ■*



## HARDWICK Open Letter to the 93rd Ploesti Summit

The 8th Air Force's 93rd Bomb Group Association is sponsoring the "Ploesti Summit" on October 22 & 23, 2011. The location will be in Tucson, Arizona in the vicinity of the Pima County Museum and Davis-Monthan Air Force Base. Tours of Pima and the Air Base are scheduled as well as other fun events.

This will be a very special reunion of the 44th, 93rd, 98th, 376th, and 389th Bomb Groups who flew the Ploesti mission. We will present the historical importance of this famous August 1, 1943 raid over Ploesti, Rumania to bomb and destroy "Hitler's Gold." Rarely heard testimonies from the men who were there will make this a very unique event. Real-time films of the mission will be presented. Rare crash site artifacts will be displayed. Come and meet the VIPs. The event is open primarily to members of the participating bomb groups. For more information, contact Jim Guddal at 763-694-9058 or [jguddal@yahoo.com](mailto:jguddal@yahoo.com). ■

# Letters to My Wife

BY CAPT. GILBERT E. SCHULZE (458TH)

*Ed. Note: The following are some more wartime letters from Captain Gilbert E. Schulze to Gen. his wife. Schulze was the pilot of "Admirable Little Character," Crew 47 of the 458th Bomb Group, 754th Squadron at Horsham St. Faith. To read his letters written previously to these, please see page 31 of the Spring 2011 Journal.*

September 27, 1944  
PARIS, FRANCE

Hello, Honey:

Upon reporting back to Headquarters that morning (after flight to Verdun), there was nothing for me to do, so I caught a ride to Paris, four miles from Versailles.

Getting out at the Eiffel Tower, I started my wanderings from there. Boy, that is a massive structure! The Seine River twists through Paris and it goes past the tower. Across the river is a beautiful building called the Trocadero. Hitler is said to have made a speech on its steps upon his first trip to Paris. There are many beautiful buildings, and I saw just a few, as they are spread out all over the city. There are many trees, making it one of the nicest cities I've seen. It beats London a hundred different ways. There are tree-covered hills overlooking the city, while Notre Dame Cathedral sits on a hill in the center of it.

People were selling maps and souvenirs of Paris under the Eiffel Tower and others would ask if you had any cigarettes to sell. They offered to buy a pack for 50 francs. There seems to be a shortage of food, smokes and transportation, but other than that, they have quite a lot of things that we don't have in England nor the States. Cosmetics, for one, and film for another. Although "le Boche" took a lot of their liquor supply, they still have a great deal left.

I met three American captains while at the Tower, and inquired how to get to the shopping area. They were new, looking for the same place, so invited me to go along in their command car. We soon found the area, parked the car and began walking up and down the main shopping street, the Champs Elysée. This avenue also runs into the Arc de Triomphe. One of the fellows, Capt. Gail Wright, and I teamed up and went on a window gazing tour. After looking into every shop window, we turned our gaze to the sights of the busy street, dominated by a lot of beautiful women. Yes, Paris has a lot of

good-looking gals, and they sure know how to dress. Some are a bit too gaudy, but the average look somewhat like the American girl.

Capt. Gail and I were strolling down the boulevard and noticed two good-looking girls walking ahead of us. We didn't know any French (except a few words) but decided to introduce ourselves, make friends, and learn a little French. One girl was a brunette, the other a blonde. Gail approached the former, while I spoke to the blonde. The start was a bit difficult, but things started cooking when the brunette began talking in broken English. She had studied English in school. We four found our way to a restaurant where we had some champagne. The girl I was with was Alex Renac, who spoke no English. Her sister interpreted for us. I had my notebook out and was scribbling down words that I learned. Pretty soon, Alex and I were teaching each other our languages. I would hold up an object or point to something and give the English name, then she would give me the French word for it. Next, we stopped in at one of those sidewalk cafés. Gail and Alex had beer; Janie and I drank tomato juice.

We were getting along better with help from Janie, when it came time for Gail to rejoin his outfit and Janie to return to work. I asked Alex if she would have supper with me, but instead she invited me to her married sister's home to eat. Knowing of the shortage of food, I declined her invitation, then suggested that she and I eat in town and then go to her sister's home afterward. She agreed to this plan, so after leaving the other two, Alex and I walked all around the area. First we stopped in a bookstore where I bought two small dictionaries that gave French-English and English-French translations. Before this, she had been trying to tell me something I could not understand. Once inside the bookstore, she picked up a postcard of Notre Dame Cathedral, and with gestures and a few familiar words I finally caught on that she was telling me she lived near the cathedral.

After we acquired the dictionaries, we had more fun than a barrel of monkeys walking down the street thumbing through our little books and making conversation. Needless to say, the pronunciation was very poor at times, then we would help each other out. The lips, nose and throat play a big part in the French lan-

guage enunciation. They have a lot of problems with "th" and "v" in our words. About supper time, we began looking for a place to eat. This is quite a job, because food is scarce, but we did find a place that had good steak. We ate using one hand and thumbing the books with the other. The meal was quite expensive, but worth the fun and experience and the French lesson. After supper, we walked over to her sister's house, where I met Janie again, along with the married sister, Martina, and her husband, Emil.

Emil could speak a bit of English, so we sat around the rest of the evening talking. I asked them about Paris and the Germans, and they asked me about America and flying. These people sure hate "Le Boche." They like their city and the Americans, but not so much the British. When leaving, I thanked them for their hospitality and Alex for her kindness in teaching me some French. Emil wanted me to promise to return the following Saturday for supper. I couldn't promise, because I didn't know if I would be in France then, but said I would visit if I could. Well, I didn't make it because I had to go to Reims and couldn't get back in time for a Saturday visit. It was sure a good experience, Gen. The following day I had to return to England to make a report.

I had told Kelly he could remain at Headquarters and spend a day in Paris while I returned to England alone. Well, this was the first time I had flown alone since back in Basic or Advanced training. It was quite a thrill, except that I was wishing you were sitting in the seat beside me. I found myself talking to you, and when I'd get tired, I'd turn the controls over to you. Boy, the old pangs of homesickness dug in deep, and I wanted to pull a "Lindbergh" and go straight to you.

Turning out to sea, the weather began to get worse. The sea was rough with white caps and I was bucking a head wind. This meant more time over water before reaching England. The cloud base had lowered to about 300 feet and I felt mighty close to that cold water, but I wasn't going up in the overcast for nothing. I'd stay below it where I had a horizon to fly by. I had had my fill of instrument flying in this type of ship. After I could no longer see land behind me, and saw only sea and overcast in front of me, silly thoughts and a feeling of fear swept into my mind.

*(continued on next page)*

**LETTERS TO MY WIFE** *(continued  
from page 29)*

It was building up to where I was visualizing my engine going out, and it and me crashing into the sea. Then instinct, or something, made me reach over into my briefcase and pull out my New Testament. Between watching the horizon and reading, I finished three verses. Don't know what I read, but they brought to mind the Bible story of Jesus and the twelve disciples in the boat on the storm-swept sea when they were afraid and Jesus calmed the sea. I knew then that the Almighty's hand was with me. I said a short prayer and began to sing that last part of one of my favorite choir numbers, "Hear Our Prayer." Ask Dad if he remembers it. Soon the overcast began to rise, and a little later old Beachy Head came into view — England at last.

Back at the base I was greeted by several buddies asking questions and all very envious of the job I had. They had every right to be. Good night, Honey. May God bless you and keep you safe 'til I return.

Your devoted husband, Gil

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

September 28, 1944  
FRANCE

Gen, Dear:

If memory serves me correctly, I left off in my last letter with flying alone back to England. Well, I returned to France the next day, and all went OK. I'm beginning to know that old Seine River by heart.

After picking up Sgt. Kelly at Hdqs (Versailles Palace), we flew north to St. Quentin to check the field there to find out how much gas they were hauling in and if the runways were holding up under the heavy loads. A field maintenance outfit was needed and it was my job to see that the right people were informed of this need. The 12th Army Group took care of that and I was to report this to Col. Kyser, back at Versailles. We took off for Paris at about 6:30 p.m. Well, this was the day the time changed. By leaving when we did, we would reach Paris at about 8:30, just before dark. However, with the time change, it now got dark at 7:30 p.m. and I hadn't taken this into account when I left St. Quentin. It looked as though we could still arrive in Paris before dark, however, along with the darkness came haze, and we could not distinguish our checkpoints. We followed a heading and kept our eyes peeled for any signs of Paris — especially the Seine River. Finally, we had it in sight, but where, on that

crooked river, were we? Several lines crossing the river meant bridges. Bridges meant Paris.

We were about 600 feet above the ground. Any higher and we couldn't have seen anything, yet any lower and we would clip one of the hills around the city. Then there is the Eiffel Tower at about 800 feet tall, next to the river, and blacked out at night. I knew the approximate heading of the field from a certain bend in the river; now to find that certain bend in the river without hitting the tower. I recalled where the tower was located in relation to the river — going south, I stay on the right, going north, I stay on the left of it — This should do it. Oh, if they would only light that darned thing up! Checking the heading of the river with the compass, and referring to the map, we finally located our bend in the river. Now, what should I do? Our field at Versailles, like all the rest around, had no radio nor night lights. It was just pick out the field from the forest surrounding it. The one alternative was to take a 240 heading from the bend in the river and fly west to the Versailles Palace and then head directly south. I decided on the latter plan.

Now the palace is a beautiful spot, and shows up like a sore thumb in the sunshine, but at night it might as well not be there. After a few minutes, I knew we had missed it and we were definitely lost. I told Kelly, we were going to land in the first clearing we came to, so hang on and say a prayer for me. I let down about 100 feet, in order to distinguish the dark field from a darker forest. I saw several small clearings, before seeing a clump of trees with a clearing next to it that I thought I we could get into. Peering through the dark, I banked and turned, keeping my eyes on that clump of trees as a landmark. When starting to let down, I wasn't going to land this time, just testing. Giving it the gun, I went around, and as best as these cat eyes could discover, there were no fences or trees in the clearing, but I had no idea what the terrain was like. Was it a plowed field? Was there high grain or hay? Was it bumpy, smooth, flat, hilly? Only a landing would give the answer.

Coming around the second time, I had a feeling I shouldn't land this time, so gave it the gun and went around again. It was very difficult keeping that clump of trees in sight. With flaps full down, and air speed as slow as was safe, I came in the third time around and started settling down when suddenly the ground started coming up very fast, so I eased back on the stick and leveled out. Then the ground started going away, just as fast as it had come at me before, but I was settling down

again, and soon the plane was on the ground. A 3-pointer. It wasn't a smooth landing, but it didn't jar us too much. Rolling rather fast, I wondered what was ahead of us, and just then we hit a ditch and the left tire blew out. Holding back on the stick kept the ship from nosing over. The plane then quickly rolled to a stop on an incline. I cut the engine off, and we climbed out. Kelly shook my hand and said, "That was a good job, thanks a lot." All I could say was, "We have only the Lord to thank for being alive."

The tire was ruined, but that was the only damage to the plane. Right away we began talking and worrying about our predicament. Before this went far, I told Kelly we would open our K-rations, eat a bite, say our prayers, and go to sleep. So we ate heartily, not knowing or caring where we were. We then wrapped up in our blankets, crawled inside the plane, and went to sleep.

In the morning when we awakened, it was very foggy and we couldn't see more than 20 to 30 feet around us. The field was a wheat field that had been cut, with just stubble left. After the fog lifted, we saw hills all around us. We had landed on the downslope of one hill, blew a tire crossing a ditch at the bottom, and rolled to a stop going up another hill. We walked up the hill to inspect the clump of trees, used for a landmark. The trees were on top of a knoll that had been used as a German gun position and was ideally located for that purpose. A clean spring was in the center, with 20 mm holes all over the place, filled with live ammunition, wrecked trailers, helmets, several land mines, books and gas cans.

Soon there were people surrounding us who came to see the plane. I asked how to get to Versailles, and one Frenchman offered to take me there on his motorcycle. Kelly remained with the plane, while I climbed on the cycle and away we went. I picked up a tire and tube at our field (a streak of luck, because this type of tire is scarce over here), and a truck and driver transported me back to the plane. We were about six miles from the field we had intended on landing at the night before.

Upon returning, I was greeted by a crowd of French people bearing gifts of bread, flowers, peaches, tomatoes, and other good things. Men, women and children had gathered to see us. It was necessary to jack the plane up in order to change tires, but instead of using our pump, the men bodily lifted the plane up and set it on top of the jack, and then helped us change the tire.

To lighten the load, Kelly and all our equipment went back to the field by truck.

I taxied to the end of the wheat field, gave it the gun, and soon was off the ground, banking and turning to keep from running into the hillside. So, in a continual turn, I circled up and out of the cup of hills we had landed in.

All is OK now, but when reporting in at Hdqs, I was told we are to move up closer to the front. Remember where I was going when I ran into the tunnel and low overcast? That's it.

Tonight I was looking at that glamorous picture of you in that bathing suit that I carry in my wallet. Oh, boy, what a beautiful armful of loveliness you'd be here in my arms when I crawl into bed tonight. Here's to bigger and better nights with you, Honey. Your loving husband, Gil.

*Gen later received a blouse by mail, with the following note:*

A small remembrance for the dearest wife in the world. I surely would like to see you in this now. Hope it fits, and you like my choice. You would have enjoyed being with me when I bought it! You are now a fashionable lady, with a blouse from Paris. Love, Gil.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

September 30, 1944  
FRANCE – BELGIUM

Hello, Honey:

The last four days I have been back at the base in England, waiting for a part of the tail wheel assembly for our C-61. Last week, Kelly and I flew to Florennes, Belgium, to inspect a field. Everything went OK until we were to leave. We were taxiing between the bomb craters when our tail wheel hit a hole about 2 feet square. The hole was just deep enough to break the wheel off, so there we were, unable to take off and no repair parts handy. Immediately, I sent a report back to Hdqs on the field, and a request back to my base in England for the part we needed. Well, we sweated out two days of waiting for it, but no soap, so I hitched a ride on one of the planes returning from hauling gas to the field there. We had to search all over this island for the repair part and finally located it. It is being sent by train and, if I know these English trains, it will take a week for it to get here.

But, I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's go back to the airfield east of Verdun, where we landed. This time we were not troubled with a low overcast, and I was able to take a good look at that tunnel we almost had to fly through.

A sight to behold from the air are the hills around Verdun. They are covered with grass, etc., but clearly defined are

trenches, shell holes, and graveyards from WWI. It is a very interesting sight, and there is evidence of the terrible battle fought there 25 years ago. An odd feeling comes over you when thinking about it — 25 years ago our Dads were fighting a war here, and now their sons are fighting another one. What does the future hold for us?

The airfield we inspected was a wounded evacuation center where wounded fellows were brought back from the front and given medical aid, until being taken further back behind the lines to regular hospitals. We didn't go into Verdun to sleep at the new Hdqs there, but took our blankets over to the field hospital and asked if we could put up there for the night. We were given cots, and Kelly went to the enlisted men's medical quarters, while I slept with the officers in their quarters.

Before going to bed, I went out in the dark and groped my way to the latrine. No lights were allowed outside the tents. Returning to quarters, I heard someone playing the harmonica and immediately was reminded of my days in Primary in Hemet, CA, and old Dominic Rosati, how he used to entertain us before we went to sleep. He would always play "Twelfth Street Rag." I found the tent from where the music was coming, and went inside to request the above song. The fellow playing had been wounded in the leg, and all the others were disabled from bullets in the shoulder, grenade blasts, shrapnel wounds, etc. They asked me about the war in the Air Corps, and about home. In return, they told me about their engagements with the enemy. One fellow saw six of his buddies get mowed down. They all had had a rough time. The music man played my tune and several others, and we talked. I played checkers with one boy with a ruined right arm. When he beat me, I switched to give-away and I won, so I left with the score even.

The next morning, I had breakfast with some of the medical officers and nurses. The surgeons are sure doing a fine job here, and the nurses deserve one heck of a lot of credit. We took off again and went to an airfield closer to Verdun. The town has been damaged, but not to a great extent. Here, the AF had taken over a building, formerly a German school, and on the walls that had been used as a club room, were painted scenes, most of them drinking scenes.

The following day we flew to Belgium to check on a field mentioned earlier in this letter. On the way, we must have been rather close to the front, for we saw several Allied planes dropping supplies by parachute. The urge was strong to go closer and investigate further, but

on second thought we decided it best not to, and stayed away.

You know the story of the tail wheel, but note that we had left our blankets and other equipment back at Hdqs, because we had expected to be back that night. It gets quite cold at night, so Kelly and I decided to hike to town (2 or 3 miles) to find sleeping quarters. The town is small and streets twist in all directions, but we found a hotel above the cafe where we inquired. We "parlevoood" with our small vocabulary and our hands, and soon had a room for 80 francs.

The next morning, we walked around the little town before heading for the field to find out if the tail wheel strut had arrived. It hadn't, so we spent the rest of the day moseying around the field. That evening, on the way back to town, we met two civilians — a lady and a boy — who were interested in planes and could speak a little English, which they had taught themselves. We walked on into town with them and were invited to their home for supper and to stay the night. The family consisted of elderly parents (about 60 years old), their daughter, Mary Louise (about 30), and Jean, the grandson (20 years old). Jean is a very smart fellow, good natured, and has been studying English from a book, hoping to visit America after the war. Mary Louise's husband is dead. She has picked up some English by helping Jean. These were very hospitable people, probably middle class Belgians. In this part of Belgium, French is spoken, while further north, Flemish is the language. We had some more French lessons here tonight.

For supper, we had some homemade canned sausage that was very good, sliced tomatoes with chopped onions and parsley on top, and the best big bowl of French fried potatoes I've ever tasted. Before the war, Mr. Bogart had a wine cellar of 300 bottles of 40-year-old wine. The Germans came and took all but the two bottles he had hidden away. These were being saved for the time when the Americans would come. Well, we had come, and were given a whole bottle to share between the two of us. I mentioned that I was not a drinking man, and the family consented to help us kill the bottle after it was about two-thirds gone. Mr. Bogart would keep filling my glass, and when I shook my head "no," he would just laugh and say, "It will make you sleep good," and continue pouring. Well, it was good wine, and neither Kelly nor I had any ill effects from it. We did sleep exceptionally well, and in a nice soft bed, too. We really pounded the old ear, that night.

*(continued on next page)*

**LETTERS TO MY WIFE** *(continued  
from page 31)*

We sweated out two days here before I decided to return to England on one of the planes from the field and get the needed strut myself. I flew back here but told Kelly to sit tight at the field there, and I'd be back as soon as the equipment came in.

These last four days I've been reading your letters and trying to catch up on my correspondence. Please forgive me for not writing, but there hasn't been much opportunity. I'll get back in the groove and start answering that stack of moral notes. Truly, Dear, this has been one wonderful experience.

This afternoon, Al and I played a game of squash. We played all afternoon and now my leg muscles are twitching. Think I'll turn in and get some rest. My prayers are for you, Dear. May you sleep in peace and dream of me. Oh, and how's the weather back there? I hope it's nice tomorrow, because you and I are going for a walk after church. Love from your husband.

P.S. Honey, if you promise not to beat me, I'll tell you what your mean little kid has been holding back from you. I flew through the Eiffel Tower. Now don't you dare hit me. We took a picture as we went through. I'll save it for you. "Oh, that good for nothing husband of mine!" This money order is my winnings for the month. Also sent Ruth and Howard the same (\$100) for a wedding gift.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈

October 13, 1944  
ENGLAND  
Glad to be Back?

Well, Honey:

In the process of writing that letter of the 12th, I was called to the phone and told the part for my plane was in and, also, a plane was leaving right away for France. So, away I went. I am now back in England and will bring you up to date. Please excuse the inconsistency, as I know what it is like to be without mail for two weeks. Must open another pack of stationery — don't go away.

A buzz bomb just went off near here, 'cause the building shook and the windows rattled like they were scared. But let's get back to France, because that's what I did.

Major Kuhn was the one flying from here to France to pick up some fire extinguishers and had said he'd drop me off at Florennes, Belgium, so I could repair my plane. Now all the while I was back in England, Sgt. Kelly had spent the week in Florennes, with no change of clothes.



**Winging his way through the Eiffel Tower went Capt. Gilbert E. Schulze while on liaison duty in Paris, France in September 1944. He was in a C-61 Fairchild single engine plane. His duties were to inspect airfields and make sure they were safe for hauling gas from England in the bombers to France and Belgium.**

Remember? We had left our equipment back at Verdun Hdqs, because we had expected to be back that night. Well, the Major landed at Lille first, then he and other officers who were along decided to remain overnight in town; this we did. The next morning, and all that day, the weather was too bad to take off, so we had to stay over another night.

Lille is a nice town, but I didn't enjoy myself there, for worrying about Sgt. Kelly. The following day, the weather was still pretty bad but the Major decided to return to England and said I could ride back with him and go to Florennes later, when the weather cleared up. I told him "Nuts," that I would get there, if I had to walk. I got a bit peeved at him, for the joker could have flown me to Florennes (about 25 minutes by air) even if the weather wasn't the best. I took the plane parts, piled into a Jeep, and a Sgt. drove me the 70 miles to Florennes. It was a cold ride, and I darn near froze. We arrived in Florennes at about 6 p.m. The Sgt. let me out and then left to return to Lille, while I went to our friends, the Bogarts, to get Kelly. They informed me he had caught a flight back to England the day before. I decided to repair the Fairchild in the morning. Meanwhile, I backed up to the fire at Bogart's and thawed out. We had a good supper, talked a bit, played cards, and then went to bed.

On Friday morning, Jean (pronounced

John) and I went to the field and made like mechanics and had the wheel fixed by dinnertime. After dinner, I took Jean up for a short ride over his house. He enjoyed it very much, as this was his first plane ride. I soon left, saying that I would return, in case Kelly came back from England.

Now, I had to fly back to Verdun to pick up our clothes and bedrolls, besides check out with Hdqs, for our outfit had finished hauling supplies and my job there was finished. Surprise! I learned that Kelly had flown back from England with a Major from our outfit, picked up our clothes and returned to England again. My bedroll was left behind, only because he couldn't find it. But, I had no change of clothes. I stayed overnight with a few buddies I had learned to know at this field. The next morning, I flew to Paris on my own, because I was finished flying for the C.O. There was a lot of Paris I hadn't seen yet, which I wanted to see, so that's where I went. This was the nice part about the orders I was travelling on. Some of the fellows had mentioned a landing field in Paris, and sure enough, there was one, about ten blocks from the Eiffel Tower. An eight story apartment building was at one end and a factory at the other, but the little old Fairchild got me in OK. I got a room at one of the Hdqs there, and what class! Good food, and they showed a movie in the evening — Andy



Hardy in "Blonde Trouble."

I had previously made a reservation at the Red Cross to take their tour, so on Sunday morning after breakfast, I went on the tour of some of the interesting places in Paris. I won't describe it here, for it would take volumes to relate it all, but I bought some pictures that I will write on the back of and send them to you. After dinner, I went to the Sacre Coure, which is a temple of the Sacred Heart. It sits up on a hill, overlooking the city. It is a beautiful cathedral, reminding one somewhat of pictures of the Taj Mahal, in appearance. At the bottom of this hill, and encircling it, is the Monmartre, or Greenwich Village, of Paris. It was very interesting, and I spent so many hours walking that my leg muscles began to feel the effects. That evening, I looked up my old friends from my first trip to Paris, but no one was home.

Monday found me window shopping on the main drag, the Champs Elysée. In the afternoon, luck was with me, for I found Alex and Janie at home. They consented to walk the streets with me. Emil joined us after work, and we killed a bottle of champagne. We had supper at their home — lamb chops — as Alex says it, in her new English (Anglais). We had an enjoyable evening, exchanging oddities. They like our slang and wanted me to give them all nicknames. I named them Al, Kit, and Cub. My name is pronounced with a soft "G" like in Gen.

(Three buzz bombs just went over here a minute ago.)

Tuesday morning meant I had been in the same clothes now for seven days, and I was back at the airport sweating out the weather again. It had turned cold overnight and the weather was lousy. Before leaving my friends last night, they said I must come back on my next trip to Paris, and I extended them an invitation to visit us, if they came to the U.S. after "La Guerre."

T.O. time arrived, and as Paris grew out of sight, I ran into a front and had to set down at another field. It was really soaked in, so I had dinner and supper with a service outfit at this field. The fellows slept in an old apartment building that was minus doors and no glass in the windows. Most of them had cots, but I slept in my bedroll on a concrete floor. Convincing myself I wasn't cold, I finally went to sleep. The next morning proved conclusively that the elements of nature can penetrate three G.I. blankets, 'cause I was stiff and every muscle contracted to the point where I could hardly move. Boy, what I wouldn't have given to have been snuggled up against you, in bed at home there.

A hot breakfast helped the thawing process, somewhat. I gassed up and took off, because I wanted no more nights like that. A few nights there and one would have double pneumonia. Flying along now with the ground elevation between 300-400 feet and a cloud base of 600 feet didn't leave much flying space in between. The wind was getting stronger right along, and I was hoping it would keep the front way ahead of me, but after an hour's flying time I had to land again, due to the clouds having come to ground level. I had altered my direct course to take me near airfields for that purpose. This time I landed at a fighter pilot's field. A two hour wait plus dinner with the Fighter Group, and I shoved off again. The cumulous and nimbus held out and I made it to the field in Florennes OK. I went to the Bogarts' home to pick up Kelly and was informed he had not returned there. I thanked them for their kindness to us and gave them the pineapple and other fruit and candy I had brought with me from England. They were most appreciative, as they hadn't seen stuff like that in four years. Returning to the field for the last time, I took off in a hurry, hoping to reach my home base before dark.

Flying towards the coast from Florennes became more difficult every minute, for the wind kept increasing to the strength of a gale, while the ceiling got lower. I was almost flying sideways to make good my course. Getting closer to the coast, I passed over a rocket installation we had bombed several months ago. It was getting hilly now, nearer the coast, and the wind tossed that little plane around like a piece of paper in a March breeze. Several times I thought I was going to do a snap roll. Rain cut the visibility down better than half, and it hadn't been half to start with. But I was determined to get back to England. The "Admirable Little Character" and I forged on.

Well, Gen, I've seen Frankenstein, Dracula, and haunted houses, but never have I seen anything as foreboding as that ocean looked when I finally reached the coast. Dark clouds, almost down to the water, and rain and haze, wind that beat like a sledge hammer against the plane, and the ocean reaching up with large white-capped waves. That just about stopped me cold. I circled the town once, twice, three times, trying to muster the courage to try a crossing, but it just wouldn't muster. My mind told me my determination would have to take a back seat, because the odds were against me going over that God-forsaken body of water. Making a 180 turn, I high-tailed it back inland to the city where we had

stayed when we first came over here about a month ago.

I stayed overnight in town at a hotel that had a very nice bed with a big feather pillow, and cold and colder running water. When I took my socks off they stood at attention, 'til I gave them "at ease." The next morning though, they were up bright and early, but just as stiff as ever.

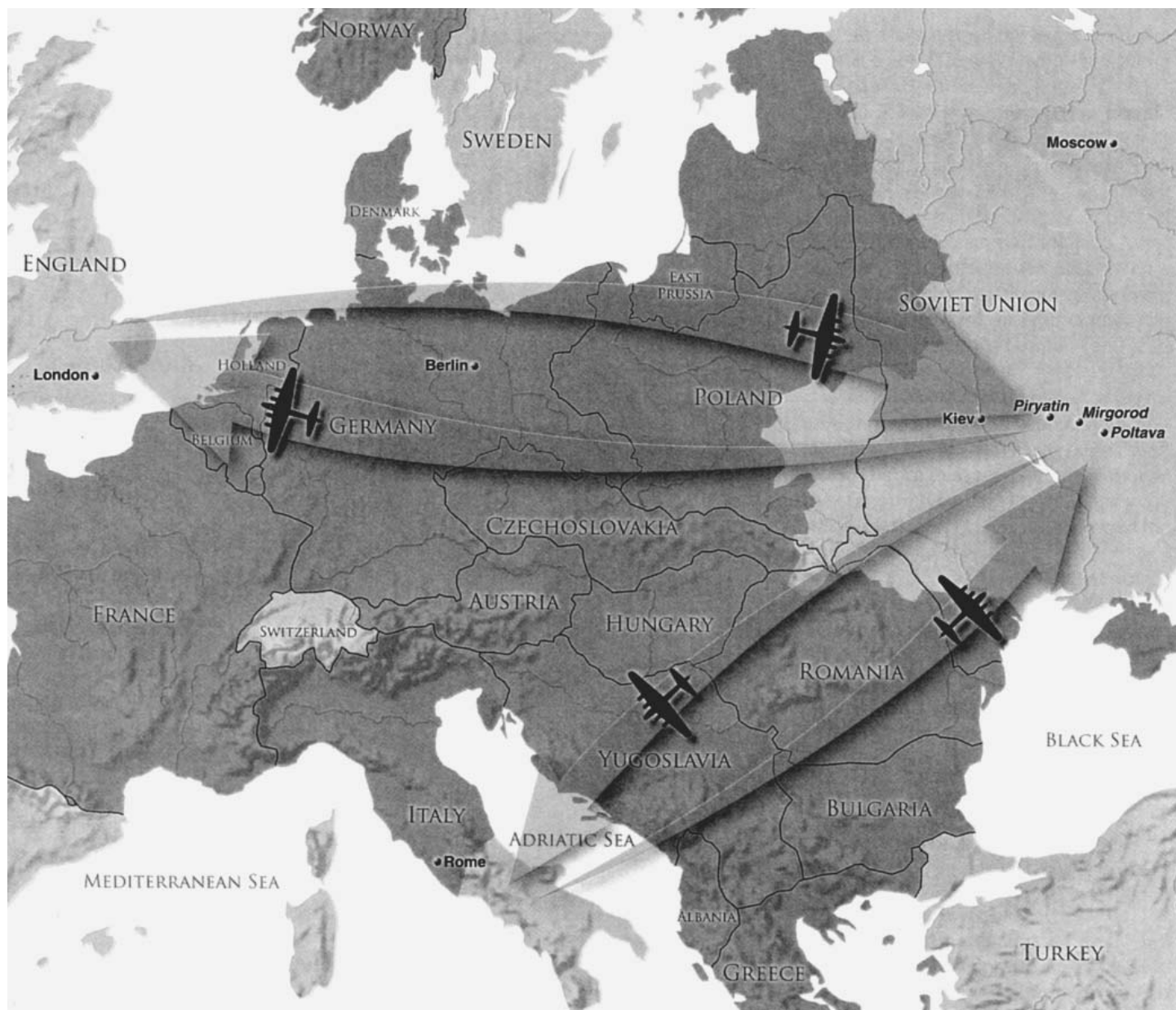
October 12, found the cloud base a bit higher, and again I started home. This time I had a B-17 pilot along, who had landed here after some damage to his plane. The Channel looked a bit better and the wind had lessened some. We crossed OK, and it was good to see the English coast again. Our troubles were not over, however, because England was having its usual sunshiny (?) weather. The smoke, plus rain, made visibility ahead nil. You could see straight down by looking out the side windows to the ground 200 feet below. As we crossed roads, railroads and rivers, I called them out, and my co-pilot friend plotted us on the map. Well, we made his base OK, but I was still 80 miles from mine. I was certain I could pick check points from there to my base and find them on the map fast enough to know where I was, but took the next thing, a railroad that went right past the field. I plotted my course along the railroad to Norwich.

On the little radio set, I picked up the AF station just as the Bell Telephone Hour came on. So there I was, flying in the rain, listening to the good music and thinking I was driving a car. Well, it was almost that way, I was just a safe distance above the trees, scooting along with the iron compass to guide me. At last I was close enough to call the base tower and heard a rousing cheer from my buddies. The line of chatter goes something like this, when they aren't busy, and they weren't, because even the "boids" were walking. Chatter was: "Landing on runway 23 into the southwest, right hand pattern," or "Welcome home Gulliver" and "We'll call out the crash wagon," then "Let's see you transplant it," another voice: "Now make 3 points"; another: "Why not upside down?"; "Three bounces, you're out"; "That was a good landing your crew chief made." Once on the ground, I made haste to my pigeon hole to check out the sugar reports. Three letters from you, and one each from Gertie, Dad, B.J., and Howard and Ruth.

Gen, dear, I'm going to close this mild attempt at playing Ernie Pyle to start answering that backlog of letters. Please keep the folks informed, and give everyone my love and best wishes. Love, and love, and love from your best boyfriend, Gil. ■

# THE POLTAVA DEBACLE

BY JOHN T. CORRELL • REPRINTED FROM AIR FORCE MAGAZINE



**The U.S. would stage B-17s in the Soviet Union, to strike targets deep in German territory. It sounded like a good idea.**

In the fall of 1943, the Germans moved many of their armament plants eastward, out of convenient range for Allied bombers flying from England. In order to bring the plants under attack, Gen. Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, commander of the Army Air Forces, proposed "shuttle bombing" — staging U.S. aircraft into and out of airfields on the Russian front, which was much closer to targets in eastern Germany and Poland.

If B-17s could land at bases in Soviet territory instead of making the long round

trip back to England or Italy, they could reach what would otherwise be the most distant targets. They could fly additional missions while deployed to the Russian bases and strike still more hard-to-reach targets on the flight home.

Arnold hoped the shuttle bombing would force the dispersal of German fighters, ease the fighter threat over western Europe, and draw Luftwaffe units away from Normandy before the impending D-Day invasion. In October 1943, Arnold secured approval from the Combined Chiefs of Staff to pursue the idea. The British agreed to cooperate but declined to take part, regarding it as little more than a stunt.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt was

enthusiastic about the project and proposed it to Soviet leader Joseph Stalin at the Big Three conference in Tehran in November.

W. Averell Harriman, the U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, and Maj. Gen. John R. Deane, chief of the U.S. military mission in Moscow, continued the negotiations.

Stalin was reluctant. He was by nature suspicious and distrusting, and as Harriman pointed out, "We have to realize that the establishment within the country of armed forces of a foreign nation under their own command has never before been permitted to my knowledge in the history of Russia, and there are many inhibitions to break down."

Stalin approved the use of Russian bases “in principle,” but working out the details with the Soviet bureaucracy was a slow and tedious process. The shuttle bombing operation, code-named “Frantic,” did not begin until June 1944.

### THE HIDDEN AGENDA

However, there was considerably more than that to the story. Bombing German industrial targets was not the only U.S. objective in Operation Frantic, and not even the most important one. The main goals were of a more political nature.

Roosevelt fervently wanted to build a cooperative relationship with the Soviet Union. In the summer of 1943, Stalin accused the Allies of not doing their part in the war effort and failing to follow through on establishing a second front in France. A major motive for the shuttle bombing was “the desire to demonstrate to the Russians how eager the Americans were to wage war on the German enemy in every possible way,” said the official AAF history of the war.

Arnold hoped that Operation Frantic would be a first step toward use of Soviet bases elsewhere, notably in Siberia, from which U.S. bombers would be able to reach targets in Japan. The Soviets employed their airpower to support the Red Army but they put little stock in strategic bombing. If the shuttle missions were successful, they might help change the Soviet assessment of bombers and lead to better cooperation.

The United States poured massive amounts of equipment, war materiel, and supplies into the USSR through Lend Lease, but in dealings with the Soviets, the compromises usually went one way: The Americans gave in to whatever the Soviets insisted on.

“The President favored what might be called a two-phased approach to the Soviets,” said historian Lloyd C. Gardner. “It was his belief that the crucial transition period after the war should be used to build trust among the Big Three. As that trust grew, presumably, the tendency to act unilaterally would fade away of itself. Whatever had to be conceded to reassure Stalin during the war would be redeemed when the transition to a more open world was complete. Admittedly, this was all quite vague in Roosevelt’s mind.”

Once again in Operation Frantic, the Americans had misjudged Stalin and the Russians. “Soviet Russia had a deep distrust of the United States and had no intention of collaborating during or after World War II except in those stances in which the Soviet Union would bene-



**A Soviet sentry guards the remains of two B-17s at Poltava. Forty-three B-17s were totally destroyed and 26 damaged by the Germans during the June 22, 1944 raid.**

fit,” said Glenn B. Infield, who recounted in *The Poltava Affair* the problems and warning signs ignored or underestimated by the Americans in their determination to make the operation work.

### BASES IN UKRAINE

The Soviets permitted the Americans to use three airfields in Ukraine. The one closest to the battle front, Piryatin, was about 100 miles east of Kiev. Morgorod was 50 miles beyond that, and it was 50 further on to Poltava.

Piryatin, being the westernmost of the bases, was the location for the U.S. fighters, which did not have as much range as the bombers. Poltava was the main base for the B-17s, as well as joint Soviet-American headquarters throughout the operation. The bombers used Mirgorod as well.

Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, commander of U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe, was in charge of the operation. Rotational aircraft and aircrews would be drawn from the Eighth Air Force in Britain and the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy. USSTAF Eastern Command was set up at Poltava to run the Russian end of things. The Russians would allow Eastern Command no more than 1,200 permanent party personnel. Maj. Gen. Robert L. Walsh took command of Eastern Command in June, reporting to Deane in Moscow.

There was considerable work to do. The Germans had left the bases in ruins when they retreated the previous September. All of the necessary facilities, including hangars and control towers, had to be built. Most of the permanent party and all of the shuttle crews would be housed in tents.

At Poltava, one runway was 3,300 feet, the other 1,900 feet. B-17s needed runways at least a mile long. There was no time to construct hard-top runways, so mats of pierced-steel planking were laid down instead. The Americans provided the planking and the Soviets contributed the labor, much of which was performed, to the amazement of the Americans, by women.

Everything, including high-octane gasoline, vehicles, most rations, and 12,393 tons of pierced-steel planking, had to be shipped in, either by air through Tehran or by ship to Murmansk and south from there by rail. The Soviets supplied meat and fresh vegetables. In a stipulation that would prove to be critical, the Russians would not allow U.S. fighters to perform air base defense. The three airfields would be defended by Soviet anti-aircraft batteries and Yak-9 fighters.

### FRANTIC JOE

Much had changed in the six months it took to get Operation Frantic organized and started. The Red Army advanced faster than expected, and by June was surging through the Ukraine and pushing the Germans back into Poland and Romania. That left the shuttle bases farther from the front and reduced their operational value. The Russians, more confident of victory than before, were less willing to have foreign forces based in their territory, especially in the politically unstable Ukraine.

The first mission was named “Frantic Joe.” Spaatz had intended that the Eighth Air Force would fly it. The most lucrative targets were on the way from England to the Ukraine, but with the D-Day invasion

*(continued on next page)*

## THE POLTAVA DEBACLE *(continued from page 35)*

imminent, Spaatz assigned the mission to the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy and chose Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commander of Mediterranean Allied Forces, to lead it in person.

Eaker wanted Frantic Joe to bomb aircraft plants in Latvia and Poland, which American aircraft could not ordinarily reach, but the Russians would not clear those targets. Eaker had to settle for striking a railway yard in Hungary, as close to Italy as it was to Russia. It was not a particularly important target, but it was all that the Russians would approve.

Frantic Joe launched from Italy on the morning of June 2 with 130 B-17s and 69 P-51 escort fighters. Eaker flew as co-pilot on one of the B-17s and led the bombers into Poltava and Mirgorod after a seven-hour flight. The fighters landed at Piryatin.

Eaker was greeted in Ukraine by a host of senior Soviet officials as well as by Hariman and Deane. The welcome was warm and duly recorded by about 20 U.S., British, and Russian war correspondents who were there taking notes and pictures. The arrival got worldwide publicity, which had a mixed effect. Stalin was not pleased with all the stories about how the Americans were helping him win the war in the east.

Soon after landing, Eaker flew to Moscow, where the reception and discussions lasted until 4 a.m. Eaker spent ten days in Russia, and the D-Day invasion began while the Frantic Joe contingent was in-country. Spaatz cabled Eaker to stay in Russia for a few more days as a threat to the German rear and perhaps draw some airpower away from Normandy. On June 6, U.S. aircraft flying from the Ukraine bases attacked an airfield in Romania. Eaker led the task force back to Italy on June 11, bombing an airfield in northeastern Romania en route.

Frantic Joe was regarded as a big success. The mission had "enormous immediate and long-term importance," said James Parton, Eaker's aide and Fifteenth Air Force historian, who accompanied Eaker on Frantic Joe. "For the immediate, it opened a third air front for the strategic bombardment of German war industries; for the longer future, it was America's most dramatic effort to establish a complete, trusting relationship with Russia."

Unfortunately, Frantic Joe was also the high point of the entire operation. Fissures, already present but unseen or disregarded, would soon tear the shuttle bombing partnership apart and call into question the initial wisdom of it. After that first



**Maj. Gen. Robert Walsh (r, with cigarette) listens to a mission report at Poltava, as Capt. Henry Ware (c), a speaker of Russian on Maj. Gen. John Deane's staff, interprets.**

Frantic mission, all of the bomber operations were flown by the Eighth Air Force, although the Fifteenth Air Force provided some of the fighters for subsequent missions.

### DISASTER AT POLTAVA

The second mission, known as Frantic II, took off for Ukraine on June 21, led by one of the stars of the Eighth Air Force, Col. Archie J. Old Jr.

From the departure point off the English coast, it was 1,554 miles to Poltava, so the B-17s used auxiliary "Tokyo tanks," which gave them considerably greater range with their combat loads. The task force, which consisted of 114 B-17s and 70 P-51s, bombed an oil plant south of Berlin on the way east.

Beyond Warsaw, the Americans noticed a single-engine German fighter keeping pace with them. It ducked into the clouds when the P-51s went after it. It was a lone Me-109, and it had already reported the position of the bombers to the Luftwaffe. An He-177 reconnaissance aircraft followed the B-17s into Poltava and took pictures. The Russians would not allow the U.S. fighters at Piryatin to intercept it.

The reconnaissance film was soon delivered to the Luftwaffe base at Minsk, where the Germans had sent medium bombers, He-111s and Ju-88s, to await the next U.S. shuttle mission to Russia. They took off for Poltava at 8:45 p.m., and were joined en route by Me-109 and FW-190 fighters. As they crossed the Russian lines, they encountered several Yak fighters, shot one down, and chased the others away.

At 12:30 a.m. on June 22, the first Ger-

man airplanes swept over Poltava dropping flares to illuminate the field. Close behind came the strike force of 150 bombers. The attack lasted for almost two hours, unhampered by anything resembling an air defense. The Luftwaffe destroyed 43 of the B-17s on the ramp and damaged another 26. Fifteen P-51s and assorted Russian aircraft were destroyed as well. The German bombs ignited 450,000 gallons of high-octane fuel, which had been brought to Poltava with grievous effort. Most of the munitions in the bomb dump were also lost. The Russians would not clear U.S. fighters to take off and attack the Germans.

"Russian anti-aircraft and fighter defenses failed miserably," Deane said. "Their anti-aircraft batteries fired 28,000 rounds of medium and heavy shells assisted by searchlights without bringing down a single German airplane. There were supposed to be 40 Yaks on hand as night fighters, but only four or five of them got off the ground."

The Luftwaffe struck Mirgorod and Piryatin the next night, but the aircraft had been dispersed to other locations. Again, the attacks lasted for two hours, and again, no Soviet fighters showed up.

The surviving American aircraft departed for Italy on June 26, striking an oil refinery in Poland on the way. The same day, Deane requested permission for a P-61 Black Widow night fighter squadron to deploy to Ukraine to defend the bases. The proposal was strung out and sidetracked until the Americans finally dropped it.

With fuel in short supply in the Ukraine, there were no B-17 deployments in July.



**MSgt. John Bassett and MSgt. Michael Cajolda get help from Lenin Boykov, a Russian maintainer, as they work on a visiting task force bomber.**

However, to keep the operation from lapsing completely, Spaatz ordered two fighter-only shuttles, Frantics III and IV, from Italy in July and early August. They struck airfields in Romania and other targets but were peripheral to the basic purpose of the shuttle mission.

The American desire to continue the operation was so great that two more bomber shuttle missions were ordered. Frantics V and VI deployed from England August 6 and September 11, even though there had been no change in provisions for air defense.

### NOSE DIVE IN ATTITUDE

"The German strike on Poltava cast a pall on Frantic," said historian Mark J. Conversino, who dissected the failure of the shuttle bombing operation in *Fighting With the Soviets*. "By July, even transient aircrews who were on the ground for only a few days noticed that relations between the Americans and Soviets were showing signs of tension and strain," Conversino said.

The new Soviet attitude was a sharp change from the welcome accorded to Eaker and Frantic Joe. It was seen not only in everyday encounters between Russians and members of the Eastern Command permanent party but also in official obstructionism and harassment.

A long list of factors may have contributed to the deterioration, including "fraternization" with local women, Russian resentment of American's material wealth, fights and other confrontations inflamed by excessive drinking on both sides, the black market trade in American products,

and the general Soviet dislike of large numbers of foreigners in their country.

These problems, familiar from other places and other wars, do not fully explain the sudden and pervasive chill that descended on the relationships in Ukraine. Eastern Command officials concluded that the change was directed by Stalin, who had developed second thoughts about Operation Frantic.

"Stalin saw victory clearly in his hands and felt much less reason to seek American aid or be cooperative with USSTAF," Parton said. "But, with Muscovite wile, neither he nor his spokesman simply said that Eastern Command was no longer necessary. Instead, they began a deliberate campaign of delay and sabotage."

Stalin did not want to share credit for the Red Army's success. Even more important, he did not want the Allies to share in postwar control of the vast territory liberated or conquered in eastern Europe. This would become dramatically apparent in the course of the last shuttle mission, Frantic VII.

As the Soviet armies approached Warsaw, the patriot force, the Polish Home Army, rose and attacked the Germans on August 1. The Russians halted their advance, and Germans turned their full efforts on the Poles. U.S. officials in Washington asked USSTAF to undertake a supply drop mission. B-17s could not complete an England-Warsaw-England round trip, so it could not be done without the use of the Frantic bases. The Soviets refused permission, even after appeals to Stalin from Roosevelt and Churchill.

"Stalin was furious," the Russian news

agency RIA Novosti explained in its retrospective of events in 2005. "He realized that the pro-Western Polish leadership wanted to liberate the capital without the help of the Red Army, so that they could later restore the prewar anti-Soviet cordon sanitaire." Said more directly, Stalin did not want to share postwar control of Poland with the Polish. It suited his purposes to let the Germans eliminate the competition.

On September 11, Stalin finally agreed to a Warsaw airdrop shuttle mission, and Frantic VII, with 107 heavily loaded B-17s, took off from England on September 18. The sad outcome, in the words of the official Army Air Forces history, was that the bombers "circled the area for an hour and dropped 1,284 containers with machine-gun parts, pistols, small-arms ammunition, hand grenades, incendiaries, explosives, food, and medical supplies. While at first it appeared that the mission had been a great success and so it was hailed, it was later known that only 288, or possibly only 130 of the containers fell into Polish hands. The Germans got the others."

The Russians would not clear a second supply drop, and before the Red Army offensive resumed, the Germans had extinguished the Warsaw insurrection, in which some 250,000 Poles were killed.

### U.S. LINGERS AND LEAVES

Frantic VII was the last of the shuttle missions. The straightforward military objectives had been overcome by events. Poltava was now so far from the German front that it had little strategic value. The United States had captured the Marianas in the Pacific and B-29s could reach targets in Japan from there. The use of bases in Soviet Siberia was no longer that important.

Nevertheless, U.S. and AAF leaders were unwilling to let Operation Frantic go or concede its failure. Soviet foreign minister V.M. Molotov bluntly told the Americans that the Russians wanted their bases back. By October, all but 200 Eastern Command caretakers had left, but USSTAF held onto an aircraft recovery and repair operation at Poltava, hoping to reactivate Frantic in the spring.

Soviet obstructionism intensified, bogging down U.S. flights and movements. Every transaction was a struggle. The United States turned Eastern Command stockpiles, including tons of pierced-steel planking, over to the Russians, who received the bounty with the usual lack of

*(continued on next page)*

grace. One of the transfers was a warehouse full of food, including thousands of cans of peaches. The Russians complained that they were ten cans of peaches short of the listed inventory.

The last Americans finally left Poltava July 23, 1945, and the shuttle bombing experiment was over at last. During the course of it, a total of 1,030 U.S. bombers and fighters had deployed in Operation Frantic. They flew 2,207 sorties to or from Ukraine. In addition to the aircraft destroyed by the Germans at Poltava, five B-17s and 17 fighters were lost in combat.

The planners expected 800 bomber sorties a month. In June, August, and September 1944 — there were no bomber sorties in July — Operation Frantic produced only 958 sorties in which bombers reached their targets, and that included 107 in the supply mission to Warsaw. All of the targets bombed on Frantic missions could have been struck without using Russian bases and with less effort. “Some of the attacks would probably not have been regarded as worth making but for the desire to use those bases,” said the official AAF history of the war. The anticipated diversion of German air defenses did not happen. The Luftwaffe did not re-deploy any of its fighters to the east.

“From a political viewpoint, President Roosevelt was determined that he could use a wartime friendliness with Stalin to develop a successful postwar relationship,” Harriman said. “Before he died, he realized that his hopes had not been achieved.”

Almost 70 years later, the failure of Operation Frantic is still studied and analyzed. Some accounts emphasize the sustained American effort to establish military cooperation. Infield makes a different and darker assessment in *The Poltava Affair*, which he subtitled *A Russian Warning, An American Tragedy*. In his interpretation, concessions and compromises carried forward into the Cold War.

“This ‘backing down’ by the Americans never stopped throughout the entire lifetime of ‘Operation Frantic’ and there is little doubt that this lack of firmness affected the postwar relations between the United States and the Soviet Union,” Infield said. “Stalin used ‘Operation Frantic’ to probe the Americans to see what manner of men they were and to test their mettle.”



John T. Correll was editor in chief of Air Force Magazine for 18 years and is now a contributing editor. ■

## John Glenn's answer to a very stupid question

John Glenn, who is celebrating his 90th birthday this year, recalls many, many stupid questions asked of him during his lifetime, but his favorite remains this obviously most ignorant question and his pertinent reply.

Strange as it may seem, there are those who never served in the military who still do not understand what military personnel do for a living. When Glenn was running for the U.S. Senate, he was asked, “How can you run for a seat in the Senate when you have never held a ‘real’ job?”

Glenn replied, “I served 23 years in the U.S. Marine Corps through two wars. I flew 149 missions; my plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire on 12 different occasions. I was also in the space program, you may recall. I didn’t have a 9 to 5 job where I took time off to take the daily cash receipts to the bank. In my line of work, it wasn’t my checkbook that was on the line — it was my life. I’d like you to go in with me, as I went the other day, to a VA hospital, and look at those men with their mangled bodies. Look them in the eye and tell them they don’t hold a ‘real’ job. Come with me to visit the widows and orphans of Ed White and Gus Grissom and Roger Chafee, and look those kids in the eye and tell them their dads didn’t hold a ‘real’ job. Join me on Memorial Day or Veterans Day and stand with me at Arlington National Cemetery, where I have more friends than I care to remember — you stand there and you watch those waving flags, you think about this nation, and you reflect, as I have, about all those heroes buried there, then tell me to my face they didn’t have a ‘real’ job. Then I’ll tell you, my friend, that you should be on your knees every day of your life thanking God that there were some men — SOME MEN — who held a ‘real’ job. And they required a dedication to purpose and a love of country and a dedication to duty that was more important than life itself, and their self-sacrifice is what made this country possible. So you see, my friend, I HAVE HELD A JOB. What about you?” ■

## Get Through to a Human

BY RACHEL LOUISE ENSIGN

Want to bypass the automated operator and speak with a real person when calling Chase Bank? Once the robotic operator begins speaking, press \*0. Repeat this until you’re connected with a human.

That’s according to the website **GetHuman.com**, which lists the exact numbers to press or words to say in order to reach an operator or customer service representative for more than 2,200 companies.

You can search for a specific company or scan alphabetical lists.

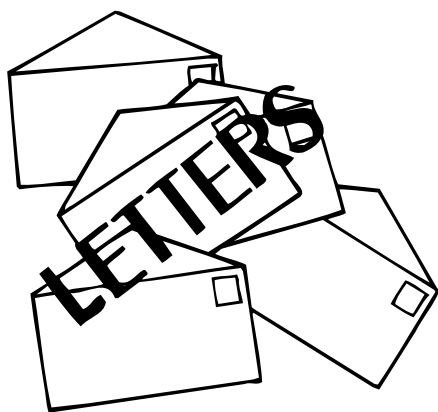
The numbers and inputs listed are reported by users and verified by the site. Any changes in a company’s phone menu options, however, could affect their effectiveness.

Pressing 0 will connect you with an operator at some companies, but many have more complicated systems, says Adam Goldkamp, chief operations officer for GetHuman.com.

For instance, to reach a person quickly at AT&T U-Verse, a phone, Internet and cable service provider, call 888-722-9337 and dial extension 924. To speak to someone at MasterCard, press 0 quickly three times. To reach a human at Greyhound’s fare-and-schedule information line, press 26.

GetHuman.com also has user reviews for customer service lines, including average wait times. If a company has multiple customer service numbers, they’re listed in order of their user rating. ■





To the Editor:

I no longer remember the name of the officer who had finished his missions with our Group but then returned to find out when the 200th Mission party was going to be and crashed just off the base after buzzing the runway and peeling to the left. I remember Capt. Walthl singing "There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere" and putting the officer's name in the song. I hope someone can recall his name.

I took this picture of Sgt. Larry Magram about fifteen minutes before the crash. How true the nose art turned out to be . . . "I HAD IT."

I found the other picture in an old *National Geographic* magazine dated March 1951 (this wasn't really the next morning after landing at Tibenham in the fog with a crosswind).

Merlin M. Shaver (445th)  
Marshall, Michigan



To the Editor:

I thought you might be interested in the information I have gathered concerning the crash of "Heaven Can Wait" during the Market Garden operation. I have been working on this for nearly fifteen years, with help from Bill Berry, now deceased, who was flying right behind the ship when it went down. Also the pilot Claude Lovelace's brother, John, provided help, and the Freedom of Information Act helped.

Through it all, and persistence in dealing with Government red tape and delays, they finally awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross to my brother, Evan Allan, who was co-pilot on "Heaven Can Wait."

Collin Allan  
460 W 1600 S  
Mapleton, UT 84664-4905

*Ed. Note: Please see pages 13-14 for the story of Lt. Evan Allan.*



Sgt. Larry Magram at Tibenham with "I HAD IT"



## A Thousand Weary Warbirds Crumble into Junk on Biak Island. Abandoned B-24s Illustrate War's Wasted Treasure



Most of these bombers had 60 missions or more. Gallant crews painted their sides with bomb tallies and gaudy girls. When hostilities ended, bulldozers broke the planes' backs so that no one could use them again. Burial on a junk heap was cheaper than transportation home.

Photo by Irving Johnson, *National Geographic*, March 1951

## We Want to Hear from You!!

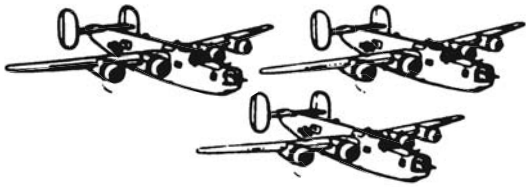
The 2ADA Journal is always at its best when we have material to print that is written by our members and their families. This means YOU, so please contact us soon with your letters, stories and photos.

Write to Editor Ray Pytel, P.O. Box 484, Elkhorn, WI 53121-0484, or fax to 262-723-7981. Alternatively, you may send email to [Emily@PartnerWithChoice.com](mailto:Emily@PartnerWithChoice.com)

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# Accolade for Rackheath youngsters keeping alive wartime sacrifice

## BROADLAND DISTRICT COUNCIL PRESS RELEASE

**T**hey were struck to honour the work of those who did most to keep alive the memory of the Norfolk-based USAAF air crews and their daring bombing missions over Nazi Germany almost 70 years ago.

But now the coveted 2nd Air Division bronze medallion has been awarded to a group of youngsters whose mums and dads had not even been born when the men of the 467th Bomb Group took to the skies above Rackheath in the defence of freedom.

Youngsters from the Rackheath Youth Council were collectively given the accolade to mark their work in clearing heavy undergrowth on what was the wartime USAF base at Rackheath, exposing important evidence of the station's glorious past.

The eight-strong youth council, whose ages range from 10 to 14, also organised a special heritage open day at the Broadland District Council-owned site for Saturday, July 9 to give visitors guided tours of what they have uncovered.

The medallion was struck specially in 2001 by the 2nd Air Division Association and given originally to those who organised and attended the association's very last convention in Norwich.

But a few were held back with the intention of recognising future examples of people honouring the courage and sacrifice of the B-24 Liberator air and ground crews who made Rackheath their temporary home three generations ago.

The youth council received the medallion from USAAF historian, 2nd Air Division Association associate member and former Broadland council chairman David Hastings after the youngsters asked him to give them a talk on the base and show the specially-made film, "Rackheath Remembers," charting its wartime history.

Mr. Hastings said: "When I told the Association of the work the youth council had put in, they were unanimous in agreeing I should present its members with a medallion in recognition of all they have done."

Rackheath parish councillor Brian Gardner, who acts as liaison with the youth council, said the youngsters had been amazed at the tribute. It was planned to mount the medallion in 467 Room in Rackheath parish church, which is dedicated to the memory of the 467th Bomb Group.

The youth council's clearance work was undertaken as part of preparing for a Broadland District Council plan to establish two hectares of the former base as a tranquil community woodland. Their excellent work uncovered a number of old military buildings and concrete foundation pads. ■

